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The Works

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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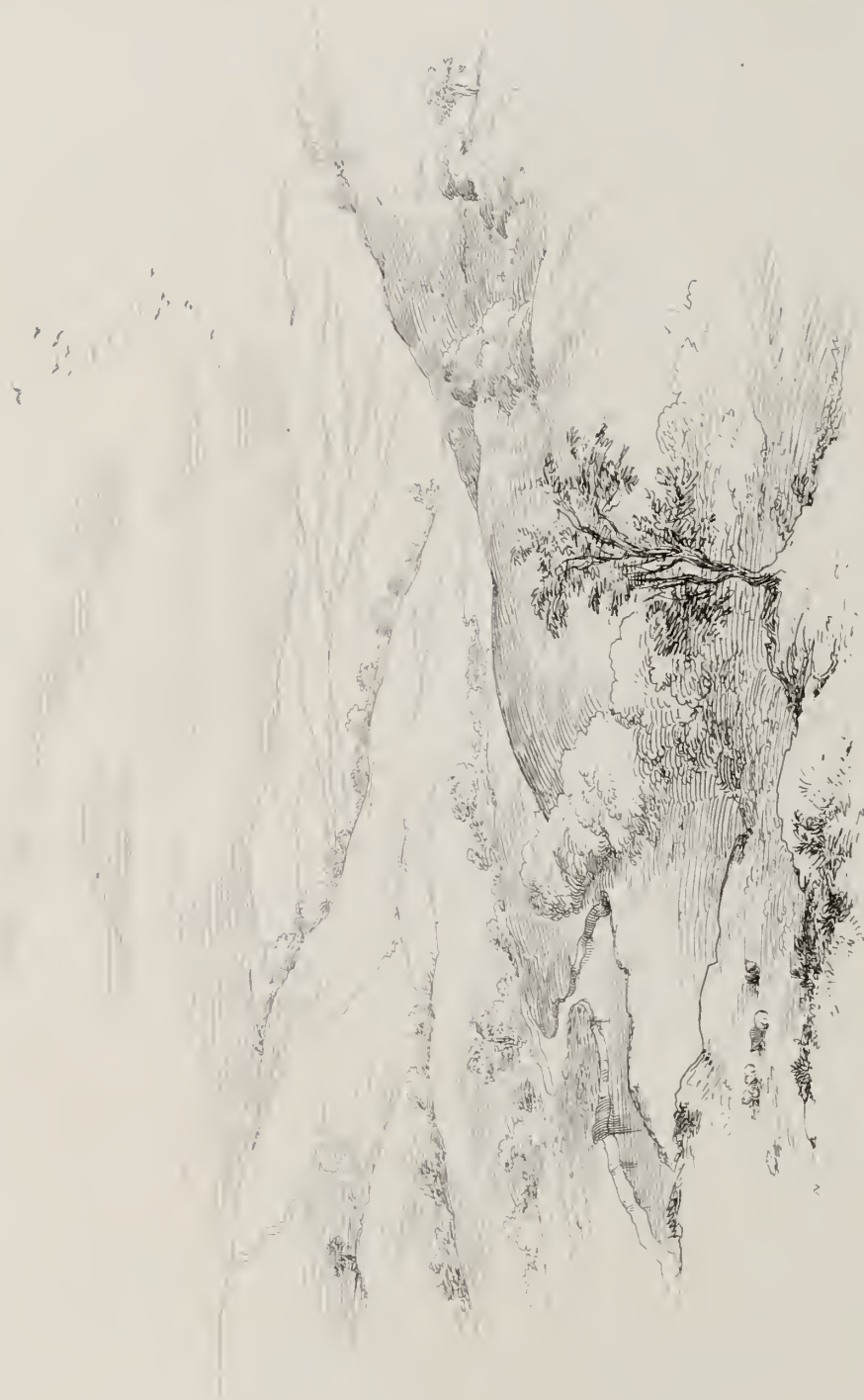
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# THE WORKS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

THE TEXT FORMED FROM

A new Collation of the early Editions:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED ALL

THE ORIGINAL NOVELS AND TALES ON WHICH THE PLAYS ARE FOUNDED;  
COPIOUS ARCHÆOLOGICAL ANNOTATIONS ON EACH PLAY;  
AN ESSAY ON THE FORMATION OF THE TEXT;  
AND A LIFE OF THE POET:

BY

JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY; THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE; THE NEWCASTLE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY; THE ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, AND THE SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF GOthic ARCHITECTURE; FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES; AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIES OF SCOTLAND, POICTIERS, PICARDIE, AND CAEN (ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES), AND OF THE COMITE DES ARTS ET MONUMENTS.

VOLUME XI.

THE THREE PARTS OF HENRY THE SIXTH.  
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND WOOD-ENGRAVINGS

BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'COSTUME IN ENGLAND,' ETC.

LONDON:

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## P R E F A C E.

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AFTER a much longer interval than usual, the eleventh volume of this edition of Shakespcare makes its appearance. It must be recollected that from the first the entire labour not merely of the work, but of the whole of its business arrangements, have been borne exclusively by myself; for the few notes communicated by others, acknowledged in the proper places, amount but to a few pages in all, and can hardly be regarded in the light of assistance. The incessant working on one work and subject had proved almost too much for my strength, and there have been times when I believed that I should have been compelled to abandon the completion of the task. This feeling has now passed away, and the preparations for the remaining four volumes are in a sufficient state of forwardness to warrant the expectation that they may be produced more rapidly and regularly.

In making these observations, it must not be imagined that I am wishful to exaggerate the importance of the work. I am merely speaking of the labour bestowed upon it, and, in respect to some of the volumes, not the present one, that labour has been excessive. No one knows better than myself its numerous defects; yet, in the same way that the miner recognizes gold in his diggings, even so may the literary miner know how much of value there is amidst a large quantity of newly dug material, and of such there is much here never likely to be reproduced in any other form.

In the present volume, we arrive at plays the texts of which are, and ever will remain, in an unsatisfactory state. The First

Part of Henry the Sixth not being written by Shakespeare, and the two other parts being merely alterations, it has been thought expedient to insert them in smaller type, as plays not belonging, properly speaking, to the works of the great dramatist.

Since the work was commenced, new materials of an unexpected and important nature relating to the biography of Shakespeare have been discovered: a circumstance which has induced me to project some supplementary volumes, printed uniformly with these, but forming separate works. A volume devoted to the history of New Place alone is nearly ready for the press, and if I succeed in carrying out the idea, the materials for a life of the poet will be accumulated on a scale not yet anticipated; but as any such volumes will be sent gratuitously to the subscribers,—those very few excepted who have thought proper to ignore the circumstance that this work is an exceptional one, never commenced with the possibility of realizing a profit,—I make no pledges whatever on the subject.

J. O. H.

NO. 6, ST. MARY'S PLACE, WEST BROMPTON,  
NEAR LONDON; 27th April, 1863.

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The First Part  
of  
King Henry the Sixth.





## INTRODUCTION.

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It appears from the concluding lines of Henry the Fifth that, previously to the composition by Shakespeare of the series of plays which related the story of British history from the reign of Richard the Second to that of the fifth Henry, the English stage had frequently exhibited dramas on the subject of the events of the reign of Henry the Sixth. These latter had become so popular that Shakespeare expresses a hope that, even "for their sake," his own plays, historically connected with them, will be successful. The poet's lines read now strangely to us who feel the infinite superiority of his dramas over those of his predecessors and contemporaries, but where once a great public success has been achieved in literature, a new comer, however great his genius, will not wisely ignore a kind of popularity that is never easily extinguished. The apology Shakespeare has made in introducing the series of plays above mentioned to the public seems decisively to prove that, at the time Henry the Fifth was written, namely in the year 1599, he was not the original author of any drama on the subject of Henry the Sixth, and that he did not at that period consider himself as entitled to claim the authorship of any composition respecting that sovereign. In fact, the plays on the subject of Henry the Sixth had obtained so great a popularity, Shakespeare was fain to content himself with altering and retouching them, so that unfortunately they are the inferior links in the great chain of the historical drama which extends from the reign of Richard the Second to that of Richard the Third. He was also probably not a free agent in

the matter, but rather compelled to submit to the exigencies of managerial arrangements. The theatres would naturally be unwilling to abandon a drama, such as the First Part of Henry the Sixth was in the year 1592, when Nash, in his *Pierce Penilesse*, thus alludes to it,—“How would it have joy'd brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyne two hundred yeare in his tomb, he should triumph againe on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at severall times), who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding?” This was perhaps the same play as the Henry the Sixth, acted by Lord Strange's company in March, 1592, and frequently repeated; but, in any case, there can be no doubt but that the drama alluded to by Nash was the original of the First Part of Henry the Sixth, afterwards retouched by Shakespeare, and so included in the edition of his Works issued in 1623. In the registers of the Stationers' Company, it is erroneously entered in November, 1623, as “the thirde parte of Henry the Sixt,” and as one of the “copies as are not formerly entred to other men;” the two parts of the *Contention* having been improperly described in the same registers in 1602 as “the first and second parte of Henry the Sixt, ij. bookes.”

When Heminge and Condell edited the poet's works in the year 1623, the manuscripts of all the three parts of Henry the Sixth were probably delivered to them as copies of dramas written by Shakespeare. Whether they were wholly his, or merely alterations, could not have been a question curiously entertained by them; or perhaps the facts were well known, and disregarded. It was, in Shakespeare's time, so much the practice to adapt old plays for the stage, that it is rather singular we have not more instances in which he engaged in the practice. I have little doubt but that Shakespeare, in his earlier career, retouched many plays, the names even of which have not survived to our day; but the extent to which he was thus employed will probably never be ascertained. There was no sort of plagiarism in the case. It was a recognised species of editing. Sometimes, plays were altogether rewritten, the plot alone being used by the new author; but, as a general rule, when a drama was becoming too familiar to the public, a fresh lease of favour was attempted to be secured by the expedient of the insertion of what were termed “new additions.” The three plays of Henry the Sixth were probably very meagre compositions in their

original state, and were perhaps twice amended by Shakespeare before they obtained their present shape, in which they are still so lamentably inferior to what they would have been had the poet been left to the free exercise of his own invention.

The additions made by Shakespeare to the First Part of Henry the Sixth are unquestionably of a very insignificant character, and I much doubt if any beyond perhaps a few verbal alterations can be attributed to his pen. The whole play is, indeed, an effort so far below any that could have emanated from the genius of our great poet, it is inserted here rather out of deference to its position in the series of historical plays, than from an opinion that it is legitimately entitled to take a place in any edition of Shakespeare. Under this impression, as small a space as possible will be devoted to its illustration.





## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DUKE OF GLOSTER, *Uncle to the King, and Protector.*

DUKE OF BEDFORD, *Uncle to the King, Regent of France.*

DUKE OF EXETER.

HENRY BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester.*

JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl of Somerset.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

EARLS OF WARWICK, SALISBURY, AND SUFFOLK.

TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*

JOHN TALBOT, *his Son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

*Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.*

SIR JOHN FASTOLF, SIR WILLIAM LUCY, SIR WILLIAM

GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower. Mayor of London.*

VERNON, *of the White Rose, or York Faction.*

BASSET, *of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.*

CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.*

REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and King of Naples.*

DUKES OF BURGUNDY AND ALENÇON. BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

*Governor of Paris. Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.*

*General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.*

*A French Sergeant. A Porter. An old Shepherd, Father to*

*Joan la Pucelle.*

MARGARET, *Daughter to Reignier.*

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*

*Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.*

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



## Act the First.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

*Dead March.* The corpse of King HENRY the Fifth is discovered, lying in state ; attended on by the Dukes of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER ; the Earl of WARWICK,<sup>1</sup> the Bishop of WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

*Bed.* Hung be the heavens with black,<sup>2</sup> 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 !  
King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long !  
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

*Glo.* England ne'er had a king, until his time.  
Virtue he had deserving to command :  
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams ;  
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings ;  
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,  
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,  
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.  
What should I say ? his deeds exceed all speech :  
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

*Exe.* We mourn in black : why mourn we not in blood ?  
Henry is dead, and never shall revive.  
Upon a wooden coffin we attend ;  
And death's dishonourable victory  
We with our stately presence glorify,  
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.  
What ! shall we curse the planets of mishap,  
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ?  
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French  
Conjurors and sorcerors, that, afraid of him,  
By magic verses have contrived his end ?

*Win.* He was a king, bless'd of the King of kings.  
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day  
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.  
The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought :  
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

*Glo.* The church ! where is it ? Had not churchmen pray'd,  
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 churchmen may.

*Glo.* Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;  
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,  
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

*Bed.* Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!  
Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us.—  
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,  
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.  
Posterity, await for wretched years,  
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,  
Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,<sup>3</sup>  
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.*

*Mess.* My honourable lords, health to you all.  
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,  
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:  
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,  
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

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

*Glo.* Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?  
If Henry were recalled to life again,  
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

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

*Mess.* No treachery; but want of men and money.  
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—  
That here you maintain several factions;  
And whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,  
You are disputing of your generals.  
One would have lingering wars with little cost;  
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;  
A third man thinks, without expense at all,  
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.  
Awake, awake, English nobility!  
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:  
Cropp'd 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 her flowing tides.

*Bed.* Me they concern; regent I am of France.—  
Give me my steeld 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.*

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.  
France is revolted from the English quite,  
Except some petty towns of no import :  
The Dauphin, Charles, is crowned king in Rheims ;  
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd ;  
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part ;  
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

*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 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments,  
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,  
I must inform you of a dismal fight,  
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

*Win.* What ! wherein Talbot overcame ? is't so ?

3 *Mess.* O, no ! wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown :  
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.  
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,  
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,  
Having full scarce 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 flew.  
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 Fastolf<sup>t</sup> had not play'd the coward :  
He being in the vaward, plac'd behind  
With purpose to relieve and follow them,  
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.



Hence grew the general 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 assembled 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 foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O, no ! he lives ; but is took prisoner,  
 And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford :  
 Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

*Bed.* His ransom there is none but I shall pay.  
 I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne ;  
 His crown shall be the ransom of my friend :  
 Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—  
 Farewell, my masters ; to my task will I.  
 Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,  
 To keep our great Saint George's feast withal :  
 Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,  
 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

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

*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 my leave,  
 To go about my preparation.

[*Exit.*]

*Glo.* I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,  
 To view th' artillery and munition ;  
 And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

[*Exit.*]

*Exe.* To Eltham will I, where the young king is,  
 Being ordain'd his special governor ;  
 And for his safety there I'll best devise.

[*Exit.*]

*Win.* Each hath his place and function to attend :  
 I am left out ; for me nothing remains.  
 But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office :  
 The king from Eltham I intend to send,  
 And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[*Exit.*]SCENE II.—France. *Before Orleans.*

*Flourish.* Enter CHARLES, with his Forces ; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

*Char.* Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,  
 So in the earth, to this day is not known.  
 Late did he shine upon the English side ;  
 Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.  
 What towns of any moment but we have ?

At pleasure here we lie near Orleans ;  
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,  
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

*Alen.* They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves :  
Either they must be dieted like mules,  
And have their provender tied to their mouths,  
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

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

*Char.* Sound, sound alarum ! we will rush on them.  
Now, for the honour of the forlorn French !  
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,  
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarums ; Excursions ; afterwards a Retreat.*

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

*Char.* Who ever saw the like ? what men have I !—  
Dogs ! cowards ! dastards !—I would ne'er have fled,  
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

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

*Alen.* Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,  
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,  
During the time Edward the third did reign.  
More truly now may this be verified ;  
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,  
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !  
Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose  
They had such courage and audacity ?

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

*Reig.* I think, by some odd gimmals,<sup>5</sup> 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.

*Alen.* Be it so.

*Enter the Bastard of Orleans.*

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

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

*Bast.* Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd :  
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?  
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :  
A holy maid hither with me I bring,  
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,

Ordain'd is to raise this tedious siege,  
 And drive the English forth the bounds of France.  
 The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,  
 Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;  
 What's past and what's to come, she can descry.  
 Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,  
 For they are certain and unfallible.

*Char.* Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But, first to try her skill,  
 Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:  
 Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.  
 By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

[*Retires.*]

*Enter LA PUCELLE, Bastard of Orleans, and others.*

*Reig.* 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 awhile.

*Reig.* 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 assured success:  
 In complete 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 bless'd with, which you may 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.

*Char.* Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.  
 Only this proof I'll of thy valour make:  
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,  
 And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;  
 Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

*Puc.* I am prepar'd. Here is my keen-edg'd sword,  
 Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;  
 The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,  
 Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

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

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

[*They fight.*]



*Char.* Stay, stay thy hands ! thou art an Amazon,  
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

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

*Char.* Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me.  
Impatiently I burn with thy desire ;  
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.  
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 recompense.

*Char.* Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

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

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

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

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

*Reig.* My lord, where are you ? what devise you on ?  
Shall we give over Orleans, or no ?

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

*Char.* What she says, I'll confirm : we'll fight it out.

*Puc.* Assign'd am I to be the English scourge,  
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise :  
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,  
Since I have entered into these wars.  
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.

*Char.* Was Mahomet inspired with a dove ?  
Thou with an eagle art inspired, then.  
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,  
Nor yet St. Philip's daughters were like thee.  
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,  
How may I reverently worship thee enough ?

*Alen.* Leave off delays, and let us raise the seige.

*Reig.* Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours.  
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

*Char.* Presently we'll try.—Come, let's away about it :  
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—London. *Tower Hill.*

*Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER,<sup>6</sup> with his Serving-men.*

*Glo.* I am come to survey the Tower this day ;  
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—

Where be these warders, that they wait not here?

Open the gates! 'Tis Gloster that calls.

[*Servants knock.*]

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

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

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

*Glo.* Who will'd 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 dunghill grooms?

GLOSTER'S *Men rush at the Tower Gates.* *Enter, to the gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.*

*Wood.* [*Within.*] 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.

*Wood.* [*Within.*] 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 Woodville, 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.

1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector,

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter WINCHESTER, attended by Servants in tawny Coats.*

*Win.* How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

*Glo.* Pill'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

*Win.* I do, thou most usurping proditor,

And not protector, of the king or realm.

*Glo.* Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,

Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;

Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin.

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,<sup>7</sup>

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,<sup>8</sup>

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'll beard thee to thy face.

*Glo.* What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;

Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[GLOSTER and his Men attack the Bishop.]

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,



In spite of pope or dignities of church ;  
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

*Win.* Gloster, thou't answer this before the pope.

*Glo.* Winchester goose! I cry—a rope! a rope!—  
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?—  
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—  
Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

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

*May.* Fie, Lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,  
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

*Glo.* Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs.  
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,  
Hath here 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'ercharging 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. [*Here they skirmish again.*]

*May.* Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,  
But to make open proclamation.—  
Come, officer: as loud as e'er thou canst cry.

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

*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's more haughty than the devil.

*Glo.* Mayor, farewell: thou do'st but what thou may'st.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—France. *Before Orleans.*

*Enter, on the Walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.*

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

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

*M. Gun.* But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:  
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;  
Something I must do to procure me grace.

The prince's espials have informed me,  
 How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,  
 Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars  
 In yonder tower, to overpeer the city ;  
 And thence discover, how, with most advantage,  
 They may vex us with shot, or with assault.  
 To intercept this inconvenience,  
 A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd ;  
 And even these three days have I watch'd, if I  
 Could see them.

Now, do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.  
 If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,  
 And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

[*Exit.*]

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

*Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords SALISBURY and TALBOT ; Sir  
 WILLIAM GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.*

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

*Tal.* The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,  
 Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailes ;  
 For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.  
 But with a baser man of arms by far,  
 Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me :  
 Which I, disdainingly, scorn'd ; and craved death,  
 Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd :  
 In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.  
 But, O ! the treacherous Fastolf wounds my heart :  
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute,  
 If I now had him brought into my power.

*Sal.* Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

*Tal.* With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.  
 In open market-place produc'd they me,  
 To be a public spectacle to all :  
 Here, said they, is the terror of the French,  
 The scare-crow that affrights our children so.  
 Then broke I from the officers that led me,  
 And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,  
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.  
 My grisly countenance made others fly ;  
 None durst come near for fear of sudden death.  
 In iron walls they deem'd me not secure ;  
 So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,  
 That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,  
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.  
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,  
 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 endur'd,  
 But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.  
 Now, it is supper-time in Orleans :  
 Here, through this grate, I count each 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,  
 Where is best place to make our battery next.

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

*Glan.* And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

*Tal.* For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,  
 Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the Town.* SALISBURY and SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE fall.]

*Sal.* O Lord ! have mercy on us, wretched sinners.

*Gar.* O Lord ! have mercy on me, woeful man.

*Tal.* What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us ?—

Speak, Salisbury ; at least, if thou canst speak :  
 How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men ?  
 One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off !—  
 Accursed tower ! accursed fatal hand,  
 That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy !  
 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame :  
 Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars ;  
 Whilst any trumpet did sound, or drum struck up,  
 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 would say, "When I am dead and gone,  
 Remember to avenge me on the French."—  
 Plantagenet, I will ; and like thee, Nero,  
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn :  
 Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*An Alarm ; it thunders and lightens.*]

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

[SALISBURY lifts himself up and 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 dogfish,<sup>10</sup>  
 Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,  
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—  
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent,  
 And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same. Before one of the Gates.*

*Alarmum. Skirmishings.* TALBOT pursues the Dauphin, and drives him : then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.

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

*Enter LA PUCELLE.*

Here, here she comes.—I'll have a bout with thee ;<sup>11</sup>  
 Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee :  
 Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,  
 And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

*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.

*Puc.* Talbot, farewell ; thy hour is not yet come :  
 I must go vicfual Orleans forthwith.  
 O'ertake 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. [*PUCELLE enters the Town, with Soldiers.*]

*Tal.* My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel ;<sup>12</sup>  
 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 to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short Alarm.*]

Hark, countrymen ! either renew the fight,  
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat ;  
 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead :  
 Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,  
 Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,  
 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarm. Another skirmish.*]

It will not be.—Retire into your trenches :  
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,  
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—  
 Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans  
 In spite of us, or aught that we could do.

O! would I were to die with Salisbury.  
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and his Forces.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Same.*

*Flourish. Enter, on the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, 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.

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

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,

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

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—

Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

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

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,

And feast and banquet in the open streets,

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

*Alen.* All France will be replete with mirth and joy,  
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

*Char.* 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won,  
For which I will divide my crown with her;

And all the priests and friars in my realm

Shall in procession sing her endless praise.

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.

No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,

But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

Come in: and let us banquet royally,

After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

## Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*The Same.*

*Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.*

*Serg.* Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant.

If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,

Near to the walls, by some apparent sign

Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

[*Exit Sergeant.*]



1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. Thus are poor servitors  
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)  
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces, 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 sorcery.

*Bed.* Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,  
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 all together: better far, I guess,  
That we do make our entrance several ways,  
That if it chance the one of us do fail,  
The other yet may rise against their force.

*Bed.* Agreed. I'll to 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.

[*The English scale the Walls, crying St. George!  
a Talbot! and all enter the Town.*]

*Sent.* [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

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

*Alen.* How now, my lords! what, all unready so?<sup>13</sup>

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

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

*Alen.* Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,  
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize  
More venturous, or desperate than this.

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

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

*Alen.* Here cometh Charles : I marvel, how he sped.

*Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.*

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

*Char.* Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame ?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much ?

*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 fallen.

*Char.* Duke of Alençon, this was your default,

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

*Alen.* Had all your quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

*Bast.* Mine was secure.

*Reig.* And so was mine, my lord.

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

Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,

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 platforms to endamage them.

*Alarum.* *Enter an English Soldier, crying a Talbot ! a Talbot !<sup>14</sup> They fly,*  
*leaving their Clothes behind.*

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

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword ;

For I have loaden me with many spoils,

Using no other weapon but his name.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Orleans. *Within the Town.*

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

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

Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[*Retreat sounded.*

*Tal.* Bring forth the body of old Salisbury ;

And here advance it in the market-place,

The middle centre of this cursed town.—

Now have I paid my vow unto his soul ;

For every drop of blood was drawn from him,

There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And that hereafter ages may behold  
 What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,  
 Within their chiefest temple I'll erect  
 A tomb, wherein his corpse 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,  
 Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy 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 asunder, day or night.  
 After that things are set in order here,  
 We'll follow them with all the power we have.

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

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

*Mess.* The virtuous lady, countess of 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, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

*Tal.* Ne'er trust me then ; for when a world of men  
 Could not prevail with all their oratory,  
 Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd.—  
 And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,  
 And in submission will attend on her.—  
 Will not your honours bear me company ?

*Bed.* No, truly, it 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.  
 Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive my mind.

*Capt.* I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Auvergne. *Court of the Castle.**Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.*

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

*Port.* Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

*Count.* The plot is laid : if all things fall out right,  
I shall as famous be by this exploit,  
As Scythian Thomyris 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.*

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

*Count.* And he is welcome. What ! is this the man ?

*Mess.* Madam, it is.

*Count.* Is this the scourge of France ?  
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,  
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 writhled shrimp  
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

*Tal.* Madam, I have been bold to trouble you ;  
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,  
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

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

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

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

*Re-enter Porter, with Keys.*

*Count.* If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

*Tal.* Prisoner ! to whom ?

*Count.* To me, blood-thirsty lord ;  
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.  
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,  
For in my gallery thy picture hangs ;  
But now the substance shall endure the like,  
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,  
That hast by tyranny these many years,  
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,  
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

*Tal.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Count.* Laughest thou, wretch ? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

*Tal.* I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,



To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,  
Whereon to practise your severity.

*Count.* Why, art not thou the man?

*Tal.* I am indeed.

*Count.* Then have I substance too.

*Tal.* No, no, I am but shadow of myself;  
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;  
For what you see, is but the smallest part  
And least proportion of humanity.  
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,  
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,  
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

*Count.* This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;  
He will be here, and yet he is not here:  
How can these contrarieties agree?

*Tal.* That will I show you presently.

*He winds his Horn. Drums strike up; a Peal of Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

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

*Count.* Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse:  
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruted,  
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:  
No other satisfaction do I crave  
But only, with your patience, that we may  
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;  
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *The Temple Garden.*<sup>15</sup>

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and a Lawyer.*

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

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

*Plan.* Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth,  
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?



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

*Som.* Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.

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

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

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

*Plan.* Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,  
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 brier 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 cropp'd from the tree,  
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

*Som.* Good master Vernon, it is well objected ;  
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

*Plan.* And I.

*Ver.* Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,  
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,  
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

*Som.* Prick not your finger as you pluck it off ;  
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,  
And fall on my side so, against your will.

*Ver.* If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,  
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,  
And keep me on the side where still I am.

*Som.* Well, well, come on : who else ?

*Law.* Unless my study and my books be false,  
The argument you held, was wrong in you ;  
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

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

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

*Plan.* Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses ;  
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing  
The truth on our side.

*Som.* No, 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.

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

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

*Plan.* Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,  
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

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

*Plan.* Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,  
I scorn thee and thy faction,<sup>16</sup> peevish boy.

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

*Plan.* 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.

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

*Plan.* He bears him on the place's privilege,  
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

*Som.* By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words  
On any plot of ground in Christendom.  
Was not thy father, Richard earl of Cambridge,  
For treason executed in our late king's days ?  
And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,  
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry ?  
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood ;  
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

*Plan.* My father was attached, not attainted,  
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor ;  
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,  
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.  
For your partaker 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.

*Plan.* And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,  
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,  
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,  
Until it wither with me to my grave,  
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

*Suf.* Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition :  
And so farewell, until I meet thee next.

[*Exit.*

*Som.* Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard.

[*Exit.*

*Plan.* How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it !

*War.* This blot, that they object against your house,  
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,  
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and 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.

*Plan.* Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,  
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

*Ver.* In your behalf still will I wear the same.

*Law.* And so will I.

*Plan.* Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner : I dare say,  
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same.* A Room in the Tower.

*Enter* MORTIMER, brought in a Chair by Two Keepers.

*Mor.* Kind keepers of my weak decaying age.  
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—  
Even like a man new haled from the rack,  
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment ;  
And these 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, overborne with burdening grief,  
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine  
That droops his sapless branches to the ground :  
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,  
Unable to support this lump of clay,  
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
As witting I no other comfort have.—  
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

1 *Keep.* 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 satisfied.—  
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.  
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,  
Before whose glory I was great in arms,  
This loathsome sequestration have I had ;



And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,  
 Depriv'd of honour and inheritance :  
 But now, the arbitrator of despairs,  
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.  
 I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,  
 That so he might recover what was lost.

*Enter* Richard PLANTAGENET.

*I Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

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

*Plan.* Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,  
 Your nephew, late-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 ?

*Plan.* First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,  
 And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.  
 This day, in argument upon a case,  
 Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me ;  
 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 cursed instrument of his decease.

*Plan.* Discover more at large what cause that was :  
 For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

*Mor.* I will, if that my fading breath permit,  
 And death approach not ere my tale be done.  
 Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,  
 Depos'd his nephew 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,

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,  
 Being but fourth of that heroic 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,  
 Levied an army, weening to redeem,  
 And have install'd me in the diadem;  
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,  
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
 In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

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

*Mor.* True; and thou seest, that I no issue have,  
 And that my fainting words do warrant death.  
 Thou art my heir: the rest, I wish thee gather;  
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.

*Plan.* Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.  
 But yet, methinks, my father's execution  
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

*Mor.* With silence, nephew, be thou politic:  
 Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,  
 And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.  
 But now thy uncle is removing hence,  
 As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd  
 With long continuance in a settled place.

*Plan.* O, uncle! would some part of my young years  
 Might but redeem the passage of your age.

*Mor.* Thou dost, then, wrong me; as the slaughterer doth,  
 Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.  
 Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;  
 Only, give order for my funeral:

And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,  
 And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!

[*Dies.*

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

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,  
 And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—  
 Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;  
 And what I do imagine, let that rest.—

Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself

Will see his burial better than his life.— [*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out MORTIMER.*

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,  
 Chok'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 th' advantage of my good.<sup>17</sup>

[*Exit.*



## Act the Third.

SCENE I.—*The Same.* The Parliament-House.<sup>15</sup>

*Flourish.* Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the Bishop of WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER, offers to put up a Bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

*Win.* Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,  
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd?  
Humphrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,  
Or aught 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 preferr'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 laid'st a trap to take my life,  
As well at London-bridge, as at the Tower?  
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,  
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt  
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

*Win.* Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe  
To give me hearing what I shall reply.  
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,  
As he will have me, how am I so poor?  
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance  
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?  
And for dissension, who preferreth peace  
More than I do, except I be provok'd?  
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;  
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:  
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 sir; for what are you, I pray,  
But one imperious in another's throne?

*Glo.* Am I not protector, saucy priest?

*Win.* And am not I a prelate of the church?

*Glo.* Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,  
And useth it to patronage his theft.

*Win.* Unreverent Gloster!

*Glo.* Thou art reverent  
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

*Win.* Rome shall remedy this.

*War.* Roam thither then.

My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

*Som.* Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

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?

*Plan.* Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue ;  
Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should ;  
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"

Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

[*Aside.*

*K. Hen.* Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,  
The special watchmen of our English weal,  
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,  
To join your hearts in love and amity.  
O! what a scandal is it to our crown,  
That two such noble peers as ye should jar.  
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,  
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,  
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[*A Noise within : Down with the tawny coats !*

What tumult's this?

*War.* An uproar, I dare warrant,  
Begun through malice of the bishop's men. [*A Noise again ; 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,<sup>19</sup>  
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones ;  
And banding themselves in contrary parts,  
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,  
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out.  
Our windows are broke down in every street,  
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER and WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.*

*K. Hen.* We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,  
To hold your slaughter'ring hands, and keep the peace.  
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be  
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare ; we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*]

*Glo.* You of my household, leave this peevish broil,  
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

1 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man  
Just and upright ; and, for your royal birth,  
Inferior to none but to his majesty ;  
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,  
So kind a father of the commonweal,  
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,<sup>20</sup>  
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,  
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

3 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails  
Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

[*Skirmish again.*]

*Glo.* Stay, stay, I say !

And, if you love me, as you say you do,  
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

*K. Hen.* O, how this discord doth afflict my soul !—  
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold  
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent ?  
Who should be pitiful, if you be not ?  
Or who should study to prefer a peace,  
If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?

*War.* Yield, my lord protector ;—yield, 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.

*K. Hen.* Fye, 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.<sup>21</sup>  
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent :  
What ; shall a child instruct thee what to do ?

*Win.* Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee ;  
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

*Glo.* Ay ; but I fear me, with a hollow heart.  
See here my friends, and loving countrymen ;  
This token serveth for a flag of truce,  
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers.  
So help me God, as I dissemble not !

[*Aside.*]

*Win.* So help me God, as I intend it not!

[*Aside.*

*K. Hen.* O loving uncle, 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 *Serv.* Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Servants, &c.*

*War.* Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,  
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet  
We do exhibit to your majesty.

*Glo.* Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick:—for, sweet prince,  
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.

*K. Hen.* And those occasions, uncle, were of force:  
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,  
That Richard be restored to his blood.

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

*Win.* As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

*K. Hen.* 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.

*Plan.* Thy humble servant vows obedience,  
And humble service, till the point of death.

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

*Plan.* And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!  
And as my duty springs, so perish they  
That grudge one thought against your majesty.

*All.* Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

*Som.* Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!

[*Aside.*

*Glo.* Now will it best avail your majesty,  
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France.  
The presence of a king engenders love  
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends,  
As it disanimates his enemies.

*K. Hen.* When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes;  
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

*Glo.* Your ships already are in readiness. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but EXETER.*

*Exe.* Ay, we may march in England, or in France,  
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.  
This late dissension, 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 prophecy,  
 Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,  
 Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—  
 That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all,  
 And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all :  
 Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish  
 His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[*Exit.*]SCENE II.—France. *Before Rouen.*

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen with sacks upon their backs.*

*Puc.* These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,  
 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 Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,  
 And we be lords and rulers over Rouen ;  
 Therefore we'll knock.

[*Knocks.*]

*Guard.* [Within.] *Qui est là ?*

*Puc.* *Paisans, les pauvres gens de France :*  
 Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

*Guard.* Enter ; go in : the market-bell has rung. [Opens the gates.]

*Puc.* Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[*PUCELLE, &c. enter the City.*]

*Enter CHARLES, Bastard of ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and Forces.*

*Char.* Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem,  
 And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

*Bast.* Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants ;<sup>22</sup>  
 Now she is there, how will she specify  
 Where is the best and safest passage in ?

*Alen.* By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower ;  
 Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is,—  
 No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter LA PUCELLE on a Battlement ; holding out a torch burning.*

*Puc.* Behold ! this is the happy wedding torch,  
 That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,  
 But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

*Bast.* See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend ;<sup>23</sup>  
 The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

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



*Alen.* Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends:  
Enter, and cry *The Dauphin!* presently,  
And then do execution on the watch.

[*They enter.*]

*Alarums.* Enter TALBOT, and English Soldiers.

*Tal.* France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,  
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.  
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,  
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,  
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.

[*Exeunt to the Town.*]

*Alarum; Excursions.* Enter, from the Town, BEDFORD, brought in sick in a Chair,  
with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the  
Walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, Bastard, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

*Puc.* Good morrow, gallants. Want ye corn for bread?  
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,  
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.  
'Twas full of darnel;<sup>24</sup> do you like the taste?

*Bur.* Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan!  
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,  
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

*Char.* Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

*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.

*Puc.* Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace:  
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[TALBOT, and the rest, consult together.]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

*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?

*Alen.* Signior, no.

*Tal.* Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!  
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,  
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

*Puc.* Away, captains! let's get us from the walls,  
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—  
God be wi' you, my lord: we came, but to tell you  
That we are here.

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

*Tal.* And there will we be too, ere it be long,  
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame.—  
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,

Prick'd on by public 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 Rouen,  
 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,<sup>25</sup> 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, and others.]

*Alarum : Excursions.* Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLF, and a Captain.

*Cap.* Whither away, sir John Fastolf, in such haste ?

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

*Cap.* What, will you fly, and leave lord Talbot ?

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

[*Exit.*

*Cap.* Cowardly knight ! ill fortune follow thee !

[*Exit.*

*Retreat : Excursions.* Enter, from the Town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES,  
 &c., and exeunt, flying.

*Bed.* Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please,  
 For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.  
 What is the trust or strength of foolish man ?  
 They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,  
 Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

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

*Alarum.* 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 a-mort? Rouen 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 lies.

*Bur.* What wills lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

*Tal.* But yet, before we go, let's not forget  
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,  
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;  
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. The Plains near the City.*

*Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENCON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

*Puc.* Dismay not, princes, at this accident,  
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:  
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
For things that are not to be remedied.  
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,  
And like a peacock sweep along his tail,  
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,  
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

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

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

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

*Puc.* Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:  
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,  
We will entice the duke of Burgundy,  
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

*Char.* Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,  
France were no place for Henry's warriors;  
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,  
But be extirped from our provinces.

*Alen.* 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.  
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive  
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

[*Drums heard afar off.*]



*An English March. Enter, and pass over, TALBOT and his Forces.*

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

*A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY and Forces.*

Now, in the rearward comes the duke, and his:  
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.  
Summon a parley; we will talk with him

[*Trumpets sound a Parley.*]

*Char.* 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.

*Char.* 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 lovely babe,<sup>26</sup>  
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 given 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,<sup>27</sup> without his ransom paid,

In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends,  
See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,

And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.  
Come, come, return; return, thou 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!

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

*Bast.* And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

*Alen.* Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,  
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

*Char.* Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,  
And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

*Enter* King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other* LORDS, VERNON, BASSET, &c. *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,—  
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;  
And with submissive loyalty of heart,  
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,  
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

*K. Hen.* Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,  
That hath so long been resident in France?

*Glo.* Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord.  
When I was young, (as yet I am not old)  
I do remember how my father said,  
A stouter champion never handled sword.  
Long since we were resolved of your truth,  
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 HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, *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, sir ; as well as you dare patronage  
The envious barking of your saucy 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 the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*The Same. A Room of State.*

*Enter* King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER,  
WARWICK, TALBOT, *the Governor of Paris, and others.*

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

*Win.* God save king Henry, of that name the sixth !

*Glo.* Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[*Governor kneels.*]

That you elect no other king but him,  
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 Governor and his Train.*]

*Enter* Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

*Fast.* My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,  
To haste unto your coronation,  
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,  
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

*Tal.* Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee !

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 Patay,<sup>28</sup>

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 surpris'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.

*Tal.* When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,  
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,  
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,  
Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;  
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,  
But always resolute in most extremes.  
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,  
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,  
Profaning this most honourable order ;  
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)  
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain  
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

*K. Hen.* Stain to thy countrymen ! thou hear'st thy doom :  
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight.  
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.—  
And now, my lord protector, view the letter  
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

[*Exit* FASTOLFE.]

*Glo.* What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style ?  
No more but, plain and bluntly,—“ To the king ! ”  
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign ?  
Or doth this churlish superscription  
Pretend some alteration in good will ?  
What's here ? [*Reads.*] “ 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,—  
Forsaken 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 ?

*K. Hen.* What ! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt ?

*Glo.* He doth, my lord ; and is become your foe.

*K. Hen.* Is that the worst this letter doth contain ?

*Glo.* It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

*K. Hen.* Why then, lord Talbot, there, shall talk with him,  
And give him chastisement for this abuse.—  
How say you, my lord ? are you not content ?

*Tal.* Content, my hege ? Yes ; but that I am prevented,  
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

*K. Hen.* Then gather strength, and march unto him straight.  
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason ;  
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

*Tal.* I go, my lord ; in heart desiring still,  
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!

*York.* This is my servant: hear him, noble prince!

*Som.* And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him!

*K. Hen.* Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

*Ver.* With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

*Bas.* And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

*K. Hen.* What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

*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

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.

*York.* 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.

*K. Hen.* Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;

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.

*York.* Let this dissension first be tried 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.

*York.* There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

*Ver.* Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

*Bas.* Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

*Glo.* Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!

Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,

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.

*Exe.* It grieves his highness :—good my lords, be friends.

*K. Hen.* Come hither, you that would be combatants.

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,  
 Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—  
 And you, my lords, remember where we are ;  
 In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.  
 If they perceive dissension 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 certified,  
 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, that was bought with blood.  
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

[*Putting on a red rose.*]

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 cheerfully together, and digest  
 Your angry choler on your enemies.  
 Ourselves, my lord protector, and the rest,  
 After some respite, will return to Calais ;  
 From thence to England ; where I hope ere long  
 To be presented by your victories  
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, SOMERSET,  
 WINCHESTER, SUFFOLK, and BASSET.]

*War.* My lord of York, I promise you, the king  
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

*York.* And so he did ; but yet I like it not,  
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

*War.* Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him not ;  
 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

*York.* And, if I wist, he did,<sup>29</sup>—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 decipher'd there  
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,  
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.  
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees  
This jarring discord of nobility,  
This shouldering of each other in the court,  
This factious bandying of their favourites,  
But that it doth presage some ill event.  
'Tis much,<sup>30</sup> when sceptres 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, *with his Forces.*

*Tal.* Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter :  
Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the General of the French Forces, and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,  
Servant in arms to Harry king of England ;  
And thus he would.—Open your city gates,  
Be humble 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 fortified,  
And strong enough to issue out and fight :  
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,  
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.  
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd  
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,  
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, due thee withal;<sup>31</sup>  
 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.  
 Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,  
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;  
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Drum afar off.*]

[*Exeunt General, &c. from the Walls.*]

*Tal.* He fables not; I hear the enemy.—  
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—  
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!  
 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;<sup>32</sup>  
 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 Saint George, Talbot, and England's right,  
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Plains in Gascony.*

*Enter YORK, with Forces; to him, a Messenger.*

*York.* Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,  
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

*Mess.* They are return'd my lord; and give it out,  
 That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,  
 To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,  
 By your espials were discovered  
 Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,  
 Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

*York.* A plague upon that villain Somerset,  
 That thus delays my promised supply  
 Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!  
 Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,  
 And I am lowted by a traitor villain,<sup>33</sup>  
 And cannot help the noble chevalier.  
 God comfort him in this necessity!  
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.*

*Lucy.* Thou princely leader of our English strength,  
 Never so needful on the earth of France,  
 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,

Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,  
 And hemm'd about with grim destruction.  
 To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!  
 Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

*York.* O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart  
 Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!  
 So should we save a valiant gentleman,  
 By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.  
 Mad ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep,  
 That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

*Lucy.* O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

*York.* He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:  
 We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;  
 All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

*Lucy.* Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!  
 And on his son, young John; whom two hours since  
 I met in travel toward his warlike father.  
 This seven years did not Talbot see his son,  
 And now they meet where both their lives are done.

*York.* Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,  
 To bid his young son welcome to his grave?  
 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, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,  
 'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

[*Exit YORK with his Forces.*]

*Lucy.* Thus, while the vulture of sedition  
 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,  
 Sleeping neglect 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.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Other Plains of Gascony.*

*Enter SOMERSET, with his Army; an Officer of TALBOT'S with him.*

*Som.* It is too late; I cannot send them now.  
 This expedition was by York, and Talbot,  
 Too rashly plotted: all our general force  
 Might with a sally of the very town  
 Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot  
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,  
 By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.  
 York set him on to fight, and die in shame,  
 That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

*Off.* Here is sir William Lucy, who with me  
 Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.*

*Som.* How now, sir William! whither were you sent?



*Lucy.* Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;  
 Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,  
 Cries out for noble York and Somerset,  
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions:  
 And whiles the honourable captain there  
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,  
 And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,  
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,  
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.  
 Let not your private discord keep away  
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,  
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,  
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds.  
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,  
 Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,  
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

*Som.* York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

*Lucy.* And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;  
 Swearing that you withhold his levied host,  
 Collected for this expedition.

*Som.* York lies: he might have sent and had the horse.  
 I owe him little duty, and less love,  
 And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

*Lucy.* The fraud of England, not the force of France,  
 Hath now entrapp'd 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 despatch the horsemen straight:  
 Within six hours they will be at his aid.

*Lucy.* 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, though he might.

*Som.* If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

*Lucy.* His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

*Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.*

*Tal.* O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,  
 To tutor thee in stratagems of war,  
 That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,  
 When 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; begone.

*John.* Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?  
 And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,  
 Dishonour not her honourable name,

To make a bastard, and a slave of me :  
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,  
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

*Tal.* Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.

*John.* He that flies so will ne'er return again.

*Tal.* If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

*John.* Then let me stay ; and father, do you fly :

Your loss is great, so your regard should be ;  
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.  
Upon my death the French can little boast,  
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.  
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,  
But mine it will, that no exploit have done :  
You fled for vantage every one will swear,  
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.  
There is no hope that ever I will stay,  
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.  
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,  
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

*Tal.* Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb ?

*John.* Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

*Tal.* Upon my blessing I command thee go.

*John.* To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

*Tal.* Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

*John.* No part of him but will be shame in me.

*Tal.* Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

*John.* Yes, your renowned name : shall flight abuse it ?

*Tal.* Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

*John.* You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

*Tal.* And leave my followers here, to fight, and die ?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

*John.* And shall my youth be guilty of such blame ?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,  
That 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,  
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.*

*Alarum : Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

*Tal.* Saint George and victory ! fight, soldiers, fight !  
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,  
And left us to the rage of France his sword.  
Where is John Talbot ?—pause, and take thy breath ;  
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

*John.* O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:  
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;  
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,  
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

*Tal.* When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,  
It warmed 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 Orleans, that drew blood  
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood  
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,  
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed  
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,  
Bespoke him thus: "Contaminated, base,  
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,  
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,  
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:"—  
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, and 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 sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

*John.* The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;  
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.  
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame)  
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!  
And like me to the peasant boys of France,<sup>34</sup>  
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 sire 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.*



SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Same.*

*Alarums; Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.*

*Tal.* Where is my other life?—mine own is gone :  
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—  
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,<sup>35</sup>  
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,  
Tendering 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 overmounting spirit; and there died  
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

*Enter Soldiers, bearing the Body of JOHN TALBOT.*<sup>36</sup>

*Serv.* O, my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

*Tal.* Thou antick, death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,  
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,  
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,  
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,  
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—  
O! thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,  
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath :  
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no ;  
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—  
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say,  
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.  
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms.  
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.  
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,  
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[*Dies.*

*Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two Bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

*Char.* Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,  
We should have found a bloody day of this.

*Bast.* How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood,  
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

*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 answered thus : "Young Talbot was not born  
To be the pillage of a giglot wench."<sup>37</sup>  
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 inersed in the arms  
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

*Bast.* Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,  
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

*Char.* O, no! forbear; for that which we have fled  
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended; a French Herald preceding.*

*Lucy.* Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,  
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

*Char.* On what submissive message art thou sent?

*Lucy.* Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;  
We English warriors wot not what it means.  
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,  
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

*Char.* For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.  
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

*Lucy.* But where's the great Alcides of the field,  
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?  
Created, for his rare success in arms,  
Great earl of Washford,<sup>38</sup> Waterford, and Valence;  
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,  
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,  
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield.  
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;  
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,  
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;  
Great mareshal to Henry the sixth  
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

*Puc.* Here is a silly stately style indeed!  
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,  
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—  
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,  
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

*Lucy.* Is Talbot slain? the Frenchmen's only scourge,  
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?  
O! were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,  
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.  
O, that I could but call these dead to life!  
It were enough to fright the realm of France.  
Were but his picture left among you here,  
It would amaze the proudest of you all.  
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,  
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

*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 putrefy the air.

*Char.* Go, take their bodies hence.

*Lucy.* I'll bear them hence:  
But from their ashes shall be rear'd  
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

*Char.* So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.  
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein :  
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—London. *A room in the Palace.*

*Enter* King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

*K. Hen.* Have you perus'd<sup>39</sup> the letters from the pope,  
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac ?

*Glo.* I have, my lord ; and their intent is this :—  
They humbly sue unto your excellence,  
To have a godly peace concluded of  
Between the realms of England and of France.

*K. Hen.* How doth your grace affect their motion ?

*Glo.* Well, my good lord ; and as the only means  
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,  
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

*K. Hen.* Ay, marry, uncle ; for I always thought,  
It was both impious and unnatural,  
That such immanity and bloody strife  
Should reign among professors of one faith.

*Glo.* Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,  
And surer bind, this knot of amity,  
The earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,  
A man of great authority in France,  
Proffers his only daughter to your grace  
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

*K. Hen.* Marriage, uncle ? alas ! my years are young,  
And fitter is my study and my books,  
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.  
Yet, call th' ambassadors ; and, as you please,  
So let them have their answers every one :  
I shall be well content with any choice,  
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

*Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, 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 verified,  
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—  
“ If once he come to be a cardinal,  
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.”

*K. Hen.* My lords ambassadors, your several suits  
Have been consider'd and debated on.  
Your purpose is both good and reasonable ;  
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd,

To draw conditions of a friendly peace ;  
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean  
Shall be transported presently to France.

*Glo.* And for the proffer of my lord, your master,  
I have inform'd his highness so at large,  
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,  
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—  
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

*K. Hen.* In argument and proof of which contract,  
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—  
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,  
And safely brought to Dover ; where, inshipp'd,  
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt* King HENRY and Train ; GLOSTER, EXETER, and Ambassadors.]

*Win.* Stay, my lord legate : you shall first receive  
The sum of money, which I promised  
Should be deliver'd to his holiness  
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

*Leg.* I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

*Win.* Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,  
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.  
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,  
That, neither in birth, or for authority,  
The bishop will be overborne 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* CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.

*Char.* These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits.  
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,  
And turn again unto the warlike French.

*Alen.* 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 Scout.*

*Scout.* Success unto our valiant general,  
And happiness to his accomplices !

*Char.* What tidings send our scouts ? I pr'ythee, speak.

*Scout.* The English army, that divided was  
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,  
And means to give you battle presently.

*Char.* Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is ;  
But we will presently provide for them.

*Bur.* I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there :  
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

*Puc.* Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd.—  
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine ;  
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

*Char.* Then on, my lords ; and France be fortunate !

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE III.—*The Same. Before Angiers.*

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.*

*Puc.* The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—  
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts<sup>40</sup> ;  
And ye, choice spirits, that admonish me,  
And give me signs of future accidents :  
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
Under the lordly monarch of the north,<sup>41</sup>  
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize !

[*Thunder.*

*Enter Fiends.*

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof  
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.  
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd  
Out of the powerful legions under earth,<sup>42</sup>  
Help me this once, that France may get the field.  
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 farther benefit,  
So you do condescend to help me now.—  
No hope to have redress?—My body shall  
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.  
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.  
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,  
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,  
And let her head fall into England's lap.  
My ancient incantations are too weak,  
And hell too strong for me to buckle with.  
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[*They walk, and speak not.*

[*They hang their heads.*

[*They shake their heads.*

[*They depart.*

[*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting ; LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.*

*York.* Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast :  
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,  
And try if they can gain your liberty.—  
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.

*York.* 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 surpris'd  
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

*York.* Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

*Puc.* I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

*York.* Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[*Exeunt.*



*Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in Lady MARGARET.*

*Suf.* Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*]

O, fairest beauty! do not fear, nor fly,  
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:  
I kiss these fingers [*Kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,  
And lay them gently on thy tender side.  
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

*Mar.* Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,  
The king of Naples, whosoe'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 cygnets 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 away 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 Poole! disable not thyself;  
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?  
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?  
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,  
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

*Mar.* Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,  
What ransom must I pay before I pass?  
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

*Suf.* How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,  
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*]

*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. [*Aside.*]

*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? [*Aside.*]

*Mar.* I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

*Suf.* There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.<sup>43</sup>

*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.<sup>44</sup>

*Mar.* He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

*Suf.* Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,  
And peace established between these realms.  
But there remains a scruple in that, too;  
For though her father be the king of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,  
And our nobility will scorn the match.

[*Aside.*]

*Mar.* Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

*Suf.* It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:  
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—  
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

*Mar.* What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,  
And will not any way dishonour me.

[*Aside.*]

*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.

[*Aside.*]

*Suf.* Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

*Mar.* Tush! women have been captivate ere now.

[*Aside.*]

*Suf.* Lady, wherefore talk you so?

*Mar.* I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.

*Suf.* Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose  
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

*Mar.* To be a queen in bondage is more vile  
Than is a slave in base servility,  
For princes should be free.

*Suf.* And so shall you,  
If happy England's royal king be free.

*Mar.* Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

*Suf.* I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;  
To put a golden sceptre 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!  
And, madam, at your father's castle walls  
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*]

*A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the Walls.*

*Suf.* See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.

*Reig.* To whom?

*Suf.* To me.

*Reig.* Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,  
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

*Suf.* Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:  
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,  
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,  
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,  
And this her easy-held imprisonment  
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

*Reig.* Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

*Suf.* Fair Margaret knows,  
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

*Reig.* Upon thy princely warrant, I descend  
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit, from the Walls.*]

*Suf.* And here I will expect thy coming.

*Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.*

*Reig.* Welcome, brave earl, into our territories :  
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

*Suf.* Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,  
Fit to be made companion with a king :

What answer makes your grace unto my suit ?

*Reig.* Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,  
To be the princely bride of such a lord,  
Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,  
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,  
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

*Suf.* That is her ransom, I deliver her ;  
And those two counties, I will undertake,  
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

*Reig.* And I again, in Henry's royal name,  
As deputy unto that gracious king,  
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

*Suf.* Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,  
Because this is in traffic of a king :  
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.

*Reig.* I do embrace thee, as I would embrace  
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

*Mar.* Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise, and prayers,  
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

[*Going.*]

*Suf.* Farewell, sweet madam ! But hark you, Margaret ;  
No princely commendations to my king ?

*Mar.* Such commendations as become a maid,  
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

*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.  
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise :  
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,

And natural graces that extinguish art;<sup>45</sup>  
 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.*

*York.* Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

*Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded; and a Shepherd.*

*Shep.* Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.  
 Have I sought every country far and near,  
 And, now it is my chance to find thee out,  
 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.

*Shep.* Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;  
 I did beget her, all the parish knows:  
 Her mother liveth yet, can testify,  
 She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

*War.* Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

*York.* This argues what her kind of life hath been;  
 Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

*Shep.* Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!<sup>46</sup>  
 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, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,  
 Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

*Shep.* 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,  
 The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—  
 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 a-field,  
 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.*]

*York.* Take her away; for she hath lived 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; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been  
 A virgin from her tender infancy,  
 Chaste and immaculate in very thought;  
 Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,  
 Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

*York.* Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution!

*War.* And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,  
 Spare for no fagots, let there be enow:  
 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 privilege.—  
 I am with child, ye bloody homicides:  
 Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,  
 Although ye hale me to a violent death.

*York.* Now, heaven forfend! the holy maid with child?

*War.* The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!  
 Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

*York.* She and the Dauphin have been juggling:  
 I did imagine what would be her refuge.

*War.* Well, go to: we will have no bastards live;  
 Especially, since Charles must father it.

*Puc.* You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:  
 It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

*York.* Alençon, 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 married man: that's most intolerable.

*York.* Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well,  
 There were so many, whom she may accuse.

*War.* It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

*York.* And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—  
 Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:  
 Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

*Puc.* Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse.  
 May never glorious sun reflex his beams  
 Upon the country where you make abode;  
 But darkness and the gloomy shade of death  
 Environ you, till mischief, and despair  
 Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[*Exit, guarded.*]

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

*Enter* Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*

*Car.* Lord regent, I do greet your excellence  
With letters of commission from the king.  
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,  
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,  
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace  
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;  
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,  
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

*York.* Is all our travail 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, falsehood, and by treachery,  
Our great progenitors had conquered?—  
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief  
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

*War.* Be patient, York! if we conclude a peace,  
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,  
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter* CHARLES, *attended*; ALENÇON, Bastard, REIGNIER, *and others.*

*Char.* Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,  
That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,  
We come to be informed by yourselves  
What the conditions of that league must be.

*York.* Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes  
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,  
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

*Win.* Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:—  
That, in regard king Henry gives consent,  
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,  
To ease your country of distressful war,  
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,  
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.  
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear  
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,  
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,  
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

*Alen.* Must he be then as shadow of himself?  
Adorn his temples with a coronet,  
And yet, in substance and authority,  
Retain but privilege of a private man?  
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

*Char.* 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd  
With more than half the Gallian territories,  
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:  
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,  
Detract so much from that prerogative,  
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?

No, lord ambassador ; I'll rather keep  
That which I have, than, coveting for more,  
Be cast from possibility of all.

*York.* Insulting Charles ! hast thou by secret means  
Used intercession to obtain a league,  
And now the matter grows to compromise,  
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison ?  
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,  
Of benefit proceeding from our king,  
And not of any challenge of desert,  
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

*Reig.* My lord, you do not well in obstinacy  
To cavil in the course of this contract :  
If once it be neglected, ten to one,  
We shall not find like opportunity.

*Alen.* To say the truth, it is your policy  
To save your subjects from such massacre,  
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen  
By our proceeding in hostility ;  
And, therefore, take this compact of a truce,  
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside to CHARLES.*

*War.* How say'st thou, Charles ? shall our condition stand ?

*Char.* It shall ; only reserv'd, you claim no interest  
In any of our towns of garrison.

*York.* Then swear allegiance to his majesty ;  
As thou art knight, never to disobey,  
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,  
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*CHARLES, and his Nobles, give tokens of fealty.*

So ; now dismiss your army when ye please :  
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,  
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK ; GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

*K. Hen.* Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,  
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me :  
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,  
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart ;  
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts  
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,  
So am I driven,<sup>47</sup> 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.

*K. Hen.* 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 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 a 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.  
 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,  
 Most of all these reasons bindeth us,  
 In our opinions she should be preferr'd.  
 For what is wedlock forced but a hell,  
 An age of discord and continual strife ?  
 Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,  
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.  
 Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,  
 But Margaret that is daughter to a king ?  
 Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,  
 Approves her fit for none but for a king :



Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,  
 (More than in women commonly is seen)  
 Will answer our hope in issue of a king ;  
 For Henry, son unto a conqueror,  
 Is likely to beget more conquerors,  
 If with a lady of so high resolve,  
 As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.  
 Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with me,  
 That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

*K. Hen.* 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 dissension 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 expenses 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 ruminare 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.*



## Notes.

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<sup>1</sup> *The Earl of Warwick.*

The Earl of Warwick who makes his appearance in the first scene of this play is Richard Beauchamp, who is a character in King Henry V. The Earl who appears in the subsequent part of it, is Richard Nevil, son to the Earl of Salisbury, who became possessed of the title in right of his wife, Anne, sister of Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, on the death of Anne his only child in 1449. Richard, the father of this Henry, was appointed governor to the king, on the demise of Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, and died in 1439. There is no reason to think that the author meant to confound the two characters.—*Ritson.*

<sup>2</sup> *Hung be the heavens with black.*

Alluding to our ancient stage-practice when a tragedy was to be expected. So, in Sydney's *Arcadia*, "There arose, even with the sunne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which shortly had *blacked over all the face of heaven*, preparing (as it were) a mournfull stage for a tragedie to be played on."—*Steevens.*

Like foule brought fourth, the altered heav'ns were overlaid  
With mourning black, as in their limits should be played  
A tragedie, for which a stage they gan prepare.

*A Herrings Tayle*, 4to. 1598.

<sup>3</sup> *Our isle be made a marish of salt tears.*

Instead of *marish*, the ancient English form of *marsh*, the old copies read *nourish*. Some critics prefer *nourice*, a nurse, in reference to the allusions in the preceding line; but this latter reading does not make sense, "Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears." Compare also Smith's *Hector of Germanie*, 1615, ap. Dyce,—

Ere long I'll set them free, or make the soil,  
That holds them prisoners, a marsh-ground for blood.

<sup>4</sup> *If Sir John Fastolf had not play'd the coward.*

Mis-spelt *Falstaffe* in the old copies, but not of course intended for the humorous knight, who figures in Henry IV. parts i. and ii., and who died in Henry V. The text relates to the historical sir John Fastolfe, who, as Fuller complains (*Worthies*, 1662, p. 253), had been misrepresented on the stage, as "a 'Thrasonical puff," when in fact he was "as valiant as any of his age." However, Hall and Holinshed assert that he was degraded for cowardice, although subsequently, "upon good reason alleged in his defence, restored to his honours."—*Collier.*

<sup>5</sup> *By some odd gimmals or device.*

A *gimmal* is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an *engine*. It is now by the vulgar called a *gimcrack*.—*Johnson.*

In the inventory of the jewels, &c. belonging to Salisbury cathedral, taken in 1536, 28th of Henry VIII. is "A faire chest with *gimmals* and key." Again: "Three other chests with

*jimmals* of silver and gilt." Again, in the Vow-breaker, or the Faire Maide of Clifton, 1636 :

My actes are like the motionall *gymmals*  
Fixt in a watch.—*Steevens*.

*Jimmers* (*S.* a local word), jointed hinges, Bailey. Ray explains it "jointed hinges," among his North Country Words, and adds, "in other parts called Wing-hinges." In the comedy of *Lingua*, 1657, Act ii. sc. 4, Anamnestes (Memory's Page) is described as having, amongst other things, "a Gimmel Ring with *one link* hanging." Morgan, in his *Sphere of Gentry*, lib. iii. fol. 21, mentions *three triple Gimbal Rings* as borne by the name of Hawberke, Co. Leicest. See Randal Holme, B. iii. chap. 2, p. 20, No. 45. The following remarkable passage is to be found in Greene's *Menaphon*, "Twas a good world when such simplicitie was used, sayes the olde women of our time, when a Ring of a Rush would tye as much love together as a *Gimmon of Gold*." I have heard it supposed, and certainly with some probability, that *jimmel* is derived from Gemelli, *twins*. Douce's MS. Notes say: "Gemmell or Gemow Ring, a Ring with two or more Links. Gemellus. See Minsheu." Greenwood, in his *English Grammar*, p. 209, says: "So a Gimmel or Gimbal, *i. e.* a double or twisted Ring, from Gemellus: hence Gimbal and Jumbal are applied to other things twisted and twined after that manner."—*Brand*.

We saw the farre-spent day withdraw his light,  
And made for Harwich, where we lay all night.  
There did I finde an hostesse with a tongue  
As nimble as it had on *gimmols* hung.

*The Workes of Taylor the Water Poet*, 1630.

<sup>6</sup> *The Duke of Gloster.*

The annexed engraving, a portrait of the Duke of Gloucester, is copied from a plate of the seventeenth century, hitherto unnoticed, the original being then in a painted window at Greenwich. This window was no doubt of the fifteenth century, but allowances must be made for the efforts of an archæological copyist of the time of Charles the Second. The skull of this nobleman is still shown at St. Albans.



<sup>7</sup> *I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat.*

This means, I believe—"I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and shake thee, as bran and meal are shaken in a sieve." So, Sir W. D'Avenant, in the *Cruel Brother*, 1630:—

I'll sift and winnow him in an old hat.

To *canvas* was anciently used for to *sift*.

1618: "——We'll *canvas* him.—— —— I am too big——."

Again, in the Epistle Dedicatory to *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, or *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596: "—*canvaze* him and his angell brother Gabriell, in ten sheets of paper," &c.—*Steevens*.

Again, in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*, *Dol Tearsheet* says to *Falstaff*—"If thou dost, I'll *canvas* thee between a pair of sheets."—*M. Mason*.

Probably from the materials of which the bottom of a *sieve* is made. Perhaps, however, in the passage before us *Gloster* means, that he will toss the cardinal in a sheet, even while he was invested with the peculiar badge of his ecclesiastical dignity.—Coarse sheets were formerly termed *canvass sheets*—*Malone*.

<sup>8</sup> *This be Damascus, — be thou cursed Cain.*

About four miles from *Damascus* is a high hill, reported to be the same on which *Cain* slew his brother *Abel*. *Maundrel's Travels*, p. 131.—*Pope*.



Sir John Maundeville says: "And in that place where *Damascus* was founded, *Kaym* sloughe *Abel* his brother."—*Maundeville's Travels*, edit. 1725, p. 148.—*Reed*.

"*Damasens* is as moeche to saye as shedyng of blood. For there *Chaym* slowe *Abell*, and hidde hym in the sonde." *Polychronicon*, fo. xii.—*Ritson*.

<sup>9</sup> *Winchester goose! I ery—a rope! a rope!*

Johnson would here make out an allusion to the 'consequence of love' for the inhabitants of the Stews, under the control of the bishop of Winchester: that 'consequence' was certainly called 'a Winchester goose' by many old writers (see Dyce's Webster's Works, vol. iii. p. 328), but there is no necessary reference to it in the text. 'Winchester goose!' seems merely used as a term of abuse.—*Collier*.

Various words of reproach,—such as *burdan*, *ribald*, &c. &c.—were formerly used without any reference to their original significations; but *Winchester goose* (even if it had not been applied to the Bishop of *Winchester*) was too peculiar an expression to be ever employed as a general term of abuse. Gloster means here to taunt Winchester with his licentious life: he afterwards tells him;—

—such is thy audacious wickedness,  
Thy *lewd*, pestiferous, and dissentions 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.—*Dyce*.

<sup>10</sup> *Pucelle or puzzle, dolphin or dogfish.*

*Pussel* means a *dirty wench* or a *drab*, from *puzza*, that is, *malus factor*, says Minshen. In a translation from Steevens's Apology for Herodotus, in 1607, p. 98, we read—"Some filthy queans, especially our *puzzles* of Paris, use this other theft."—*Tollet*.

So, Stubbs, in his Anatomie of Abuses, 1595: "No nor yet any droye nor *puzzel* in the country but will carry a nosegay in her hand." Again, in Ben Jonson's Commendatory Verses, prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:—"Lady or *Pusill*, that wears mask or fan."

As for the conceit, miserable as it is, it may be countenanced by that of James I. who looking at the statue of Sir Thomas Bodley in the library at Oxford. "Pii Thomæ Godly nomine insignivit, eoque potius nomine quam *Bodly*, deinceps merito nominandum esse censuit." See Rex Platonius, &c. edit. quint. Oxon. 1635, p. 187. It should be remembered, that in Shakespeare's time the word *dauphin* was always written *dolphin*.—*Steevens*.

There are frequent references to *Pucelle's* name in this play:—"I 'scar'd the dauphin and his *trull*." Again:—"Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless *courtezan*!"—*Malone*.

<sup>11</sup> *I'll have a bout with thee.*

Florio renders *botta*, a *blowe*, a *stroke*. In the best of all the ancient French treatises on the art of fencing, entitled *Traicté sur l'espée seule, mere de toutes armes*, &c., by Henry De Sainet Didier, Paris, 1573, 4to, it is said, "*bottes* en Napollitain, vaut autant à dire, que *coups* en François." He then mentions five sorts of *bottes*, viz. *maindrette*, *renverse*, *fendante*, *estoecade*, and *imbrocade*. Nevertheless it appears from the passage in the text that the word *bout* had been used in the sense of a *set-to* in Shakespeare's time. It retained, however, its original meaning, long afterwards. Howel, and Sherwood likewise in his English dictionary at the end of Cotgrave have "a *boute*, *coup*," and so it is defined by Skinner: but the following passage from the account given by Sir Thomas Urquhart in his singular book entitled *A discovery of a most exquisite jewel found in the kennel of Worcester streets*, &c. 1652, 12mo, of the combat between the admirable Crichton and the celebrated Mantuan duellist, will put the matter beyond all doubt. "Then was it that to vindicate the reputation of the duke's family and to expiate the blood of the three vanquished gentlemen, he alonged a *stoecade de pied ferme*; then recoyling, he advanced another thrust, and lodged it home; after which retiring again, his right foot did beat the cadence of the blow that pierced the belly of this Italian, whose heart and throat being hit with the two former strokes, these *three franck bouts* given in upon the back of other . . . by them he was to be made a sacrifice of atonement for the slaughter of the three aforesaid gentlemen

who were wounded in the very same parts of their bodies by other such *three venees* as these." The same mode of expression is also used by the same writer in a subsequent account of a duel between Francis Sinclair, a natural son of the Earl of Caithness, and a German, at Vienna; where it was agreed that he who should give the other the first *three bouts*, should have a pair of golden spurs, in the event of which combat Sinclair "gave in two *venees* more than he was obliged to." On the whole therefore it appears that *venew* and *bout* equally denote a hit in fencing; that both Steevens and Malone are right in this respect; but that the former gentleman is inaccurate in supposing a *venew* to mean a *set-to*, and the latter equally so in asserting that "a *venew* is not a *bout*."—*Douce*.



<sup>12</sup> *My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.*

So, in the Psalms,—“Make them like unto a wheel, and as the stubble before the wind.” The following note was communicated by Mr. Fairholt,—“The potter's wheel has been a favorite simile from the Bible era downwards; and this simple mechanical invention has continued almost unchanged since then. The cut exhibiting a potter at work, fashioning a jar at his turntable, to which he gives a rotary motion with his foot, is copied from a figure in high relief on the great silver-gilt badge formerly worn by the master of the Guild of Potters

at Mayence (circa 1600); and now in the collection of Lord Londesborough.”

<sup>13</sup> *What, all unready so?*

Unready, that is, undressed. So, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1638: “Enter Sixtus and Lucrece *unready*.”—Again, in the Two Maids of More-clacke, 1609:—

Enter James *unready* in his night-cap, garterless, &c.

Again, in A Match at Midnight, 1633, is this stage-direction:—“He makes himself *unready*.”—“Why what do you mean? you will not be so uncivil as to *unbrace* you here?”

Again, in Monsieur D'Olive, 1606:—“You are not going to bed, I see you are not yet *unready*.” Again, in Heywood's Golden Age, 1611:—“Here Jupiter puts out the lights, and makes himself *unready*.” *Unready* is equivalent to the old French word—*di-pret*.—*Steevens*.

<sup>14</sup> *A Talbot! a Talbot!*

And afterwards:—“The cry of *Talbot* serves me for a sword.” Here a popular tradition, exclusive of any chronicle-evidence, was in Shakespeare's mind. Edward Kerke, the old commentator on Spenser's Pastorals, first published in 1579, observes in his notes on June, that Lord Talbot's “noblenesse bred such a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oftimes greate armies were defaited and put to flight, at *the only hearing of his name*: insomuch that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the *Talbot cometh*.” See also Sc. III.—*T. Warton*.

The same is said in Drayton's Miseries of Queen Margaret, of Lord Warwick:

And still so fearful was great *Warwick's* name,  
That being once cry'd on, put them oft to flight,  
On the king's army till at length they light.—*Steevens*.

In a note on a former passage, I have quoted a passage from Hall's Chronicle, which probably furnished the author of this play with this circumstance. It is not mentioned by Holinshed, (Shakespeare's historian,) and is one of the numerous proofs that have convinced me that this play was not the production of our author. It is surely more probable that the writer of this play should have taken this circumstance from the Chronicle which furnished him with this plot, than from the comment on Spenser's Pastorals.—*Malone*.

This is one of the floating atoms of intelligence which might have been orally circulated, and consequently have reached our author through other channels, than those of Spenser's annotator, or our English Chronicler.—*Steevens*.



<sup>15</sup> *The Temple Garden.*

The annexed curious engraving of this garden is copied by Mr. Fairholt from the old woodcut map of London preserved in the library at Guildhall.

<sup>16</sup> *I scorn thee and thy faction.*

The old copies have *fashion*, a word that may possibly be tortured into a meaning, as Warburton attempted; but which was in all probability a mere misprint for *faction*, to which Theobald changed it. Warburton's notion was, that it referred to the *fashion* of wearing the red rose; but, as Mr. Barron Field observes to me, the same character, not long afterwards, employs the word "faction" in precisely the same sense,—“Will I for ever, and my *faction*, wear.” A copy of the fourth folio, lent to me by Mr. Holgate, which formerly belonged to Southern, the poet, has *fashion* corrected to “faction,” in his hand-writing.—*Collier*.

<sup>17</sup> *Or make my ill the advantage of my good.*

The old editions read, “Or make my *will*,” &c. But we adopt Theobald's amendment, which clears the sense, and preserves the antithesis. Malone properly understands by “ill,” *ill usage*. Some modern editors have printed “ill” for *will* of the folios, without any information that it was not the ancient reading. It is necessary to mark these variations, if only to test the general value of the old copies, as representing the language of the poet.—*Collier*.

<sup>18</sup> *The Parliament-House.*

This parliament was held in 1426, at Leicester, though the author of this play has represented it to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first parliament which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother Queen Katharine brought the young King from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne of the parliament-house with the infant in her lap.—*Malone*.

<sup>19</sup> *Forbidden late to carry any weapon.*

This fact is borrowed, with some variation, from Stowe or Fabian. “Men being forbidden to bring swords or other weapons, brought great battes and staves on their neckes; and when those *weapons were inhibited them*, they took *stones* and *plomets* of lead, &c.”—*Douce*.

<sup>20</sup> *To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate.*

This was a term of reproach at the time towards men of learning or men affecting to be learned. George Pettie in his Introduction to Guazzo's Civil Conversation, 1586, speaking of those he calls *nice travellers*, says, “if one chance to derive anie word from the Latine, which is insolent to their ears, (as perchance they will take that phrase to be) they forthwith make a jest at it, and tearme it an *inkhorne tearme*.”—*Reed*.

<sup>21</sup> *The bishop hath a kindly gird.*

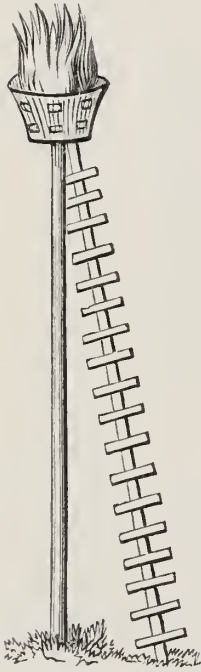
The term *kindly* is here used in one of its common old meanings, *appropriate*, suited to the time or season; literally, natural. So, in the Litany,—“the kindly fruits of the earth.”

<sup>22</sup> *And her practisants.*

*Practice*, in the language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps in the softer sense *stratagem*. *Practisants* are therefore *confederates in stratagems*.—*Johnson*. So, in the Induction to the Taming of the Shrew:—"Sirs, I will *practice* on this drunken man."—*Steevens*.

<sup>23</sup> *The beaeon of our friend.*

The form and character of the ancient beacon is well exhibited in the annexed engraving of a specimen of one of the fifteenth century.

<sup>24</sup> *Full of darnel.*

So, in King Lear:—

*Darnel*, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.

"Darnel (says Gerard) *hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim*, if it happen either in *eorne for breade*, or *drinke*." Hence the old proverb—*Lolio vietitare*, applied to such as were *dim-sighted*. Thus also, Ovid, *Fast.* i. 691:—

*Et careant loliis oculos vitiantibus agri.*

*Pucelle* means to intimate, that the corn she carried with her, had produced the same effect on the guards of Roüen; otherwise they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem.—*Steevens*.

*Darnel* is the *lolium temulentum*, so called, because when the seeds happen to be ground with corn, the bread made of this mixture always occasions giddiness and sickness in those who eat it. It resembles wheat in its appearance, whence Dr. Campbell is of opinion, that it was that which is improperly rendered *tares* in our authorized version of St. Matthew.—*Blakeway*.

<sup>25</sup> *That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick.*

This hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to King Arthur. Shakespeare has imputed to Pendragon an exploit of Aurelius, who, says Holinshed, "even sicke of a flixe as he was, caused himselfe to be carried forth in a litter: with whose presence his people were so encouraged, that encountering with the Saxons they wan the victorie," *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 99. Harding, however, in his *Chronicle*, gives the following account of Uther Pendragon:—

For which the king ordain'd a horse-litter  
To bear him so then unto Verolame,  
Where Ocea lay, and Oysa also in fear,  
That Saint Albones now hight of noble fame,  
Bet down the walles; but to him forth they came,  
Where in battayle Ocea and Oysa were slayn.  
The fielde he had, and thereof was full fayne.—*Steevens*.

<sup>26</sup> *As looks the mother on her lovely babe.*

It is plain Shakespeare wrote—*lovely babe*, it answering to *fertile France* above, which this domestic image is brought to illustrate.—*Warburton*.

The alteration is easy and probable, but perhaps the poet by *lowly babe* meant the *babe lying low* in death. *Lowly* answers as well to *towns defaced* and *wasting ruin*, as *lovely to fertile*.—*Johnson*.

<sup>27</sup> *They set him free.*

A mistake: The duke was not liberated till *after* Burgundy's decline to the French interest; which did not happen, by the way, till some years after the execution of this very Joan la Pucelle; nor was that during the regency of York, but of Bedford.—*Ritson*.



<sup>28</sup> *At the battle of Patay.*

The old copy has—*Poictiers*. The battle of Poictiers was fought in the year 1357, the 31st of King Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th year of the reign of King Henry VI. viz. 1428. This blunder may be justly imputed to the players or transcribers; nor can we very well justify ourselves for permitting it to continue so long, as it was too glaring to have escaped an attentive reader. The action of which Shakespeare is now speaking, happened (according to Holinshed) “neere unto a village in Beansse called *Pataie*,” which we should read, instead of *Poictiers*. “From this battell departed without anie stroke striken, *Sir John Fastolfe*, the same ycere by his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter,” &c. Holinshed, vol. ii, p. 601. Monstrelet, the French historian, also bears witness to this degradation of Sir John Fastolfe.—*Steevens*.

<sup>29</sup> *And, if I wist, he did.*

So Steevens reads, and in all probability rightly. The folios have, “And if I *wish* he did.” York means to hold out a sort of threat, “And if I wist, or *knew*, that he did;”—but, as we find from what follows, he immediately corrects and restrains himself, by “suppressing his voice.” The copy of the fourth folio (now the property of Mr. Holgate), which once belonged to Southern, as is ascertained by his autograph, and various conjectural emendations in his hand-writing, has “And if I wish he did” altered to “And *yet* I wish he did;” but the slight change made by Steevens is the best: the old compositor merely took up an *h* instead of a *t*, and this is the whole error. We might read “And if—I wish he did,—” but there seems no reason why York should desire it.—*Collier*.

<sup>30</sup> *'Tis much.*

In our author’s time this phrase meant—’Tis *strange*, or *wonderful*. This meaning being included in the word *much*, the word *strange* is perhaps understood in the next line: “But more strange,” &c. The construction, however, may be, ‘But ’tis *much more*, when,’ &c.—*Malone*.

’Tis *much*, is a colloquial phrase; and the meaning of it, in many instances, can be gathered only from the tenor of the speech in which it occurs. On the present occasion, I believe, it signifies—’Tis an alarming circumstance, a thing of great consequence, or of much weight.—*Steevens*.

I learn from Wilbraham’s Glossary, that *much* still bears, in Cheshire, the meaning ascribed to it by Mr. Malone: “*Much*, s. a wonder, an extraordinary thing.” Yet, I think, in the present instance, Steevens is right.—*Boswell*.

<sup>31</sup> *Due thee withal.*

The old copies print *’due*, *dew*, and some commentators have supposed that it was to be taken in the sense of *bedew*; but we prefer Johnson’s explanation, that *’due* was to be understood as *endue*, the first syllable being elided. Not only Shakespeare, but Milton and many other writers, have “endue” for *invest*.—*Collier*.

<sup>32</sup> *Be then in blood.—Not rascal-like.*

Be in high spirits, be of true mettle. This was a phrase of the forest. See Love’s Labour’s Lost,—“The deer was, as you know, *in sanguis, blood*.” Again, in Bullokar’s English Expositor, 1616: “Tenderlings. The soft tops of a deere’s horns, when they are in *blood*.”—*Malone*. A *rascal* deer is the term of chase for *lean poor* deer.—*Johnson*.

<sup>33</sup> *And I am lowtd by a traitor villain.*

*To lowt*, to mock or contemn. A verb of very common occurrence, but, as might be expected, quite unknown to the commentators on Shakespeare, though its meaning was guessed from the context. As it would be tedious and unnecessary to write all the instances that occur, let the following suffice:

To the holy bloud of Hayles,  
With your fyngers and nayles,  
All that ye may scratche and wyne;  
Yet it woulde not be seen,  
Except you were shryven,  
And clenç from all deadly synne.

There, were we flock'd,  
*Lowted* and mocked ;  
 For, now, it is knownen to be  
 But the bloud of a ducke,  
 That long did sucke  
 The thrifte, from every degre.

*The Fantassie of Idolatrie, Foxe's Acts and Monuments*, vol. v.  
 p. 406. (Cattley's edition.)

Pride is it, to vaunt princely robes, not princely virtues. Pride is it to *lowte* men of lower sort, or pore lascrs, as is some men's guise.—*The Third Booke of Nobilitye ; writte in Latine by Laurence Humfrey, late Englished*, 1563.

Among serving men also, above all other, what wicked and detestable oaths are there heard ! If there be any of that sort which fear God, and love his word, and therefore abstain from vain oaths, how doth his company *lowt* him ! Look what an ass is among a sort of apes, even the very same is he among his fellows.—*The Invective against Swearing*, p. 361. ; *Works of Thomas Becon (Parker Society)*.

Samson was accounted of the Philistines for a fool, but he would rather die than suffer that opprobry unrevenge'd (Judic. xvi.).

David was *lowted* of Michol Saul's daughter, but she was made therefore barren all her life.—2 Reg. vi.

And same page, a little *above*.—"He that calleth his brother fool, that is to say, contemn him, mock him, or, as men call it now-a-days, *lowting* of a man, committeth such murder as is worthy hell-fire and eternal damnation,"—*A Declaration of the Ten Commandments*, ch. ix. p. 373. ; Early Writings of Bishop Hooper (Parker Society).—*Arrowsmith*.

<sup>34</sup> *And like me to the peasant boys of France.*

To *like* one to the peasants, is, to *compare*, to *level by comparison* ; the line is therefore intelligible enough by itself, but in this sense it wants connection. Sir T. Hanmer reads,—*And leave me*, which makes a clear sense and just consequence. But as change is not to be allowed without necessity, I have suffered *like* to stand, because I suppose the author meant the same as *make like*, or *reduce to a level with*.—*Johnson*.

So, in King Henry IV. Part II. : "—when the Prince broke thy head for *liking* his father to a singing man," &c.—*Steevens*.

<sup>35</sup> *Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity.*

That is, death stained and dishonoured with captivity.—*Johnson*.

Death stained by my being made a captive and dying in captivity. The author, when he first addresses death, and uses the epithet *triumphant*, considers him as a person who had triumphed over him by plunging his dart in his breast. In the latter part of the line, if Dr. Johnson has rightly explained it, death must have its ordinary signification. "I think light of my death, though rendered disgraceful by captivity," &c. Perhaps, however, the construction intended by the poet was—Young Talbot's valour makes *me*, smeared with captivity, smile, &c. If so, there should be a comma after *captivity*.—*Malone*.

<sup>36</sup> *The body of John Talbot.*

This John Talbot was the eldest son of the first Earl by his second wife, and was Viscount Lisle, when he was killed with his father, in endeavouring to relieve Chatillon, after the battle of Bourdeaux, in the year 1453. He was created Viscount Lisle in 1451. John, the Earl's eldest son by his first wife, was slain at the battle of Northampton, in 1460.—*Malone*.

<sup>37</sup> *To be the pillage of a giglot wench.*

*Giglot*, a giddy romping girl. This term, in early writers, generally implies wantonness or fickleness. It occurs under various forms, as *gybelot* in Pr. Parv. pp. 193, 194, which the editor wrongly considers an error. See, however, the examples here given. *Gyblot* is also found in the Bowes MS. of Robert de Brunne, p. 56. See Wright's Pol. Songs, p. 154 ; Ben Jonson, iii. 124 ; Middleton, ii. 115 ; Reliq. Antiq. ii. 40 ; Euphues Golden Legacie, p. 88 ; Stanilhurst, p. 26 ; Lilly, ed. 1632, sig. Dd. vi. *Gigget*, Cotgrave, in v. *Beau*. The proverb quoted from MS. Douce 52 occurs in the Schole House of Women, p. 75.

Ne zit to no cokefyghtyng, schetyng,  
As it wer a strumpet other a *gygbote*.

*MS. Ashmole 61, f. 7.*

A messe ys y-noghe for the,  
The touthier *gyblot* late hyt be.

*MS. Harl. 1701, f. 29.*

The smaller pesun, the more to pott,  
The fayrer woman the more *gylott*.

*MS. Douce 52.*

Yet did the gigglets beauty greave the smith,  
For that she brav'd the creeple with a horne.

*Alcida Greenes Metamorphosis, 1617.*

<sup>38</sup> *Great earl of Washford.*

It appears from Camden's *Britannia* and Holinshed's *Chronicle of Ireland*, that Wexford was anciently called *Weysford*. In Crompton's *Mansion of Magnanimitie* it is written as here, *Washford*. This long list of titles is taken from the epitaph formerly fixed on Lord Talbot's tomb in Rouën in Normandy. Where this author found it, I have not been able to ascertain, for it is not in the common historians. The oldest book in which I have met with it is the tract above mentioned, which was printed in 1599, posterior to the date of this play. Numerous as this list is, the epitaph has one more, which, I suppose, was only rejected because it would not easily fall into the verse, "Lord Lovetoft of Worsop." It concludes as here,—“Lord Falconbridge, Knight of the noble order of St. George, St. Michael, and the golden fleece, Great Marshall to King Henry VI. of his realm in France, who died in the battle of Bourdeaux, 1453.”—*Malone*.

<sup>39</sup> *Have you perus'd.*

In the original copy, the transcriber or printer forgot to mark the commencement of the fifth Act; and has by mistake called this scene, Scene II. The editor of the second folio made a very absurd regulation by making the Act begin in the middle of the preceding scene, (where the Dauphin, &c. enter, and take notice of the dead bodies of Talbot and his son,) which was inadvertently followed in subsequent editions.—*Malone*.

<sup>40</sup> *Ye charming spells and periapts.*

Charms sowed up. *Ezek. xiii. 18*: “Woe to them that sow pillows to all arm-holes, to hunt souls.”—*Pope*.

*Periapts* were worn about the neck as preservatives from disease or danger. Of these, the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious. Whoever is desirous to know more about them, may consult Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c.—*Steevens*.

The following story, which is related in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595, proves what Steevens has asserted: “A cardinal seeing a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him. His excuse was, that he only carried it to defend himself against the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the cardinal, serves St. John's Gospel? Alas, my lord, said the priest, these curs understand no Latin.”—*Malone*.

<sup>41</sup> *Under the lordly monarch of the north.*

The *monarch of the North* was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The others were, Amaimon king of the East, Gorson king of the South, and Goap king of the West. Under these devil kings were devil marquesses, dukes, prelates, knights, presidents and earls. They are all enumerated, from Wier *De præstigiis dæmonum*, in Scot's *Discoverie of witchcraft*, book xv. c. 2 and 3.—*Douce*.

The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton, therefore, assembles the rebel angels in the north.—*Johnson*.

The boast of Lucifer in the xivth chapter of Isaiah is said to be, that he “will sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north.”—*Steevens*.

<sup>42</sup> *Out of the powerful legions under earth.*

*Regions*, old copy.—“The regions under earth” are ‘the infernal regions.’ Whence else should the sorceress have selected or summoned her fiends?—*Steevens*.

In a former passage, *regions* seems to have been printed instead of *legions*; at least all the editors from the time of Rowe have there substituted the latter word instead of the



former. The word *cull'd*, and the epithet *powerful*, which is applicable to the fiends themselves, but not to their place of residence, show that it has an equal title to a place in the text here. So, in the *Tempest* :

— But one *fiend* at a time,  
I'll fight their *legions* o'er.—*Malone*.

<sup>43</sup> *There lies a cooling card.*

That is, something to cool or damp ones courage.

Moved with these considerations, they came triumphing in this fleete; finding a *cooling card* to alay their hot stomackes, they returned home discouraged, dishonoured, and disgraced.—*Green's Spanish Masquerado*, 1589.

How if they have a vertue to entice,  
A cooling-card comes following with a vice.

*Aleida Greenes Metamorphosis*, 1617.

This cuts out a faire course betwixt the deformity of foule extreams, and yields a good *cooling-card* for the hot game of ambition.—*Satyræ Seriæ*, 1640.

<sup>44</sup> *That's a wooden thing.*

Is an awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed. So, in Lyly's *Galathea*, 1592: "Would I were out of these woods, for I shall have but *wooden* luck." Again, in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*:—"Or, seeing, have so *woodden* wits as not that worth to know." Again, in the *Knave of Spades*, &c. no date:—"To make an end of that same *wooden* phrase."—*Steevens*.

Again, in Bacon's *Essays*, 1628: "It is sport to see a bold fellow out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and *wooden* posture."—*Malone*.

<sup>45</sup> *And natural graces that extinguish art.*

*Mad natural*, old eds. The modern editors have been content to read—*her* natural graces. By the word *mad*, however, I believe the poet only meant *wild* or uncultivated. In the former of these significations he appears to have used it in *Othello*:—"—he she lov'd prov'd *mad*." Which Dr. Johnson has properly interpreted. We call a wild girl, to this day, a *mad-cap*. In Macer's *Herball*, practysyd by Doctor Linaere; Translated out of Laten into Englyshe, &c. bl. l. no date, the epithet *mad* seems also to be used in an uncommon sense: "The vertue of this herbe [*lactuca leporica*] is thus: yf a hare eat of this herbe in sōmer whan he is *mad*, he shall be hole." *Mad*, in some of the ancient books of gardening, is used as an epithet to plants which grow rampant and wild.—*Steevens*.

In the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634, *mad* is used in the same manner as in the text:—"Is it not *mad* lodging in these wild woods here?" Again, in Nash's *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, 1596:—"—with manic more *madde* tricks of youth never plaid before."—*Malone*.

It is possible that Steevens may be right in asserting that the word *mad*, may have been used to express *wild*; but I believe it was never used as descriptive of excellence, or as applicable to grace. The passage is in truth erroneous, as is also the amendment of former editors. That which I should propose is, to read *and*, instead of *mad*, words that might easily have been mistaken for each other:—

Bethink thee of her virtues that surmount,  
*And* natural graces, that extinguish art.

That is, think of her virtues that surmount art, and of her natural graces that extinguish it.  
*M. Mason*.

<sup>46</sup> *That thou wilt be so obstacle.*

A vulgar corruption of *obstinate*, which I think has oddly lasted since our author's time till now.—*Johnson*.

The same corruption may be met with in Gower, and other writers. Thus, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611:—"An *obstacle* young thing it is." Again, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631:—"Be not *obstacle*, old duke."—*Steevens*.

<sup>47</sup> *So am I driven.*

This simile is somewhat obscure; he seems to mean that, as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest.—*Johnson*.



The Second Part

of

King Henry the Sixth.



## INTRODUCTION.

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THE Second Part of Henry the Sixth is an alteration by Shakespeare of an earlier drama entitled, “the First Part of the Contention of the two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster.” The great dramatist altered the latter play before the month of September, 1592, but the alteration was not published until it appeared in the collective edition of Shakespeare’s Works in 1623. The earlier drama was first published early in the year 1594, under the following title,—“The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of *Suffolke*, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of *Winchester*, with the notable Rebellion of *Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the Crowne*. London—Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594.”—a small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. Three other editions of this drama were published in the course of a period of twenty-five years.—1. “The first Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Iacke Cade: *And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the crowne*. London: Printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall. 1600.”—a small quarto, containing 32

leaves, A to H in fours. It was reprinted from the first edition, but carelessly, omitting about two dozen words necessary for the sense. It possesses, however, a few important corrections.—2. “The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the Crowne. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder S. Peters church in Cornewall. 1600.” This is the same impression as the preceding, excepting a very few trifling literal variations of no importance, with a different title-page.—3. “The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragical ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London, for T. P.”—a small quarto, containing 64 leaves, A to Q in fours. This contains the “First Part of the Contention,” as well as “The True Tragedie.” T. P. was Thomas Pavier, the publisher of other plays. This edition has no date, but it is ascertained to have been printed in or about 1619 by the signatures. The last signature of Pavier’s edition is Q, and the first signature of the text of “Perieles,” 4to. Lond. 1619, for the same bookseller, is R; and on the recto of sig. I of this play, where the Second Part commences, is the same device as on the first page of that edition of Perieles. The Second Part has no separate title-page, but is introduced as,—“The Second Part. Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Good King Henrie the Sixt.”

In the books of the Stationers’ Company, we have the following entries relative to these plays:—“12 March 1593-4.—Tho. Myllington.] A booke intituled the firste parte of the Contention of the twoo famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the Deathe of the good Duke Humphrey and the Banishment and Deathe of the Duke of *Suff.* and the tragicall ende of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Jack Cade and the Duke of Yorkes first clayme unto the Crowne.”—“19 April 1602.—Tho. Pavier.] By assignment from Thomas Millington, *salvo jure cujuscunque*, the first and second parte of Henry the sixt, ij. bookes.” The last entry is







a mistake for the First and Second Parts of the Contention ; and we accordingly find that when Blount and Jaggard, in 1623, inserted a list of Shakespeare's plays "as are not formerly entered to other men," they omitted the first and second parts of Henry VI., and only inserted "The Thirde Parte of Henry the Sixt." Millington, it appears, kept possession of the Whole Contention, as Pavier afterwards called it, till 1602. There seems something mysterious in the words, "salvo juris eujuscunque;" and it may be asked why Pavier kept them so long without a republication, if the date of 1619 be correct. The entry is, however, important, for it clearly shows that, as early as 1602, the present title of "Henry VI." had superseded the older one. In 1626, Pavier assigned to Edward Brewster and Robert Birde his right in the disputed plays, and we hear again of the two parts of the Contention, for the last time, on November 8, 1630, as "Yorke and Lancaster," when they were assigned to Richard Cotes "by Mr. Bird and consent of a full court."

No reliance can be placed on the attribution of the authorship of the Whole Contention to Shakespeare in Pavier's edition of 1619, but that impression contains several lines from the amended play not found in the previous editions of the First Part of the Contention. It is by no means improbable that Millington, as well as Pavier, surreptitiously obtained fragments of the Shakesperian drama, and introduced them into their copies of the older play. If this be the case, the copy of the First Part of the Contention, here given as published in 1594, must be considered as an edition of the original drama interspersed with imperfect passages obtained from the Second Part of Henry the Sixth, most probably by means of short-hand notes made during the performance of the latter. There are a few slight traces of a master hand to be observed in the following play, the appearance of which seems to be most reasonably accounted for under this supposition.

*The First Part of the Contention of the Two Famors Houses of Yorke & Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey.*

*Enter at one doore, King HENRY the sixt, and HUMPHREY Duke of GLOSTER, the Duke of SOMMERSSET, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, Cardinall BEWFORD, and others.*

*Enter at the other doore, the Duke of YORKE, and the Marquesse of SUFFOLKE, and Queene MARGARET, and the Earle of SALISBURY and WARWICKE.*

*Suffolke.* As by your high imperiall Maiesties command,  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As Procurator for your excellence,

To marry Princes Margaret for your grace,  
 So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,  
 In presence of the Kings of France & Cyssile,  
 The Dukes of Orleance, Calabar, Brittainc, and Alonson.  
 Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reuerend Bishops,  
 I did performe my taske and was espousde,  
 And now, most humbly on my bended knces,  
 In sight of England and her royall Peeres,  
 Deliuer vp my title in the Queene,  
 Vnto your gracious excellence, that are the substance  
 Of that great shadow I did represent :  
 The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,  
 The fairest Queene that euer King possest.

*King.* Suffolke arise.

Welcome Queene Margaret to English Henries Court,  
 The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,  
 Is this kinde kisse : Oh gracious God of heauen,  
 Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulnessse,  
 For in this beautious face thou hast bestowde  
 A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

*Queene.* Th' excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,  
 Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,  
 Least I should speake more then beseemes a woman :  
 Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,  
 And nothing can make poore Margaret miserable,  
 Vnlesse the frowne of nightie Englands King.

*Kin.* Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth pierce,  
 Louely Queene Margaret sit down by my side :  
 And vnckle Gloster, and you Lordly Peeres,  
 With one voice welcome my beloued Queene.

*All.* Long liue Queene Margaret, Englands happinesse.

*Queene.* We thanke you all.

[*Sound Trumpets.*]

*Suffolke.* My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,  
 Here are the Articles confirmde of peacc,  
 Betweene our Soueraigne and the French King Charles,  
 Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde.

*Humphrey.* Imprimis, It is agreed betweene the French King Charles, and William de la Poule, Marquesse of Suffolke, Embassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shal wed and espouse the Ladie Margaret, daughter to Raynard King of Naples, Cyssels, and Ierusalem, and crowne her Queene of England, ere the 30. of the next month.

*Item.* It is further agreed betweene them, that the Duches of Anioy and of Maine, shall be released and delinered ouer to the King her fa. [Duke HUMPHREY lets it fall.]

*Kin.* How now vnckle, whats the matter that you stay so sodenly.

*Humph.* Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my hart,  
 Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.  
 Vnckle of Winchester, I pray you reade on.

*Cardinall.* Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Duches of Anioy and of Mayne, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her father, & she sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.

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

Thanks vnckle Winchester, Gloster, Yorke, and Buckingham, Somerset, Salsbury and Warwicke.

We thanke you all for this great fauour done,  
 In entertainment to my Princely Queene,  
 Come let vs in, and with all speed provide  
 To see her Coronation be performde.

[*Exet King, Queene, and SUFFOLKE, and Duke HUMPHREY staires all the rest.*]



*Humphrey.* Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the state,  
To you Duke Humphrey must vnfold his grieffe,  
What did my brother Henry toyle himselfe,  
And waste his subiects for to conquire France?  
And did my brother Bedford spend his time  
To keepe in awe that stout vnruly Realme?  
And haue not I and mine vnckle Bewford here,  
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?  
And is all our labours then spent in vaine,  
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,  
Hath giuen away for our King Henries Queene,  
The Dutches of Anioy and Mayne vnto her father.  
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage canselling our states,  
Reuersing Monuments of conquered France,  
Vndoing all, as none had nere bene done.

*Card.* Why how now cosin Gloster, what needs this?  
As if our King were bound vnto your will,  
And might not do his will without your leaue,  
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,  
The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,  
That dares presume gainst that thy Soueraigne likes.

*Humphr.* Nay my Lord tis not my words that troubles you,  
But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art:  
But ile begone, and giue thee leaue to speake.  
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,  
I prophesied France would be lost ere long.

[*Exet Duke HUMPHREY.*]

*Card.* There goes our Protector in a rage,  
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,  
And though he be Protector of the land,  
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,  
For well you see, if he but walke the streets,  
The common people swarme about him straight,  
Crying Iesus blesse your royall excellence,  
With God preserue the good Duke Humphrey.  
And many things besides that are not knowne,  
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.  
But I will after him, and if I can  
Ile laie a plot to heaue him from his seate.

[*Exet Cardinall.*]

*Buck.* But let vs wateh this haughtie Cardinall,  
Cosen of Somerset be rulde by me,  
Weele wateh Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,  
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

*Somerset.* Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyned thou with me,  
And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,  
Weele quickly heaue Duke Humphrey from his seate.

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

[*Exet BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*]

*Salsb.* Pride went before, Ambition follows after.  
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,  
My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,  
Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall  
Swear, and forswear himselfe, and braue it out,  
More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.  
Cosin Yorke, the victories thou hast wonne,  
In Ireland, Normandie, and in France,  
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.  
And thou braue Warwieke, my thrie valiant sounne,  
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,  
Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,

The reuence of mine age, and Neuels name,  
Is of no little force if I command,  
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,  
That good Duke Humphrey may his state possesse,  
But wherefore weepes Warwicke my noble some.

*Warw.* For griefe that all is lost that Warwick won.

*Sonnes.* Anioy and Maine, both giuen away at once,—Why Warwick did win them, & must that then which we wonne with our swords, be giuen away with wordes.

*Yorke.* As I haue read, our Kinges of England were woont to haue large dowries with their wiues, but our King Henry giues away his owne.

*Sals.* Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.

*War.* Vnto the Maine, Oh father Maine is lost,  
Which Warwicke by maine force did win from France,  
Maine chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,  
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

[*Exet* SALSBURY and WARWICKE.]

*Yorke.* Anioy and Maine, both giuen vnto the French,  
Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,  
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

A day will come when Yorke shall claime his owne,  
And therefore I will take the Neuels parts,  
And make a show of loue to proud Duke Humphrey :  
And when I spie aduantage, claime the Crowne,  
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit :  
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,  
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,  
Nor weare the Diademe vpon his head,  
Whose church-like humours fits not for a Crowne :  
Then Yorke be still a while till time do serue,  
Watch thou, and wake when others be a sleepe,  
To prie into the secrets of the state,  
Till Henry surfeiting in ioyes of loue,  
With his new bride, and Englands dear bought queene,  
And Humphrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres,  
Then will I raise aloft the milke-white Rose,  
With whose sweete smell the aire shall be perfumde,  
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,  
To graffle with the House of Lancaster :  
And force perforce, ile make him yeeld the Crowne,  
Whose bookish rule hath puld faire England downe.

*Exet* YORKE.

*Enter* Duke HUMPHREY, and Dame ELLANOR, COBHAM his wife.

*Elnor.* Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,  
Hanging the head at Cearies plenteous loade,  
What seest thou Duke Humphrey King Henries Crowne ?  
Reach at it, and if thine arme be too short,  
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,  
Vnecke to the King, and his Protector ?  
Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content thy minde.

*Humph.* My louely Nell, far be it from my heart,  
To thinke of Treasons gainst my soueraigne Lord,  
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,  
And God I pray, it do betide no ill.

*Elnor.* What drempt my Lord. Good Humphrey tell it me,  
And ile interpret it, and when thats done,  
Ile tell thee then, what I did dreame to night.

*Humphrey.* This night when I was laid in bed, I dreampt that  
This my staffe mine Office badge in Court,  
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd,

The heads of the Cardinal of Winchester,  
And William de la Poule first Duke of Suffolke.

*Elnor.* Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this,  
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,  
Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head.  
But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreamt,  
Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church  
At Westminster, and scated in the chaire  
Where Kings and Queenes are crownde, and at my feete  
Henry and Margaret with a Crowne of gold  
Stood readie to set it on my Princely head.

*Humphrey.* Fie Nell. Ambitious woman as thou art,  
Art thou not second woman in this land,  
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him,  
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus,  
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

*Elnor.* How now my Lord. What angry with your Nell,  
For telling but her dreame. The next I haue  
Ile keepe to my selfe, and not be rated thus.

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

*Enters a Messenger.*

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

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

[*Evet HUMPHREY.*

*Elnor.* Ilc come after you, for I cannot go before,  
But ere it be long, Ile go before them all,  
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,  
Who is within there ?

*Enter sir IOHN HUM.*

What sir Iohn Hum, what newcs with you ?

*Sir Iohn.* Iesus preserue your Maiestic.

*Elnor.* My Maiestic. Why man I am but grace.

*Ser Iohn.* I, but by the grace of God & Hums aduise,  
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.

*Elnor.* What hast thou conferd with Margery Iordaine, the cunning Witch of Ely, with  
Roger Bullingbrooke and the rest, and will they vndertake to do me good ?

*Sir Iohn.* I haue Madamc, and they haue promised me to raise a Spirite from depth of  
vnder grounde, that shall tell your grace all questions you demaund.

*Elnor.* Thanks good sir Iohn. Some two daies hence I gesse  
Will fit our time, then see that they be here :

For now the King is ryding to Saint Albones,  
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,  
When they be gone, then safely they may come,  
And on the backside of my Orchard heere,  
There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,  
And so resolue vs of the thing we wish,  
Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farwell.

[*Evet ELNOR.*

*Sir Iohn.* Now sir Iohn Hum,\* No words but mum.  
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,  
These gifts ere long will make mc mightie rich,  
The Duches she thinks now that all is well,  
But I haue gold comes from another place,  
From one that hyred me to set her on,  
To plot these Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,  
And that is the mightie Duke of Suffolke.



For he it is, but I must not say so,  
That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,  
Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise.  
But whist sir Iohn, no more of that I trow,  
For feare you lose your head before you goe.

[Exet.]

*Enter two Petitioners, and PETER the Armourers man.*

1. *Peti.* Come sirs let vs linger here abouts a while,  
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,  
That we may show his grace our senerall causes.

2. *Peti.* I pray God saue the good Duke Humphries life,  
For but for him a many were vndone,  
That cannot get no succour in the Court,  
But see where he comes with the Queene.

*Enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE with the Queene, and they take him for Duke HUMPHREY, and giues him their writings.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Queene.* An vsurper thou wouldst say.

*Peter.* I forsooth an vsurper?

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

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

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

*Enter one or two.*

Sirra take in this fellow and keepe him close,  
And send out a Purseuant for his maister straight,  
Weele here more of this before the king.

[Exet with the Armourers man.]

Now sir what yours? Let me see it,—Whats here?—A complaint against the Duke of  
Suffolke for enclosing the commons of Long Melford. How now sir knaue.

1. *Peti.* I beseech your grace to pardon me, me, I am but a Messenger for the whole  
town-ship.

[He teares the papers.]

*Suffolke.* So now show your petitions to Duke Humphrey.  
Villaines get you gone and come not neare the Court,  
Dare these pesants write against me thus.

[Exet Petitioners.]

*Queene.* My Lord of Suffolke, you may see by this,  
The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,  
That seekes to him more then to King Henry:  
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,  
And nere regards the honour of his name,  
But still must be protected like a childe,  
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,  
That scarce will moue his cap nor speake to vs,  
And his proud wife, high minded Elaior,



That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,  
As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene.  
The other day she vanted to her maides,  
That the very traine of her worst gowne,  
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,  
Can any grieffe of minde be like to this.  
I tell thee Poull, when thou didst runne at Tilt,  
And stolst away our Ladaies hearts in France,  
I thought King Henry had bene like to thee,  
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

*Suffolke.* Madame content your selfe a litle while,  
As I was cause of your comming to England,  
So will I in England worke your full content:  
And as for proud Duke Humphrey and his wife,  
I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,  
As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.  
But staie Madame, here comes the King.

*Enter King HENRY, and the Duke of YORKE, and the Duke of SOMERSET on both sides of the King, whispering with him, and enter Duke HUMPHREY, Dame ELNOR, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, the Earle of SALSBURY, the Earle of WARWICKE, and the Cardinall of WINCHESTER.*

*King.* My Lords I care not who be Regent in France, or York, or Somerset, alls woinne to me.

*Yorke.* My Lord, if Yorke haue ill demeande himselfe,  
Let Somerset enioy his place and go to France.

*Somerset.* Then whom your grace thinke worthlie, let him go,  
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

*Warwicke.* Whom soeuer you account worthic,—Yorke is the worthiest.

*Cardinall.* Pease Warwicke. Giue thy betters leaue to speake.

*War.* The Cardinals not my better in the field.

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

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

*Queene.* My Lord in mine opinion, it were best that Somerset were Regent ouer France.

*Humphrey.* Madame our King is old inough himselfe,  
To giue his answeere without your consent.

*Queene.* If he be old inough, what needs your grace  
To be Protector ouer him so long.

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

*Suffolke.* Resigne it then, for since that thou wast King,  
As who is King but thee. The common state  
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,  
And Millions of treasure hath bene spent,  
And as for the Regentship of France,  
I say Somerset is more worthie then Yorke.

*Yorke.* He tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthie,  
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

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

*Suffolke.* Peace headstrong Warwicke.

*War.* Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

*Suffolke.* Because here is a man accusde of Treason,  
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe.  
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

*Enter the Armourer and his man.*

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his maister of high Treason, And his

words were these.—That the Duke of Yorke was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your grace was an vsurper.

*Yorke.* I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the law will afford, for his villany.

*King.* Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these words?

*Armour.* Ant shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said any such matter, God is my wisesse, I am falsly accused by this villain here.

*Peter.* Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

*Yorke.* I beseech your grace, let him haue the law.

*Armour.* Alasse my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the words, my accuser is my prentise, & when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees that he would be euen with me, I haue good wisesse of this, and therefore I beseech you Maiestie do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accusation.

*King.* Vnckle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

*Humphrey.* The law my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious, That a day of combat be appointed,

And there to trie each others right or wrong,  
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,  
With Eben stanes, and Standbags combatting  
In Smythfield, before your Roiall Maiestie.

[*Exet HUMPHREY.*]

*Armour.* And I accept the Combat willingly.

*Peter.* Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight.

*Suffolke.* You must either fight sirra or else be hangde :  
Go take them hence againe to prison.

[*Exet with them.*]

[*The Queene lets fall her glove, and hits the Duches of GLOSTER, a boxe on the eare.*]

*Queene.* Giue me my gloue. Why Minion can you not see? [*She strikes her.*]  
I cry you mercy Madame, I did mistake,—I did not thinke it had bene you.

*Elnor.* Did you not proud French-woman,—Could I come neare your daintie vissage with my nayles,—Ide set my ten commandments in your face.

*King.* Be patient gentle Aunt.—It was against her will.

*Elnor.* Against her will. Good King sheele dandle thee,—If thou wilt alwaies thus be rudle by her.—But let it rest. As sure as I do liue,—She shall not strike dame Elnor vnrenengde. [*Exet ELNOR.*]

*King.* Beleeue me my loue, thou wart much to blame,—I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,—My noble vnckle had bene here in place.

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY.*

But see where he comes, I am glad he met her not.—Vnckle Gloster, what answere makes your grace—Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,—Whom thinke your grace is meetest for to send.

*Humphrey.* My gracious Lord, then this is my resolute,  
For that these words the Armourer should speake,  
Doth breed suspition on the part of Yorke,  
Let Somerset be Regent ouer the French,  
Till trials made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe.

*King.* Then be it so my Lord of Somerset.  
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,  
And to defend our rights gainst forraine foes,  
And so do good vnto the Realme of France.  
Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,  
The time of Truse I thinke is full expirde.

*Somerset.* I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,  
And take my leaue to poste with speed to France.

[*Exet SOMERSET.*]

*King.* Come vnckle Gloster, now lets haue our horse,  
For we will to Saint Albones presently,  
Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,  
And we will trie how she will flie to day.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter* Elnor, with sir Iohn Hum, Roger Bullenbrooke, a Coniurer, and Margery Iourdain a Witch.

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

[*She goes vp to the Tower.*]

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

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

[*She lies downe vpon her face.—BULLENBROOKE makes a Cirkle.*]

*Bullen.* Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night,  
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,  
Send vp I charge you from Sosetus lake,  
The spirit Askalon to come to me,  
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,  
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,  
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.

[*It thunders and lightens, and then the Spirit riseth vp.*]

*Spirit.* Now Bullenbrooke what wouldst thou haue me do?

*Bullen.* First of the King, what shall become of him?

*Spirit.* The Duke yet liues that Henry shall depose,  
But him out liue, and dye a violent death.

*Bullen.* What fate awayt the Duke of Suffolke?

*Spirit.* By water shall he die and take his ende.

*Bullen.* What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

*Spirit.* Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines, then where Castles mounted stand.

Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.

[*He sinkes downe againe.*]

*Bullen.* Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule.  
Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits.  
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,  
The Rode of Dytas by the Riuer Stykes,  
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,  
Rise Iordaine rise, and staie thy charming Spels.  
Somnes, we are betraide.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Duke of Buckingham, and others.*

*Yorke.* Come sirs, laie hands on them, and bind them sure,  
This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?  
This will be great credit for your husband,  
That you are plotting Treasons thus with Coniurers,  
The King shall haue notice of this thing.

[*Exet Elnor aboue.*]

*Buc.* See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

*Yorke.* Giue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the King.—Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

[*Exet with them.*]

*Bucking.* My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the King,  
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

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

*Buck.* Farewell my Lord.

[*Exet BUCKINGHAM.*]

*Yorke.* Whose within there?

*Enter one.*

*One.* My Lord.

XI.



*Yorke.* Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwicke, to sup with me to night.

[*Exet* YORKE.

*One.* I will my Lord.

[*Exet.*

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, and Duke HUMPHREY and SUFFOLKE, and the Cardinall, as if they came from hawking.*

*Queene.* My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight?  
But as I cast her off the winde did rise,  
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

*King.* How wonderful the Lords workes are on earth,  
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,  
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did sore?  
And on a sodaine soust the Partridge downe.

*Suffolke.* No marucl if it please your Maiestie  
My Lord Protectors Hawke done towre so well,  
He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

*Humphrey.* Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde  
That can sore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

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

*Humph.* I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good—Your graec could flie to heauen.

*Card.* Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on a Crowne, proude  
Protector dangerous Peere, to smooth it thus with King and common-wealth.

*Humphrey.* How now my Lord, why this is more then needs,  
Church-men so hote. Good vnckle can you doate.

*Suffolke.* Why not Hauing so good a quarrell & so bad a cause.

*Humphrey.* As how, my Lord?

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

*Humphrey.* Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

*Queene.* And thy ambition Gloster.

*King.* Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious Lordes to wrath, for blessed  
are the peace-makers on earth.

*Card.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

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

*Cardinall.* Euen when thou darest.

*Humphrey.* Dare. I tell thee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer brooke the dare.

*Card.* I am Plantaganet as well as thou, and somme to Iohn of Gaunt.

*Humph.* In Bastardie.

*Cardin.* I seorne thy words.

*Humph.* Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in thine own person mecte me at the  
East end of the groue.

*Card.* Heres my hand, I will.

*King.* Why how now Lords?

*Card.* Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast off so soone, we had had more sport  
to day, Come with thy sword and buckler.

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

*Cardinall.* Protector, protect thy selfe well.

*King.* The wind growes high, so doth your chollour Lords.

*Enter one erying, A miracle, a miracle.*

How now, now sirrha, what miracle is it?

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

*King.* Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifye the Lord with him.

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with Musieke, bearing the man that had  
bene blind, betweene two in a chaire.*

*King.* Thou happie man, giue God eternall praise,  
For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.



- Humphrey.* Where wast thou borne?  
*Poore man.* At Barwicke sir, in the North.  
*Humph.* At Barwicke, and come thus far for helpe.  
*Poore man.* I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,  
 That sweet saint Albones, should giue me my sight againe.  
*Humphrey.* What are thou lame too?  
*Poore man.* I indeed sir, God helpe me.  
*Humphrey.* How can'st thou lame?  
*Poore man.* With falling off on a plum-tree.  
*Humph.* Wart thou blind and wold clime plumtrees?  
*Poore man.* Neuer but once sir in all my life,  
 My wife did long for plums.  
*Humph.* But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?  
*Poore man.* I truly sir.  
*Woman.* I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.  
*Humphrey.* What art thou his mother?  
*Woman.* His wife sir.  
*Humphrey.* Hadst thou bene his mother,—Thou couldst haue better told.—Why let me  
 see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.  
*Poore man.* Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.  
*Humphrey.* Saist thou so. What colours his cloake?  
*Poore man.* Why red maister, as red as blood.  
*Humphrey.* And his cloake?  
*Poore man.* Why thats greene.  
*Humphrey.* And what colours his hose?  
*Poore man.* Yellow maister, yellow as gold.  
*Humphrey.* And what colours my gowne?  
*Poore man.* Blacke sir, as blacke as Ieat.  
*King.* Then belike he knowes what colour Ieat is on.  
*Suffolke.* And yet I thinke Ieat did he neuer see.  
*Humph.* But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a one.—But tell me sirrha, whats my  
 name?  
*Poore man.* Alasse maister I know not.  
*Humphrey.* Whats his name?  
*Poore man.* I know not.  
*Humphrey.* Nor his?  
*Poore man.* No truly sir.  
*Humphrey.* Nor his name?  
*Poore man.* No indeed maister.  
*Humphrey.* Whats thine owne name?  
*Poore man.* Sander, and it please you maister.  
*Humphrey.* Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knane in Christendom. If thou hadst  
 bene born blind, thou mightest aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the  
 seuerall colours we doo weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sodeinly to nominate  
 them all, it is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done a Miracle, and would  
 you not thinke his cunning to be great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.  
*Poore man.* Oh maister I would you could.  
*Humphrey.* My Maisters of saint Albones,—Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,—And  
 things called whippes?  
*Mayor.* Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.  
*Humph.* Then send for one presently.  
*Mayor.* Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight. [Exit one.  
*Humph.* Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.—Now sirrha, If you meane to sauc your  
 selfe from whipping,—Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.

*Enter Beadle.*

*Poore man.* Alasse maister I am not able to stand alone,—You go about to torture me in  
 vaine.

*Humph.* Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges.—Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.

*Beadle.* I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with your doublet quickly.

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

[*After the Beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes ouer the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him, crying, A miracle, a miracle.*

*Humph.* A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt through euery Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.

*Mayor.* It shall be done my Lord.

[*Evet Mayor.*

*Suffolke.* My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,—He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go.

*Humph.* I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole Dukedomes flie in a day.—Witnessse France.

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

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.*

What newes brings Duke Humprey of Buckingham?

*Buck.* Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,  
That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,  
Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,  
By wichcrafts, sorceries, and cuniurings,  
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,  
To tell her what hap should betide the state,  
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,  
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,  
And heres the answere the diuel did make to them.

*King.* First of the King, what shall become of him?

(*Reads.*) The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,  
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.  
Gods will be done in all.

What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?  
By water shall he die and take his end.

*Suffolke.* By water must the Duke of Suffolke die?  
It must be so, or else the diuel doth lie.

*King.* Let Somerset shun Castles,  
For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,  
Then where Castles mounted stand.

*Card.* Heres good stuffe, how now my Lord Protector  
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,  
I am in doubt youle scarsly keepe your promise.

*Humphrey.* Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrge my griefe,  
And pardon me my gracious Soueraigne,  
For here I sweare vnto your Maiestie,  
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes  
Which my ambitious wife hath falsly done,  
And for she would betraie her soueraigne Lord,  
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,  
And leaue her open for the law to iudge,  
Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed.

*King.* Come my Lords this night weele lodge in S. Albones,  
And to morrow we will ride to London,  
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,  
Come vnecke Gloster along with vs,  
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent.

[*Evet omnes.*

*Enter the Duke of YORKE, and the Earles of SALSBURY and WARWICKE.*

*Yorke.* My Lords our simple supper ended, thus,  
Let me reueale vnto your honours here,

The right and title of the house of Yorke,  
To Englands Crowne by liniall descent.

*War.* Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,  
The Neuils are thy subiects to command.

*Yorke.* Then thus my Lords.—Edward the third had seuen sonnes,—The first was Edward the blaekc Princee,—Princee of Wales.—The second was Edmmd of Langly,—Duke of Yorke.—The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence.—The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,—The Duke of Lancaster.—The fifth was Roger Mortemor, Earle of Mareh.—The sixt was sir Thomas of Woodstoocke.—William of Winsore was the senenth and last.—Now, Edward the blaekc Princee he died before his father, and left behinde him Richard, that afterwards was King, Crownde by the name of Richard the second, and he died without an heire.—Edmund of Langly Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him two daughters, Anne and Elinor.—Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne, and Elinor, that was after married to my father, and by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third. Now sir. In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claimde the Crowne, deposde the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomphret Castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murdered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Crowne.

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

*Yorke.* True. But so it fortun'd then, by meanes of that monstrous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so euer since the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue possessed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

*Warwicke.* What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne. So that till Lyonels issue failes, his should not raigne. It failes not yet, but florisheth in thee & in thy sons, braue slips of such a stoek. Then noble father, kneele we both together, and in this priuate place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown.

*Both.* Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

*Yorke.* I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the hart blood of the house of Lancaster.

*War.* Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time,  
Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,  
And in the same aduanee the milke-white Rose,  
And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare,  
Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues  
To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,  
Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood,  
That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke,  
For why my minde presageth I shall liue  
To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.

*Yorke.* Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth hope to see, The Earl of Warwicke liue,  
to be the greatest man in England, but the King. Come lets goe. [*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter King HENRY, and the Queene, Duke HUMPHREY, the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, the Cardinall, and Dame Elnor COBHAM, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of YORKE, and the Earles of SALSBURY and WARWICKE.*

*King.* Stand forth Dame Elnor Cobham Duches of Gloster, and here the sentence pronounced against thee for these Treasons, that thou hast committed gainst vs, our States and Peeres.

First for thy hainous erimes, thou shalt two daies in London do penanee barefoote in the streetes, with a white sheete about thy bodie, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for euer into the Ile of Man, there to ende thy wretched daies, and this is our sentenee erreuoicable. Away with her.

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

[*Exet some with Elnor.*]



*King.* Greeue not noble vnckle, but be thou glad,  
In that these Treasons thus are come to light,  
Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,  
For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

*Humph.* Oh grations Henry giue me leaue awhile,  
To leaue your grace, and to depart away,  
For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,  
And makes the fountains of mine eyes to swell,  
And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

*King.* With all my hart good vnkle, when you please,  
Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey resigne thy staffe,  
For Henry will be no more protected,  
The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

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

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

[*Exet* GLOSTER.]

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

*Yorke.* Please it your Maiestie, this is the day  
That was appointed for the combating  
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,  
And they are readie when your grace doth please.

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

*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his staffe with a sandbag fastened to it, and at the other doore, his man with a drum and sand-bagge, and Prentises drinking to him.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Peter.* I thanke you all, but ile drinke no more,—Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,—And Will, thou shalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,—Take all the mony that I haue.

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am nener able to deale with my maister, he hath learnt so much fence alreadie.

*Salb.* Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.—Sirrha, whats thy name?

*Peter.* Peter forsooth.

*Salsbury.* Peter, what more?

*Peter.* Thumpe.

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

*Armour.* Heres to thee neighbour, fill all the pots again, for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde, for I am come hither as it were of my mans instigation, to proue my selfe an honest man, and Peter a knaue, and so haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.



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

[*Alarmes, and PETER hits him on the head and fels him.*

*Armou.* Hold Peter, I confesse, Treason, treason.

[*He dies.*

*Peter.* O God I giue thee praise.

[*He kneeles downe.*

*Pren.* Ho well done Peter. God saue the King.

*King.* Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,

For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,  
And God in iustice hath reuealde to vs,  
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,  
Which he had thought to haue murdered wrongfully.  
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward.

[*Exet omnis.*

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY and his men, in mourning cloakes.*

*Humph.* Sirrha, whats a clocke?

*Seruing.* Almost ten my Lord.

*Humph.* Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,  
That my poore Lady should come by this way,  
In shamefull penance wandring in the streetes,  
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke  
The abiect people gazing on thy face,  
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,  
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheelles,  
When thou didst ride in tryumph through the streetes.

*Enter Dame ELMOR COBHAM bare-foote, and a white sheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe and pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir IOHN STANDLY, and Officers, with billes and holbards.*

*Seruing.* My gracious Lord, see where my Lady comes,  
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sherriffes?

*Humph.* I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,  
Nor offer oncc to draw a weapon here,  
But let them do their office as they should.

*Elnor.* Come you my Lord to see my open shame?  
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,  
See how the giddie people looke at thee,  
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,  
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,  
And in thy pent vp studie rue my shame,  
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

*Hum.* Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,  
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

*Elnor.* Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,  
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,  
Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart.  
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,  
And when I start the cruell people laugh,  
And bids me be aduised how I tread,  
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,  
Malde vp in shame with papers on my backe,  
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and liue.  
Sometime ile say I am Duke Humphreys wife,  
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,  
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,  
As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches  
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,  
To euery idle rascald follower.

*Humphrey.* My louely Nell, what wouldst thou haue me do?  
Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,

I should incurre the danger of the law,  
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.

*Elnor.* Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,  
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer thy head,  
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolke he,  
The new made Duke, that may do all in all  
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,  
And impious Yorke and Bewford that false Priest,  
Haue all lymde bushes to betraie thy wings,  
And flie thou how thou can they will intangle thee.

*Enter a Herald of Armes.*

*Herald.* I summon your Grace, vnto his highnesse Parliament holden at saint Edmunds-Bury, the first of the next month.

*Humphrey.* A Parliament and our consent neuer craude—Therein before. This is sodeine.—Well, we will be there.—[*Exet. Herald.*—Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against my Lady, then the course of law extendes.

*Sheriffe.* Please it your grace, my office here doth end,  
And I must deliuer her to sir Iohn Standly,  
To be conducted into the Ile of Man.

*Humphrey.* Must you sir Iohn conduct my Lady?

*Standly.* I my gracious Lord, for so it is decreede,  
And I am so commanded by the King.

*Humph.* I pray you sir Iohn, vse her neare the worse,  
In that I intreat you to vse her well.  
The world may smile againe and I may liue,  
To do you fauour if you do it her,  
And so sir Iohn farewell.

*Elnor.* What gone my Lord, and bid me not farwell?

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

[*Exet HUMPHREY and his men.*

*Elnor.* Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone,  
And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too?  
Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes,  
Come Standly come, and let vs haste away.

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

*Elnor.* Ah good sir Iohn, my shame cannot be hid,  
Nor put away with casting off my sheete:  
But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell,  
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shoulst.

[*Exet omnes.*

*Enter to the Parliament.*—*Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and then the Duke of YORKE, and the Cardinall of WINCHESTER, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of SALISBURY, and the Earle of WARWICKE.*

*King.* I wonder our vnkle Gloster staies so long.

*Queene.* Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,  
How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe?  
The time hath bene, but now that time is past,  
That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:  
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,  
When euery one will giue the time of day,  
And he will neither moue nor speake to vs.  
See you not how the Commons follow him  
In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey,  
And with long life, Iesus preserue his grace,  
Honouring him as if he were their King.  
Gloster is no litle man in England,

And if he list to stir commotions,  
Tys likely that the people will follow him.  
My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,  
Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare.  
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,  
Disproue my Alligations if you can,  
And by your speeches, if you can reprove me,  
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the Duke.

*Suffol.* Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke,  
And if I had bene licenst first to speake,  
I thinke I should haue told your graces tale.  
Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is deepest.  
No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man  
Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

*Enter the Duke of SOMERSET.*

*King.* Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?

*Somer.* Cold newes my Lord, and this it is,—That all your holds and Townes within those  
Territores—Is ouercome my Lord, all is lost.

*King.* Cold newes indeed Lord Somerset,—But Gods will be done.

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

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY.*

*Hum.* Pardon my liege, that I haue staid so long.

*Suffol.* Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too soone,  
Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,  
We do arrest thee on high treason here.

*Humph.* Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt not see me blush  
Nor change my countenance for thine arrest,  
Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accusers?

*Yorke.* Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from France,  
And stopt the soldiers of their paie.  
By which his Maiestie hath lost all France.

*Humph.* Is it but thought so, and who are they that thinke so?  
So God helpe me, as I haue watcht the night  
Euer intending good for England still,  
That penie that euer I tooke from France,  
Be brought against me at the iudgement day.  
I neuer robd the soldiers of their paie,  
Many a pound of mine owne propper cost  
Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants,  
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

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

*Hum.* Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was protector  
Pitie was all the fault that was in me,  
A murtherer or foule felonous theefe,  
That robs and murthers silly passengers,  
I tortord about the rate of common law.

*Suffolk.* Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,  
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,  
I do arrest thee on high treason here,  
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,  
Vntill such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

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



*Hump.* Ah gracious Henry these daies are dangerous,  
 And would my death might end these miseries,  
 And staic their moodes for good King Henries sake,  
 But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,  
 And thousands more must follow after me,  
 That dreads not yet their liues destruction.  
 Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,  
 Bewfords fire eyes showes his enuious minde,  
 Buckinghames proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,  
 And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone  
 Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.  
 All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus :  
 And you my gracious Lady and soueraigne mistresse,  
 Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,  
 I shall not want false witnesses inough,  
 That so amongst you, you may haue my life.  
 The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,  
 A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

*Suffolke.* Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,  
 As if that she with ignomious wrong,  
 Had sobornde or hired some to sweare against his life.

*Queene.* I but I can giue the loser leaue to speake.

*Humph.* Far truer spoke then ment, I loose indeed,  
 Beshrow the winners hearts, they plaie me false.

*Buck.* Hele wrest the sence and keep vs here all day,  
 My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

*Car.* Who's within there? Take in Duke Humphrey,  
 And see him garded sure within my house.

*Humph.* O ! thus King Henry casts away his crouch,  
 Before his legs can beare his bodie vp,  
 And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,  
 Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite him first.  
 Farwell my soueraigne, long maist thou enioy,  
 Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.

[*Exet HUMPHREY, with the Cardinals men.*]

*King.* My Lords what to your wisdoms shal seem best,  
 Do and vndo as if our selfe were here.

*Queen.* What wil your highnesse leaue the Parliament ?

*King.* I Margaret. My heart is kild with grieffe,  
 Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,  
 For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none.

[*Exet King, SALSBURY, and WARWICKE.*]

*Queene.* Then sit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,  
 Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerset.  
 Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall.  
 In mine opinion it were good he dide,  
 For safetie of our King and Common-wealth.

*Suffolke.* And so thinke I Madame, for as you know,  
 If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,  
 Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King :  
 And it may be by pollicie he workes,  
 To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,  
 The Foxe barkes not when he would steale the Lambe,  
 But if we take him ere he do the deed,  
 We should not question if that he should liue.  
 No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,  
 Least that in liuing he offend vs more.

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

*Yorke.* Then do it sodainly my Lords.

*Suffol.* Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.

*Car.* Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.



*Enter a Messenger.*

*Queene.* How now sirrha, what newes?

*Messen.* Madame I bring you newes from Ireland,  
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,  
With troupes of Irish Kernes vncontrold,  
Doth plant themselues within the English pale.

*Queene.* What redresse shal we haue for this my Lords?

*Yorke.* Twere very good that my Lord of Somerset  
That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,  
And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.  
To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,  
He did so much good when he was in France.

*Somer.* Had Yorke bene there with all his far fetcht  
Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I.

*Yorke.* I, for Yorke would haue lost his life before  
That France should haue reuolted from Englands rule.

*Somer.* I so thou might'st, and yet haue gouern'd worse then I.

*Yorke.* What worse then nought, then a shame take all.

*Somer.* Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.

*Queene.* Somerset forbear, good Yorke be patient,  
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,  
With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride  
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.

*Yorke.* Well Madame sith your grace is so content,  
Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,  
And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those kernes.

*Queene.* Yorke thou shalt. My Lord of Buckingham,  
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers  
As shall suffice him in these needfull warres.

*Buck.* Madame I will, and leaue such a band  
As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels,  
But Yorke, where shall those soldiers staie for thee?

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

*Buc.* Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.

*Yorke.* Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.

[*Exet* BUCKINGHAM.]

*Queene.* Suffolke remember what you haue to do.  
And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey,  
Twere good that you did see to it in time,  
Come let vs go, that it may be performde.

[*Exet omnis, Manit* YORKE.]

*Yorke.* Now York bethink thy self and rowse thee vp,  
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,  
Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not attaine,  
Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,  
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,  
I haue seduste a headstrong Kentishman,  
Iohn Cade of Ashford,  
Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemer,  
To raise commotion, and by that meanes  
I shall perceiue how the common people  
Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,  
Then if he haue successe in his affaires,  
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,  
To reape the haruest which that coystrill sowed,  
Now if he should be taken and condemd,  
Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,  
And therefore ere I go ile send him word,  
To put in practise and to gather head,  
That so soone as I am gone he may begin

To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines,  
 To helpe him to performe this enterprise.  
 And then Duke Humphrey, he well made way,  
 Nonc then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,  
 But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe.

[*Exet* YORKE.]

*Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke HUMPHREY is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE to them.*

*Suffolk.* How now sirs, what hane you dispatcht him?

*One.* I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you.

*Suffolke.* Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still,  
 That when the King comes, he may perceiue  
 No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

*2.* All things is hansome now my Lord.

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

[*Exet* *murtherers.*]

*Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Duke of SOMERSET, and the Cardinall.*

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

*Suffolke.* I will my Lord.

[*Exet* SUFFOLKE.]

*King.* And good my Lords proceed no further against our vnkle Gloster,  
 Then by iust proofe you can affirme,  
 For as the sucking childe or harmlesse lambe,  
 So is he innocent of treason to our state.

*Enter* SUFFOLKE.

How now Suffolke, where's our unkle?

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

[*The King fallcs in a sound.*]

*Queene.* Ay—me, the King is dead: help, help, my Lords.

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

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

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,  
 And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,  
 By crying comfort through a hollow voice,  
 Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart:  
 Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,  
 For euen in thine eye-bals murther sits,  
 Yet do not goe. Come Basaliske  
 And kill the silly gazer with thy lookes.

*Queene.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,  
 As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?  
 The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,  
 And you had best say that I did murther him.

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

*Queene.* Be woe for me more wretched then he was,  
 What doest thou turne away and hide thy face?  
 I am no loathsome leoper looke on me,  
 Was I for this nigh wrackt upon the sea,  
 And thrise by aukward winds driuen back from Englands bounds,  
 What might it bode, but that well foretelling  
 Winds, said, seeke not a scorpions neast.

*Enter the Earles of WARWICKE and SALISBURY.*

*War.* My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hine of bees,  
 Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,  
 For good Duke Humphreys death, whom they report  
 To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall here.

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

*War.* Enter his priuie chamber my Lord and view the bodie.  
Good father staie you with the rude multitude, till I returne.

*Salb.* I will sonne.

[*Exet* SALBURY.

[WARWICKE *drawes the curtaines and showes Duke HUMPHREY in his bed.*

*King.* Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receive thy soule.  
Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.

*War.* Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon him,  
To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse,  
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,  
Vpon the life of this thrise famous Duke.

*Suffolk.* A dreadfull oth sworne with a solemne toong,  
What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?

*War.* Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,  
Of ashie semblance, pale and bloodlesse,  
But loe the blood is setled in his face,  
More better coloured then when he liu'd,  
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,  
His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life,  
Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,  
It cannot chuse but he was murdered.

*Queene.* Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge,  
And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.

*War.* I, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,  
And tis well seene he found some enemies.

*Card.* But haue you no greater proofes than these?

*War.* Who sees a hefer dead and bleeding fresh,  
And sees hard-by a butcher with an axe,  
But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?  
Who findes the partridge in the puttocks neast,  
But will imagine how the bird came there,  
Although the kyte soare with vnbloodie beake?  
Euen so suspitious is this Tragidie.

*Queene.* Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your talants?  
Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife?

*Suffolke.* I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men,  
But heres a vengefull sword rusted with ease,  
That shall be scoured in his rankorous heart,  
That slanders me with murthers crimson badge,  
Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death. [*Exet* Cardinall.]

*War.* What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke dare him?

*Queene.* He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,  
Though Suffolke dare him twentie hundreth times.

*War.* Madame be still, with reuerence may I say it,  
That euery word you speake in his defence,  
Is slaunder to your royall Maiestie.

*Suffolke.* Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,  
If euer Lady wrongd her Lord so much,  
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,  
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke  
Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou art,  
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my soucraignes presence makes me mute,



I would false murtherous coward on thy knees  
 Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,  
 And say it was thy mother that thou meant,  
 That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie,  
 And after all this fearefull homage done,  
 Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,  
 Pernititious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

*Suffol.* Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy blood,  
 If from this presence thou dare go with me.

*War.* Away enen now, or I will drag thee hence.

[WARWICKE *puls him out.*

[*Exet WARWICKE and SUFFOLKE, and then all the Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolk. And then enter againe, the Duke of SUFFOLKE and WARWICKE, with their weapons drawne.*

*King.* Why how now Lords?

*Suf.* The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,  
 Set all vpon me mightie soueraigne.

[*The Commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolk. And then enter from them, the Earle of SALBURY.*

*Salb.* My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,  
 The vnlesse false Suffolke here be done to death,  
 Or banished faire Englands Territories,  
 That they will erre from your highnesse person,  
 They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,  
 They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme.  
 And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,  
 They wish you to banish him from foorth the land.

*Suf.* Indeed tis like the Commons rude vupolisht hinds  
 Would send such message to their soueraigne,  
 But you my Lord were glad to be imployd,  
 To trie how quaint an Orator you were,  
 But all the honour Salsbury hath got,  
 Is, that he was the Lord Embassador  
 Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

[*The Commons cries, an answere from the King, my Lord of Salsbury.*

*King.* Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,  
 Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,  
 And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,  
 My selfe had done it. Therefore here I sweare,  
 If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,  
 Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

[*Exet SALISBURY.*

*Queene.* Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle Suffolkes banishment.

*King.* Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,  
 Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,  
 If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is erreuocable.  
 Come good Warwicke and go thou in with me,  
 For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exet King and WARWICKE, Manet Queene and SUFFOLKE.*

*Queene.* Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,  
 Theres two of you, the diuell make the third.  
 Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

*Suffolke.* A plagne vpon them, wherefore should I curse them?  
 Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,  
 I would inuent as many bitter termes  
 Deliucred strongly through my fixed teeth,  
 With twice so many signes of deadly hate,  
 As leaue fast enuy in her loathsome caue,  
 My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,  
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,  
 My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,



And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,  
 And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,  
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,  
 Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.  
 Their sweetest shade a groue of sypris trees,  
 Their softest tuch as smart as lizards stings.  
 Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hys.  
 And boding srike-oules make the comsort full.  
 All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

*Queene.* Inough sweete Suffolke, thou torments thy selfe.

*Suffolke.* You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease?

Now by this ground that I am banisht from,  
 Well could I curse away a winters night,  
 And standing naked on a mountaine top,  
 Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,  
 And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

*Queene.* No more. Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,  
 Or liue where thou wilt within this worldes globe,  
 Ile haue an Irish that shall finde thee out,  
 And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee repelde,  
 Or venture to be banished my selfe.

Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,  
 That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me.

Away, I say, that I may feele my grieffe,  
 For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.

*Suffolke.* Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,  
 Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee.

*Enter VAWSE.*

*Queene.* How now, whither goes Vawse so fast?

*Vawse.* To signifie vnto his Maiestie,  
 That Cardinall Bewford is at point of death,  
 Sometimes he raues and cries as he were madde,  
 Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,  
 And whispers to his pillow as to him,  
 And sometime he calles to speake vnto the King,  
 And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,  
 That euen now he cald aloude for him.

*Queene.* Go then good Vawse and certifie the King.  
 Oh what is worldly pompe, all men must die,  
 And woe am I for Bewfords heauie ende.  
 But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art here?  
 Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,  
 For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

*Suff.* And if I go I cannot liue: but here to die,  
 What were it else, but like a pleasant slumber  
 In thy lap?  
 Here could I, could I, breath my soule into the aire,  
 As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,  
 That dies with mothers dugge betweene his lips,  
 Where from thy sight I should be raging madde,  
 And call for thee to close mine eyes,  
 Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,  
 That I might breathe it so into thy bodie,  
 And then it liu'd in sweete Elyziam,  
 By thee to die, were but to die in ieast,  
 From thee to die, were torment more then death,  
 O let me staie, befall, what may befall.

[*Exit VAWSE.*]

*Queen.* Oh mightst thou staie with safetie of thy life,  
Then shouldst thou staie, but heauens deny it,  
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.

*Suff.* I goe.

*Queene.* And take my heart with thee.

[*She kisseth him.*]

*Suff.* A ieuell loekt into the wofulst easke,  
That euer yet containde a thing of woorth,  
Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we.  
This way fall I to deathe.

[*Exet SUFFOLKE.*]

*Queene.* This way for me.

[*Exet Queene.*]

*Enter King and SALSBURY, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cadinall is discovered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were madde.*

*Car.* Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,  
Ile giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Iland.

*King.* Oh see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled,  
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.

*Car.* Why died he not in his bed?  
What would you haue me to do then?  
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?  
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothieary sent me.  
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,  
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, eoame downe his haire,  
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

*Sal.* See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.

*King.* Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,  
Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.  
Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.  
Oh God forgiue his soule.

[*The Cardinall dies.*]

*Salb.* So bad an ende did neuer none behold,  
But as his death, so was his life in all.

*King.* Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,  
For God will iudge vs all.

Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, & the Duke of SUFFOLKE disguised, and others with him, and WATER WHICKMORE.*

*Cap.* Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld,  
Vnlade their goods with speed and sineke their ship,  
Here Maister, this prisoner I giue to you.  
This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,  
And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue this man,  
And let them paie their ransoues ere they passe.

*Suffolke.* Water!

[*He starteth.*]

*Water.* How now, what doest feare me?—Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

*Suf.* It is thy nauue affrights me, not thy selfe.—I do remember well, a eunning Wyssard told me,—That by Water I should die:—Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded.—Thy name being rightly sounded,—Is Gualter, not Water.

*Water.* Gualter or Water, als one to me,—I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

*Suf.* I au a Gentleman looke on my Ring,  
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shalbe paid.

*Water.* I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,  
And therefore ere I marehantlike sell blood for gold,  
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

2. *Priso.* But what shall our ransomes be?

*Mai.* A hundred pounds a peece, either paie that or die.

2. *Priso.* Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.

*Water.* Come sirrha, thy life shall be the ransome  
I will haue.

*Suff.* Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,  
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull.

*Cap.* The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

*Suf.* I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,  
Ioue sometime went disguise, and why not I?

*Cap.* I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.

*Suf.* Base Iadie groome, King Henries blood  
The honourable blood of Lancaster,  
Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,  
I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,  
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

*Cap.* Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,  
And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

*Suf.* Thou darste not for thine owne.

*Cap.* Yes Poull.

*Suffolke.* Poull.

*Cap.* I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,  
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,  
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the  
Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that  
Smildste at good Duke Humphreys death,  
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

*Suffolke.* This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,  
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,  
The great Masadonian Pyrate,  
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

*Cap.* I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone.

*Suffolke.* Hast not thou waited at my Trencher,  
When we haue feasted with Queene Margret?  
Hast not thou kist thy hand and held my stirrope?  
And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,  
And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee?  
This hand hath writ in thy defence,  
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong.

*Cap.* Away with him, Water, I say, and off with his hed.

1. *Priso.* Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your life.

*Suffolke.* First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge, Before this knee do bow to any,—  
Saeu to the God of heauen and to my King:—Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade—To  
such a Iadie groome.

*Water.* Come, come, why do we let him speake,  
I long to haue his head for raunsome of mine eye.

*Suffolke.* A Swordar and bandeto slaue, Murthered sweete Tully. Brutus bastard-hand  
stabde Iulius Cæsar,—And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.

*Exet SUFFOLKE, and WATER.*

*Cap.* Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,—And ransomelesse this prisoner shall  
go free,—To see it safe deliuered vnto her.—Come lets goe. [ *Exet omnes.*

*Enter two of the Rebels with long stauces.*

*George.* Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I  
Can tell thee, they haue bene vp this two daies.

*Nicke.* Then they had more need to go to bed now,—But sirrha George whats the  
matter?

*George.* Why sirrha, Iack Cade the Diar of Ashford here,  
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.

*Nick.* I marry he had need so, for tis growne threedbare,  
Twas neuer merry world with vs, since these gentle men came vp.

*George.* I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord weare a leather aperne now a-daies.



*Nicke.* But sirrha, who comes more beside Iacke Cade?

*George.* Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from Rocheester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be Lords or squires, assoone as Iacke Cade is King.

*Nicke.* Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be comming.

*Enter IACKE CADE, DICKE Butcher, ROBIN, WILL, TOM, HARRY and the rest, with long staves.*

*Cade.* Proclaime silence.

*All.* Silenee.

*Cade.* I Iohn Cade so named for my valianeie.

*Dicke.* Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats.

*Cade.* My father was a Mortemer.

*Nicke.* He was an honest man and a good Brick-laier.

*Cade.* My mother eame of the Brases.

*Will.* She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many lases.

*Robin.* And now being not able to oecipie her furd packe,  
She washeth buckes vp and downe the country.

*Cade.* Therefore I am honourably borne.

*Harry.* I for the field is honourable, for he was borne  
Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

*Cade.* I am able to endure much.

*George.* Thats true, I know he can endure any thing,  
For I haue seen him whipt two market daies together.

*Cade.* I feare neither sword nor fire.

*Will.* He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of prooffe.

*Dicke.* But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, being so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

*Cade.* Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vowes reformation: you shall haue seuen half-penny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot, shall haue ten hoopess, and it shall be felony to drinke small beere, and if I be king, as king I will be.

*All.* God saue your maiestie.

*Cade.* I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my liuerie, and weele haue no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes from my mouth.

*Dicke.* We shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

*George.* I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it.

*Enter WILL with the Clarke of Chattam.*

*Will.* Oh Captaine a pryze.

*Cade.* Whose that Will?

*Will.* The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes eoppies, and hee has a booke in his poeket with red letters.

*Cade.* Sonnes, hees a coniuurer bring him hither.

Now sir, whats your name?

*Clarke.* Emanuell sir, and it shall please you.

*Dicke.* It will go hard with you, I can tell you,  
For they vse to write that oth top of letters.

*Cade.* And what do you vse to write your name?  
Or do you as auneient forefathers haue done,  
Vse the score and the Tally?

*Clarke.* Nay, true sir, I praise God I haue bene so well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

*Cade.* Oh hes confest, go hang him with his penny-inckhorne about his neeke.

[*Exet one with the Clarke.*]



*Enter Tom.*

*Tom.* Captaine. Newes, newes, sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are coming with the kings power, and mean to kil vs all.

*Cade.* Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

*Tom.* No, no, hees but a knight.

*Cade.* Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe knight.

Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,—Rise vp sir Iohn Mortemer.—Is there any more of them that be Knights?

*Tom.* I his brother.

[*He Knights Dicke Butcher.*

*Cade.* Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,—Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher.

[*Now sound vp the Drumme.*

*Enter sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his brother, with Drumme and souldiers.*

*Cade.* As for these silken coated slaues I passe not a pinne,  
Tis to you good people that I speake.

*Stafford.* Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,  
To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?

Why his father was but a Brick-laier.

*Cade.* Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then?

But I come of the Mortemers.

*Stafford.* I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

*Cade.* The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my selfe,  
For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,  
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

*Stafford.* Well, thats true: But what then?

*Cade.* And by her he had two children at a birth.

*Stafford.* Thats false.

*Cade.* I, but I say, tis true.

*All.* Why then tis true.

*Cade.* And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,  
And that was my father, and I am his sonne,  
Deny it and you can.

*Nicke.* Nay looke you, I know twas true,  
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,  
And the bricke are aliue at this day to testifie.

*Cade.* But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes, I am content that hee shall be King as long as he liues. Marry alwaies prouided, ile be Protector ouer him.

*Stafford.* O monstrous simplicitie.

*Cade.* And tell him, wee haue the Lord Sayes head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which meanes England hath bene maimde euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

*Stafford.* As how I prethie?

*Cade.* Why the French men are our enemies be they not?

And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect?  
Answer me to that.

*Stafford.* Well sirrha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

*Cade.* Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

*Stafford.* Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,  
That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade,  
Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie.

[*Exet STAFFORD and his men.*

*Cade.* Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

[*Exet omnes.*

*Alarums to the battaile, and sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his brother is slaine. Then enter IACKE CADE againe and the rest.*

*Cade.* Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valianly, And knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house. And thus I will reward thee. The Lent shall be as long againe as it was. Thou shalt haue licence to kil for foure score & one a week. Drumme strike vp, for now weele march to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at Westminster. [*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene, with the Duke of SUFFOLKES head, and the Lord SAY, with others.*

*King.* Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine,  
And the Rebels march amaine to London,  
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,  
Ile come and parley with their generall.

*Reade.* Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one againe.  
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnely vowe to haue thy head.

*Say.* I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

*King.* How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue, if I had bene dead, thou wouldst not haue mournde so much for me.

*Queene.* No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messen.* Oh fie my Lord, the Rebels are entered  
Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge,  
Calling your grace an vsurper,  
And that monstrous Rebelle Cade, hath sworne  
To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster,  
Therefore fie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

*King.* Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather  
An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels.  
Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth.  
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,  
For feare the Rebelle Cade do finde thee out.

*Say.* My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me.  
And therefore with your highnesse leaue, ile staie behind.

*King.* Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say.  
Come Madame, let vs go. [*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter the Lord SKAYLES vpon the Tower Walles walking. Enter three or foure Citizens below.*

*Lord Scayles.* How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

1. *Citizen.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,  
For they haue wonne the bridge,  
Killing all those that withstand them.  
The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honor from the Tower,  
To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

*Lord Scayles.* Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,  
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,  
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,  
But get you to Smythfield and gather head,  
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe,  
Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues,  
And so farewell, for I must hence againe. [*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter IACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his sword vpon London Stone.*

*Cade.* Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,  
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,

That the first yeare of our raigne,  
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.  
And now hence forward, it shall be treason  
For any that calles me any otherwise then—Lord Mortemer.

*Enter a souldier.*

*Sould.* Iaeke Cade, Iaeke Cade.

*Cade.* Sounes, knocke him downe.

[*They kill him.*

*Dicke.* My Lords, theirs an Army gathered together  
Into Smythfield.

*Cade.* Come then, lets go fight with them,  
But first go on and set London Bridge a fire,  
And if you ean, burne downe the Tower too.  
Come lets away.

[*Exet omnes.*

*Alarmes, and then MATHEW GOFFE is slaine, and all the rest with him. Then enter IACKE  
CADE again, and his company.*

*Cade.* So, sirs now go some and pull down the Sauoy,  
Others to the Innes of the Court, downe with them all.

*Dicke.* I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

*Cade.* Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it  
For that word.

*Dicke.* That we may go burne all the Reeords,  
And that all writing may be put downe,  
And nothing vsde but the seore and the Tally.

*Cade.* Dicke it shall be so, and henceforward all things shall be in common, and in  
Cheapside shall my palphrey go to grasse.—Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin  
of an innocent lamb should parchement be made, & then with a litle blotting ouer with inke,  
a man should vndo himselfe.—Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their waxe,  
for I am sure I neuer scald to any thing but once, and I was neuer mine owne man since.

*Nicke.* But when shall we take vp those commodities—Which you told vs of.

*Cade.* Marry he that will lustily stand to it,  
Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following :  
Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a pettieoate, and a smocke.

*Enter GEORGE.*

*George.* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,  
Which sold the Townes in France.

*Cade.* Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buekrum lord,—What answere canst  
thou make vnto my mightinesse,—For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounsier bus-  
mine cue, the Dolphin of France?—And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected  
a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the Kings Crowne and  
dignitic, thou hast built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be said to thy face, that thou kepst men  
in thy house that daily reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a  
Verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it. And besides  
all that, thou hast appointed certaine Iustises of peace in euery shire to hang honest men  
that steale for their liuing, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp :  
Onely for which cause they were most worthy to liue. Thou ridest on a footeloth doest  
thou not?

*Say.* Yes, what of that?

*Cade.* Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honest  
man then thy selfe, goes in his hose and doublet.

*Say.* You men of Kent.

*All.* Kent, what of Kent?

*Say.* Nothing but *bona, terra.*

*Cade.* Bonum terum, sounds whats that?

*Dicke.* He speakes French.

*Will.* No tis Dutch.

*Nicke.* No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.



*Say.* Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,  
Termde it the ciuel'st place of all this land,  
Then Noble country-men, heare me but speake,  
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.

*Cade.* But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?

*Say.* It is the palsie and not feare that makes me.

*Cade.* Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou wilt be euen with me, if thou getst away, but ile make the sure inough, now I haue thee. Go take him to the standerd in Cheapeside and chop of his head, and then go to milende-greene, to sir Iames Cromer his some in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles presently. Away with him.

[*Exet one or two, with the Lord SAY.*

There shall not a noble man weare a head on his shoulders,—But he shall paie me tribute for it.—Nor there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal see to me for her.—Maydenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,—Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in capite,—And that their wiues shalbe as free as hart can thinke, or toong can tell.

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Robin.* O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.

*Cade.* Runne to Billingsgate, and feteche pitch and flaxe and squench it.

*Enter DICKE and a Sargiant.*

*Sargiant.* Iustice, Iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this fellow here.

*Cade.* Why what has he done?

*Sarg.* Alasse sir he has rauislt my wife.

*Dicke.* Why my Lord he would haue rested me,—And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper house.

*Cade.* Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,—You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,—Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,—And rest a man when hees at dinner,—And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth.—Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his toong for cogging,—Hough him for running, and to conclude,—Brane him with his owne mace.

[*Exet with the Sargiant.*

*Enter two with the Lord SAYES head, and sir IAMES CROMERS, vpon two poles.*

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes ende, let them kisse together.

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord CLIFFORD the Earle of COMBERLAND.*

*Clifford.* Why country-men and warlike friends of Kent,  
What meanes this mutinous rebellions,  
That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,  
Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?  
To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King,  
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,  
If you forsake this monstrous Rebell here?  
If honour be the marke whereat you aime,  
Then haste to France that our forefathers woume,  
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,  
And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.

*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford.

[*They forsake Cade.*

*Cade.* Why how now, will you forsake your generall,  
And ancient freedome which you haue possest?  
To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,  
Who if you stir, will straightwaies hang you vp,  
But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,  
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

*All.* A Cade, a Cade.

[*They runne to Cade againe.*

*Cliff.* Braue warlike friends heare me but speak a word,  
Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,  
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,  
And I my selfe will go along with you,



To Winsore Castle whereas the King abides,  
And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

*Cade.* How like a feather is this rascall company  
Blowne euery way,

But that they may see there want no valiancy in me,  
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,  
And so a poxe take you all.

[*He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.*]

*Buc.* Go some and make after him, and proclaime,  
That those that can bring the head of Cade,  
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour,  
Come march away.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter King HENRY and the QUEENE, and SOMERSET.*

*King.* Lord Somerset, what newes here you of the Rebelle Cade?

*Som.* This, my gracious Lord, that the Lord Say is don to death,  
And the Citie is almost saekt.

*King.* Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede, so must it be:  
And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.

*Queene.* Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliuie,  
The Rebelle Cade had bene supprest ere this,  
And all the rest that do take part with him.

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD, with the Rebels, with halters about their necks.*

*Cliff.* Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,  
Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,  
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.

*King.* But tell me Clifford, is there Captaine here.

*Clif.* No, my gracious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall haue a thousand crownes. But may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled.

*King.* Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,  
For you did take in hand you know not what,  
And go in peace obedient to your King,  
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,  
Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English crowne.

*All.* God saue the King, God saue the King.

*King.* Come let vs hast to London now with speed,  
That solemne possessions may be sung,  
In laud and honour of the God of heauen,  
And triumphs of this happie victorie.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter IACKE CADE at one doore, and at the other, maister ALEXANDER EYDEN and his men, and IACK CADE lies downe picking of hearbes and eating them.*

*Eyden.* Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,  
This litle land my father left me here,  
With my contented minde serues me as well,  
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,  
Nor would I echange this pleasure for the Court.

*Cade.* Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand villaine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge, and swallow my sword like a great pinne.

*Eyden.* Why sawey companion, why should I betray thee?—Ist not inough that thou hast broke my hedges, and enterd into my ground without the leaue of me the owner,—But thou wilt braue me too.

*Cade.* Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meate this fiue dayes, yet and I do not leaue thee and thy fiue men as dead as a doore nayle, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

*Eyden.* Nay, it neuer shall be saide whilst the world doth stand, that Alexander Eyden an Esquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat with a famisht man, looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine, and euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee. Sir'ha fetch me weopons, and stand you all aside.

*Cade.* Now sword, if thou doest not hew this burly-bond churle into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou maist fal into some smiths hand, and be turnd to hobnailes.

*Eyden.* Come on thy way.

[*They fight, and CADE fals downe.*]

*Cade.* Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chinalric, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiue daics, and ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for Iack Cade must die.

[*He dies.*]

*Eyden.* Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebelle which I haue slaine. Oh sword ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monument to after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head, and beare it . . . .

[*Exet.*]

*Enter the Duke of YORKE with Drum and souldiers.*

*Yorke.* In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,  
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre.  
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.  
Ah *Sancta Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare?

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM .*

But soft, who comes here Buckingham, what newes with him?

*Buc.* Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee so.

*Yorke.* Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare :  
What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger?

*Buc.* I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord and soueraign,  
Henry. To know the reason of these Armes in peace?  
Or that thou being a subiect as I am,  
Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spred,  
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

*Yorke.* A subiect as he is.

Oh how I hate these spitefull abiect termes,  
But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,  
Who now in Armes expect their fathers sight,  
And not farre hence I know they cannot be.  
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,  
That I answearde not at first, my mind was troubled,  
I came to remoue that monstrous Rebelle Cade,  
And heaue proud Somerset from out the Court,  
That basely yeilded vp the Townes in France.

*Buc.* Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,  
But if it be no otherwise but so,  
The King doth pardon thee, and granst to thy request,  
And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

*Yorke.* Vpon thine honour is it so?

*Buc.* Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.

*Yorke.* Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troopes,  
Sirs, meete me to morrow in saint Georges fields,  
And there you shall receiue your paie of me.

[*Exet souldiers.*]

*Buc.* Come York, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,  
But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

*Enter King HENRY.*

*King.* How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs,  
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

*Buc.* He is my Lord, and hath dischargde his troopes  
Which came with him, but as your grace did say,

To heave the Duke of Somerset from hence,  
And to subdue the Rebels that were vp.

*King.* Then welcome cousin Yorke, giue me thy hand,  
And thanks for thy great seruice done to vs,  
Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld.

*Enter maister EYDEN with IACKE CADES head.*

*Eyden.* Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,  
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,  
I here present the traitorous head of Cade  
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.

*King.* First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my friend,  
That hast subdude that wicked traitor thus.  
Oh let me see that head that in his life,  
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight,  
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks,  
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,  
Presageth warlike humors in his life.  
Here take it hence and thou for thy reward,  
Shalt be immediatly created Knight.  
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name ?

*Eyden.* Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,  
A poore Esquire of Kent.

*King.* Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden knight,  
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue  
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,  
Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,  
For those that could performe this worthie act,  
And thou shalt waight vpon the person of the king.

*Eyden.* I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer liue,  
Then I proue iust and loyall to the King.

[*Exet.*

*Enter the Queene with the Duke of SOMERSET.*

*King.* O Buckingham see where Somerset comes,  
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.

*Queene.* He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,  
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

*Yorke.* Whose that, proud Somerset at libertic ?  
Base fearefull Henry that thus dishonor'st me,  
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me :  
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,  
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,  
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,  
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,  
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,  
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,  
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane.

*Somer.* Proud Traitor, I arest thee on high treason,  
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,  
For here I swear, thou shalt vnto the Tower,  
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the king.

*Yorke.* Thou art deceiued, my somes shalbe my baile,  
And send thee there in dispiht of him.  
Hoe, where are you boyes ?

*Queene.* Call Clifford hither presently.



*Enter the Duke of YORKES sonnes, EDWARD the Earle of MARCH, and crook-backe RICHARD, at the one doore, with Drumme and soldiers, and at the other doore, enter CLIFFORD and his sonne, with Drumme and souldiers, and CLIFFORD kneeles to HENRY, and speakes.*

*Cliff.* Long live my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.

*Yorke.* We thank thee Clifford.

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,  
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

*Cliff.* Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King  
What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.

*King.* I, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus  
To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.

*Cliff.* Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?

*Queene.* He is arested, but will not obey,  
His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.

*Yorke.* How say you boyes, will you not?

*Edward.* Yes noble father, if our words will serue.

*Richard.* And if our words will not, our swords shall.

*Yorke.* Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.

*King.* Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme himselfe.

*Yorke.* Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,  
Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.

*Enter at one doore, the Earles of SALSURY and WARWICKE, with Drumme and souldiers.  
And at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, with Drumme and souldiers.*

*Cliff.* Are these thy beares? wee le bayte them soone,  
Dispight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.

*War.* You had best go dreame againe,  
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.

*Clif.* I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,  
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,  
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

*War.* Now by my fathers age, old Neuels crest,  
The Rampant Beare chaine to the ragged staffe,  
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,  
As on a mountaine top the Cædar showes,  
That keeps his leaues in spight of any storme,  
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet will I rende the beare,  
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,  
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.

*Yoong Clif.* And so renowned soueraigne to Armes,  
To quell these Traitors and their compleases.

*Richard.* Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in spight,  
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.

*Yoong Clif.* Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.

*Rich.* No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in hell.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of SOMERSET and RICHARD fighting, and  
RICHARD kils him vnder the signe of the Castle in Saint Albones.*

*Rich.* So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last.  
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?  
Then the prophesie is come to passe,  
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,  
The which he alwaies did obserue.  
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,  
The Castle in saint Albones,  
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death.

[*Exet.*]



*Alarmer again, and enter the Earle of WARWICKE alone.*

*War.* Clifford of Comberland, tis Warwicke calles,  
And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare,  
Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alarmes,  
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire :  
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,  
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,  
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to Armes.

*Clifford speaks within.* Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with  
his murthring Curtel-axe, through the fainting troopes to finde thee out.  
Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

*Enter YORKE.*

*War.* How now my Lord, what a foote?—Who kild your horse?

*Yorke.* The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,  
Fiue horse this day slaine vnder me,  
And yet brauc Warwicke I remaine aliue,  
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,  
The boniest gray that ere was bred in North.

*Enter CLIFFORD, and WARWICKE offers to fight with him.*

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase,  
My selfe will hunt this deare to death.

*War.* Brauc Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,  
Clifford farewell, as I entend to prosper well to day,  
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild.

[*Exet WARWICKE.*]

*Yorke.* Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone,  
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,  
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate  
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.

*Clifford.* And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,  
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.  
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,  
Till I haue spoyled the hatefull house of Yorke.

[*Alarmes, and they fight, and YORKE kils CLIFFORD.*]

*Yorke.* Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinowes shrinke,  
Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,  
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of York.

[*Exet YORKE.*]

[*Alarmes, then enter yoong CLIFFORD alone.*]

*Yoong Clifford.* Father of Comberland,  
Where may I seeke my aged father forth?  
O! dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,  
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,  
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,  
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,  
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,  
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,  
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,  
And left not one of them to breath on earth.  
And thus as old Ankyses sonne did beare  
His aged father on his manly backe,  
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,  
Euen so will I. But staie, heres one of them,  
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

[*He takes him vp on his backe.*]

*Enter RICHARD, and then CLIFFORD laies downe his father, fights with him, and RICHARD flies away againe.*

Out crookbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,  
But I will after thee, and once againe  
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,  
He trie my fortune better with thee yet.

[*Exet yoong CLIFFORD with his father.*]

*Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke of BUCKINGHAM wounded to his Tent.—Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.*

*Queene.* Away my Lord, and flie to London straight,  
Make hast, for vengeance comes along with them,  
Come stand not to expostulate, lets go.

*King.* Come then faire Queene, to London let vs hast,  
And sonnmon a Parliament with speede,  
To stop the fury of these dyre euent.

[*Exet King and Queene.*]

*Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of YORKE and RICHARD.*

*Yorke.* How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,  
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,  
And our great honour, that so long we lost,  
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights :  
But did you see old Salsbury, since we  
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,  
I would not for the losse of this right hand,  
That ought but well betide that good old man.

*Rich.* My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,  
Charging his Lauce with his old weary armes,  
And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,  
And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,  
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,  
The boldest sprited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

*Enter SALSBUURY and WARWICKE.*

*Edward.* See noble father, where they both do come,  
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.

*Sals.* Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,  
And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house,  
The small remainder of my weary life,  
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,  
Three times this day thou hast preseru'd my life.

*Yorke.* What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?  
There as I here to hold a Parliament.  
What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

*War.* After them, nay before them if we can.  
Now by my faith Lords, twas a glorious day,  
Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,  
Shall be eternest in all age to come.  
Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and to London all,  
And more such daies as these to vs befall.

[*Exet omnes.*]

FINIS.—London. Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold  
at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall.—1594.

The greater portion of the Second Part of Henry the Sixth was used as the groundwork of Crown's drama on the same subject, which was published in 1681 under the title of,—  
“Henry the Sixth, the First Part, with the Murder of Humphrey

Duke of Gloucester, as it was Acted at the Duke's Theatre." This alteration is dedicated to Sir Charles Sidley in a letter curiously written, in the course of which Crown thus observes respecting his work,—“ I called it in the prologue Shakespear's play, though he has no title to the fortieth part of it. The text I took out of his Second Part of Henry the Sixth, but, as most texts are serv'd, I left it as soon as I could; for though Shakespear be generally very delightful, he is not so always. His volumn is all up-hill and down. Paradise was never more pleasant than some parts of it, nor Ireland and Greenland colder and more uninhabitable then others; and I have undertaken to cultivate one of the most barren places in it. The trees are all shrubs, and the men pigmies. Nothing has any spirit or shape. The Cardinal is duller then ever priest was; and he has hudled up the murder of Duke Humphry as if he had been guilty of (it) himself, and was afraid to shew how it was done.” Notwithstanding this flourish, Crown has succeeded in rendering a poor drama still more unreadable. A small portion of the Second Part of Henry the Sixth is introduced in Crown's Misery of Civil War, 4to. 1680, in the prologue to which, however, the author unblushingly asserts that he has borrowed nothing from Shakespeare.





## 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.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET,

DUKE OF SUFFOLK,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

LORD CLIFFORD, *and his Son.*

} *of the King's Party.*

EARL OF SALISBURY,

EARL OF WARWICK,

} *of the York Faction.*

LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.* LORD SAY. SIR HUMPHREY

STAFFORD, *and his Brother.* SIR JOHN STANLEY.

WALTER WHITMORE.

*A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate.*

*Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with* SUFFOLK. VAUX.

HUME *and* SOUTHWELL, *Priests.*

BOLINGBROKE, *a Conjurer.* *A Spirit raised by him.*

THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer.* PETER, *his Man.*

*Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Alban's.*

SIMPCOX, *an Impostor. Two Murderers.*

JACK CADE.

GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH, *the Weaver,* MICHAEL, &c., *Cade's Followers.*

ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*

ELEANOR, DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a Witch. Wife to Simpcox.*

*Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.*

SCENE,—In various Parts of England.



## Act the First.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others, following.*

*Suf.* As by your high imperial majesty  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As procurator to your excellence,<sup>1</sup>  
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;  
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,  
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,  
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,  
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,  
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:  
And humbly now upon my bended knee,  
In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
Deliver up my title in the queen  
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance  
Of that great shadow I did represent;  
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

*K. Hen.* Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:  
I can express no kinder sign of love,  
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord! that lends me life,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;  
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,  
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

*Q. Mar.* Great king of England, and my gracious lord,  
The mutual conference that my mind hath had  
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,  
In courtly company, or at my beads,  
With you mine alderlievest sovereign,<sup>2</sup>  
Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,  
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

*K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,  
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,

Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys ;  
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

*All.* Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness !

*Q. Mar.* We thank you all.

[*Flourish.*]

*Suf.* My lord protector, so it please your grace,  
Here are the articles of contracted peace,  
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,  
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

*Glo.* [*Reads.*] "Imprimis : It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, —that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem ; and crown her queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine,<sup>3</sup> shall be released and delivered to the king her father"—

*K. Hen.* Uncle, how now ?

*Glo.* Pardon me, gracious lord ;

Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no farther.

*K. Hen.* Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

*Win.* Item,—“It is farther agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father ; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.”

*K. Hen.* They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down :

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,  
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,  
We here discharge your grace from being regent  
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months  
Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,  
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, and Warwick ;

We thank you all for this great favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in ; and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*]

*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, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,

Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy ?

Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,

With all the learned council of the realm,

Studied so long, sat in the council-house

Early and late, debating to and fro



How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?  
 And was his highness in his infancy  
 Crowned in Paris, in 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,  
 Razing the characters of your renown,  
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,  
 Undoing all, as all had never been.

*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?  
 This peroration with such 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 duchy 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 died 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!

*York.* For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,  
 That dims the honour of this warlike isle!  
 France should have torn and rent my very heart,  
 Before I would have yielded to this league.  
 I never read but England's kings have had  
 Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;  
 And our king Henry gives away his own,  
 To match with her that brings no vantages.

*Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,  
 That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,  
 For 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 mislike,  
 But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.  
 Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face  
 I see thy fury. If I longer stay,  
 We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—

Lordings, farewell ; and say, when I am gone,  
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*

*Car.* So, there goes our protector in a rage.  
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy ;  
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 Gloster ;"  
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.

*Buck.* Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,  
He being of age to govern of himself ?—  
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,  
And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,  
We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

*Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay ;  
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently.

[*Exit.*

*Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though 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.

*Buck.* Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,  
Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal. [*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.]

*Sal.* Pride went before, ambition follows him.  
While these do labour for their own preferment,  
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.  
I never saw but 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,  
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,  
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey :—  
And, brother York,<sup>4</sup> 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 public 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 the profit of the land.

*War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,  
 And common profit of his country.

*York.* And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

*Sal.* Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

*War.* Unto the main ? O father ! 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* WARWICK and SALISBURY.]

*York.* Anjou and Maine are given to the French ;  
 Paris is lost : the state of Normandy  
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.  
 Suffolk concluded on the articles,  
 The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,  
 To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.  
 I cannot blame them all : what is't to them ?  
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.  
 Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,  
 And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,  
 Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone ;  
 While as the silly owner of the goods  
 Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,  
 And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,  
 While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,  
 Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own :  
 So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,  
 While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.  
 Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,  
 Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,  
 As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,  
 Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.<sup>5</sup>  
 Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French !  
 Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,  
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.  
 A day will come when York shall claim his own ;  
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,  
 And make a show 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 sceptre in his childish fist,  
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
 Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.  
 Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve :  
 Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,



To pry into the secrets of the state,  
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,  
 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 the Duke of GLOSTER'S House.*

*Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.*

*Duch.* Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,  
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?  
 Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,  
 As frowning at the favours of the world ?  
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,  
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight ?  
 What seest thou there ? king Henry's diadem,  
 Enchas'd with all the honours of the world ?  
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
 Until thy head be circled with the same.  
 Put forth thy hand ; reach at the glorious gold.—  
 What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine ;  
 And having both together heav'd it up,  
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,  
 And never more abase our sight so low,  
 As to vouchsafe one glance 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.

*Duch.* What dream'd my lord ? tell me, and I'll requite it  
 With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

*Glo.* Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,  
 Was broke in twain : by whom, I have forgot,  
 But, as I think, it was by 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.

*Duch.* 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 seat of majesty,  
 In the cathedral church of Westminster,  
 And in that chair where kings and queens were crown'd ;<sup>6</sup>



Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,  
And on my head did set the diadem.

*Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.  
Presumptuous dame ! ill nurtur'd Eleanor !  
Art thou not second woman in the realm,  
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him ?  
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
Above the reach or compass of thy thought ?  
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,  
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,  
From top of honour to disgrace's feet ?  
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

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

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,  
You do prepare to ride unto St. Alban's,  
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

*Glo.* I go.—Come, Nell ; thou wilt ride with us ?

*Duch.* Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*]

Follow I must ; I cannot go before,  
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.  
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,  
And smooth my way upon their headless necks :  
And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
To play my part in fortune's pageant.  
Where are you there ? Sir John ! nay, fear not, man,  
We are alone ; here's none but thee, and I.

*Enter HUME.*

*Hume.* Jesu preserve your royal majesty !

*Duch.* What say'st thou ? majesty ! I am but grace.

*Hume.* But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,  
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

*Duch.* What say'st thou, man ? hast thou as yet conferr'd  
With Margery Jourdain,<sup>7</sup> the cunning witch,  
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer ?  
And will they undertake to do me good ?

*Hume.* This they have promised,—to show your highness  
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,  
That shall make answer to such questions,  
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

*Duch.* It is enough : I'll think upon the questions.  
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,  
We'll see these things effected to the full.  
Here, Hume, take this reward ; make merry, man,  
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit Duchess.*]

*Hume.* Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold,  
 Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!  
 Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:  
 The business asketh silent secrecy.  
 Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:  
 Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.  
 Yet have I gold flies from another coast:  
 I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,  
 And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;  
 Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,  
 They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,  
 Have hired me to undermine the duchess,  
 And buz these conjurations in her brain.  
 They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;<sup>8</sup>  
 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 duchess' 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 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.<sup>9</sup>

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

*Enter* SUFFOLK and Queen MARGARET.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool! this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

*Suf.* How now, fellow! would'st any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord protector.

*Q. Mar.* "To my lord protector!" are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, 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 your's?—What's here?  
 [*Reads.*] "Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford."  
 —How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

*Peter.* [*Presenting his Petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

*Q. Mar.* What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

*Pet.* That my master was?<sup>10</sup> No, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

*Suf.* Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants with PETER.*]

*Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected  
Under the wings of our protector's grace,  
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.  
Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

*All.* Come, let's be gone.

*Tears the Petitioners.*

[*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

*Q. Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,  
Is this the fashion in the court of England?  
Is this the government of Britain's isle,  
And this the royalty of Albion's king?  
What! shall king Henry be a pupil 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, Poole, when in the city Tours  
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,  
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,  
I thought king Henry had resembled thee,  
In courage, courtship, and proportion;  
But all his mind is bent to holiness,  
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:  
His champions are the prophets and apostles;  
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;  
His study in his tilt-yard, and his loves  
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.  
I would, the college 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.

*Q. Mar.* Beside the haughty 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.

*Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so much,  
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife:  
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,  
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife.  
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:  
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,  
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.  
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?  
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,  
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,  
The very train of her worst wearing gown  
Was better worth than all my father's lands,  
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

*Suf.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;  
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,



That she will light to listen to the lays,  
 And never mount to trouble you again.  
 So, let her rest; and, madam, list to me,  
 For I am bold to counsel you in this.  
 Although we fancy not the cardinal,  
 Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,  
 Till we have brought duke Humphrey 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; Duke and Duchess of GLOSTER,  
 Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

*K. Hen.* For my part, noble lords, I care not which;  
 Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

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

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

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

*Car.* Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

*War.* The cardinal's not my better in the field.

*Buck.* All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

*War.* Warwick may live to be the best of all.

*Sal.* Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buckingham,  
 Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

*Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

*Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself  
 To give his censure. These are no women's matters.

*Q. Mar.* If he be old enough, what needs your grace  
 To be protector of his excellence?

*Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm,  
 And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

*Suf.* Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.  
 Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)  
 The commonwealth hath daily run to 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.

*Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags  
 Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

*Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,  
 Have cost a mass of public treasury.

*Buck.* Thy cruelty, in execution  
 Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,  
 And left thee to the mercy of the law.

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

[*Exit GLOSTER.* *The Queen drops her fan.*]



Give me my fan : what, minion ! can you not ?

[*Giving the Duchess a box on the ear.*]

I cry you mercy, madam : was it you ?

*Duch.* Was't I ? yea, I it was, proud French-woman :  
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.<sup>11</sup>

*K. Hen.* Sweet aunt, be quiet : 'twas against her will.

*Duch.* Against her will ! Good king, look to't in time ;  
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby :  
Thou in this place most master wear no breeches,  
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd,

[*Exit Duchess.*]

*Buck.* Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,  
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds :  
She's tickled now ; her fume can need no spurs,  
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

*Re-enter 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 lie 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 sovereign, York is meetest man  
To be your regent in the realm of France.

*Suf.* Before we make election, give me leave  
To show some reason, of no little force,  
That York is most unmeet of any man.

*York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.  
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, headstrong Warwick !

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

*Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.*

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

*York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor ?

*K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk ? tell me, what are these ?

*Suf.* Please it your majesty, this is the man  
That doth accuse his master of high treason.  
His words were these :—that Richard, duke of York,  
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,  
And that your majesty was an usurper.

*K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy words?

*Hor.* An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

*Pet.* By these ten bones,<sup>12</sup> my lords, [ *Holding up his hands.* ] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

*York.* Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,  
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—  
I do beseech your royal majesty,  
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

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

*K. Hen.* Unele, what shall we say to this in law?

*Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.  
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,  
Because in York this breeds suspicion;  
And let these have a day appointed them  
For single combat in convenient place,  
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.  
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.<sup>13</sup>

*Som.* I humbly thank your royal majesty.

*Hor.* And I accept the combat willingly.

*Pet.* Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaieth against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

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

*K. Hen.* Away with them to prison; and the day  
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—  
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. The Duke of GLOSTER's Garden.*

*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.*

*Hume.* Come, my masters: the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

*Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore provided.  
Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

*Hume.* Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

*Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*]  
Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

*Enter Duchess above.*

*Duch.* Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

*Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times.  
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,<sup>14</sup>  
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;

The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs<sup>15</sup> 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 perform the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle :  
BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL, reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders  
and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

*Spir.* Adsum.

*M. Jourd.* Asmath!

By the eternal God, whose name and power  
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;  
For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

*Spir.* Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said and done!

*Boling.* First, of the king: what shall of him become?

*Spir.* The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;  
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer.*

*Boling.* What fates await the duke of Suffolk?

*Spir.* By water shall he die, and take his end.

*Boling.* What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

*Spir.* Let him shun castles:

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains  
Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

*Boling.* Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:

False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.*

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards.*

*York.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.

Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—

What! madam, are you there?<sup>16</sup> the king and commonweal  
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

*Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

*Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call you this.

[*Showing her the Papers.*

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,  
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us:

Stafford, take her to thee.—

[*Exit Duchess from above.*

We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;

All.—Away!

[*Exit Guards, with SOUTH., BOLING., &c.*

*York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

[*Reads.*

“The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;  
But him outlive, and die a violent death.”

Why, this is just

*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:



“Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?—  
By water shall he die, and take his end.”—

“What shall betide the duke of Somerset?—

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,  
Than where castles mounted stand.”

Come, come, my lords;

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

The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans;

With him the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

*Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,  
To be the post in hope of his reward.

*York.* 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 the Second.

SCENE I.—Saint Albans.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing.*

*Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,  
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:  
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,  
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.<sup>17</sup>

*K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,  
And what a pitch she flew above the rest.

To see how God in all his creatures works!  
Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.

*Suf.* No marvel, an it like your majesty,  
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well:  
They know their master loves to be aloft,  
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

*Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,  
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

*Car.* I thought so much: he'd be above the clouds.

*Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal; how think you by that?  
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

*K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy!

*Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts  
Beat on a crown,<sup>18</sup> the treasure of thy heart:  
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,  
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!



*Glo.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?  
*Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?*

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;  
With such holiness can you do it.

*Suf.* No malice, sir; no more than well becomes  
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

*Glo.* As who, my lord?

*Suf.* Why, as you, my lord;  
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

*Glo.* Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

*Q. Mar.* And thy ambition, Gloster.

*K. Hen.* I pr'ythee, peace,  
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,  
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

*Car.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make  
Against this proud protector with my sword.

*Glo.* 'Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that! [*Aside to the Cardinal.*]

*Car.* Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*]

*Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter;  
In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*]

*Car.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,  
This evening on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*]

*K. Hen.* How now, my lords!

*Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloster,  
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly.  
We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword.<sup>19</sup> [*Aside to GLO.*]

*Glo.* True, uncle.

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

*Glo.* Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*]

*K. Hen.* Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

*Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—  
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown  
For this, or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*]

*Car. Medice teipsum:*  
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. [*Aside.*]

*K. Hen.* The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,<sup>20</sup> lords.  
How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?  
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter one, crying "A Miracle!"<sup>21</sup>*

*Glo.* What means this noise?  
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

*One.* A miracle! a miracle!

*Suf.* Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

*One.* Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,  
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;  
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

*K. Hen.* Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls  
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Brethren; and SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a Chair; his Wife and a great Multitude following.*

*Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,  
To present your highness with the man.

*K. Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,  
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

*Glo.* Stand by, my masters; bring him near the king:  
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

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

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

*Simp.* Born blind, an't please your grace.

*Wife.* Ay, indeed, was he.

*Suf.* What woman is this?

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

*Glo.* Hadst thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.

*K. Hen.* Where wert thou born?

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

*K. Hen.* Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:  
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,  
Or of devotion to this holy shrine?

*Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd  
A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep,  
By good Saint Alban; who said.—“Simpcox, come<sup>22</sup>;  
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.”

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

*Car.* What! art thou lame?

*Simp.* Ay, God Almighty help me!

*Suf.* How cam'st thou so?

*Simp.* A fall off of a tree.

*Wife.* A plum-tree, master.

*Glo.* How long hast thou been blind?

*Simp.* O! born so, master.

*Glo.* What! and would'st climb a tree?

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

*Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

*Glo.* 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.

*Simp.* 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 seest not well.

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

*Glo.* Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

*Simp.* Red, master; red as blood.

*Glo.* Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

*Simp.* Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

*K. Hen.* 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.

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

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

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

*Glo.* What's his name?

*Simp.* I know not.

*Glo.* Nor his?

*Simp.* No, indeed, master.

*Glo.* What's thine own name?

*Simp.* Saunder Simpeox, an if it please you, master.

*Glo.* Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave  
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,  
Thou might'st as well have known all our names, as thus  
To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly  
To nominate them all, it is impossible.—

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;  
And would ye not think that cunning to be great,  
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

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

*Glo.* My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

*May.* Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

*Glo.* Then send for one presently.

*May.* Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Glo.* Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A Stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

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

*Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.*

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

*Bead.* I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

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

[*After the Beadle has hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away; the People follow and cry, "A Miracle!"*]

*K. Hen.* O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long!

*Q. Mar.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

*Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

*Wife.* Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.

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

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*]

*Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to day.

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

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

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.



A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,  
Under the countenance and confederacy  
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,  
The ringleader and head of all this rout,  
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,  
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers :  
Whom we have apprehended in the fact ;  
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,  
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,  
And other of your highness' privy council,  
As more at large your grace shall understand.

*Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means  
Your lady is forthcoming 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.

*K. Hen.* O God ! what mischiefs work the wicked ones ;  
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

*Q. Mar.* 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 commonweal ;  
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.

*K. Hen.* 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.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

*Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

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

*Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.

*War.* Sweet York, begin ; and if thy claim be good,  
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.



*York.* Then thus :—

Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons :  
 The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales ;  
 The second, William of Hatfield ; and the third,  
 Lionel, duke of Clarence ; next to whom,  
 Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster ;  
 The fifth was Edmund 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, died before his father,  
 And left behind him Richard, his only son ;  
 Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd as king,  
 Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,  
 The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,  
 Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,  
 Seized on the realm ; depos'd the rightful king ;  
 Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,  
 And him to Pomfret ; where, as all you know,  
 Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

*War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth :  
 Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

*York.* Which now they hold by force, and not by right ;  
 For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,  
 The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

*Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

*York.* The third son, duke of Clarence, from whose line  
 I claim the crown, had issue—Philippe, a daughter,  
 Who married Edmund 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 Bolingbroke,  
 As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;  
 And but for Owen Glendower had been king,  
 Who kept him in captivity, till he died.  
 But to the rest.

*York.* His eldest sister, Anne,  
 My mother, being heir unto the crown,  
 Married Richard, earl of Cambridge ; who was son  
 To Edmond Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.  
 By her I claim the kingdom : she was heir  
 To Roger, earl of March ; who was the son  
 Of Edmund Mortimer ; who married 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 ; 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 together ;  
 And, in this private plot, be we the first,

That shall salute our rightful sovereign  
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

*Both.* Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

*York.* We thank you, lords! But I am not your king,  
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 we off: we know your mind at full.

*War.* My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick  
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

*York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,  
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick  
The greatest man in England, but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Hall of Justice.*

*Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Duchess of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.*

*K. Hen.* 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 burn'd to ashes,  
And you three shall be strangled 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.

[*To JOURD., &c.*]

*Duch.* Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

*Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:  
I cannot justify whom the law condemns—

[*Exeunt the Duchess, and the other Prisoners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.  
Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age  
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.—  
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;  
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

*K. Hen.* 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 lantern to my feet.  
And go in peace, Humphrey ; no less belov'd,  
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

*Q. Mar.* I see no reason why a king of years  
Should be to be protected like a child.—  
God and king Henry govern England's realm.  
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

*Glo.* My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff ;  
As willingly do I the same resign,  
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine :  
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,  
As others would ambitiously receive it.  
Farewell, good king : when I am dead and gone,  
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

[*Exit.*

*Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen ;  
And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,  
That bears so shrewd a maim : two pulls at once,—  
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd 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.

*York.* 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.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord ; for purposely, therefore,  
Left I the court to see this quarrel tried.

*K. Hen.* O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit :  
Here let them end it, and God defend the right !

*York.* I never saw a fellow worse bestead,  
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,  
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk ; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag<sup>23</sup> fastened to it ; a drum before him : at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff ; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.*

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

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.<sup>24</sup>

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

*Hor.* Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all ; and a fig for Peter !

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee ; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master : fight for credit of the prentices.

*Peter.* I thank you all : drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron ; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer :—and here, Tom, take all the



money that I have.—O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

*Sal.* Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—  
Sirrah, what's thy name?

*Peter.* Peter, forsooth.

*Sal.* Peter! what more?

*Peter.* Thump.

*Sal.* Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

*Hor.* Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.<sup>25</sup>

*York.* Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.<sup>26</sup>  
Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and PETER strikes down his Master.*]

*Hor.* Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [Dies.]

*York.* Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

*Peter.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.

*K. Hen.* Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:<sup>27</sup>

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—

Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning Cloaks.*<sup>28</sup>

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

*Serv.* Ten, my lord.

*Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me  
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:  
Uneath<sup>29</sup> 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, 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 Duchess of GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with verses written upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.*

*Serv.* So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.



*Glo.* No, stir not, for your lives : let her pass by.

*Duch.* Come you, my lord, to see my open shame ?  
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze :  
See, how the giddy multitude do point,  
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.  
Ah, 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.

*Duch.* Ah, Gloster ! teach me to forget myself ;  
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,  
And thou a prince, protector of this land,  
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,  
Mail'd up in shame,<sup>30</sup> 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 duchess,  
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,  
To every idle rascal follower.  
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame :  
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death  
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,  
But I in danger for the breach of law.  
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell ;  
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience :  
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

*Enter a Herald.*

*Her.* I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

*Glo.* And my consent ne'er ask'd hercin 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.

*Sher.* 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 ?

*Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

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

*Duch.* What ! gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell ?

*Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.*]

*Duch.* 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 afear'd,  
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—  
Stanley, I pry'thee, go, and take me hence ;  
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,  
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

*Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man ;  
There to be us'd according to your state.

*Duch.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach :  
And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully ?

*Stan.* Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady :  
According to that state you shall be used.

*Duch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,  
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame !

*Sher.* It is my office ; and, madam, pardon me.

*Duch.* Ay, ay, farewell : thy office is discharg'd.—  
Come, Stanley, shall we go ?

*Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,  
And go we to attire you for our journey.

*Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet :  
No ; it will hang upon my richest robes,  
And show itself, attire me how I can.  
Go, lead the way : I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Act the Third.

SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury.

*A Sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.*

*K. Hen.* I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come :  
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,  
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

*Q. Mar.* Can you not see ? or will 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 shows 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'ergrow the garden,  
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.  
The reverent care I bear unto my lord  
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.  
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear ;  
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,  
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the duke.  
My 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 duchess by his subornation,  
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices :  
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,  
 Yet, by reputed 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 duchess,  
 By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.  
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,  
 And in his simple show he harbours treason.  
 The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb :  
 No, no, my sovereign ; Gloster is a man  
 Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

*Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

*York.* And did he not, in his protectorship,  
 Levy great sums of money through the realm  
 For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it ?  
 By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

*Buck.* Tut ! these are petty faults to faults unknown,  
 Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

*K. Hen.* My lords, at once : the care you have of us,  
 To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,  
 Is worthy praise ; but shall I speak my 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.

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

*Enter SOMERSET.*

*Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign !

*K. Hen.* Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France ?

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

*K. Hen.* Cold news, lord Somerset ; but God's will be done.

*York.* Cold news for me ; [*Aside*] 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 gear 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, 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 ?

*York.* 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,  
And, being protector, stayed the soldiers' pay ;  
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

*Glo.* Is it but thought so ? What are they that think it ?  
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,  
Nor 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 dispursed 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 !

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

*Glo.* Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,  
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 laid unto your charge,  
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.  
I do arrest you in his highness' name ;  
And here commit you to my lord cardinal  
To keep, until your farther time of trial.

*K. Hen.* 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 chok'd with foul ambition,  
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ;  
Foul subornation is predominant,  
And equity exil'd your highness' land.  
I know, their complot is to have my life ;

And if my death might make this island happy,  
 And prove the period of their tyranny,  
 I would expend it with all willingness;  
 But mine is made the prologue to their play,  
 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 unburdens with his tongue  
 The envious load that lies upon his heart;  
 And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,  
 Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,  
 By false accuse doth level at my life.—  
 And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,  
 Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,  
 And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up  
 My liefest liege to be mine enemy.—  
 Ay, all of you have laid your heads together:  
 Myself had notice of your conventicles,  
 And all to make away my guiltless life.  
 I shall not want false witness 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'erthrow his state?

*Q. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.

*Glo.* Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed.  
 Beshrew the winners, for they played me false;  
 And well such losers may have leave to speak.

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

*Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

*Glo.* Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,  
 Before his legs be firm to bear his body:  
 Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
 And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.  
 Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!  
 For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear. [Exeunt Attendants with GLOSTER.]

*K. Hen.* My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,  
 Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

*Q. Mar.* What! will your highness leave the parliament?

*K. Hen.* Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown'd with grief,  
 Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;  
 My body round engirt with misery,

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 lowering 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 borne him hence:  
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,  
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,  
 And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;  
 Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,  
 With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'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.*

*Q. Mar.* Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.  
 Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,  
 Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show  
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile  
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers;  
 Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering 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 shows him worthy death.

*York.* So that, by this, you would not have him die.

*Suf.* Ah! York, no man alive so fain as I.

*York.* 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—  
 But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,  
 Say, as you think, and speak it from your souls,  
 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?

*Q. Mar.* So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

*Suf.* Madam, 'tis true: and wer't not madness, then,  
 To make the fox surveyor of the fold?



Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,  
 His guilt should be but idly posted over,  
 Because his purpose is not executed?  
 No; let him die, in that he is a fox,  
 By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,  
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,  
 As Humplrey prov'd by reasons to my liege.  
 And do not stand on quilletts how to slay him:  
 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,  
 Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,  
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit  
 Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

*Q. Mar.* Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

*Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were done,  
 For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;  
 But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—  
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,  
 And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—  
 Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

*Car.* But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,  
 Ere you can take due orders for a priest.  
 Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,  
 And I'll provide his executioner;  
 I tender so the safety of my liege.

*Suf.* Here is my hand; the deed is worthy doing.

*Q. Mar.* And so say I.

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

*Car.* A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!  
 What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

*York.* That Somerset be sent as regent thither.  
 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;  
 Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

*Som.* If York, with all his far-fet policy,  
 Had been the regent there instead of me,  
 He never would have stay'd in France so long.

*York.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.  
 I rather would have lost my life betimes,  
 Than bring a burden of dishonour home,  
 By staying there so long, till all were lost.  
 Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:  
 Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

*Q. Mar.* Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,  
 If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.—  
 No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still:—



Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,  
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

*York.* What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all.

*Som.* And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

*Car.* My lord of York, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil kernes of Ireland<sup>31</sup> 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 ?

*York.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

*Suf.* Why our authority is his consent,  
And what we do establish, he confirms :  
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

*York.* I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,  
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

*Suf.* A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.  
But now return we to the false duke 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.

*York.* My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,  
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,  
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

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

[*Exeunt all but YORK.*

*York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,  
And change misdoubt to resolution :  
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art  
Resign to death ; it is not worth the enjoying.  
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,  
And find no harbour in a royal heart.  
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,  
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.  
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,  
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.  
Well, nobles, well ; 'tis politicly 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 headstrong 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 kernes ;  
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts  
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :  
 And, in the end being reseu'd, I have seen  
 Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco,  
 Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.  
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,  
 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' mind,  
 How they affect the house and claim of York.  
 Say, he be taken, raek'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.—Bury. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter certain Murderers, hastily.*

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk ; let him know,  
 We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do !—What have we done ?  
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

*Enter SUFFOLK.*

*Suf.* Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing ?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

*Suf.* Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house  
 I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand.

Have you laid fair the bed ? are all things well,  
 According as I gave directions ?

1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.

*Suf.* Away ! be gone.

[Exit Murderers.]

*Sound trumpets.* *Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT,  
 SOMERSET, LORDS, *and others.*

*K. Hen.* Go, call our uncle to our presence straight :  
 Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,  
 If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

*Suf.* I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

[Exit.]

*K. Hen.* Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,  
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,  
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,  
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

*Q. Mar.* God forbid any malice should prevail,  
That faultless may condemn a noble man!  
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

*K. Hen.* I thank thee, Meg;<sup>32</sup> these words content me much.—

*Re-enter SUFFOLK.*

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?  
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

*Q. Mar.* Marry, God forefend!

*Car.* God's secret judgment!—I did dream to-night,  
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The King swoons.*]

*Q. Mar.* How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

*Som.* Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.

*Q. Mar.* Run, go, help, help!—O, Henry, ope thine eyes!

*Suf.* He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.

*K. Hen.* O heavenly God!

*Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious lord?

*Suf.* Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

*K. Hen.* What! doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,  
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,  
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?  
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.  
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:  
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.  
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!  
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny  
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.  
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.—  
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,  
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;  
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,  
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

*Q. Mar.* Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,  
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:  
And for myself, foe as he was to me,  
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,  
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,  
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,  
Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,  
And all to have the noble duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me?  
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;  
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:  
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,



And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.  
This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy!  
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

*K. Hen.* Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

*Q. Mar.* Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.  
What! dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?  
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.  
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?  
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.  
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?  
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:  
Erect his statue, and worship it,  
And make my image but an alchouse sign.  
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,  
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank  
Drove back again unto my native clime?  
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind  
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.  
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,  
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;  
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,  
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.  
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,  
But left that hateful office unto thee:  
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,  
Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore,  
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:  
The splitting rocks cover'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 the 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,<sup>33</sup>—  
And threw it towards thy land. The sea receiv'd it,  
And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:  
And even with this I lost fair England's view,  
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,  
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,  
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.  
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue  
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)  
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,  
When he to madding Dido would unfold  
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?  
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?  
Ah me! I can no more. Die, Margaret,  
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.



*Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY. The Commons press to the door.*

*War.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd  
By Suffolk 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.

*K. Hen.* That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;  
But how he died, God knows, not Henry.  
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
And comment then upon his sudden death.

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

[WARWICK goes into an inner room, and SALISBURY retires.]

*K. Hen.* O, thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!  
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul,  
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.  
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,  
For judgment only doth belong to thee.  
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips  
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain<sup>34</sup>  
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?

*The doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his Bed; WARWICK and others standing by it.*

*War.* Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

*K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave is made;  
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,  
For seeing him, I see my life in death.<sup>35</sup>

*War.* As surely as my soul intends to live  
With that dread King, that took our state upon him  
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,  
I do believe that violent hands were laid  
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

*Suf.* A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!  
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

*War.* See, how the blood is settled in his face.  
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,  
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,  
Being all descended to the labouring heart;  
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;  
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth  
To blush and beautify the check 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 strangled man :  
 His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling ;  
 His hands abroad display'd,<sup>36</sup> as one that grasp'd,  
 And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.  
 Look on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking ;  
 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,  
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.  
 It cannot be but he was murder'd here ;  
 The least of all these signs were probable.

*Suf.* Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death ?  
 Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection,  
 And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

*War.* But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes,  
 And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep :  
 'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend,  
 And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

*Q. Mar.* 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 unbloodied beak ?  
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

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

*Suf.* I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men ;  
 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* Cardinal, SOMERSET, and others.]

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

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

*War.* Madam, be still, with reverence may I say ;  
 For 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 deathsmen of his fee,  
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
 And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,

I would, false murderous 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 bloodsucker 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 SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

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

[*A noise within.*]

*Q. Mar.* What noise is this ?

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.*

*K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords ! your wrathful weapons drawn  
 Here in our presence ! dare you be so bold ?—  
 Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here ?

*Suf.* The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,  
 Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

*Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* Sirs, stand apart ; [*Speaking to those within.*] the king shall know your  
 mind.—

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,  
 Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,  
 Or banished fair England's territories,  
 They will by violence tear him from your palace,  
 And torture him with grievous lingering death.  
 They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died ;  
 They say, in him they fear your highness' death ;  
 And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,  
 Free from a stubborn opposite intent,  
 As being thought to contradict your liking,  
 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.

*Commons.* [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury!

*Suf.* 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,  
Could send such message to their sovereign;  
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,  
To show how quaint an orator you are:  
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,  
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,  
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

*Commons.* [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

*K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,  
I thank them for their tender loving care,  
And had I not been 'cited so by them,  
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;  
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy  
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:  
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,  
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,  
He shall not breathe infection in this air  
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

*Q. Mar.* O Henry! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

*K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.  
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,  
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.  
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,  
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable.—  
If after three days' space thou here be'st found  
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 HENRY, WARWICK, LORDS, &c.]

*Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!  
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,  
Be playfellows to keep you company!  
There's two of you; the devil make a third,  
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

*Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,  
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

*Q. Mar.* Fie, coward, woman, and soft-hearted wretch!  
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

*Suf.* A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?  
Would curses kill, as doth the 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 fix'd on end, as one distract;



Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :  
 And even now my burden'd heart would break,  
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !  
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste !  
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees !  
 Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks !  
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings !<sup>37</sup>  
 Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss,  
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full !  
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

*Q. Mar.* Enough, sweet Suffolk : thou torment'st thyself ;  
 And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,  
 Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,  
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

*Suf.* You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave ?  
 Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,  
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

*Q. Mar.* O ! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy hand,  
 That I may dew it with my mournful tears ;  
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
 To wash away my woeful monuments.  
 O ! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,  
 That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,<sup>38</sup>  
 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,  
 Loather a hundred times to part than die.  
 Yet now farewell ; and farewell life with thee.

*Suf.* Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,  
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.  
 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence :  
 A wilderness is populous enough,  
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company ;  
 For where thou art, there is the world 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 VAUX.*

*Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast ? what news, I prythee ?

*Vaux.* 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 overcharged soul:  
And I am sent to tell his majesty,  
That even now he cries aloud for him.

*Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the king.  
Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?  
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,<sup>39</sup>  
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?  
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,  
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?  
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.  
Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming:  
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

[*Exit VAUX.*]

*Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live;  
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,  
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,  
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;  
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,  
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,  
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:  
So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,  
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,  
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.  
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;  
From thee to die, were torture more than death.  
O! let me stay, befall what may befall.

*Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful corsive,<sup>40</sup>  
It is applied to a deathful wound.  
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;  
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,  
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

*Suf.* I go.

*Q. Mar.* And take my heart with thee.

*Suf.* A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask  
That ever did contain a thing of worth.  
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:  
This way fall I to death.

*Q. Mar.* This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE III.—London. Cardinal BEAUFORT'S *Bed-chamber.*

*Enter* King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others.* *The Cardinal in bed;*  
*Attendants with him.*

*K. Hen.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

*Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,<sup>41</sup>

Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

*K. Hen.* 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.  
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?  
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—  
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—  
Alive again? then show 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.

*K. Hen.* 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.

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

*War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—Kent. *The Sea-shore near Dover.*<sup>42</sup>

*Firing heard at Sea.* *Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, disguised; and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

*Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea,  
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades  
That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings  
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws  
Breathe 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, [*Pointing to SUFFOLK,*] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

*Mast.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

*Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

*Cap.* What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,  
 And bear the name and port of gentlemen?

*Whit.* Cut both the villains' throats!—for die you shall:  
 The lives of those which we have lost in fight,  
 Can they be counterpois'd with such a petty sum? <sup>43</sup>

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

*Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,  
 And, therefore, to revenge it shalt thou die;  
 And so should these, if I might have my will.

[*To SUFFOLK.*]

*Cap.* Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.

*Suf.* Look on my George: I am a gentleman.

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

*Whit.* And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.  
 How now! why start'st thou? what! doth death affright?

*Suf.* Thy name affrights me, <sup>44</sup> in whose sound is death,  
 A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that by *water* I should die;  
 Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;  
 Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

*Whit.* *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;  
 Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,  
 But with our sword we wip'd away the blot:  
 Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,  
 Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,  
 And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[*Lays hold on SUFFOLK.*]

*Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,  
 The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

*Whit.* The duke of Suffolk muffled 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 jaded groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?  
 Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule, <sup>45</sup>  
 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-fall'n;

Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.

How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,

And duly waited for my coming forth.

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.



*Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain ?

*Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

*Suf.* Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

*Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side  
Strike off his head.

*Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.

*Cap.* Yes, Poole.

*Suf.* Poole ?

*Cap.* Poole ? Sir Poole ? lord ?

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink ; whose filth and dirt  
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.  
Now, will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,  
For swallowing 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, overgorg'd  
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.  
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France :  
The false revolting Normans thorough thee  
Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy  
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,  
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.  
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,  
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,  
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,<sup>46</sup> 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.<sup>47</sup>  
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!—

*Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

*Suf.* *Penè gelidus timor occupat artus*:<sup>43</sup>—it is thee I fear.

*Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

*I Gent.* 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.  
True nobility is exempt from fear:  
More can I bear, than you dare execute.

*Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

*Suf.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,  
That this my death may never be forgot.—  
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:  
A Roman sworder and banditto slave  
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand  
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders  
Pompey the great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit SUFFOLK, 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.*

*Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,  
Until the queen, his mistress, bury it.

[*Exit.*]

*I Gent.* O, barbarous and bloody spectacle!  
His body will I bear unto the king:  
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;  
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the Body.*]

## SCENE II.—Blackheath.

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.*

*Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

*John.* They have the more need to sleep now then.

*Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

*John.* So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

*Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

*John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

*Geo.* Nay more; the king's council are no good workmen.

*John.* True; and yet it is said,—labour in thy vocation: which is as much to

say, as,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

*Geo.* Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

*John.* I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

*Geo.* He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

*John.* And Dick, the butcher.

*Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

*John.* And Smith, the weaver.

*Geo.* *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

*John.* Come, come; let's fall in with them.

*Drum.* Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and others in great number.

*Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

*Dick.* Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.<sup>49</sup> [Aside.

*Cade.* —For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

*Dick.* Silence!

*Cade.* My father was a Mortimer,—

*Dick.* He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer. [Aside.

*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

*Dick.* I knew her well; she was a midwife. [Aside.

*Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—

*Dick.* She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter,<sup>50</sup> and sold many laces. [Aside.

*Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [Aside.

*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

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

*Cade.* Valiant I am.

*Smith.* 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant. [Aside.

*Cade.* I am able to endure much.

*Dick.* No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [Aside.

*Cade.* I fear neither sword nor fire.

*Smith.* He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [Aside.

*Dick.* But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [Aside.

*Cade.* Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops;<sup>51</sup> and I will make it felony, to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)—

*All.* God save your majesty!

*Cade.* I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

*Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

*Cade.* Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the



bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there?

*Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.*

*Smith.* The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

*Cade.* O monstrous!

*Smith.* We took him setting of boys' copies.

*Cade.* Here's a villain!

*Smith.* H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

*Cade.* Nay then, he is a conjurer.

*Dick.* Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

*Cade.* I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

*Clerk.* Emmanuel.

*Dick.* They use to write it on the top of letters.<sup>52</sup>—'Twill go hard with you.

*Cade.* Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

*Clerk.* Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

*All.* He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain, and a traitor.

*Cade.* Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn<sup>53</sup> about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

*Enter MICHAEL.*

*Mich.* Where's our general?

*Cade.* Here I am, thou particular fellow.

*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

*Cade.* Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

*Mich.* No.

*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*—Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

*Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his Brother, with Drum and Forces.*

*Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,  
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down:  
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom.  
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

*W. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,  
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

*Cade.* As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:  
It is to you, good people, that I speak,  
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;  
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

*Staf.* Villain! thy father was a plasterer;  
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

*Cade.* And Adam was a gardener.<sup>54</sup>

*W. Staf.* And what of that?

*Cade.* Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,  
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

*Staf.* Ay, sir.



*Cade.* By her he had two children at one birth.

*W. Staf.* That's false.

*Cade.* Ay, there's the question ; but, I say, 'tis true.

The elder of them, being put to nurse,  
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away ;  
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,  
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.  
His son am I : deny it, if you can.

*Dick.* Nay, 'tis too true ; therefore, he shall be king.

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

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

*All.* Ay, marry, will we ; therefore, get ye gone.

*W. Staf.* Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

*Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*—Go to, sirrah : tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter<sup>55</sup> for French crowns, I am content he shall reign ; but I'll be protector over him.

*Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

*Cade.* And good reason ; for thereby is England maimed,<sup>56</sup> and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch ; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

*Staf.* O, gross and miserable ignorance !

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

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

*W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,  
Assail them with the army of the king.

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

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and Forces.*]

*Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.—

Now show yourselves men : 'tis for liberty.  
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman :  
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,  
For they are thrifty honest men, and such  
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

*Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—Another Part of Blackheath.

*Alarums.* *The two Parties enter, and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.*

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

*Dick.* Here, sir.

*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst 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.<sup>57</sup>

*Dick.* I desire no more.

*Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

*Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails, and let out the prisoners.

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

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, reading a Supplication; the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord SAY with him: at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK'S head.*

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

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

*K. Hen.* I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;  
For God forbid, so many simple souls  
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,  
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,  
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—  
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

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

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

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

*K. Hen.* How, now, madam!  
Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?  
I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,  
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

*Q. Mar.* No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

*Mess.* The rebels are in Southwark: fly, my lord!  
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,  
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.

*K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not what they do.

*Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenilworth,  
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

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

*K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,  
Therefore away with us to Kenilworth.

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

*Enter another Messenger.*

*2 Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge:<sup>58</sup> the citizens  
Fly and forsake their houses.

The rascal people, thirsting after prey,  
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,  
To spoil the city, and your royal court.

*Buck.* Then linger not, my lord: away, take horse.

*K. Hen.* Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succour us.

*Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

*K. Hen.* Farewell, my lord: [*To Lord SAY.*] trust not the Kentish rebels.

*Buck.* Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

*Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same. The Tower.*

*Enter Lord SCALES, and others, walking on the Walls. Then enter certain  
Citizens, below.*

*Scales.* How now! is Jack Cade slain?

*1 Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge,  
killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honour  
from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

*Scales.* Such aid as I can spare, you shall command,  
But I am troubled here with them myself:

The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

Bet get you to Smithfield, and gather head,

And thither I will 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 his Followers. He strikes his Staff on Loudon-stone.*

*Cade.* Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon Loudon-  
stone,<sup>59</sup> I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit<sup>60</sup> run



nothing but claret<sup>61</sup> wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

*Enter a Soldier, running.*

*Sold.* Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

*Cade.* Knock him down there.

[*They kill him.*

*Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very fair warning.

*Dick.* My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

*Cade.* Come then, let's go fight with them. But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Same. Smithfield.*

*Alarum.* *Enter, on one side, CADE and his Company; on the other, the Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.*

*Cade.* So, sirs.—Now go some and pull down the Savoy;<sup>62</sup> others to the inns of court: down with them all.

*Dick.* I have a suit unto your lordship.

*Cade.* Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

*Dick.* Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

*John.* Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [*Aside.*

*Smith.* Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

*Cade.* I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away! burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

*John.* Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

[*Aside.*

*Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in common.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens,<sup>63</sup> and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the Lord SAY.*

*Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge,<sup>64</sup> 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 used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover,



thou hast put them in prison ; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them ; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not ?

*Say.* What of that ?

*Cade.* Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

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

*Say.* You men of Kent,—

*Dick.* What say you of Kent ?

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

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

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

Kent, in the commentaries 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,  
But to maintain the king,<sup>65</sup> 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 parley'd unto foreign kings  
For your behoof,—

*Cade.* Tut ! when struck'st thou one blow in the field ?

*Say.* Great men have reaching hands : oft have I struck  
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

*Geo.* O monstrous coward ! what, to come behind folks ?

*Say.* These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

*Cade.* Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

*Say.* Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,  
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

*Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then, and the help of hatchet.<sup>66</sup>

*Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man ?

*Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

*Cade.* Nay, he nods at us ; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

*Say.* Tell me, wherein have I offended most ?  
Have I affected wealth, or honour ; speak ?  
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold ?  
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold ?  
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death ?  
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,  
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.  
O, let me live !

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

*All.* It shall be done.

*Say.* Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

*Cade.* Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord SAY.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it. Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

*Dick.* My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

*Cade.* Marry, presently.

*All.* O brave!

*Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads of Lord SAY and his Son-in-law.*

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

#### SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

*Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.*

*Cade.* Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! <sup>67</sup> kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.*

*Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee. Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

*Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you, Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths? Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon, Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty! Who hateth him, and honours not his father, Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

*All.* God save the king! God save the king!

*Cade.* What! Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? <sup>68</sup> I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces.—For me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse 'light upon you all!

*All.* We'll follow Cade: we'll follow Cade.

*Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,  
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?  
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,  
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?  
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;  
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,  
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.  
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,  
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,  
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?  
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,  
I see them lording it in London streets,  
Crying—*Viliaco!* <sup>69</sup> 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.

*Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hailes them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

*Buck.* What! is he fled? go some, and follow him;  
And he, that brings his head unto the king,  
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—  
Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean  
To reconcile you all unto the king.

[*Exeunt some of them.*

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

*Sound trumpets.* *Enter* King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the Terrace of the Castle.

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



*Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.*

*Buck.* Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

*K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpris'd?  
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a number of CADE'S Followers, with Halters about their Necks.*

*Clif.* He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,  
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,  
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

*K. Hen.* Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,  
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—  
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,  
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:  
Continue still in this so good a mind,  
And Henry, though he be infortunate,  
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:  
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,  
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

*All.* God save the king! God save the king!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Please it your grace to be advertised,  
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland,  
And with a puissant, and a mighty power  
Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,  
Is marching hitherward in proud array;  
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,  
His arms are only to remove from thee  
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

*K. Hen.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd,  
Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,  
Is straightway calm, and boarded with a pirate.  
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,  
And now is York in arms to second him.—  
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,  
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.

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

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

*K. Hen.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;  
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—Kent. IDEN'S Garden.

*Enter CADE.*

*Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to  
famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out,



for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good:<sup>70</sup> for, many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

*Enter IDEN, with Servants.*

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

*Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich,<sup>71</sup> and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

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

*Cade.* Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no 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 grass more.

*Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,  
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,  
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.  
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine;  
See if thou canst outface 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 digg'd already in the earth.  
As for words, whose greatness answers words,  
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

*Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight. CADE falls.*] O! I am slain. Famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

*Idea.* 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.

*Cade.* *Idea*, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [Dies.]

*Idea.* 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 dunghill, which shall be thy grave,  
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;  
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,  
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[Exit, dragging out the body.]

## Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*The Same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

*The King's Camp on one side: on the other, enter YORK attended, with Drum and Colours; his Forces at some distance.*

*York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,  
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:  
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,  
To entertain great England's lawful king.  
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?  
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;  
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:  
I cannot give due action to my words,  
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.  
A sceptre shall it have,—have I a soul,<sup>72</sup>—  
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?  
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

*Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

*York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.  
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

*Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,  
To know the reason of these arms in peace;  
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—  
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,  
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,  
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

*York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.  
 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 or oxen could I spend my fury.  
 I am far better born than is the king,  
 More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;  
 But I must make fair weather yet a while,  
 Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—  
 O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,  
 That I have given no answer all this while:  
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.  
 The cause why I have brought this army hither,  
 Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,  
 Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

[*Aside.*]

*Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part;  
 But if thy arms be to no other end,  
 The king hath yielded unto thy demand:  
 The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

*York.* Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

*Buck.* Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

*York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—  
 Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:  
 Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,<sup>73</sup>  
 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 his to use, so Somerset may die.

*Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission:  
 We twain will go into his highness' tent.

*Enter King HENRY, attended.*

*K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,  
 That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

*York.* In all submission and humility,  
 York doth present himself unto your highness.

*K. Hen.* Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

*York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;  
 And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,  
 Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter IDEN, with CADE'S Head.*

*Iden.* If one so rude, and of so mean condition,  
 May pass into the presence of a king,  
 Lo! I present your grace a traitor's head,  
 The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

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



*Iden.* I was, an't like your majesty.

*K. Hen.* How art thou call'd, and what is thy degree?

*Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name;

A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

*Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss,  
He were created knight for his good service.

*K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down: [*He kneels.*] rise up a knight.  
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;  
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

*Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,  
And never live but true unto his liege.

*K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen:  
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Enter Queen MARGARET and SOMERSET.*

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

*York.* How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,  
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—

False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art 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 sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,

And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more

O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

*Som.* O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.

Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace.

*York.* Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,<sup>74</sup>

If they can brook I bow a knee to man?

Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,

They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

*Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,

To say, if that the bastard boys of York

Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

*York.* O! blood-bespotted Neapolitan,

Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,

The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,

Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those

That for my surety will refuse the boys.



*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, old CLIFFORD and his Son.*

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

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

*Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

[*Kneels.*

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

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

*Clif.* This is my king, York: I do not mistake;

But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do.—

To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

*K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour  
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

*Clif.* He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,  
And chop away that factious pate of his.

*Q. Mar.* He is arrested, but will not obey:

His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

*York.* Will you not, sons?

*Edw.* Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

*Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

*Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

*York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so;

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell lurking curs:

Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

*Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.*

*Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

*Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'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.

*Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

*York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

*Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

*K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—

What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

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.

*K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

*Sal.* I have.

*K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

*Sal.* It is great sin to swear unto a sin,  
 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.  
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
 To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,  
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,  
 To 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?

*Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

*K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

*York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,  
 I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

*Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

*War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again,  
 To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

*Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,  
 Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;  
 And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,<sup>75</sup>  
 Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

*War.* Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,  
 The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,<sup>76</sup>  
 This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,  
 (As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,  
 That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm)  
 Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,  
 And tread it under foot with all contempt,  
 Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

*Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,  
 To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

*Rich.* Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,  
 For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

*Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

*Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—Saint Albans.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

*War.* Clifford of Cumberland! 'tis Warwick calls;

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,  
 Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,  
 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,  
 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?

*York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;  
 But match to match I have encounter'd him,  
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
 Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.

*York.* Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,  
 For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

*War.* Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—  
 As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,  
 It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[*Exit WARWICK.*

*Clif.* What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

*York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in love,  
 But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

*Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,  
 But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

*York.* So let it help me now against thy sword,  
 As I in justice and true right express it.

*Clif.* My soul and body on the action both!—

*York.* A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

*Clif.* *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.*<sup>77</sup>

*York.* Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.  
 Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!

[*Exit.*

*Enter young CLIFFORD.*

*Y. Clif.* Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds  
 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,  
 And the promised flames of the last day  
 Knit earth and heaven together!

[*Seeing his Father's body.*

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 achieve  
 The silver livery of advised age,  
 And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus

To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,  
 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 Absyrtus did:  
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.  
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;  
 As did Æneas old Anchises bear,  
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;  
 But then, Æneas bare a living load,  
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[*Taking up the body.*]

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting*; SOMERSET *is killed.*

*Rich.* So, lie thou there;—  
 For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,  
 The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset  
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death.  
 Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:  
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

[*Exit.*]

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter* King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, *and others,*  
*retreating.*

*Q. Mar.* Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!

*K. Hen.* Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

*Q. Mar.* What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,  
 To give the enemy way; and to secure us  
 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 stopp'd.

[*Alarum afar off.*]

*Enter young* CLIFFORD.

*Y. Clif.* But that my heart's on future mischief set,  
 I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;  
 But fly you must: uncurable discomfit  
 Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.<sup>73</sup>  
 Away, for your relief; and we will live  
 To see their day, and them our fortune give.  
 Away, my lord, away!

[*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Albans.

*Alarum : Retreat. Flourish ; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

*York.* Of Salisbury, who can report of him ?  
That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
Aged contusions and all brush of time,  
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,  
Repairs him with occasion ? this happy day  
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,  
If Salisbury be lost.

*Rich.* My noble father,  
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,  
Three times bestrid him ;<sup>79</sup> thrice I led him off,  
Persuaded him from any farther 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 ;  
By the mass, 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.

*York.* I know our safety is to follow them ;  
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,  
To call a present court of parliament :<sup>80</sup>  
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 Albans' 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 these to us befall !

[*Exeunt.*



## Notes.

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<sup>1</sup> *As procurator to your excellence.*

“This noble company came to the cite of Toures in Tourayne, where they were honorably receiued, bothe of the French kyng, and of the kyng of Sicilie. Wher the Marques of Suffolke, as procurator to kyng Henry, espoused the said Ladie in the churche of saint Martyns. At whiche mariage were present the father and mother of the bride, the Frenche kyng himself, whiche was uncle to the husbände, and the Frenche quene also, whiche was awnte to the wife. There wer also the Dukes of Orleance, of Calaber, of Alaunson, and of Britayn, vij erles, xij barons, xx bishoppes, beside knightes and gentlemen.”—*Hall's Chronicle*. The historical information in these plays seems to be principally taken from this work, which was published under the title of “The Union of the two noble and illustre famelies of Lancastre and Yorke,” fol. Lond. 1550. Steevens quotes a similar passage from Holinshed, who appears to have borrowed from Hall.

<sup>2</sup> *With you mine alder-lievest sovereign.*

*Alder-lievest* is an old English word given to him to whom the speaker is supremely attached: *lievest* being the superlative of the comparative *levar*, rather, from *lief*. So Hall, in his *Chronicle*, Henry VI. folio 12: “Ryght hyghe and mighty prince, and my ryght noble, and, after one, *levest* lord.”—*Warburton*.

*Alder-lievest* is a corruption of the German word *aler-liebste*, beloved above all things, dearest of all. The word is used by Chaucer; and is put by Marston into the mouth of his Dutch courtesan:—“O mine *alder-lievest* love.” Again:—“pretty sweetheart of mine *alder-lievest* affection.” Again, in Gascoigne:—“and to mine *alder-lievest* lord I must indite.” See Tyrwhitt's *Glossary to Chaucer*. *Leve* or *lese*, Sax. *dear*; *Alder* or *Aller*, gen. ca. pl. of *all*.—*Steevens*.

An alderliefer swaine, I weene,

In the barge there was not scene.

*The Cobbler of Canterbury*, 4to. 1590.

<sup>3</sup> *And the county of Maine.*

So the chronicles; yet when the Cardinal afterwards reads this article, he says: “It is further agreed—that the *dutchies* of Anjoy and *Maine* shall be released and delivered over,” &c. But the words in the instrument could not thus vary, whilst it was passing from the hands of the Duke to those of the Cardinal. For the inaccuracy Shakespeare must answer, the author of the original play not having been guilty of it. This kind of inaccuracy is, I believe, peculiar to our poet; for I have never met with any thing similar in any other writer. He has again fallen into the same impropriety in *All's Well That Ends Well*.—*Malone*.

<sup>4</sup> *And, brother York.*

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, married Cicely, the daughter of Ralf Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, dame Catharine Swinford. Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, was son to the earl of Westmoreland by a second wife. He married Alice, the only daughter of Thomas Montacute,

Earl of Salisbury, who was killed at the siege of Orleans (See this play, Part I. Act I. Sc. III.); and in consequence of that alliance obtained the title of Salisbury in 1428. His eldest son Richard, having married the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, was created earl of Warwick in 1449.—*Malone*.

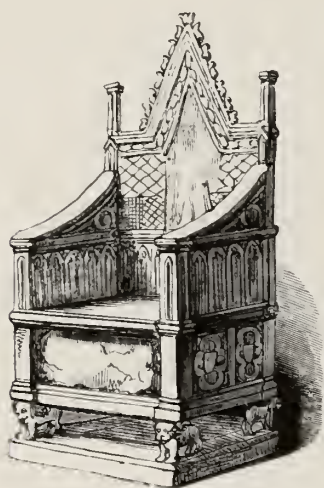
Malone's genealogical note is not so germane to the matter as it might be, and contains moreover one, if not more, erroneous statement. They were *brothers* by the Duke of York having married Cecily Neville, the sister of the earl of Salisbury, both being children of Ralph the first Neville Earl of Westmoreland by Joan his second Countess, daughter of John of Gaunt by Katharine Swinford, and sister, of course, to Cardinal Beaufort. It would seem by Malone's note that the Earl of Salisbury was son of the Earl of Westmoreland by some other wife.—*Hunter*.

<sup>5</sup> *Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.*

According to the fable, Meleager's life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should last. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in great torments.—*Malone*.

<sup>6</sup> *And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd.*

The following note on this chair was communicated by Mr. Fairholt,—“The coronation chair still preserved in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, is one of the most remarkable antiquities we possess. It was made by order of Edward I. to place below its seat the celebrated Inauguration stone upon which the Scottish kings were seated at their coronation in the Abbey of Scone, and which he took from thence with the rest of the Royal Insignia, after he had defeated Baliol, at Dunbar, in April, 1296. In his Wardrobe accounts, 1300, is a payment to Master Walter the Painter, ‘for making one step at the foot of the new chair with the stone from Scotland’, and for gold and colour used in decorating the same. The chair is of the prevalent form of state chairs as seen upon the Great Seals of the fourteenth century; and the general design has all the architectural peculiarities of the era. It was enriched with painting and gilding executed on a thick white ground, and had in the centre of the back a Regal figure, and a variety of birds, foliage, and diapered ornament; portions of these decorations may yet be distinguished, although so much mischief has been done to its surface, by nailing cloth of gold, &c., upon it when used for the coronations of our Sovereigns; and by the laxity of the Abbey authorities, who permitted names and initials of visitors to be cut upon it. The stone beneath the seat is a relic of a much earlier time; long regarded as a Scottish palladium, as it was superstitiously believed that the kingdom could not be vanquished while that remained in it. Its fabulous history is wild and wondrous. It was believed to be the stone upon which Jacob's head rested when he saw his vision, that it was brought from Egypt into Scotland 330 years before



Christ, ‘by the descendant of a certain king of Spain, of the Scottish race called Milo.’ The old Chroniclers all allude to its great antiquity and the superstition connected therewith. It is remarkable that the stone presents all the peculiarities of Egyptian Syenite. It is a relic of a very curious nature, unique of its kind; the chair is also a singular medieval work. Their preservation through so long a period of time, gives additional interest to a regal relic upon which all our Sovereigns have been crowned since the era of its fabrication, with the single exception of Queen Mary I.”

<sup>7</sup> *With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch.*

It appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. x. p. 505, that in the tenth year of King Henry the Sixth, Margery Jourdemayn, John Virley clerk, and friar John Ashwell, were, on the ninth of May, 1433, brought from Windsor by the constable of the castle, to which they had been committed for sorcery, before the council at Westminster, and afterwards, by an order of council, delivered into the custody of the Lord Chancellor. The same day it was ordered



by the lords of council that whenever the said Virley and Ashwell should find security for their good behaviour they should be set at liberty, and in like manner that Jourdemayn should be discharged on her husband's finding security. This woman was afterwards burned in Smithfield, as stated in the play and also in the chronicles.—*Douce*.

<sup>8</sup> *A crafty knave does need no broker.*

This is a proverbial sentence. See Ray's Collection.—*Steevens*. It is found also in A Knacke to Knowe a Knave, 1594 :—

—Some will say  
A crafty knave needs no broker,  
But here is a craftie knave and a broker to.—*Boswell*.

Item.—He holds it unnecessary that a horse-courser and a broker should dwell neere together: why so, sir? why sir, because the proverb sayes, that a crafty knave needes no broker.—*Harry White's Humour*, n. d.

<sup>9</sup> *Deliver our supplications in the quill.*

In the quill, that is, all together. Peter tells his companions to keep together, so that when the lord protector comes, their supplications may all be delivered at once. This cant expression occurs in a ballad in the Roxburghe collection, ii. 137,—

Thus those females were all in a quill,  
And following on their pastime still.

<sup>10</sup> *That my master was.*

The old copy—that my *mistress* was? The present emendation was supplied by Tyrwhitt, and has the concurrence of M. Mason.—*Steevens*.

The folio reads—That my *mistress* was; which has been followed in all subsequent editions. But the context shows clearly that it was a misprint for *master*. Peter supposes that the Queen had asked, whether the duke of York had said that his *master* (for so he understands the pronoun *he* in her speech) was rightful heir to the crown. "That my *master* was heir to the crown! (he replies.) No, the reverse is the case. My master said, that the duke of York was heir to the crown." In the Taming of the Shrew, *mistress* and *master* are frequently confounded. The mistake arose from these words being formerly abbreviated in MSS.; and an M. stood for either one or the other.—*Malone*.

<sup>11</sup> *I'd set my ten commandments in your face.*

That is, my ten nails, a curious cant expression, the origin of which is obscure. So, in the Play of the Four P's, 1569 :—

Now ten times I beseech him that he sits,  
Thy wives x *com.* may serche thy five wits.

Again, in Selimus Emperor of the Turks, 1594 :—"I would set a tap abroach, and not live in fear of my wife's *ten commandments*." Again, in Westward Hoe, 1607 :—"your harpy has *set his ten commandments* on my back."—*Steevens*.

<sup>12</sup> *By these ten bones.*

We have just heard a Duchess threaten to *set her ten commandments* in the face of a Queen. The jests in this play turn rather too much on the enumeration of fingers. This adjuration is, however, very ancient. So, in the mystery of Candlemas-Day, 1512 :—

But by their *bonys ten*, thei be to you untrue.

Again, in the Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou art, 1570 :—

By these *tenne bones* I will, I have sworne.

It occurs likewise more than once in the Morality of Hycke Scorne. Again, in Monsieur Thomas, 1637 :—"By these *ten bones*, sir, by these eyes and tears."—*Steevens*.

<sup>13</sup> *And this duke Humphrey's doom.*

Here two lines from the old play are introduced by Theobald, but unnecessarily. He says that, "without them, the king has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion;" but the same may be said of the armourer's reply, which is introduced immediately afterwards from an earlier part of the old play. Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight reject Theobald's addition.

Indeed, as Mr. Knight justly observes, "the scene as it stands is an exhibition of the almost kingly authority of Gloster immediately before his fall." Something, however, may be wanting, unless we suppose that Henry is treated even with less deference than usual. Malone supposes that Henry's assent might be expressed by a nod. See Collier's Shakespeare, vol. v. p. 129.

<sup>14</sup> *The silent of the night.*

*Silent*, though an adjective, is used by Shakespeare as a substantive. So, in the *Tempest*, the *vast* of night is used for the greatest part of it. The old quarto reads, "the silence of the night." The variation between the copies is worth notice. In a speech already quoted from the quarto, Elcanor says, they have—"cast their spells in *silence of the night*." And in the ancient Interlude of Nature, is the same expression:—

Who taught the nyghtyngall to recorde besyly  
Her strange entunes in *syllence of the nyght*?

Again, in the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher:—

Through still *silence of the night*,  
Guided by the glow-worm's light.—*Steevens*.

Steevens's explanation of this passage is evidently right; and Warburton's observations on it, though long, learned, and laborious, are nothing to the purpose. Bolingbroke does not talk of the silence of the *moon*, but of the silence of the *night*; nor is he describing the time of the month, but the hour of the night.—*M. Mason*.

<sup>15</sup> *And ban-dogs howl.*

*Of the mastive or Bandogge called in Latine Villaticus or Cathenarius.*—This kind of dog called a mastive or Bandog is vaste, hnge, stubborne, ougly, and eager, of a hevy and bourthenous body, and therefore but litle swiftnesse, terrible, and frightfull to behold, and more fierce and fell then any Arcadian cur (notwithstanding they are said to have their generation of the violent lion.) They are called *Villatici*, because they are appointed to watch and keepe farne places and countrey cotages sequestred from common recourse, and not abutting upon other houses by reason of distance, when there is any feare conceived of theeus, robbers, spoylers, and nightwanderers. They are serviceable, against the foxe and badger, to drive wilde and tame swine out of medowes, pastures, glebelands and places planted with fruite, to baite and take the bull by the eare, when occasion so requireth. One dog or two at the uttermost, sufficient for that purpose be the bull neuer so monstrous, never so fierce, never so furious, nener so stearne, nener so vntameable. For it is a kind of Dog capeable of conrage, violent and valiant, striking cold feare into the hearts of men, but standing in feare of no man, insomuch that no weapons wil make him shrink, nor abridge his boldnesse. Our English men (to the intent that their dogs might be more fell and fierce) assist nature with Arte, vse, and custome, for they teach their Dogs to bayte the Beare, to baite the Bull and other such like cruell and bloody Beastes (appointing an onerseer of the game) without any Collar to defende their throates, and oftentimes they traîne them vp in fighting and wrestling with any man haning for the safegarde of his life, either a Pikestaffe, a Clubbe, or a sword, and by vsing them to such exercises as these, their Dogs become more sturdy and strong. The force which is in them surmonnteth all beleefe, the fast hold which they take with their teeth exceedeth all credit, three of them against a Beare, foure against a Lyon are sufficient, both to try masteries with them and vtterly to ouermatch them.—*Topsell*.

<sup>16</sup> *What, madam, are you there?*

The following account by Hall of the detection of the Duchess of Gloucester is nearer the description given in the text than that related by any other chronicler: "Thys yere, dame Elyanour Cobham, wyfe to the sayd duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery and enchauntment, entended to destroy the kyng, to thentent to aduaunce and promote her husbände to the crowne: upon this she was examined in saint Stephens chappell, before the Bishop of Canterbury, and there by examinaeion convict and judged, to do open penance, in iii open places within the cite of London, and after that adiudged to perpetuall prisone in the Isle of Man, under the keyng of sir Ihon Stanley, knight. At the same season wer arrested as ayders and counsaylers to the sayde Duchesse, Thomas Southwell, prieste and chanon of sainte Stephens in Westmynster, Jhon Hum preest, Roger Bolyngbroke, a conyng nyromancier, and Margerie Jourdayne, surnamed the witche of Eye, to



whose charge it was layed, that thei, at the request of the duchesse, had devised an image of waxe presenting the kyng, whiche by their sorcery, a litle and litle consumed, entending therby in conclusion to waist and destroy the kynges person, and so to bryng hyn to death; for the which treason, they wer adjudged to dye, and so Margery Jordayne was brent in Smithfelde, and Roger Bolingbroke was drawen and quartered at Tiborne, tayking upon his death, that there was never no suche thyng by them ymagened; Jhon Hum had his pardon, and Southwell dyed in the toure before execucion." Southwell is introduced by the author of the amended play, so it is probable that he may have referred again to this chronicle as well as to the original drama. Grafton (p. 587) gives us the same information as Hall. See also Higden's Polychronicon, translated by Trevisa, lib. ult. cap. 27. With respect to the "image of waxe," it is observed by King James I., in his Dæmonology, that "the devil teacheth how to make pictures of wax or clay, that, by roasting thereof, the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted, or dried away by continual sickness."—See Dr. Grey's Notes upon Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 18.

<sup>17</sup> *And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.*

I am told by a gentleman, better acquainted with falconry than myself, that the meaning, however expressed, is, that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather.—*Johnson*.

The wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game.—*Percy*.

<sup>18</sup> *Beat on a crown.*

An image taken from falconry. A hawk was said to *beat* when it fluttered with his wings. A similar phrase, without the comparison, occurs in Lyly's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600, as quoted by Steevens:—

With him whose restless thoughts do beat on thee.

The words, "bate" and "abate," as applied to this diversion, are more particularly explained in the *Booke of Hawking*, MS. Harl. 2340. In the *Tempest*, act i. sc. 2, Miranda uses a somewhat similar expression, and Prospero also in act v., sc. 1.

<sup>19</sup> *Come with thy two-hand sword.*

"This unwieldy weapon," says Mr. Fairholt, "came into use in the Burgundian army about the middle of the fifteenth century, and continued longest among the Swiss soldiery. De Grassi says that the soldier always struck his edge blows downwards, 'fetching a full circle with exceeding great swiftness, staying himself upon one foot.' By the middle of the seventeenth century they were totally out of use. They were generally borne by picked men, of large size, who fought in advance of infantry. The cut is copied from a German engraving dated 1610."

The 'two-hand sword' is mentioned by Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 833: "—And he that touched the tawnie shield, should cast a spear on foot with a target on his arme, and after to fight with a *two-hand sword*."—*Steevens*.

In the original play the Cardinal desires Gloster to bring 'his sword and buckler.' The 'two-hand sword' was sometimes called the *long sword*, and in common use before the introduction of the rapier. Justice Shallow, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, boasts of the exploits he had performed in his youth with this instrument.—*Malone*.



<sup>20</sup> *The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.*

This line Shakespeare hath injudiciously adopted from the old play, changing only the word *color* (choler) to *stomachs*. In the old play the altercation appears not to be concealed from Henry. Here Shakespeare certainly intended that it should pass between the Cardinal

and Gloster *aside*; and yet he has inadvertently adopted a line, and added others, that imply that Henry has heard the appointment they have made.—*Malone*.

<sup>21</sup> *A miracle!*

This scene is founded on the following story, related by Sir Thomas More, and which he says was communicated to him by his father: "I remember me that I have hard my father tell of a begger that, in Kyng Henry his daies the sixt, cam with his wife to saint Albonis. And there was walking about the towne begging a five or six dayes before the kinges commynge thither, saicnge that he was borne blinde, and never sawe in hys lyfe. And was warned in hys dreame that he shoulde come out of Berwyke, where he said he had ever dwelled, to seke saynt Albon, and that he had ben at his shryne, and had not bene holpen. And therefore he would go seke hym at some other place, for he had hard some say sins he came, that saint Albonys body shold be at Colon, and indede such a contencion hath ther ben. But of troth, as I am surely informed, he lieth here at Saint Albonis, saving some reliques of him, which thei there shew shrined. But to tell you forth, whan the kyng was comen, and the towne full, sodainlye thys blind man at Saint Albonis shrine had his sight agayne, and a myracle solemply rongen, and *te Deum* songen, so that nothyng was talked of in al the towne but this myracle. So happened it than that Duke Humfry of Glocester, a great wyse man and very wel lerned, having great joy to se such a myracle, called the pore man unto hym. And first shewing himselfe joyouse of Goddes glory so shewed in the gettinge of his sight, and exortinge hym to mekenes, and to none ascribing of any part the worship to himself, nor to be proude of the peoples prayse, which would call hym a good and a godly man thereby. At last he loked well upon his eyen, and asked whyther he could never se nothing at al in al his life before. And whan as well his wyfe as himself affermed falsely no, than he loked advisedly upon his eien again, and said, I beleve you very wel, for me thinketh that ye cannot se well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he, I thanke God and his holy marter, I can se nowe as well as any man. Ye can, quoth the duke; what colour is my gowne? Than anone the begger tolde him. What coloure, quoth he, is this mans gowne? He told him also, and so forth, without any sticking, he told him the names of al the colours that coulde bee shewed him. And whan my lord saw that, he bad him walke faytoure, and made him be set openly in the stockes. For though he could have sene soudenly by miracle, the dyfference betwene divers colours, yet coulde he not by the syght so sodenly tell the names of all these colours, but if he had knowen them before, no more than the names of al the men that he should sodenly se."—*The Workes of Sir Thomas More*, 1557, p. 134. The similarity between the last part of this account, and that in our text, will be immediately perceived. The following account is given in *Grafton's Chronicle*, p. 597-8: "In the time of King Henry VI., as he rode in progress, there came to the towne of Saint Albons a certain beggar with his wyfe, and there was walking about the town, begging five or six days before the king's coming, saying that he was borne blind, and never saw in all his life; and was warned in his dream that he should come out of Berwicke, where, he said, that he had ever dwelled, to seke Saint Albon. When the king was come, and the town full of people, sodainly this blind man at Saint Albon's shryne had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, and *Te Deum* songen; so that nothing was talked of in all the towne but this miracle. So happened it then, that Duke Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than also well learned, called the pore man up to him, and looked well upon his cyen, and asked whether he could never see anything at all in all his life before? and when, as well his wife as himselfe, affirmed fastly, 'No,' than he looked advisedly upon his eyen again, and sayde, I believe you may well, for methinketh that ye cannot see well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he; I thank God and his holy martir, I can see now as well as any man. Ye can, quod the duke, what colour is this gowne? Then anone the beggar told him. What colour, quod he, is this man's gowne? He told him also, without staying or stumbling, and told the names of all the colours that could be shewed him. And when the Duke saw that, he made him be set openly in the stocks." So much for the plagiarisms of the sixteenth century!

<sup>22</sup> *Simpcox, come.*

The "Contention" gives no names, but calls this impostor "Poor Man" in the prefixes: the folio has *Simpc.* before what he says, and his real name was Saunder or Alexander Simeox. Here, however, in the folio he speaks of himself as *Simon*, "Simon, come;" which



was probably a mere misprint for "Simcox." *Simon* was the reading till the time of Theobald.—*Collier*.

<sup>23</sup> *With a sand-bag fastened to it.*

As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand. To this custom Hudibras has alluded in these humorous lines:—

Engag'd with money-bags, as bold  
As men with *sand-bags* did of old.—*Warburton*.

Sympson, in his notes on Ben Jonson, observes, that a passage in St. Chrysostom very clearly proves the great antiquity of this practice.—*Steevens*.

<sup>24</sup> *Here's a cup of charneco.*

A sweet wine; so called from Charneco, a village near Lisbon, where it is made. Allusions to it are common in writers of the period. In the Discovery of a London Monster called the Black Dog of Newgate, 1612, we have the following mention of it amongst several other wines: "Room for a customer, quoth I. So in I went, where I found English, Scottish, Welch, Irish, Dutch, and French, in several rooms: some drinking the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux; there wanted neither sherry, sack, nor charnoco, maligo, nor peeter secmine, amber-colour'd candy, nor liquorish Ipocras, brown belov'd bastard, fat aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor that might draw their wits into a circle to see the devil by imagination."

Well, happy is the man doth rightly know  
The vertne of three cups of *Charnico*.

*Rowlands' Humors Ordinarie*, n. d.

<sup>25</sup> *Have at thee with a downright blow.*

After these words modern editors have introduced "as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart," from the quarto of the First Part of the Contention. But there are many passages much more important, sometimes to the extent of ten or twelve lines, omitted in the folio, which we should be without excuse for leaving out in our text, if we did not exclude this needless reference to the old romance. The presumption of course is, that Shakespeare himself rejected it.—*Collier*.

The giant Ascapart is thus described in the old English metrical romance of Bevis of Southampton,—

They had not ridden but a while,  
Not the mountenance of a mile,  
But they met with a giaunt,  
With a full sory semblant.  
He was both mighty and strong;  
He was full thirtie foot long:  
He was bristeled like a sow,  
A foot there was betweene each brow.  
His lips wer great, they hanged aside,  
His eies were hollow, his mouth wide.  
He was lothly to looke on;  
He was lyker a devill then a man.  
His staffe was a yong oake,  
He would give a great stroke.  
Bevis wondrod, I you plight,  
And asked him what he hight;  
My name, sayd he, is Ascapart,  
Sir Grassy sent me hetherward.

An account of the combat between Sir Bevis and this giant follows the above, but I cannot find any allusion to the particular method of striking mentioned in the text. I quote from an undated black-letter edition, "imprinted at London by Thomas East, dwelling in Aldersgate streete, at the signe of the black horse." According to Steevens, the figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton; and there certainly is there some uncouth-looking sculpture that may perhaps have its subject so interpreted.

<sup>26</sup> *This knave's tongue begins to double.*

So, in Holinshed, whose narrative Shakespeare has deserted, by making the armourer confess treason:—"In the same yeare also, a certeine armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his owne. For prooffe whereof a daie was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slaine; but yct by misgoverning of himselfe. For on the morrow, when he should have come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went; and so was slain without guilt: as for the false servant, he lived not long."

<sup>27</sup> *For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt.*

According to the ancient usage of the duel, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. We have a remarkable instance of this in an account of the Duellum inter Dominum Johannem Hannesly, Militem, et Robertum Katlenton, Armigerum, in quo Robertus fuit occisus. From whence, says the historian, "magna fuit evidentia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur." A. Murimuth, ad. an. 1380, p. 149.—*Bowle.*



<sup>28</sup> *Enter Gloster and Servants in mourning cloaks.*

"The illustrative figure here engraved," observes Mr. Fairholt, "is copied from one of the small statues of mourners on the base of the tomb of Sir Roger de Kerdiston, Repham Church, Norfolk. They are all attired in the ordinary dress of the day (Sir Roger died 1337), but have black cloaks over it. This figure wears a green surcoat and grey hose, a scarlet girdle and baselard. The mourning cloak is hooded, and has a row of buttons to close it over the dress in front."

<sup>29</sup> *Unneath.*

That is, scarcely. From the Anglo-Saxon.

How schulde thenne a dro[n]ken mon  
Do that the sobere *unnethe* con.—*MS. Cott. Claud. A. ii. f. 135.*

Alle the processe in that day,  
That alle this world speke of may,  
Shal than so shortly ben y-do,  
A moment shal *unnethe* therto.—*MS. Addit. 11305, f. 91.*

<sup>30</sup> *Mail'd up in shame.*

Drayton makes the speaker of the above lines use the same expression in an Epistle to her husband;—

How could it be, those that were wont to stand  
To see my pompe, so goddesse-like to land,  
Should after see me *may'ld up* in a sheet,  
Doe shamefull penance three times in the street?  
*Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey,—England's Her. Epist. ed. fol. p. 174.*

In the passage of our text "shame" certainly alludes to the sheet of penance; and therefore the expression "*mail'd up*" would seem to mean 'wrapped up as a hawk is in a cloth': "*Mail a hawk* is to wrap her up in a handkerchief or other cloath, that she may not be able to stir her wings or struggle." R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1658. b. ii. p. 239. (A hawk was sometimes *mailed* by pinioning her with a girth or band: see Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, act v. sc. 4.) I must allow, however, that "*mail'd up in*" are words applied to armour;—"have I stood *mail'd up in* steel, when my tough sinews shrunk," &c.—*Beaumont and Fletcher's Captain*, act ii. sc. i.—*Dyce.*

<sup>31</sup> *The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms.*

The *kerne* of Ireland are next in request, the very drosse and scum of the countrey, a generation of villaines not worthy to live: these be they that live by robbing and spoiling the poore countreyman, that maketh him many times to buy bread to give unto them, though he want for himselfe and his poore children. These are they that are ready to run out with everie rebell, and these are the verie hags of hell, fit for nothing but for the gallows.—*Rich's New Description of Ireland*, 1610.

<sup>32</sup> *I thank thee, Meg.*

In the folio, 1623, where this line is first found, it is printed, "I thank thee, *Nell*," &c., which certainly suits the metre, but not the person, the queen's name being Margaret. It seems most likely that *Nell* was misprinted for *Meg.*, the abbreviation of Margaret; but at the same time it is to be observed that, in the queen's speech in this scene, *Eleanor* is thrice put for Margaret, the same error having run through it by the carelessness of the transcriber; but in those places *Eleanor* suits the line as well as *Margaret*. Theobald would read, "I thank thee *well*," for "I thank thee, *Nell*;" but it is so obvious a mistake, that we have had little hesitation in substituting *Meg* for *Margaret*, the insertion of the name at length spoiling the verse.—*Collier*.

<sup>33</sup> *A heart it was, bound in with diamonds.*

The following note is by Mr. Fairholt,—“Jewels in the form of a heart, worn either as *gages d'amour*, or memorials of friends, were more common in Shakespeare's own era, than in that of Henry 6th. The engraving represents such a jewel in the possession of Lady Londesborough; and is formed from a large piece of amber in high relief, bound with gold, and looped to attach to a chain. It is cut behind, to admit a portrait of the Emperor Rudolph II. of Germany, who reigned from 1576 to 1612. This portrait is seen through the amber, and bears the name in gold letters behind it.”

<sup>34</sup> *And to drain.*

This is one of our poet's harsh expressions. As when a thing is *drain'd*, drops of water issue from it, he licentiously uses the word here in the sense of *dropping*, or *distilling*.—*Malone*.

<sup>35</sup> *For seeing him, I see my life in death.*

Though, by a violent operation, some sense may be extracted from this reading, yet I think it will be better to change it thus:—"For seeing him, I see my *death* in life." That is, Seeing him I live to see my own destruction. Thus it will aptly correspond with the first line:—

Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

*K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave is made.—*Johnson*.

Surely the poet's meaning is obvious as the words now stand.—“I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.”—*Percy*.

I think the meaning is, I see my life in the arms of death; I see my *life expiring*, or rather *expired*. The conceit is much in our author's manner. So, in Macbeth:—"the *death* of each day's *life*." Our poet in King Richard II. has a similar play of words, though the sentiment is reversed:—

—even through the hollow eyes of death  
I spy life peering.—*Malone*.

<sup>36</sup> *His hands abroad display'd.*

That is, the fingers being widely distended. So *adown*, for *down*; *awearry*, for *wearry*, &c. See Peacham's Complete Gentleman, 1627: "Herein was the Emperor Domitian so cunning, that let a boy at a good distance off hold up his hand and stretch his fingers *abroad*, he would shoot through the spaces, without touching the boy's hand, or any finger."—*Malone*.



<sup>37</sup> *Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings.*

Concerning the venome or poyson of lizards, I have not much to say, because there is not much thereof written: yet they are to be reproved which deny they have any poyson at all, for it is manifest, that the flesh of lizards eaten, (I meane of such lizards as are in Italy,) do cause an inflamation and apostemation, the heate of the head-ach, and blindnesse of the eyes. And the egges of lizards doe kill speedily, except there come a remedy from falkens dung and pure wine. Also when the lizard byteth, he leaveth his teeth in the place, which continually aketh, untill the teeth bee taken out: the cure of which wound is first to suck the place, then to put into it cold water, and afterward to make a plaister of oyle and ashes, and apply the same thereunto.—*Topsell's Historie of Serpents*, 1608.

<sup>38</sup> *That thou might'st think upon these by the seal.*

That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee.—*Johnson*.

See the song introduced in *Measure for Measure*:—

But my *kisses* bring again,  
Seals of love, but scald in vain.

Of this image our author appears to have been fond, having introduced it in several places. There is no trace of it in the old play.—*Malone*.

<sup>39</sup> *But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss.*

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

I believe the poet's meaning is, 'Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time, who, being an old man, could not have had a long time to live?'—*Steevens*.

This certainly may be the meaning; yet I rather incline to think that the Queen intends to say, "Why do I lament a circumstance, the impression of which will pass away in the short period of an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?"—*Malone*.

<sup>40</sup> *Though parting be a fretful corsive.*

The word *corrosive* was generally, in our author's time, written, and, I suppose, pronounced *corsive*; and the metre shows that it ought to be so printed here. So, in the Spanish Tragedy, 1605:—"His son distrest, a *corsive* to his heart." Again, in the Alchymist, by Ben Jonson, 1610:—

Now do you see that something's to be done  
Beside your beech-coal and your *corsive* waters.

Again, in an Ode by the same:—

I send not balms nor *corsives* to your wound.—*Malone*.

Thus also, in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 600: "a *corsive* to all content, a frenzie," &c.—*Steevens*.

I think you have read the policy of Richard the Third, who to give his wife a preparative to her death, gave out first she was dead, hoping that this *corsive*, cordial I would have said, might break her heart, as it did indeed.—*Harrington's Apology*, 1596.

<sup>41</sup> *If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure.*

The following passage in Hall's Chronicle, Henry VI. fol. 70, b, suggested the corresponding lines to the author of the old play: "During these doynge, Henry Beauford, byshop of Winchester, and called the riche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde.—This man was haut in stomach and hygh in countenance, ryche above measure of all men, and to fewe liberal; disdaynful to his kynne, and dreadful to his lovers. His covetous insaciabie and hope of long lyfe made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hymselfe, in his latter dayes; for Doctor John Baker, his pryvie counsailler and his chapellayn, wrote that lying on his death-bed, he said these words: 'Why should I dye, having so muche riches? If the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye, will not death be hyred, nor will money do nothyng? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought my selfe halfe up the whcle, but when I sawe myne other nephew of



Gloucester diseased, then I thought my selfe able to be equal with kinges, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worne a trypple crowne. But I se nowe the worlde fayleth me, and so I am deceyved; praying you all to pray for me.”—*Malone*.

<sup>42</sup> *The sea-shore near Dover.*

The circumstance on which this scene is founded is thus related by Hall in his Chronicle:—“But fortune would not that this flagitious person [the Duke of Suffolk, who being impeached by the Commons was banished from England for five years,] shoulde so escape; for when he shipped in Suffolk, entendinge to be transported into France, he was encountered with a shippe of warre apperteinyng to the Duke of Excester, the Constable of the Towre of London, called the Nicholas of the Towre. The capitaine of the same bark with small fight entered into the duke’s shyppe, and perceyving his person present, brought him to Dover Rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke-bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the head upon the sandes of Dover; which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfielde college in Suffolke, and there buried.”—*Malone*.

See the Paston Letters, published by Sir John Fenn, second edit. vol. i. p. 38, in which this event is more circumstantially related.—*Steevens*.

<sup>43</sup> *Be counterpois’d with such a petty sum.*

Here Mr. Knight puts a note of interrogation, which makes sense, but with a mode of construction so awkward that it may well be doubted if this method of getting over the difficulty be the correct one. Mr. Dyce considers that something has been accidentally omitted, an opinion that will be shared by any attentive reader of the speech. The assignment of these lines to Whitmore is not supported by authority, and the words, *can they*, are inserted. The sentiment conveyed by them is inconsistent with the Captain’s next observation.

<sup>44</sup> *Thy name affrights me.*

But he had heard his name before, without being startled by it. In the old play, as soon as ever the captain has consigned him to “*Walter Whickmore*,” Suffolk *immediately* exclaims, *Walter*; Whickmore asks him, why he fears him, and Suffolk replies, “It is thy name affrights me.” Our author has here, as in some other places, fallen into an impropriety, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original.—*Malone*.—So, in Queen Margaret’s letter to this Duke of Suffolk, by Michael Drayton:—

I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass,  
Never the sea yet half so dangerous was,  
And one foretold, by *water* thou should’st die, &c.

A note on these lines says, “The witch of Eye received answer from her spirit, that the Duke of Suffolk should take heed of *water*.” See the fourth scene of the first act of this play.—*Steevens*.

This prophecy, and its accomplishment, are differently stated by a contemporary in the Paston Letters, vol. i. p. 40. The vessel there is said to have been called Nicholas of the Tower. “Also he asked the name of the shippe, and whanne he knew it he remembered Stacy that said if he might eschape the daunger of the Towr he should be saffe, and thanne his herte faylyd him,” &c.—*Boswell*.

<sup>45</sup> *Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule.*

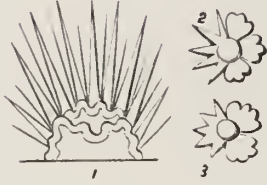
“The engraving,” observes Mr. Fairholt, “is a copy of an illumination of the fifteenth century in the Imperial Library at Paris, and is a good contemporary illustration of the passage. The foot-man with his staff runs bare-headed beside his master; the latter is taking off his bonnet to salute a friend. The foot-cloth covers the saddle, and hangs nearly to the ground on either side; it is in this instance bordered and fringed; with royal and noble personages it was decorated with their arms and badges.”



<sup>46</sup> *Advance our half-fac’d sun.*

The following note is by Mr. Fairholt,—“The line seems an allusion to a badge adopted

by the house of York, and first used by Richard II. as shewn in Fig. 1, which represents the sun behind a cloud, but emitting powerful rays as if about to emerge in splendour. Edward the Fourth used a somewhat similar device, but in his badge the face of the sun is covered with the white rose of his party. A "half-faced sun" appears however upon his coinage as a mint-mark, and is combined with a half-rose, as in Fig. 2. His brother Richard the third continued the same badge slightly varied upon his coinage as in Fig. 3."



<sup>47</sup> *Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.*

Theobald says, "This wight I have not been able to trace, or discover from what legend our author derived his acquaintance with him." And yet he is to be met with in Tully's Offices; and the legend is the famous Theopompus's History: "Bargulus, Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit." lib. ii. cap. xi.—*Warburton.*

Dr. Farmer observes that Shakspeare might have met with this pirate in two translations. Robert Whynton, 1533, calls him "Bargulus, a pirate upon the sea of Illiry;" and Nicholas Grimoald, about twenty-three years afterwards, "Bargulus, the Illyrian robber." Bargulus does not make his appearance in the quarto; but we have another hero in his room. The Captain, says Suffolk:—

Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,  
The great Maccdonian pirate.

I know nothing more of this *Abradas*, than that he is mentioned by Greene in his *Penelope's Web*, 1601:—"Abradas the great Macedonian pirat thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean."—*Steevens.*

<sup>48</sup> *Pene gelidus, &c.*

The folio, where alone this line is found, reads—*Pine*, &c., a corruption, I suppose, of (*pene*) the word that I have substituted in its place. I know not what other word could have been intended. The editor of the second folio, and all the modern editors, have escaped the difficulty by suppressing the word. The measure is of little consequence, for no such line, I believe, exists in any classick author. Dr. Grey refers us to Ovid de Trist. 313, and Metamorph. 247: a very wide field to range in; however, with some trouble I found out what he meant. This line is *not* in Ovid (nor I believe in any other poet); but in his De Tristibus, lib. i. El. iii. 113, we find:—

Navita, confessus *gelido* pallore *timorem*—,

and in his Metamorph. lib. iv. 247, we meet with these lines:—

Ille quidem *gelidos* radiorum viribus *artus*,  
Si queat, in vivum tentat revocare calorem.—*Malone.*

In the eleventh book of Virgil, Turnus (addressing Drances) says—

—— cur ante tubam *tremor* occupat *artus*?

This is as near, I conceive, to Suffolk's quotation, as either of the passages already produced. Yet, somewhere, in the wide expanse of Latin Poetry, ancient and modern, the very words in question may hereafter be detected. *Pene*, the gem which appears to have illuminated the dreary mine of collation, is beheld to so little advantage above-ground, that I am content to leave it where it was discovered.—*Steevens.*

In the seventh book of the *Æneid*, v. 446, we find—

Subitus *tremor* occupat *artus*.—*Boswell.*

<sup>49</sup> *A cade of herrings.*

A *cade* is less than a *barrel*. The quantity it should contain is ascertained by the accounts of the Ccellress of the Abbey of Berking. "Memorandum that a *barrel* of herryng shold contene a thousand herryngs, and a *cade* of herryng six hundreth, six score to the hundreth." *Mon. Ang.* i. 83.—*Malone.*

Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against a *cade of herrings*, and ludicrously says, "That the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde



herrings in *caedes*, and from him they have their name." *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599. *Cade*, however, is derived from *Cadus*, Lat. a cask or barrel.—*Steevens*.

<sup>50</sup> *A pedlar's daughter.*

The annexed engraving of a pedlar, with his staff and pack, is copied from the curious painted window of the Elizabethan period in Lambeth Church.

<sup>51</sup> *The three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops.*

The *hoops*, marked on a drinking pot, were supposed to limit the draught each man should take out of it. So Nashe, in his *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, 1592,—“I believe *hoops* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoop*, and no more.” Probably *cans* not duly *hooped*, or otherwise marked in measurement, were publicly destroyed; as alluded to by Ben Jonson, in his *Cynthia's Revels*, where he speaks of “the wise magistrates of our metropolis measuring of coals, burning of *cans*, and such like.” It should be here observed that the old drinking-mugs were constructed, as barrels now are, with staves, bound together by wooden hoops.—*Nott*.

<sup>52</sup> *They use to write it on the top of letters.*

That is, of letters missive, and such publick acts. See Mabillon's *Diplomata*. In the old anonymous play, called the *Famous Victories of Henry V.* containing the Honourable Battel of Agincourt, I find the same circumstance. The Archbishop of Burges (i. e. Bruges) is the speaker, and addresses himself to King Henry:—

I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe  
Conduct, under your broad seal *Emmanuel*.

The King in answer says:—

— deliver him safe conduct  
Under our broad seal *Emanuel*.—*Steevens*.

<sup>53</sup> *With his pen and ink-horn.*

The effigy here engraved is preserved in the parish church of Ellesmere, co. Salop. It represents a notary, with his pen and ink-horn, and is considered to be the oldest effigy of such a character preserved in this country.

“*Atramentarium*, an inkpot, inkbottle, or inkhorne,” *Nomenclator*, 1585. “Long-coated, at his side—Muckinder and inkhorne tied.” *Armin's Nest of Ninnies*, 1608.

Lose not your bookes, *inkhorne*, or pens,  
Nor girdle, garter, hat or band;  
Let shooes be ty'd, pin shirt-band close,  
Keepe well your points at any hand.  
*Cooté's English Schoolemaster*, 1632.

<sup>54</sup> *And Adam was a gardener.*

In allusion to the old lines,—“When Adam delved and Eve span,” &c. The annexed engraving is copied from a sculpture of the fourteenth century on the side of the North gate of Rouen Cathedral. The subject was a favourite one with democrats for many generations, and is still referred to occasionally by the labouring classes in honour of their calling. The dignity of labour is no mere figure of speech. A “gentleman” who does not labour





for good in one way or other has no title to respect, and the time is rapidly approaching when the conventional use of the term will undergo an alteration.

<sup>55</sup> *Span-counter.*

This is a game thus played. One throws a counter on the ground, and another tries to hit it with his counter, or to get it near enough for him to span the space between them and touch both the counters. In either case, he wins; if not, his counter remains where it lay, and becomes a mark for the first player, and so alternately till the game be won. Strutt, p. 384. "*Jouer au tapper*, to play at spanne-counter," Cotgrave. "*Meglio al muro*, a play among boyes in Italie like our span-counter," Florio, p. 306.

He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg  
A license, old iron, boots, shoos, and egge-  
Shels to transport; shortly boyes shall not play  
At *span counter*, or blow point, but shall pay  
Toll to some courtier.—*Donne's Poems*, p. 131.

Come, sergeants, I'll step to mine uncle not far off, hereby in Pudding-lane, and he shall find me playing at *span-counter*, and so farewell.—*Northward Hoe*, 1607.

<sup>56</sup> *Thereby is England mained.*

The folio has—*main'd*. The correction was made from the old play. I am not, however, sure that a blunder was not intended. Daniel has the same conceit; *Civil Wars*, 1595:—"Anjou and *Maine*, the *maim* that foul appears—."—*Malone*. The term *main*, to lame, is still in use in Yorkshire.

<sup>57</sup> *For a hundred, lacking one.*

Malone added *a week* after "lacking one," because it is found in the quarto *Contention*; but it rather obscures than explains the meaning, which has reference to the prohibition of butchers to kill flesh-meat during Lent, from which, for his services, Dick was to be exempted. The words of the quarto *Contention* are:—"Thus I will reward thee: the Lent shall be as long again as it was: thou shall have license to kill for four-score and one a week." This would seem to give Dick a right to kill for four-score and one persons every week.—*Collier*.

<sup>58</sup> *Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge.*

"The view of London Bridge here engraved is," observes Mr. Fairholt, "the earliest known to exist; and may preserve its identical features as seen by Cade and his followers.



It occurs in an illumination in the Poems of the Duke of Orleans, which manuscript appears to have been executed for Henry VII; and is now in the British Museum (Royal MS. 16 F. 2). In the foreground of this view Billingsgate is seen; the Bridge with the houses upon it is fully delineated, as far as the arch beyond the Chapel of St. Thomas; which latter building is seen very distinctly, with the undercroft resting on the wooden starlings, built to

protect the stone arches from the great rush of water, which at every change of tide passed through them."

At that time London bridge was made of wood. "After that, (says Hall,) he entered London and cut the ropes of the *draw-bridge*." The houses on London-bridge were in this rebellion burnt, and many of the inhabitants perished.—*Malone*.

<sup>59</sup> *Sitting upon London-stone.*

The annexed engraving, taken from the ancient woodcut map of London preserved at Guildhall is curious, as it shows the stone in the centre of the roadway.

There is a very curious notice of this stone in Jorevin's Description of England, 1672, where that foreigner, after alluding to St. Paul's, observes,—"This church stands in the middle of the city. In one of the handsome streets near this church stands *Londonchton*, which is a stone in the middle of the street, raised about a foot and a half above the ground. This it is said was placed by William the Conqueror, as a boundary to his conquests. Others say that it grew there spontaneously. Be that as it may, the coaches by striking against it in passing, have much diminished it. One must not fail to observe it well, for it is said, that he has not seen London, who has not seen this stone."



Stow, who wrote in Shakespeare's time, thus describes this ancient monument,—“On the south side of this high street, near unto the channel, is pitched upright a great stone called London Stone, fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and otherwise so strongly set that if carts do run against it through negligence, the wheels be broken, and the cart itself unshaken. The cause why this stone is set there, the time when, or other memory hereof, is none, but that the same hath long continued there is manifest, namely, since (or rather before) the conquest; for in the end of a fair written Gospel-book given to Christ's Church in Canterbury by Ethelstane, king of the West Saxons, I find noted of lands or rents in London belonging to the said church, whereof one parcel is described to lie near London Stone. Of later time we read that in the year of Christ, 1135, a fire which began in the house of one Ailward near unto London Stone consumed all east to Aldgate, in the which fire the priory of the Holy Trinity was burnt, and west to St. Erkenwald's shrine in Paul's Church. And these be the eldest notes that I read thereof. Some have said this stone to be set as a mark in the middle of the city within the walls; but in truth it standeth far nearer unto the river of Thames than to the wall of the city. Some others have said the same to be set for the tendering and making of payment by debtors to their creditors at their appointed days and times, till of later time payments were more usually made at the font in St. Pont's Church, and now most commonly at the Royal Exchange. Some again have imagined the same to be set up by one John or Thomas Londonstone dwelling there against; but more likely it is that such men have taken name of the stone than the stone of them.”

<sup>60</sup> *The conduit.*

The annexed engraving of this conduit is taken from La Serres' view of Cheapside, 1639, in his volume descriptive of the entry of Mary de Medicis into London on a visit to her daughter, the queen of Charles the First.

Whatever offence to modern delicacy may be given by this imagery, it appears to have been borrowed from the French, to whose entertainments, as well as our streets, it was sufficiently familiar, as I learn from a very curious and entertaining work entitled *Histoire de la Vie privée des Français*, par M. le Grand D'Aussi, 3 vols. 8vo. 1782. At a feast given by Phillippe-le-Bon there was exhibited “une statue de femme, dont les mammelles fournissaient d'hippocras;” and the Roman de *Tirant-le-Blanc* affords such another circumstance: “Outre une statue de femme, des mammelles de laquelle jallissoit une liqueur, il y avait encore une jeune fille, &c. Elle étoit nue, et tenoit ses mains baissées et serrées contre son corps, comme pour s'en couvrir. De dessous ses mains, il sortoit une fontaine de vin délicieux,” &c. Again, in another feast made by the Phillippe aforesaid, in 1453, there was “une statue d'enfant nu, posé sur une roche, et qui, de sa broquette, pissait eau-rose.”—*Stevens*.



<sup>61</sup> *Run nothing but claret.*

The clarré, or claret, frequently mentioned in the sixteenth century, appears to have been a mixture of wine, spices, and honey; but the French claret wine was also



imported and much used, and was probably the wine frequently selected for the running conduits, on great occasions: as for instance, when Prince Arthur married Katherine, afterwards Henry the Eighth's first wife; according to Arnold, "at the west door, of Powles, was made a costlew pagent, renning wyn, red Claret and whit, all the day of the marriage."—*Sandys*.



Annexed is an engraving of the most ancient claret bottle I have yet been enabled to meet with.

"Material, as seen from the unglazed bottom, of a light brownish clay. Colour, white, scarcely creamy, with a strong glaize, a band of deep greenish-blue round the top, with a line of lighter colour running through the centre of it, so as to appear three bands, this last is put on over the other, a similar band round the bottom with the like intersection, and a band up the edges of the handle with a similar mark; the lettering is deep blue without any outline, apparently dashed on with a brush at once. Height  $6\frac{3}{8}$  inches, diameter  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches, holding, when full, as nearly as possible a pint imperial measure. Mr. Clarke has or had one, very similar with WHIT upon it 1644, but he has lost sight

of it. One has lately turned up at Cambridge with SACK, 1641; from this last specimen it would appear that these little pots were held in considerable estimation, as its handle being broken off, has been replaced, with one of larger circumference of metal nicely covered with wicker, and very ingeniously attached."—*MS. note by Mr. Joseph Clarke*.

<sup>62</sup> *Pull down the Savoy.*

This is an anachronism, the Savoy not being at this time in existence. "In the year 1381," says Stow, "the rebels of Kent and Essex burnt this house, unto the which there was none in the realm to be compared in beauty and stateliness. They set fire on it round about, and made proclamation that none, on pain to lose his head, should convert to his own use anything that there was, but that they should break such plate and vessels of gold and silver as was found in that house, which was in great plenty, into small pieces, and throw the same into the river of Thames; precious stones they should bruise in mortars, that the same

might be to no use, and so it was done by them. This house being thus defaced, and almost overthrown by these rebels, of latter time came to the king's hands, and was again raised and beautifully built for an hospital of St John the Baptist by King Henry the VII. about the year 1509." The Savoy of the later period is thus rudely engraved in the old woodcut map of London preserved in the Guildhall Library.



If the Savoy should not be sufficiently defended every way and in every respect, it were a great shame to the discipline of the place, and the troupes that are there billited, the rather for they consist for the most part of engyners and projectors.—*Powell's Art of Thriving*, 1635.

<sup>63</sup> *One and twenty fiftens.*

"This capteine (Cade) assured them—if either by force or policie they might get the king and queene into their hands, he would cause them to be honourably used, and take such order for the punishing and reforming of the misdemeanours of their bad counsellours, that neither *fiftens* should hereafter be demanded, nor anie impositions or taxes be spoken of," Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 632. A *fifteen* was the fifteenth part of all the moveables or personal property of each subject.—*Malone*.

<sup>64</sup> *Thou say, thou serge.*

The poet makes Cade here pun upon my Lord Say's name, comparing him to that coarse stuff which we call a *say*; and which the French likewise term, *une Saie, Siette*.—*Theobald*.



*Say* was the old word for *silk*; on this depends the series of degradation, from *say* to *serge*, from *serge* to *buckram*.—*Johnson*.

This word occurs in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. i. c. iv. :—

All in a kirtle of discolour'd *say*  
He clothed was.

Again, in his *Perigot and Cuddy's Roundelay* :—

And in a kirtle of green *say*.

It appears, however, from the following passage in the *Fairy Queen*, b. iii. c. ii. *say* that was not *silk*.—

His garment neither was of *silk* nor *say*.—*Steevens*.

It appears from Minsheu's *Dict.*, 1617, that *say* was a kind of *serge*. It is made entirely of wool. There is a considerable manufactory of *say* at Sudbury, near Colchester. This stuff is frequently dyed green, and is yet used by some mechanicks in aprons.—*Malone*.

<sup>65</sup> *But to maintain*.

This passage I know not well how to explain. It is pointed (in the old copy) so as to make *Say* declare that he preferred clerks to maintain Kent and the King. This is not very clear; and, besides, he gives in the following line another reason of his bounty, that learning raised him, and therefore he supported learning. I am inclined to think *Kent* slipped into this passage by chance, and would read :—

When have I aught exacted at your hands,  
*But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?*—*Johnson*.

I concur with Dr. *Johnson* in believing the word *Kent* to have been shuffled into the text by accident. Lord *Say*, as the passage stands in the folio, not only declares he had preferred men of learning, "to maintain *Kent*, the King, the realm" but adds tautologically *you*; for it should be remembered that they are Kentish men to whom he is now speaking. I would read, *Bent to maintain*, &c. i. e. strenuously resolved to the utmost, to, &c.—*Steevens*.

The punctuation to which Dr. *Johnson* alludes, is that of the folio :—

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, &c.

I have pointed the passage differently, the former punctuation appearing to me to render it nonsense. I suspect, however, with the preceding editors, that the word *Kent* is a corruption.—*Malone*.

We cannot perceive the difficulty in this passage which some of the commentators have found. Lord *Say* is addressing a multitude from Kent, and he asks them, speaking of them collectively as *Kent*, when he had exacted aught for the maintenance of the king, &c. *Johnson* recommended the substitution of *But* for "*Kent*;" but the question is, when *Say* had exacted anything, even to maintain the king, &c. If he had asked,

When have I aught exacted at your hands,  
*But to maintain the king, &c.*

it would have been an acknowledgment that he had been guilty of exaction, which would have exposed him to the fury of the rebels.—*Collier*.

<sup>66</sup> *And the help of hatchet*.

Dr. *Farmer's* emendation of *pap* for *help* is very plausible, but there does not appear to be a sufficient reason for disturbing the old text. The proverb is, "to give *pap* with a hatchet."

<sup>67</sup> *Down St. Magnus' corner*.

The annexed engraving is copied from the curious old woodcut map of London preserved in the Guildhall Library. It is curious as showing the churchyard with a cross erected in it. *Virtue's* copy is singularly incorrect, omitting the church tower, &c.



<sup>65</sup> *At the White Hart in Southwark.*

This inn is mentioned in an exceedingly curious early metrical list of the London taverns,—

The gentry to the King's Head,  
 The nobles to the Crown,  
 The knights unto the Golden Fleece,  
 And to the Plough the clown.  
 The church-man to the Mitre,  
 The shepherd to the Star,  
 The gardener hies him to the Rose,  
 To the Drum the man of war;  
 To the Feathers, ladies, you; the Globe  
 The sea-man doth not scorn:  
 The usurer to the Devil, and  
 The townsman to the Horn.  
 The huntsman to the *White Hart*,  
 To the Ship the merchants go,  
 But you that do the muses love,  
 The sign called River Po.  
 The banquerout to the World's End,  
 The fool to the Fortune hie,  
 Unto the Mouth the oyster wife,  
 The fiddler to the Pie.  
 The punk unto the Cockatrice,  
 The drunkard to the Vine,  
 The beggar to the Bush, then meet,  
 And with Duke Humphrey dine.

The White Hart, with its quaint old galleries, is still in being, and is one of the neglected curiosities of Southwark.

<sup>69</sup> *Crying 'Viliaco!' unto all they meet.*

The folio has "*Crying Villiaco*," &c.—Theobald's alteration, "*Crying, Villageois*," &c., is introduced in all the more recent editions; but Capell (see his note) adopted it with hesitation; and Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 73) has protested against it.—The old reading *villiago*, or more properly *viliaco*, is a term of reproach which we not unfrequently find in our early writers. So in *Every Man out of his Humour*, act v, sc. 3, "Now out, base *viliaco*!" where Gifford (*Jonson's Works*, ii. 181) has the following note; "This word occurs in Decker: 'Before they came near the great hall, the faint-hearted *villiacoes* sounded at least thrice,' *Untrussing the Humorous Poet*. In both places it means a worthless

dastard: (from the Italian *vigliacco*.)" (Mr. Hunter, *ubi supra*, is not quite correct when he says that "*Villago* is given by Florio in his *Dict.*:"—Florio has "*Vigliacco*, a rascal, a base varlet," &c.—*Dyce*.

<sup>70</sup> *This word sallet was born to do me good.*

Cade puns upon the word "sallet," which meant a helmet as well as a composition of herbs. The same joke occurs in the Interlude of Thersites, written in 1537. The hero applies to Muleiber for a suit of armour, and among other things mentions a "sallet:" Muleiber pretends to misunderstand Thersites:—

*Thersites.* Nowe, I pray Jupiter that thou dye a cuckold:  
I mean a sallet with which men do fyght.  
*Muleiber.* It is a small tastinge of a mannes might,  
That he should for any matter  
Fyght with a fewe herbes in a platter.

The same play upon the word "sallet" forms the point of a jest in the "Sackfull of News," mentioned by Laneham, in his Letter from Kenilworth, 1575, although no copy of the Sackfull of News earlier than 1673 has yet been discovered. It contains several stories, highly characteristic of the age when they were written, more than a century before the date of the copy to which we refer.—*Collier*.

"The sallet or salade," observes Mr. Fairholt, "was a plain closefitting helmet, or rather skull-cap, especially used by foot soldiers in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It had an opening in front as a sight-hole for the wearer when it was fully drawn over the face in battle; but it could be easily thrown upward on the head at any other time, and the face be exposed. The outward broad curve of the lower portion aiding in throwing off the blow of a spear or sword. These helmets were lined with leather or padded with cloth, and sometimes secured by a strap passing under the chin. Our cut is copied from an illumination of the fifteenth century."



<sup>71</sup> *Eat iron like an ostrich.*

Here is an ostrich having a meal of nails and horse-shoes, as represented in an illumination of the fifteenth century.

<sup>72</sup> *A sceptre shall it have,  
—have I a soul.*

I read:—"A scepter shall it have, have I a sword." York observes that his hand must be employed with a sword or scepter; he then naturally observes, that he has a sword, and resolves that, if he has a sword, he will have a scepter.—*Johnson*.

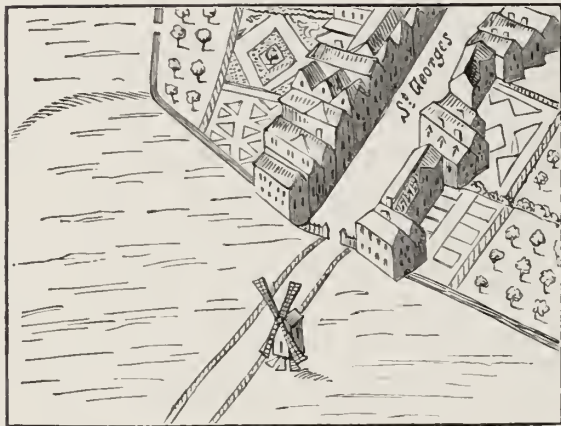
I rather think York means to say—If I have a *soul*, my hand shall not be without a scepter.—*Steevens*.

This certainly is a very natural interpretation of these words, and being no friend to alteration merely for the sake of improvement, we ought, I think, to acquiesce in it. But some difficulty will still remain; for if we read, with the old copy, *soul*, York threatens to "toss the flower-de-luce of France on his *scepter*," which sounds but oddly. To toss it on his *sword*, was a threat very natural for a man who had already triumphed over the French. So, in King Henry VI. Part III. :—"The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes." However, in the licentious phraseology of our author, York may mean, that he will *wield his scepter*, (that is, exercise his royal power,) when he obtains it, so as to abase and destroy the French.—The following line also in King Henry VIII. adds support to the old copy:—"Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel."—*Malone*.





<sup>73</sup> *Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field.*



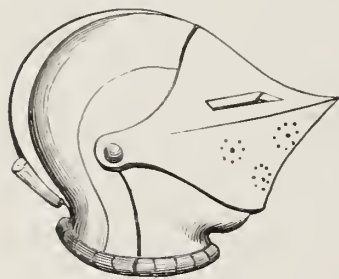
The situation of St. George's Fields, at the outskirts of the ancient inhabited Southwark, is seen in the annexed woodcut, a portion of Faithorne's map of London, 1658.

<sup>74</sup> *First let me ask of these.*

For *these*, the old copy has *thee*. The emendation was made by Theobald, and appears to be necessary to the sense. York seems to allude to his troops, for the sons are not as yet present.

<sup>75</sup> *And that I'll write upon thy burgonet.*

"The burgonet," observes Mr. Fairholt, "was a close-fitting helmet as shewn in our cut from a specimen in the Loudesborough collection. They were invented at the close of the fifteenth century, and continued in fashion above a hundred and fifty years. They derived their name from having been invented by the Burgundians. Meyrick says 'their convenience was very great, for the gorget with it, was made flexible to enable the head to be elevated or depressed with ease, and as the burgonet although fastened upon it, was capable of a circular movement, a turn to the right or left was as readily effected.' The visor could be uplifted and was provided with perforations for breathing or seeing. The socket at the back was for the insertion of feathers."



<sup>76</sup> *The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff.*

The ancient badge of the Warwick family, said to be in allusion to the name of the founder of the family in England, Urso de Abitor, constable of the castle of Worcester in the time of William the Conqueror. The annexed engraving represents the silver badge to this day worn by the brethren of the old hospital at Warwick, one half the size of the original.



<sup>77</sup> *They fight, and Clifford falls.*

Our author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history; a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland. It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the third part of this historical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened:—

Lord Clifford and lord Stafford all abreast,  
Charg'd our main battle's front; and breaking in,  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.—*Percy.*

For this inconsistency the elder poet must answer; for these lines are in the True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York, on which the Third Part of King Henry VI. was founded.—*Malone.*

<sup>78</sup> *Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.*

Tyrwhitt proposes to read, *present party*, but the text is undoubtedly right. So, before :—

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our *part*  
Hot coals of vengeance.

I have met with *part* for *party* in other books of that time. So, in the Proclamation for the apprehension of John Cade, Stowe's Chronicle, p. 646, edit. 1605 : "—the which John Cade also, after this, was sworne to the French *parts*, and dwelled with them," &c. Again, in Hall's Chronicle, King Henry VI. fol. 101 : "—in conclusion King Edward so courageously comforted his men, refreshing the weary, and helping the wounded, that the other *part* [i. e. the adverse army] was discomforted and overcome." Again in the same Chronicle, Edward IV. fol. xxii. : "—to bee provided a kynge, for to extinguish both the *factions* and *partes* [i. e. parties] of Kyng Henry the VI. and of Kyng Edward the fourth." Again, in Coriolanus :—

—— if I cannot persuade thee,  
Rather to show a noble grace to both *parts*,  
Than seek the end of one—.

In Plutarch the corresponding passage runs thus : "For if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both *parties*," &c.—*Malone*.

A hundred instances might be brought in proof that *part* and *party* were synonymously used. But that is not the present question. Tyrwhitt's ear (like every other accustomed to harmony of versification) must naturally have been shocked by the leonine gingle of *hearts* and *parts*, which is not found in any one of the passages produced by Malone in defence of the present reading.—*Steevens*.

<sup>79</sup> *Three times bestrid him.*

That is, Three times I saw him fallen, and, striding over him, defended him till he recovered.—*Johnson*.

Of this act of friendship, which Shakespeare has frequently noticed in other places, no mention is made in the old play, as the reader may find in the preceding page ; and its introduction here is one of the numerous minute circumstances, which when united form almost a decisive proof that the piece before us was constructed on foundations laid by a preceding writer.—*Malone*.

<sup>80</sup> *To call a present court of parliament.*

The King and Queen left the stage only just as York entered, and have not said a word about calling a parliament. Where then could York hear this ?—The fact is, as we have seen, that in the old play the King does say, "he will call a parliament," but our author has omitted the lines. He has, therefore, here, as in some other places, fallen into an impropriety, by sometimes following and at others deserting his original.—*Malone*.





The Third Part  
of  
King Henry the Sixth.



## INTRODUCTION.

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THE Third Part of Henry the Sixth is an alteration of an earlier play called the True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, which was first published in the year 1595, but which had been acted, with some additions and alterations by Shakespeare, at least as early as 1592. The True Tragedy, as now known to us, certainly contains one line at least from the pen of the great dramatist, and the probability is that the copy of it printed in 1595 was enriched by a number of additional passages surreptitiously obtained, and that it is a copy of the original drama accompanied with whatever of Shakespeare's additions could be collected from notes taken at the theatre. There is a passage in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, published in September, 1592, which places beyond a doubt the fact that one of the lines in the printed copy of the True Tragedy emanated from Shakespeare. The writer, addressing Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, exhorting them to cease writing for the stage, says,—“Base minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those anticks garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they have all been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse, as the best of you: and, being an absolute *Johannes Fac-totum*, is, in his own conceit,



the only Shake-scene in a country. O! that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions."

It is clear from this interesting passage that Shakespeare had, in this early period of his career, excited the ill will of some who felt themselves aggrieved by his alterations of their works; and that his reproduction of the *True Tragedy* was, to one of them at least, especially offensive. The alteration was, and probably continued to be, successful; or it would hardly have been published some years afterwards, and with at least some of the additions of Shakespeare.

The following are the only editions of the *True Tragedy*, printed before the year 1619, that are now known to exist,—1. "The True Tragedie of Richard *Duke of Yorke*, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1595." A small octavo, containing 40 leaves, A to E in eights. Owing to its being printed with a narrow page, the metre is often destroyed by the concluding words of one line being inserted in the beginning of the subsequent. This is corrected, in a great measure, in the succeeding impressions.—2. "The True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the sixt: With the whole contention betweene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke; as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruantes. Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall. 1600." A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. Malone mentions an edition of this date printed by Valentine Simmes. See his *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, xviii., 363, 543. Malone says that Pavier's edition of 1619 was printed from this one, but I apprehend he has merely followed Capell's more general assertion that Pavier reprinted from the copies of 1600. I have not succeeded in finding any evidence of the existence of an edition of the *True Tragedie* printed by Valentine Simmes; for Malone confesses he has never seen a copy, although it is very possible that such a one may have been published.

The true Tragedie of Richard  
*Duke of Yorke, and the death of*  
good King Henrie the Sixt,

*with the whole contention betweene*  
the two Houses Lancaster  
and Yorke, as it was sundrie times  
acted by the Right Honourable  
the Earle of Pembroke his  
seruantes.



Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington,  
*and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder*  
*Saint Peters Church in*  
*Cornwall. 1595.*



THE  
True Tragedie of  
Richarde Duke of

Yorke, and the death of good  
King Henrie the sixt:

With the whole contention betweene the two  
Houses, Lancaster and Yorke; as it was  
sundry times acted by the Right  
Honourable the Earle  
of Pembroke his  
seruantes.



Printed at Londou by *W.W.* for *Thomas Millington,*  
and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint  
Peters Church in Cornwall.  
1600.





Thomas Millington assigned this play, in April, 1602, to Pavier, as appears from an entry in the registers of the Stationers' Company, where it is erroneously called the Second Part of Henry the Sixth. Pavier, however, does not appear to have made any use of the copyright until the year 1619, when he printed the True Tragedy together with the First Part of the Contention, under the title of, "the Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Laneaster and Yorke," 4to. Owing to the erroneous entry of 1602, the "thirde parte of Henry the Sixt" is given in 1623 in the list of Shakespeare's plays "as are not formerly entred to other men."

The first edition of the True Tragedy does not appear to have been entered at Stationers' Hall, and it is probable that there is a secret history attached to its publication that remains to be unravelled. The first thing that strikes us is its title, and the reason why it was not published as the "Second Part of the Contention" till 1619. It will be remarked that the title-page of that edition affirms it to contain "the *whole* contention." We may, possibly, infer that the amended plays appeared after 1595, and before 1602, or it is probable that the old titles would not have been retained. Perhaps, however, the same argument holds with respect to the edition of 1600, and this would place the date of the amended plays within a very narrow compass. There are some reasons for thinking that the Third Part of Henry VI., in the form in which we now have it, was written before 1598, as, in one of the stage-directions in the first folio, we have Gabriel, an actor, introduced, who, according to Mr. Collier, was killed by Ben Jonson in the September of that year. The Third Part of Henry VI. also introduces Sinklo, another actor, in a similar manner, who performed in Tarlton's play of the Seven Deadly Sins, and who probably, therefore, did not survive the year 1598. It is reasonable to suppose that the editors of the first folio used a copy of the play which was transcribed when those actors performed.

The following reprint of the True Tragedy is taken from the edition of 1595, the only known copy of which is preserved in the Bodleian Library. The text is thus headed on the first page,—"The true Tragedie of Riehard Duke of Yorke, and the good King Henry the Sixt." There is no imprint at the end, with the exception of the word *Finis*.

*Enter* RICHARD *Duke of* YORKE, *The Earle of* WARWICKE, *The Duke of* NORFFOLKE, *Marquis* MONTAGUE, EDWARD *Earle of* MARCH, *Crookeback* RICHARD, *and the yong Earle of* RUTLAND, *with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Roses in their hats.*

*Warwike.* I wonder how the king escapt our hands.

*Yorke.* Whilst we pursude the horsemen of the North,  
He silie stole awaie and left his men :  
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,  
Whose warlike cares could neuer brooke retrait,  
Chargde out maine battels front, and therewith him  
Lord Stafford and Lord Clifford all abrest  
Brake in and were by the hands of common Souldiers slain.

*Edw.* Lord Staffords father Duke of Bucklingham,  
Is either slaine or wounded dangerouslie,  
I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow :  
Father that this is true behold his blood.

*Mont.* And brother heeres the Earle of Wiltshires  
Bloud, whom I encountred as the battailes ioinde.

*Rich.* Speake thou for me and tell them what I did.

*Yorke.* What is your grace dead my L. of Summerset ?

*Norf.* Sueh hope haue all the line of Iohn of Gawnt.

*Rich.* Thus doe I hope to shape king Henries head.

*War.* And so do I victorious prince of Yorke,  
Before I see thee seated in that throne  
Which now the house of Lancaster vsurpes,  
I vow by heauens these eies shal neuer close.  
This is the pallace of that fearefull king,  
And that the regall chaire ? Possesse it Yorke :  
For this is thine and not king Henries heires.

*Yorke.* Assist me then sweet Warwike, and I wil :  
For hither are we broken in by foree.

*Norf.* Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.

*Yorke.* Thanks gentle Norffolke. Staie by me my Lords,  
and souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night :

*War.* And when the king comes offer him no  
Violence, vlesse he seek to put vs out by force.

*Rich.* Arunde as we be, lets staie within this house ?

*War.* The bloudie parlement shall this be calde,  
Vlesse Plantagenet Duke of Yorke be king  
And bashfull Henrie be deposde, whose cowardise  
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

*Yorke.* Then leaue me not my Lords : for now I meane  
To take possession of my right.

*War.* Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,  
The proudest burd that holds vp Laneaster.  
Dares stirre a wing if Warwike shake his bells.  
He plant Plantagenet : and root him out who dares ?  
Resolue thee Richard : Claime the English crowne.

*Enter king* HENRIE *the sixt, with the Duke of* EXCESTER, *The Earle of* NORTHUMBERLAND, *the Earle of* WESTMERLAND *and* CLIFFORD, *the Earle of* CUMBERLAND, *with red Roses in their hats.*

*King.* Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,  
Euen in the chaire of state : belike he meanes  
Baekt by the power of Warwike that false peere,  
To aspire vnto the erowne, and raigne as king.  
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy father.  
And thine Clifford : and you both haue vow'd reuenge,  
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

*North.* And if I be not, heuens be reuengd on me.

*Clif.* The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourn in steel.

*West.* What? shall we suffer this, lets pull him downe  
My hart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.

*King.* Be patient gentle Earle of Westmerland.

*Clif.* Patience is for pultrouns such as he  
He durst not sit there had your father liu'd?  
My gracious Lord: here in the Parlement,  
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.

*North.* Well hast thou spoken cosen, be it so.

*King.* O know you not the Cittie fauours them,  
And they haue troopes of soldiers at their becke?

*Exet.* But when the D. is slaine, theile quicklic fie.

*King.* Far be it from the thoughtes of Henries hart,  
To make a shambles of the parlment house.  
Cosen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,  
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vse.  
Thon factious duke of Yorke, descend my throne,  
I am thy soueraigne.

*York.* Thou art deceiu'd: I am thine.

*Exet.* For shame come downe he made thee D. of Yorke.

*York.* 'Twas my inheritance as the kingdome is.

*Exet.* Thy father was a traytor to the crowne.

*War.* Exeter thou art a traitor to the crowne,  
In following this vsurping Henry.

*Clif.* Whom should he follow but his naturall king.

*War.* True Clif. and that is Richard Duke of Yorke.

*King.* And shall I stande while thou sittest in my throne?

*York.* Content thy selfe it must and shall be so.

*War.* Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

*West.* Why? he is both king & Duke of Lancaster,  
And that the Earle of Westmerland shall mainetaine.

*War.* And Warwike shall disproue it. You forget  
That we are those that chaste you from the field  
And slew your father, and with colourns spred,  
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallas gates.

*Nor.* No Warwike I remember it to my grieffe,  
And by his soule thou and thy house shall rew it.

*West.* Plantagenet of thee and of thy sonnes,  
Thy kinsmen and thy friendes, Ile haue more liues,  
Then drops of blood were in my fathers vaines.

*Clif.* Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,  
I send thee Warwike such a messenger,  
As shall reueng his death before I stirre.

*War.* Poore Clifford, how I skorn thy worthles threats

*York.* Wil ye we shew our title to the crowne,  
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field?

*King.* What title haste thou traitor to the Crowne?  
Thy father was as thou art Duke of Yorke,  
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer earle of March,  
I am the sonne of Henric the Fift who tamde the French,  
And made the Dolphin stoope, and seazd vpon their  
Townes and prouinces.

*War.* Talke not of France since thou hast lost it all.

*King.* The Lord protector lost it and not I,  
When I was crownd I was but nine months old.

*Rich.* You are olde enough now and yet me thinkes you lose,  
Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers head.

*Edw.* Do so sweet father, set it on your head.



*Mont.* Good brother as thou lou'st & honorst armes,  
Lets fight it out and not stand cauilling thus.

*Rich.* Sound drums and trumpets & the king will fly.

*York.* Peace somnes :

*Northum.* Peace thou aud gine king Henry leaue to speake.

*King.* Ah Plantagenet, why seekest thou to depose me ?

Are we not both Plautagenets by birth,  
And from two brothers lineallie discent ?  
Suppose by right and equtie thou be king,  
Thinkst thou that I will leaue my kinglie seate  
Whereiu my father and my graudsire sat ?  
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,  
I and our colours often borne in France,  
And now in England to our harts great sorrow  
Shall be my winding sheete, why faint you Lords ?  
My titles better farre than his.

*War.* Proue it Henric and thou shalt be king ?

*King.* Why Henric the fourth by conquest got the Crowne.

*York.* T'was by rebellion gaiust his soueraigne.

*King.* I know not what to saie my titles weake,  
Tell me maie not a king adopt an heire ?

*War.* What then ?

*King.* Then am I lawfull king. For Richard  
The second in the view of manie Lords  
Resignde the Crowne to Henric the fourth,  
Whose heire my Father was, aud I am his.

*York.* I tell thee he rose against him being his  
Soueraigne, & made him to resigne the crown perforce.

*War.* Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstraiude,  
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne ?

*Exet.* No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,  
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.

*King.* Art thou against vs, Duke of Excester ?

*Exet.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

*King.* All will reuolt from me and turne to him.

*Northum.* Plantagenet for all the claime thou laist,  
Thinke not king Henry shall be thus deposde ?

*War.* Deposde he shall be in despiht of thee.

*North.* Tush Warwike, Thou art deceiued ? tis not thy  
Southerne powers of Essex, Suffolke, Norffolke, and of  
Kent, that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,  
Can set the Duke vp in despiht of me.

*Cliff.* King Henric be thy title right or wrong,  
Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence.  
Maie that ground gape and swallow me aliue,  
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.

*King.* O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my soule.

*York.* Henry of Lancaster resigne thy crowne.  
What mitter you ? or what couspire you Lords ?

*War.* Doe right vnto this princelie Duke of Yorke,  
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

*Enter Souldiers.*

And ouer the chaire of state where now he sits,  
Wright vp his title with thy vsurping bloud.

*King.* O Warwike, heare me speake.

Let me but raigne in quiet whilst I liue.

*York.* Confirme the crowne to me aud to mine heires  
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.

*King.* Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.

*War.* Captaine conduct them into Tuthill fieldes.

*Clif.* What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?

*War.* What good is this for England and himselfe?

*Northum.* Base, fearefull, and despairing Henry.

*Clif.* How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?

*West.* I cannot staie to heare these Articles.

[*Exit.*

*Clif.* Nor I, Come eosen lets go tell the Queene.

*Northum.* Be thou a prairie vnto the house of Yorke,  
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed.

[*Exit.*

*Clif.* In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,  
Or liue in peace abandon'd and despise.

[*Exit.*

*Exet.* They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld my Lord.

*King.* Ah Exeter?

*War.* Why should you sigh my Lord?

*King.* Not for my selfe Lord Warwike, but my sonne,  
Whom I vnnaturalie shall disinherit.

But be it as it maie: I heere intaile the Crowne  
To thee and to thine heires, conditionallie,  
That here thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill  
Broiles, and whilst I liue to honour me as thy king and  
Soueraigne.

*York.* That oath I willinglie take and will performe.

*War.* Long liue king Henry. Plantagenet embrace him?

*King.* And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.

*York.* Now Yorke and Laneaster are reconcilde.

*Exet.* Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,

[*Sound Trumpets.*

*York.* My Lord Ile take my leaue, for Ile to Wakefield,  
To my eastell.

[*Exit Yorke and his sonnes.*

*War.* And ile keepe London with my souldiers.

[*Exit.*

*Norf.* And Ile to Norffolke with my followers.

[*Exit.*

*Mont.* And I to the sea from whence I came.

[*Exit.*

*Enter the Queene and the Prince.*

*Exet.* My Lord here comes the Queen, Ile steale away.

*King.* And so will I.

*Queene.* Naie staie, or else I follow thee.

*King.* Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile staie.

*Quee.* What patience can there? ah timerous man,  
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,  
And giuen our rights vnto the house of Yorke.  
Art thou a king and wilt be forst to yeeld?  
Had I beene there, the souldiers should haue tost  
Me on their launee points, before I would haue  
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made  
Protector of the land: Sterne Faweonbridge  
Commands the narrow seas. And thinkst thou then  
To sleepe secure? I heere diuoree me Henry  
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement  
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of Yorke.  
The Northern Lords that haue forsworne thy colours,  
Will follow mine if once they see them spread,  
And spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.  
Come sonne, lets awaie and leaue him heere alone.

*King.* Staie gentle Margaret, and here me speake.

*Queene.* Thou hast spoke too much aheadic, therefore be still.

*King.* Gentle sonne Edward, wilt thou staie with me?

*Quee.* I, to be muredred by his enemies.

[*Exit.*

*Prin.* When I returne with victorie from the field,  
He see your Grace, till then He follow her.

[*Exit.*

*King.* Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the prince  
Her sonne,  
Makes hir in furie thus forget hir selfe.  
Rencenged maie shee be on that accursed Duke.  
Come cosen of Exeter, staie thou here,  
For Clifford and those Northern Lords be gone  
I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

*Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.*

*Edw.* Brother, and cosen Montague, giue mee leaue to speake.

*Rich.* Nay, I can better plaie the Orator.

*Mont.* But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

*Enter the Duke of YORKE.*

*York.* Howe nowe somes what at a iarre amongst your selues?

*Rich.* No father, but a sweete contention, about that which concernes your selfe and vs,  
The crowne of England father.

*York.* The crowne boy, why Henries yet aliuie, and I haue sworne that he shall raigne in  
quiet till his death.

*Edw.* But I would breake an hundred othes to raigne one yeare.

*Rich.* And if it please your grace to giue me leaue,  
He shew your grace the waie to saue your oath,  
And dispossesse king Henrie from the crowne.

*York.* I prethe Dicke let met heare thy deuise.

*Rich.* Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment  
Being not sworne before a lawfull magistrate.  
Henry is none but doth vsurpe your right,  
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.  
Then noble father resolute your selfe,  
And once more claime the crowne.

*York.* I, saist thou so boie? why then it shall be so.  
I am resolute to win the crowne, or die.  
Edward, thou shalt to Edmund Brooke Lord Cobham,  
With whom the Kentishmen will willinglie rise:  
Thou cosen Montague, shalt to Norffolke straight,  
And bid the Duke to muster vpp his souldiers,  
And come to me to Wakefield presentlie.  
And Richard thou to London strait shalt post,  
And bid Richard Nenuill Earle of Warwike  
To leaue the cittie, and with his men of warre,  
To meete me at Saint Albons ten daies hence.  
My selfe heere in Sandall castell will prouide  
Both men and monie to funder our attempts.  
Now, what newes?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord, the Queene with thirtie thousand men,  
Accompanied with the Earles of Cumberland,  
Northumberland and Westmerland, and others of the  
House of Lancaster, are marching towards Wakefield,  
To besiege you in your castell heere.

*Enter sir IOHN and sir HUGH MORTIMER.*

*York.* A Gods name, let them come. Cosen Montague post you hence: and boies staie  
you with me. Sir Iohn and sir Hugh Mortimers mine vncles, Your welcome to Sandall in  
an happie houre, The armie of the Queene meanes to besiege vs.



*Sir Iohn.* Shee shall not neede my Lorde, weele meete her in the field.

*York.* What with five thousand souldiers vnele?

*Rich.* I father, with five hundred for a need,  
A womans generall, what should you feare?

*York.* Indeed, manie braue battels haue I woon  
In Normandie, when as the enimie  
Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt  
Of the like successe? I am resolu'd. Come lets goe.

*Edw.* Lets marteh awaie, I heare their drums.

[*Exit.*

*Alarmes, and then Enter the yong Earle of RUTLAND and his Tutor.*

*Tutor.* Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Castell,  
And flie to Wakefield straight.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*Rut.* O Tutor, looke where blondie Clifford comes.

*Clif.* Chaplin awaie, thy Priesthood saues thy life,  
As for the brat of that accursed Duke  
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

*Tutor.* Oh Clifford spare this tender Lord, least  
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: Oh saue his life.

*Clif.* Soldiers awaie and drag him hence perforee:  
Awaie with the villaine.

[*Exit the Chaplein.*

How now, what dead alreadie? or is it feare that  
Makes him close his eies? He open them.

*Rut.* So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,  
And so he walkes insulting ouer his praie,  
And so he turnes againe to rend his limmes in sunder,  
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy sword, and  
Not with such a cruell threatning looke,  
I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,  
Be thou reuengde on men, and let me liue.

*Clif.* In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers  
Bloud hath stopt the passage where thy wordes shoulde enter.

*Rut.* Then let my fathers blood ope it againe? he is a  
Man, and Clifford eope with him.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren here, their liues and thiue  
Were not reuenge sufficient for me.

Or should I dig vp thy forefathers graues,  
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,  
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my hart.

The sight of anie of the house of Yorke,  
Is as a furie to torment my soule.

Therefore till I root out that eursed line  
And leaue not one on earth, He liue in hell therefore.

*Rut.* Oh let me praie, before I take my death.  
To thee I praie: Sweet Clifford pittie me.

*Clif.* I, such pittie as my rapiers point affords.

*Rut.* I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill mee?

*Clif.* Thy father hath.

*Rut.* But twas ere I was borne:  
Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me,  
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,  
He be as miserablie slaine as I.

Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,  
And when I giue ocession of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

*Clif.* No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefore Die.

Plantagenet I come Plantagenet,  
 And this thy sonnes bloud cleauing to my blade,  
 Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy blond  
 Congeald with his, doe make me wipe off both.

[Exit.]

*Alar mes, Enter the duke of Yorke solus.*

*Yorke.* Ah Yorke, post to thy castell, saue thy life,  
 The goale is lost thou house of Lancaster,  
 Thrise happie chance is it for thee and thine,  
 That heauen abridgde my daies and cals me hence,  
 But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes :  
 But this I know they haue demeand themselucs,  
 Like men borne to renoune by life or death :  
 Three times this daie came Richard to my sight,  
 And cried courage Father : Victorie or death.  
 And twise so oft came Edward to my view,  
 With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,  
 In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered.  
 Oh harke, I heare the drums ? No waie to flie :  
 No waie to saue my life ? And heere I staie :  
 And heere my life must end.

*Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, and Souldiers.*

Come bloudie Clifford, rough Northumberland,  
 I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud :  
 This is the But, and this abides your shot.

*Northum.* Yeeld to our mercies proud Plantagenet.

*Clif.* I, to such mercie as his ruthfull arme  
 With downe right paiement lent vnto my father,  
 Now Phacton hath tumbled from his carre,  
 And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.

*Yorke.* My ashes like the Phoenix maie bring forth  
 A bird that will reuenge it on you all,  
 And in that hope I cast mine eies to heauen,  
 Skorning what ere you can afflict me with :

Why staie you Lords ? what, multitudes and feare ?

*Clif.* So cowards fight when they can flie no longer :  
 So Doues doe pecke the Rauens piarsing tallents :  
 So desperate theeues all hopelesse of their liues,  
 Breath out inuectiues gainst the officers.

*Yorke.* Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,  
 And in thy minde orerun my former time :  
 And bite thy toung that slaunderst him with cowardise,  
 Whose verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.

*Clif.* I will not bandie with thee word for word,  
 But buckle with thee blowes twise two for one.

*Queene.* Hold valiant Clifford for a thousand causes,  
 I would prolong the traitors life a while.  
 Wrath makes him death, speake thou Northumberland.

*Nor.* Hold Clifford, doe not honour him so much,  
 To pricke thy finger though to wound his hart :  
 What valure were it when a cure doth grin,  
 For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,  
 When he might spurne him with his foote awaie ?  
 Tis warres prise to take all aduantages,  
 And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.

*Clif.* I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.

[Fight and take him.]

*North.* So doth the cunnie struggle with the net.

*York.* So triumphs theeues vpon their conquered  
Bootie: So true men yeeld by robbers ouernatcht.

*North.* What will your grace haue done with him?

*Queen.* Braue warriors, Clifford & Northumberland  
Come make him stand vpon this molehill here,

That aimde at mountaines with outstretched arme,  
And parted bnt the shaddow with his hand.

Was it you that reuelde in our Parleмент,  
And made a prechment of your high descent?

Where are your messe of sonnes to baeke you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lustie George?

Or where is that valiant Crookbackt prodegie?

Diekey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?

Or amongst the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Looke Yorke? I dipt this napkin in the bloud,

That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,

Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.

And if thine eies can water for his death,

I giue thee this to drie thy cheeks withall.

Alas poore Yorke? But that I hate thee much,

I should lament thy miserable state?

I prethee greene to make me merrie Yorke?

Stamp, raue and fret, that I maie sing and dance.

What? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes,

That not a teare can fall for Rutlands death?

Thou wouldst be feede I see to make me sport.

Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.

A crowne for Yorke? and Lords bow low to him.

So: hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.

I, now lookes he like a king?

This is he that tooke king Henries chaire,

And this is he was his adopted aire.

But how is it that great Plantagenet,

Is crownd so soone, and broke his holie oath,

As I bethinke me you should not be king,

Till our Henry had shooke hands with death,

And will you impale your head with Henries glorie,

And rob his temples of the Diadem

Now in this life against your holie oath?

Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.

Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,

And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.

*Clif.* Thats my office for my fathers death.

*Queen.* Yet stay: & lets here the Orisons he makes.

*York.* She wolfe of France, but worse than Wolues of France:  
Whose tongue more poison'd then the Adders tooth:

How ill beseeeming is it in thy sexe,

To triumph like an Amazonian trull

Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?

But that thy face is visard like, vnehanging,

Made impudent by vse of euill deeds:

I would assaie, proud Queene, to make thee blush:

To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,

'Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shamelesse.

Thy father beares the type of king of Naples,

Of both the Cissiles and Ierusalem,

Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.



Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult ?  
 It needes not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,  
 Vnlesse the Adage must be verifide :  
 That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.  
 Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,  
 But God he wots thy share thereof is small.  
 Tis gouernment, that makes them most admirde,  
 The contrarie doth make thee woudred at.  
 Tis vertue that makes them seeme deuine,  
 The want thereof makes thee abhominable.  
 Thou art as opposite to euerie good,  
 As the Antipodes are vnto vs,  
 Or as the south to the Septentrion.  
 Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide ?  
 How couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe,  
 To bid the father wipe his eies withall,  
 And yet be seene to beare a womans face ?  
 Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,  
 Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorelesse.  
 Bids thou me rage ? why now thou hast thy will.  
 Wouldst haue me weepe ? why so thou hast thy wish,  
 For raging windes blowes vp a storme of teares,  
 And when the rage alaies the raine begins.  
 These teares are my sweet Rutlands obsequies,  
 And euerie drop begs vengeance as it fals,  
 On thee fell Clifford, and the false French woman.

*North.* Beshrew me but his passions moue me so,  
 As hardlie I can cheeke mine eies from teares.

*York.* That face of his the hungrie Cannibals  
 Could not haue tucht, would not haue staind with bloud  
 But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,  
 O ten times more then Tygers of Arcadia.  
 See ruthlesse Queene a haplesse fathers teares.  
 This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my sweet boy,  
 And loe with teares I wash the bloud awaie.  
 Keepe thou the napkin and go boast of that,  
 And if thou tell the heaue storie well,  
 Vpon my soule the hearers will sheed teares,  
 I, even my foes will sheed fast falling teares,  
 And saie, alas, it was a pitteous deed.  
 Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,  
 And in thy need such comfort come to thee,  
 As now I reape at thy two cruell hands.  
 Hard-harted Clifford, take me from the world,  
 My soule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.

*North.* Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,  
 I could not chuse but weepe with him to see,  
 How inlie anger gripes his hart.

*Quee.* What weeping ripe, my Lorde Northumberland ?  
 Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,  
 And that will quicklie drie your melting teares.

*Clif.* Thears for my oath, thears for my fathers death.

*Queene.* And thears to right our gentle harted kind.

*York.* Open thy gates of mercie gracious God,  
 My soule flies foorth to meet with thee.

*Queene.* Off with his head and set it on Yorke Gates,  
 So Yorke maie ouerlooke the towne of Yorke.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with drum and Souldiers.*

*Edw.* After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,  
How doth my noble brother Richard fare?

*Rich.* I cannot ioy vntil I be resolu'de,  
Where our right valiant father is become.  
How often did I see him beare himselfe,  
As doth a lion midst a heard of neat,  
So fled his enemies our valiant father,  
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.

[*Three sunnes appeare in the aire.*

*Edw.* Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun,  
Dasell mine eies or doe I see three suns?

*Rich.* Three glorious suns, not seperated by a racking  
Cloud, but seuered in a pale cleere shining skie.  
See, see, they ioine, abraee, and seeme to kisse,  
As if they vowde some league inuiolate:  
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one sun,  
In this the heauenus doth figure some euent.

*Edw.* I thinke it eites vs brother to the field,  
That we the sonnes of braue Plantagenet,  
Alreadie each one shining by his meed,  
May ioine in one and ouerpeere the world,  
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,  
He beare vpon my Target, three faire shining suns.  
But what art thou? that lookest so heauilie?

*Mes.* Oh one that was a wofull looker on,  
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was slaine.

*Edw.* O speake no more, for I can heare no more.

*Rich.* Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

*Mes.* When as the noble Duke was put to flight,  
And then pursu'de by Clifford and the Queene,  
And manie souldiers moe, who all at once  
Let driue at him and forst the Duke to yeeld:  
And then they set him on a molehill there,  
And crownd the gracious Duke in high despite,  
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.  
The ruthlesse Queene perceiuing he did weepe,  
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eies,  
Dipt in the bloud of sweet young Rutland  
But rough Clifford slaine: who weeping tooke it vp.  
Then through his brest they thrust their bloody swordes,  
Who like a lambe fell at the butchers feete.  
Then on the gates of Yorke they set his head,  
And there it doth remaine the piteous speetaele  
That ere mine eies beheld.

*Edw.* Sweet Duke of Yorke our prop to leane vpon,  
Now thou art gone there is no hope for vs:  
Now my soules pallace is become a prison.  
Oh would she breake from compasse of my breast,  
For neuer shall I haue more ioie.

*Rich.* I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moisture  
Searse serues to quench my furnaee burning hart:  
I cannot ioie till this white rose be dide,  
Euen in the hart bloud of the house of Laneaster.  
Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,  
Or die my selfe in seeking of reuenge.

*Edw.* His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,  
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,  
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the sunne.  
For chaire, and dukedome, Throne and kingdome saie :  
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his ?

*Enter the Earle of WARWIK, MONTAGUE, with drum, ancient, and souldiers.*

*War.* How now faire Lords : what fare ? what newes abroad ?

*Rich.* Ah Warwike ? should we report the balefull  
Newes, and at each words deliuerance stab poinyardes  
In our flesh till all were told, the words would adde  
More anguish then the wounds.

Ah valiant Lord the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

*Edw.* Ah Warwike Warwike, that Plantagenet,  
Which held thee deere : I, euen as his soules redemption,  
Is by the sterne L. Clifford, done to death.

*War.* Ten daies ago I drownd those newes in teares.  
And now to adde more measure to your woes,  
I come to tell you things since then befallne.  
After the bloudie fraie at Wakefield fought,  
Where your brane father breath'd his latest gaspe,  
Tidings as swiftlie as the post could runne,  
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.  
I then in London keeper of the King,  
Mustred my souldiers, gathered flockes of friends,  
And verie well appointed as I thought,  
Marcht to saint Albons to entercept the Queene,  
Bearing the King in my behalfe along,  
For by my scoutes I was aduertised,  
That she was comming, with a full intent  
To dash your late decree in parliament,  
Touching King Henries heires and your succession.  
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,  
Our battels ioinde, and both sides fiercelie fought :  
But whether twas the coldnesse of the king,  
He lookt full gentlie on his warlike Queene,  
That robde my souldiers of their heated spleene.  
Or whether twas report of his successe,  
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigor,  
Who thunders to his captaines bloud and death,  
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,  
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.  
Our souldiers like the night Owles lasie flight,  
Or like an idle thresher with a flaile,  
Fel gentlie downe as if they smote their friends.  
I cheerd them vp with iustice of the cause,  
With promise of hie paie and great rewardes,  
But all in vaine, they had no harts to fight,  
Nor we in them no hope to win the daie,  
So that We fled. The king vnto the Queene,  
Lord George your brother, Norfolke, and my selfe,  
In hast, poste hast, are come to ioine with you,  
For in the marches here we heard you were,  
Making another head to fight againe.

*Edw.* Thankes gentle Warwike.

How farre hence is the Duke with his power ?  
And when came George from Burgundie to England ?

*War.* Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power,  
But as for your brother he was later sent



From your kind Aunt, Duches of Burgundie,  
With aide of souldiers gainst this needfull warre.

*Rich.* Twas ods belike, when valiant Warwike fled.  
Off haue I heard thy praises in pursute,  
But nere till now thy scandall of retire.

*War.* Nor now my scandall Richard dost thou heare,  
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,  
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,  
And wring the awefull scepter from his fist:  
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,  
As he is famde for mildnesse, peace and praier.

*Rich.* I know it well Lord Warwike blame me not,  
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.  
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?  
Shall we go throw away our coates of steele,  
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning gownes,  
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beades?  
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,  
Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?  
If for the last, saie I, and to it Lords.

*War.* Why therefore Warwike came to find you out,  
And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,  
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,  
And of their feather manie mo proud birdes,  
Haue wrought the easie melting king like waxe.  
He sware consent to your succession,  
His oath inrolled in the Parliament.  
But now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate his oath or what besides  
May make against the house of Lancaster.  
Their power I gesse them fifty thousand strong.  
Now if the helpe of Norffolke and my selfe,  
Can but amount to 48. thousand,  
With all the friendes that thou braue earle of March,  
Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,  
Why via, To London will we march amaine,  
And once againe bestride our foming steedes,  
And once againe crie charge vpon the foe,  
But neuer once againe turne backe and flie.

*Rich.* I, now me thinkes I heare great Warwike speake;  
Nere maie he liue to see a sunshine daie,  
That cries retire, when Warwike bids him stay.

*Edw.* Lord Warwike, on thy shoulder will I leane,  
And when thou faints, must Edward fall:  
Which perill heauen forefend.

*War.* No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,  
The next degree, is Englands royall king:  
And king of England shalt thou be proclaimde,  
In euery burrough as we passe along:  
And he that casts not vp his cap for ioie,  
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.  
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,  
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,  
But forward to effect these resolutions.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* The Duke of Norffolke sends you word by me,

The Queene is comming with a puissant power,  
And craves your companie for speedie counsell.

*War.* Why then it sorts braue Lordes. Lets march away.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter the King and Queene, Prince EDWARD, and the Northerne Earles, with drum and Souldiers.*

*Quee.* Welcome my Lord to this braue town of York.  
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemy,  
That sought to be impaled with your crowne.  
Doth not the obicet please your eie my Lord?

*King.* Euen as the rockes please them that feare their wracke.  
Withhold reneuge deare God, tis not my fault,  
Nor wittinglie haue I infringde my vow.

*Clif.* My gracious Lord, this too much lenitie,  
And harmefull pittie must be laid aside,  
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?  
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.  
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth lieke?  
Not his that spoiles his young before his face.  
Whose scapes the lurking serpentes mortall sting?  
Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.  
The smallest worme will turne being troden on,  
And Doues will peeke, in rescue of their broode.  
Ambitious Yorke did leuell at thy Crowne,  
Thou smiling, while he knit his angrie browes.  
He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a king,  
And raise his issue like a louing sire.  
Thou being a king blest with a goodlie sonne,  
Didst giue consent to disinherit him,  
Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father.  
Vnreasonable creatures feed their yong,  
And though mans face be fearefull to their eies,  
Yet in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not scene them euen with those same wings  
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,  
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest,  
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?  
For shame my Lord, make them your president,  
Were it not pittie that this goodlie boy,  
Should lose his birth right through his fathers fault?  
And long hereafter saie vnto his child,  
What my great grandfather and grandsire got,  
My carlesse father fondlie gaue awaie?  
Looke on the boy and let his manlie face,  
Which promiseth successefull fortune to vs all,  
Steele thy melting thoughtes,  
To keepe thine owne, and leane thine owne with him.

*King.* Full wel hath Clifford plaid the Orator,  
Inferring arguments of mighty force.  
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,  
That things euill got had euer bad successe,  
And happie euer was it for that some,  
Whose father for his hoording went to hell?  
I leane my some my vertuous deedes behind,  
And would my father had left me no more,  
For all the rest is held at such a rate,  
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,  
Then maie the present profit counteruaile.

Ah cosen Yorke, would thy best friendes did know,  
How it doth greeue me that thy head stands there.

*Quee.* My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your followers faint.  
You promisde knighthood to your princelie sonne.  
Vnsheath your sword and straight doe dub him knight.  
Kneele downe Edward.

*King.* Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,  
And learne this lesson boy, draw thy sword in right.

*Prince.* My gracious father by your kingly leaue,  
Ile draw it as apparant to the crowne,  
And in that quarrel vse it to the death.

*Northum.* Why that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Royall commaunders be in readinesse,  
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,  
Comes Warwike backing of the Duke of Yorke.  
And in the townes whereas they passe along,  
Proclames him king, and manie flies to him,  
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

*Clif.* I would your highnesse would depart the field,  
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

*Quee.* Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

*King.* Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

*Clif.* Be it with resolution then to fight.

*Prince.* Good father cheere these noble Lords,  
Vnsheath your sword, sweet father erie Saint George.

*Clif.* Pitch we our battell heere, for hence wee will not moue.

*Enter the house of Yorke.*

*Edward.* Now periurde Henrie wilt thou yeelde thy crowne,  
And kneele for mercie at thy soueraignes feete?

*Queen.* Go rate thy minions proud insulting boy,  
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,  
Before thy king and lawfull soueraigne?

*Edw.* I an his king, and he should bend his knee,  
I was adopted heire by his consent.

*George.* Since when he hath broke his oath.  
For as we heare you that are king  
Though he doe weare the Crowne,  
Haue causde him by new act of Parlement  
To blot our brother out, and put his owne son in.

*Clif.* And reason George. Who should succede the father but the son?

*Rich.* Are you their buteher?

*Clif.* I Crookbaeke, here I stand to answere thee, or any of your sort.

*Rich.* Twas you that kild yong Rutland, was it not?

*Clif.* Yes, and old Yorke too, and yet not satisfide.

*Rich.* For Gods sake Lords giue synald to the fight.

*War.* What saiest thou Henry? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?

*Queen.* What, long tongde War. dare you speake?  
When you and I met at saint Albones last,  
Your legs did better seruice than your hands.

*War.* I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.

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

*War.* Twas not your valour Clifford, that droue mee thence.

*Northum.* No, nor your manhood Warwike, that could make you staie.

*Rich.* Northumberland, Northumberland, wee holde  
Thee reuerentlie. Breake off the parlie, for scarse



I can refraine the execution of my big swolne  
Hart, against that Clifford there, that  
Cruell child-killer.

*Clif.* Why I kild thy father, calst thou him a child?

*Rich.* I like a villaine, and a trecherous eoward,  
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland.  
But ere sunne set Ile make thee curse the deed.

*King.* Haue doone with wordes great Lordes, and  
Heare me speake.

*Queen.* Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

*King.* I prethe giue no limits to my tongue,  
I am a king and priuiledge to speake.

*Clif.* My Lord the wound that bred this meeting here  
Cannot be cru'd with words, therefore be still.

*Rich.* Then executioner vnsheath thy sword,  
By him that made vs all I am resolu'de,  
That Cliffords manhood hangs vpon his tongue.

*Edw.* What saist thou Henry, shall I haue my right or no?  
A thousand men haue broke their fast to daie,  
That nere shall dine, vlesse thou yeeld the crowne.

*War.* If thou denie their blouds be on thy head,  
For Yorke in iustice puts his armour on.

*Prin.* If all be right that Warwike saies is right,  
There is no wrong but all things must be right.

*Rich.* Whosoever got thee, there thy mother stands,  
For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.

*Queen.* But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,  
But like a foule mishapen stymaticke  
Markt by the destinies to be auoided,  
As venome Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.

*Rich.* Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,  
Thy father beares the title of a king,  
As if a channell should be calde the Sea;  
Shames thou not, knowing from whence thou art de-  
riu'de, to parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?

*Edw.* A wispe of straw were worth a thousand crowns,  
To make that shamelesse callet know her selfe,  
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of France,  
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin stoope:  
And had he matcht according to his state,  
He might haue kept that glorie till this daie.  
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,  
And graest thy poore sire with his bridall daie,  
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him  
Whieh washt his fathers fortunes out of France,  
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.  
For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride?  
Hadst thou beene meeke, our title yet had slept?  
And we in pittie of the gentle king,  
Had slipt our claime vntill an other age.

*George.* But when we saw our summer brought the gaine,  
And that the haruest brought vs no increase,  
We set the axe to thy vsurping root,  
And though the edge haue something hit our selues,  
Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike,  
Till we haue hewne thee downe,  
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.

*Edw.* And in this resolution, I defie thee,  
Not willing anie longer conference,

Since thou deniest the gentle king to speake,  
Sound trumpets, let our blondie colours waue,  
And either victorie or else a graue.

*Quee.* Staie Edward staie.

*Edw.* Henee wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie,  
Thy words will eost ten thousand liues to daie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Alarmes. Enter WARWIK.*

*War.* Sore spent with toile as runners with the race,  
I laie me downe a little while to breath,  
For strokes receiude, and manie blowes repaide,  
Hath robd my strong knit sinnews of their strength,  
And foree perforce needes must I rest my selfe.

*Enter EDWARD.*

*Edw.* Smile gentle heauens or strike vngentle death,  
That we maie die vnlesse we gaine the daie :  
What fattall starre malignant frownes from heauen  
Vpon the harmelesse line of Yorkes true house ?

*Enter GEORGE.*

*George.* Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,  
For yet theres hope enough to win the daie :  
Then let vs baeke to cheere our fainting Troupes,  
Lest they retire now we haue left the field.

*War.* How now my lords : what hap, what hope of good ?

*Enter RICHARD running.*

*Rich.* Ah Warwike, why haste thou withdrawne thy selfe ?  
Thy noble father in the thickest thronges,  
Cride still for Warwike his thrise valiant son,  
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,  
And manie wounds made in his aged brest,  
And as he tottring sate vpon his steede,  
He waft his hand to me and eride aloud :  
Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,  
And still he eride Warwike reuenge my death,  
And with those words he tumbled off his horse,  
And so the noble Salsbury gaue vp the ghost.

*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,  
Ile kill my horse because I will not flie :  
And here to God of heauen I make a vow,  
Neuer to passe from forth this bloody field  
Till I am full reuenged for his death.

*Edw.* Lord Warwike, I doe bend my knees with thine,  
And in that vow now ioine my soule to thee,  
Thou setter vp and puller downe of kings,  
vouchsafte a gentle victorie to vs,  
Or let vs die before we loose the daie :

*George.* Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiers harts,  
And eall them pillers that will stand to vs,  
And hiely promise to remunerate  
Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres.

*Rich.* Come, come awaie, and stand not to debate,  
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.  
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part

And take our leaues untill we meet againe,  
Where ere it be in heauen or in earth.  
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in wo,  
To see these dire mishaps eoutinne so.  
Warwike farewell.

*War.* Awaie awaie, once more sweet Lords farewell.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Alarmes, and then enter RICHARD at one dore and CLIFFORD at the other.*

*Rich.* A Clifford a Clifford.

*Clif.* A Richard a Richard.

*Rich.* Now Clifford, for Yorke & young Rutlands death,  
This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy blond,  
Shall lop thy limmes, and slise thy cursed hart,  
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made.

*Clif.* Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,  
This is the hand that stabd thy father Yorke,  
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,  
And heres the heart that trimmphs in their deathes,  
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,  
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,  
And so haue at thee.

*Alarmes. They fight, and then enters WARWIKE and rescues RICHARD, & then exeunt omnes.*

*Alarmes still, and then enter HENRY solus.*

*Hen.* Oh grations God of heanen looke downe on vs,  
And set some endes to these inecessant griefes,  
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,  
This woful battaile doth continue still,  
Now leaning this way, now to that side drine,  
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.  
O would my death might staie these ciuill iars!  
Would I had neuer rained, nor nere bin king,  
Margret and Clifford, ehide me from the fiede,  
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence.  
Would God that I were dead so all were well,  
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content  
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

*Enter a souldier with a dead man in his armes.*

*Sould.* Il blowes the wind that profits no bodie,  
This man that I haue slaine in fight to daie,  
Maie be possessed of some store of crownes,  
And I will search to find them if I can,  
But stay. Me thinkes it is my fathers face,  
Oh I tis he whom I haue slaine in fight,  
From London was I prest out by the king,  
My father he came on the part of Yorke,  
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father:  
Oh pardon God. I knew not what I did,  
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

*Enter an other souldier with a dead man.*

2. *Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtst with me so stontly,  
Now let me see what store of gold thou haste,  
But staie, me thinkes this is no fauous face:  
Oh no it is my soune that I haue slaine in fight,



O monstrous times begetting such euent,  
How cruel bloody, and ironious,  
This deadlie quarrell dailie doth beget,  
Poore boy thy father gaue thee lif too late,  
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too sone.

*King.* Wo aboute wo, grieffe more then common grieffe,  
Whilst Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,  
Poore lambs do feele the rigor of their wraths:  
The red rose and the white are on his face,  
The fatall colour of our striuing houses,  
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,  
For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.

1. *Sould.* How will my mother for my fathers death,  
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

2. *Sol.* How will my wife for slaughter of my son,  
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

*King.* How will the people now misdeeme their king,  
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.

1. *Sould.* Was euer son so rude his fathers bloud to spil?

2. *Soul.* Was euer father so vnmatrall his son to kill?

*King.* Was euer king thus greeud and vexed still?

1. *Sould.* Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place,  
For wo is me to see my fathers face.

[*Exit with his father.*]

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence & let them fight that wil,  
For I haue murdered where I should not kill.

[*Exit with his sonne.*]

*K. Hen.* Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for tear,  
Here sits a king as woe begone as thee.

*Alarmer and enter the Queene.*

*Queen.* Awaie my Lord to Barwicke presentlie,  
The daie is lost. our friends are murdered,  
No hope is left for vs, therefore awaie.

*Enter prince EDWARD.*

*Prince.* Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,  
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

*Enter EXETER.*

*Exet.* Awaie my Lord for vengeance comes along with him:  
Nay stand not to expostulate make hast,  
Or else come after, Ile awaie before.

*K. Hen.* Naie staie good Exeter, for Ile along with thee.

*Enter CLIFFORD wounded, with an arrow in his necke.*

*Clif.* Heere burnes my candell out,  
That whilst it lasted gane king Henry light.  
Ah Lancaster, I feare thine onerthrow,  
More then my bodies parting from my soule.  
My loue and feare glude manie friends to thee,  
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.  
Impairing Henry strengthened misproud Yorke,  
The common people swarme like summer flies,  
And whither flies the Gnats but to the sun?  
And who shines now but Henries enemie?  
Oh Phœbus hadst thou neuer giuen consent,  
That Phaeton should cheeke thy fierie steedes,  
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.

And Henry hadst thou liu'd as kings should doe,  
 And as thy father and his father did,  
 Gining no foot vnto the house of Yorke,  
 I and ten thousand in this wofull land,  
 Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes,  
 And thou this daie hadst kept thy throne in peace.  
 For what doth cherish weedes but gentle aire?  
 And what makes robbers bold but lenitie?  
 Bootlesse are plaintes, and euresse are my woundes,  
 No waie to flie, no strength to hold our flight,  
 The foe is merciesse and will not pittie me,  
 And at their hands I haue deserude no pittie.  
 The aire is got into my bleeding woundes,  
 And much effuse of bloud doth make me faint,  
 Come Yorke and Richard, Warwike and the rest,  
 I stabde your fathers, now come split my brest.

*Enter EDWARD, RICHARD and WARWIKE, and Souldiers.*

*Edw.* Thus farre our fortunes keeps an vpward  
 Course, and we are grast with wreathes of victorie.  
 Some troopes pursue the bloudie minded Queene,  
 That now towards Barwike doth poste amaine,  
 But thinke you that Clifford is fled awaie with them?

*War.* No, tis impossible he shoulde escape,  
 For though before his face I speake the words,  
 Your brother Richard markt him for the grane.  
 And where so ere he be I warrant him dead.

[CLIFFORD grones and then dies.]

*Edw.* Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy leaue?

*Rich.* A deadlie grone, like life and deaths departure.

*Edw.* See who it is, and now the battailes ended,  
 Friend or foe, let him be friendlie vsed.

*Rich.* Reverse that doome of mercie, for tis Clifford,  
 Who kild our tender brother Rutland,  
 And stabd our princelie father Duke of Yorke.

*War.* From off the gates of Yorke feteh downe the  
 Head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there.  
 Insteed of that, let his supplie the roome.  
 Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatall serichowle to our house,  
 That nothing sung to vs but bloud and death,  
 Now his euill boding tongue no more shall speake.

*War.* I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft.  
 Say Clifford, doost thou know who speakes to thee?  
 Darke cloudie death oreshades his beames of life,  
 And he nor sees nor heares vs what we saie.

*Rich.* Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth,  
 And tis his policie that in the time of death,  
 He might auoid such bitter stormes as he  
 In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.

*George.* Richard if thou thinkest so, vex him with eager words.

*Rich.* Clifford, aske mercie and obtaine no grace.

*Edw.* Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.

*War.* Clifford deuise excuses for thy fault.

*George.* Whilst we deuise fell tortures for thy fault.

*Rich.* Thou pittiedst Yorke, and I am sonne to Yorke.

*Edw.* Thou pittiedst Rutland, and I will pittie thee.

*George.* Wheres captaine Margaret to fence you now?

*War.* They mocke thee Clifford, sweare as thou wast wont.

*Rich.* What not an oth? Nay, then I know hees dead.  
Tis hard, when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath.  
By this I know hees dead, and by my soule,  
Would this right hand buy but an howres life,  
That I in all contempt might raile at him.  
Ide cut it off and with the issuing bloud,  
Stifle the villaine whose instanced thirst,  
Yorke and young Rutland could not satisfie.

*War.* I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,  
And reare it in the place your fathers stands.  
And now to London with triumphant march,  
There to be crowned Englands lawfull king.  
From thence shall Warwike crosse the seas to France,  
And aske the ladie Bona for thy Queene,  
So shalt thou sinew both these landes together,  
And hauing France thy friend thou needst not dread,  
The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.  
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine eares.  
First Ile see the coronation done,  
And afterward Ile crosse the seas to France,  
To effect this marriage if it please my Lord.

*Edw.* Euen as thou wilt good Warwike let it be.  
But first before we goe, George kneele downe.  
We here create thee Duke of Clarence, and girt thee with the sword.  
Our younger brother Richard Duke of Glocester.  
Warwike as my selfe shal do & vndo as him pleaseth best.

*Rich.* Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,  
For Glosters Dukedomc is too ominous.

*War.* Tush thats a childish obseruation.  
Richard be Duke of Gloster. Now to London.  
To see these honors in possession.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter two keepers with bow and arrowes.*

*Keeper.* Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,  
And by and by the deere will come this waie.  
But staie, heere comes a man, lets listen him awhile.

*Enter king HENRIE disguise.*

*Hen.* From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,  
And thus disguise to greet my native land.  
No, Henrie no, It is no land of thine,  
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
No humble suters sues to thee for right,  
For how canst thou helpe them and not thy selfe?

*Keeper.* I marrie sir, heere is a dcere, his skinnc is a  
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,  
This is the king, king Edward hath deposde.

*Hen.* My Queene and sonne poore soules are gone to  
France, and as I heare the great commanding Warwike,  
To intreat a marriage with the ladie Bona,  
If this be true, poore Queene and sonne,  
Your labour is but spent in vaine,  
For Lewis is a prince soone wun with words,  
And Warwike is a subtyll Orator.  
He laughes and saies, his Edward is instalde,  
She weepes, and saies her Henry is deposde,



He on his right hand asking a wife for Edward,  
She on his left side craning aide for Henry.

*Keeper.* What art thou that talkes of kings and queens?

*Hen.* More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.

A man at least, and more I cannot be,  
And men maie talke of kings, and why not I?

*Keeper.* I but thou talkest as if thou wert a king thy selfe.

*Hen.* Why so I am in mind though not in shew.

*Keeper.* And if thou be a king where is thy crowne?

*Hen.* My crowne is in my hart, not on my head.

My crowne is calde content, a crowne that  
Kings doe seldome times enjoy.

*Keeper.* And if thou be a king crownd with content,  
Your crowne content and you, must be content  
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinke  
You are our quondam king, K. Edward hath deposde,  
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the kings  
To go along with vs vnto the officers.

*Hen.* Gods name be fulfilled, your kings name be  
Obaide, and be you kings, command and He obey.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter king EDWARD, CLARENCE, and GLOSTER, MONTAGUE, HASTINGS, and the Lady GRAY.*

*K. Edw.* Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,  
This ladies husband heere sir Richard Gray,  
At the battaile of saint Albones did lose his life,  
His lands then were seized on by the conqueror.  
Her sute is now to repoesse those lands,  
And sith in quarrell of the house of Yorke,  
The noble gentleman did lose his life,  
In honor we cannot denie her sute.

*Glo.* Your highnesse shall doe well to grant it then.

*K. Edw.* I, so I will, but yet He make a pause.

*Glo.* I, is the winde in that doore?

Clarence, I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble sute.

*Cla.* He knows the game, how well he keepes the wind.

*K. Ed.* Widow come some other time to know our mind.

*La.* May it please your grace I cannot brooke delaies,  
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.

*K. Ed.* Lords giue vs leaue, wee meane to trie this widowes wit.

*Cla.* I, good leaue haue you.

*Glo.* For you will haue leaue till youth take leaue,  
And leaue you to your crouch.

*K. Ed.* Come hither widdow, howe many children haste thou?

*Cla.* I thinke he meanes to begge a child on her.

*Glo.* Nay whip me then, heele rather giue hir two.

*La.* Three my most gracious Lord.

*Glo.* You shall haue foure and you wil be rulde by him.

*K. Ed.* Wer not pittie they shoulde loose their fathers lands?

*La.* Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them.

*K. Edw.* He tell thee how these lands are to be got.

*La.* So shall you bind me to your highnesse seruice.

*K. Ed.* What seruice wilt thou doe me if I grant it them?

*La.* Euen what your highnesse shall command.

*Glo.* Naie then widow He warrant you all your  
Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he  
Commands. Fight close or in good faith  
You catch a clap.

*Cl.* Naie I feare her not vnlesse she fall.

*Glo.* Marie godsforbot man, for heele take vantage then.

*La.* Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?

*K. Ed.* An easie taske, tis but to loue a king.

*La.* Thats soone performde, because I am a subiect.

*K. Ed.* Why then thy husbaudes landes I freelie giue thee.

*La.* I take my leaue with manie thousand thankes.

*Cl.* The match is made, shee seales it with a cursie.

*K. Ed.* Staie widdow staie, what loue dost thou thinke

I sue so much to get?

*La.* My humble seruice, such as subiects owes and the lawes commands.

*K. Ed.* No by my troth, I meant no such loue,

But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.

*La.* To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison.

*K. Edw.* Why then thou canst not get thy husbaudes lands.

*La.* Then mine honestie shall be my dower,

For by that losse I will not purchase them.

*K. Ed.* Herein thou wrongst thy children mightilie.

*La.* Heerein your highnesse wrongs both them and

Me, but mightie Lord this merrie inclination

Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute.

Please it your highnes to dismisse me either with I or no.

*K. Ed.* I, if thou saie I to my request,

No, if thou saie no to my demand.

*La.* Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.

*Glo.* The widdow likes him not, shee bends the brow.

*Cl.* Why he is the bluntest woer in christendome.

*K. Ed.* Her lookes are all repleat with maiestie,

One waie or other she is for a king,

And she shall be my loue or else my Queene.

Saie that king Edward tooke thee for his Queene.

*La.* Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord,

I am a subiect fit to iest withall,

But far vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

*K. Edw.* Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake

No more then what my hart intends,

And that is to enioie thee for my loue.

*La.* And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,

I know I am too bad to be your Queene,

And yet too good to be your Concubine.

*K. Edw.* You eauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.

*La.* Your grace would be loath my sonnes should call you father.

*K. Edw.* No more then when my daughters call thee

Mother. Thou art a widow and thou hast some children,

And by Gods mother I being but a bachelor

Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing

To be the father of manie children.

Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

*Glo.* The ghostlie father now hath done his shrift.

*Cl.* When he was made a shriuer twas for shift.

*K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow

And I haue had, you would thinke it strange

If I should marrie her.

*Cl.* Marrie her my Lord, to whom?

*K. Edw.* Why Clarence to my selfe.

*Glo.* That would be ten daies wonder at the least.

*Cl.* Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lastes.

*Glo.* And so much more are the wonders in extreames.

*K. Edw.* Well, icast on brothers, I can tell you, hir  
Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* And it please your grace, Henry your foe is  
Taken, and brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.

*K. Edw.* Awaie with him, and send him to the Tower,  
And let vs go question with the man about  
His apprehension. Lords along, and vse this  
Ladie honorablie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Manet Gloster and speakes.*

*Glo.* I, Edward will vse women honourablie,  
Would he were wasted marrow, bones and all,  
That from his loines no issue might succeed  
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,  
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.  
First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry  
And his somme, and all they lookt for issue  
Of their loines ere I can plant my selfe,  
A cold premeditation for my purpose,  
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?  
I will go clad my bodie in gaie ornaments,  
And lull my selfe within a ladies lap,  
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and lookes.  
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!  
Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.  
And for I should not deale in hir affaires,  
Shee did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,  
And plaste an enuious mountaine on my backe,  
Where sits deformity to moeke my bodie,  
To dric mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe.  
To make my legges of an vnequall size,  
And am I then a man to be belou'd?  
Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.  
Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,  
I erie content, to that that greenes me most.  
I can adde colours to the Camelion,  
And for a need change shapes with Protheus,  
And set the aspiring Catalin to schoole.  
Can I doc this, and cannot get the crowne?  
Tush were it ten times higher, Ile put it downe.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter king LEWIS and the ladie BONA, and Queene MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, and  
OXFORD and others.*

*Lewes.* Welcome Queene Margaret to the Court of France,  
It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand,  
Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,  
Thou shalt haue aide to repoesse thy right,  
And beat proud Edward from his vsurped seat.  
And place king Henry in his former rule.

*Queen.* I humbly thanke your royall maicstie,  
And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,  
Great king of France, that thus regards our wrongs.



*Enter Warwike.*

*Lew.* How now, who is this?

*Queen.* Our Earle of Warwike Edwardes chiefest friend.

*Lew.* Welcome braue Warwike, what brings thee to France?

*War.* From worthy Edward king of England,  
My Lord and Soueraigne and thy vowed friend,  
I come in kindnes and vnfained loue,  
First to do greetings to thy royall person,  
And then to craue a league of amitie,  
And lastlie to confirme that amitie  
With nuptiall knot if thou vouchsafe to grant  
That vertuons ladie Bona thy faire sister,  
To Englands king in lawfull marriage.

*Queen.* And if this go forward all our hope is done.

*War.* And gracious Madam, in our kings behalfe,  
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,  
Humble to kisse your hand and with my tongue,  
To tell the passions of my soueraines hart,  
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,  
Hath plast thy glorious image and thy vertues.

*Queen.* King Lewes and Lady Bona heare me speake,  
Before you answere Warwike or his words,  
For hee it is hath done vs all these wrongs.

*War.* Iniurious Margaret.

*Prince Ed.* And why not Queene?

*War.* Because thy father Henry did vsurpe,  
And thou no more art Prince then shee is Queene.

*Ox.* Then Warwike disanuls great Iohn of Gaunt,  
That did subdue the greatest part of Spaine,  
And after Iohn of Gaunt wise Henry the fourth,  
Whose wisdom was a mirrour to the world.  
And after this wise prince Henry the fift,  
Who with his prowesse conquered all France,  
From these our Henries lineallie discent.

*War.* Oxford, how haps that in this smooth discourse  
You told not how Henry the sixt had lost  
All that Henry the fift had gotten.  
Me thinkes these peeres of France should smile at that,  
But for the rest you tell a pettigree  
Of threescore and two yeares a sillie time,  
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.

*Oxf.* Why Warwike, canst thou denie thy king,  
Whom thou obeyedst thirtie and eight yeeres,  
And bewray thy treasons with a blush?

*War.* Can Oxford that did encre fence the right,  
Now buckler falshood with a pettigree?  
For shame leaue Henry and call Edward king.

*Oxf.* Call him my king by whom mine elder  
Brother the Lord Awbray Vere was done to death,  
And more than so, my father euen in the  
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,  
When age did call him to the dore of death?  
No Warwike no, whilst life vpholds this arme  
This arme vpholds the house of Lancaster.

*War.* And I the house of Yorke.

*K. Lewes.* Queene Margaret, prince Edward and  
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbear a while,  
'Till I doe talke a word with Warwike.

Now Warwike euen vpon thy honor tell me true ;  
Is Edward lawfull king or no ?  
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawful heir.

*War.* Thereon I pawne mine honour and my eredit.

*Lew.* What is he gracious in the peoples eies ?

*War.* The more, that Henry is vnfortunate.

*Lew.* What is his loue to our sister Bona ?

*War.* Such it seemes

As maie beseeme a monarke like himselfe.  
My selfe haue often heard him saie and sweare,  
That this his loue was an eternall plant,  
The root whereof was fixt in vertues ground,  
The leaves and fruite maintaide with beauties sun,  
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,  
Vnlesse the ladie Bona quite his paine.

*Lew.* Then sister let vs heare your firme resoluē.

*Bona.* Your grant or your denial shall be mine,  
But ere this daie I must confesse, when I  
Haue heard your kings deserts reeounted,  
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.

*Lew.* Then draw neere Queene Margaret and be a  
Witnesse, that Bona shall be wife to the English king.

*Prince Edw.* To Edward, but not the English king.

*War.* Henry now liues in Scotland at his ease,  
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,  
And as for you your selfe our *quondam* Queene,  
You haue a father able to maintaine your state,  
And better twere to trouble him then France.

*Sound for a post within.*

*Lew.* Here comes some post Warwike to thee or vs.

*Post.* My Lord ambassador this letter is for you,  
Sent from your brother Marquis Montague.

This from our king vnto your Maiestie.

And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.

*Oxf.* I like it well that our faire Queene and mistresse,  
Smiles at her newes when Warwike frets at his.

*P. Ed.* And marke how Lewes stamps as he were nettled.

*Lew.* Now Margaret & Warwike, what are your news ?

*Queen.* Mine such as fills my hart full of ioie.

*War.* Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent.

*Lew.* What hath your king married the Ladie Gray,  
And now to exeuise himselfe sends vs a post of papers ?  
How dares he presmne to vse vs thus ?

*Quee.* This proueth Edwards loue, and Warwiks honesty.

*War.* King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heauen,  
And by the hope I haue of heauenlie blisse,  
That I am cleare from this misdeed of Edwards.

No more my king, for he dishonours me,  
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of Yorke,

My father came vtinelic to his death ?

Did I let passe the abuse done to thy necee ?

Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,

And thrust King Henry from his natiue home,

And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus ?

My gracious Queene pardon what is past,

And henceforth I am thy true seruitour,

I will reuenge the wrongs done to ladie Bona,  
And replant Henry in his former state.

*Queen.* Yes Warwike I doe quite forget thy former  
Faults, if now thou wilt become king Henries friend.

*War.* So much his friend, I his vnfained friend,  
That if king Lewes vouchsafc to furnish vs  
With some few bands of chosen souldiers,  
He vndertake to land them on our coast,  
And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre,  
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him.

*Lew.* Then at the last I firmelie am resolu'd,  
You shall haue aide: and English messenger returne  
In post, and tell false Edward thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers  
To reuell it with him and his new bride.

*Bona.* Tell him in hope heele be a Widower shortlie,  
He weare the willow garland for his sake.

*Queen.* Tell him my mourning weedes be laide aside,  
And I am readie to put armour on.

*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore He vncrowne him er't be long.  
Thears thy reward, begone.

*Lew.* But now tell me Warwike, what assurance  
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?

*War.* This shall assure my constant loyaltie,  
If that our Queene and this young prince agree,  
He ioine mine eldest daughter and my ioie  
To him forthwith in holie wedlockes bandes.

*Queen.* Withall my hart, that match I like full wel,  
Loue her sonne Edward, shee is faire and yong,  
And giue thy hand to Warwike for thy loue.

*Lew.* It is enough, and now we will prepare,  
To leuie souldiers for to go with you.  
And you Lord Bourbon our high Admirall,  
Shall waft them safelic to the English coast,  
And chase proud Edward from his slumbring trance,  
For mocking marriage with the name of France.

*War.* I came from Edward as Imbassadour  
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:  
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,  
But dreadfull warre shall answere his demand.  
Had he none else to make a stalc but me?  
Then none but I shall turne his icst to sorrow.  
I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,  
And He be chiefe to bring him downe againe,  
Not that I pittie Henries miserie,  
But seeke reuenge on Edwards mockerie.

[*Exit.*

*Enter king EDWARD, the Queene and CLARENCE, and GLOSTER, and MONTAGUE, and  
HASTINGS, and PENBROOKE, with souldiers.*

*Edw.* Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,  
What thinke you of our marriage with the ladie Gray?

*Cla.* My Lord, we thinke as Warwike and Lewes  
That are so slacke in iudgement, that theile take  
No offence at this suddaine marriage.

*Edw.* Suppose they doe, they are but Lewes and  
Warwike, and I am your king and Warwikes,  
And will be obaied.



*Glo.* And shall, because our king, but yet such  
Sudden marriages seldome proueth well.

*Edw.* Yea brother Richard are you against vs too?

*Glo.* Not I my Lord, no, God forefend that I should  
Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure,  
I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so wel together.

*Edw.* Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,  
Shew me some reasons why the Ladie Gray,  
Maie not be my loue and Englands Queene?  
Speake freelic Clarence, Gloster,  
Montague and Hastings.

*Cla.* My Lord then this is my opinion,  
That Warwike beeing dishonored in his embassage,  
Doth seeke reuenge to quite his iniuries.

*Glo.* And Levves in regard of his sisters wrongs,  
Doth ioine with Warwike to supplant your state.

*Edw.* Suppose that Lewis and Warwike be appeasd,  
By such meanes as I can best denise.

*Mont.* But yet to haue ioind with France in this  
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our  
Common wealth, gainst forraine stormes,  
Then anie home bred marriage.

*Hast.* Let England be true within it selfe,  
We need not France nor any alliance with them.

*Cla.* For this one speech the Lord Hastings wel deserues,  
To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord Hungerford.

*Edw.* And what then? It was our will it should be so?

*Cla.* I, and for such a thing too the Lord Scales  
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the  
Daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and left your  
Brothers to go seeke elsewhere, but in  
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.

*Edw.* Alasse poore Clarence, is it for a wife,  
That thou art mal-content,  
Why man be of good cheere, He prouide thee one.

*Cla.* Naie you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,  
That you shall giue me leaue to make my  
Choise as I thinke good, and to that intent,  
I shortlie meane to leaue you.

*Edw.* Leaue me or tarrie I am full resolu'd,  
Edward will not be tied to his brothers wils.

*Queen.* My Lords doe me but right, and you must  
Confesse, before it pleasd his highnesse to aduanee  
My state to title of a Queene,  
That I was not ignoble in my birth.

*Edw.* Forbeare my loue to fawne vpon their frownes,  
For thee they must obay, naie shall obaie,  
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

*Mont.* My Lord, heere is the messenger returnd from France.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Ed.* Now sirra, What letters or what newes?

*Mes.* No letters my Lord, and such newes, as without  
Your highnesse speeciall pardon I dare not relate.

*Edw.* We pardon thee, and as neere as thou eanst  
Tell me, What said Lewis to our letters?

*Mes.* At my departure these were his verie words.  
Go tell false Edward thy supposed king,

That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,  
To reuill it with him and his new bride.

*Edw.* Is Lewis so braue, belike he thinkes me Henry.

But what said Lady Bona to these wrongs?

*Mes.* Tel him quoth she, in hope heele proue a widdower shortly, He weare the willow garland for his sake.

*Edw.* She had the wrong, indeed she could saie  
Little lesse. But what saide Henries Queene, for as  
I heare, she was then in place?

*Mes.* Tell him quoth shee my mourning weeds be  
Doone, and I am readie to put armour on.

*Edw.* Then belike she meanes to plaie the Amazon.  
But what said Warwike to these iniuries?

*Mes.* He more incensed then the rest my Lord,  
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore He vncrowne him er't be long.

*Ed.* Ha, Durst the traytor breath out such proude words?  
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.

But what is Warwike friendes with Margaret?

*Mes.* I my good Lord, theare so linkt in friendship,  
That young Princee Edward marries Warwikes daughter.

*Cl.* The elder, belike Clarence shall haue the  
Yonger. All you that loue me and Warwike  
Follow me.

[*Exit CLARENCE and SUMMERSSET.*]

*Edw.* Clarence and Summersset fled to Warwike.  
What saie you brother Richard, will you stand to vs?

*Glo.* I my Lord, in despight of all that shall  
Withstand you. For why hath Nature  
Made me halt downe right, but that I  
Should be valiant and stand to it, for if  
I would, I eannot runne awaie.

*Edw.* Penbrooke, go raise an armie presentlie,  
Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night  
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,  
He march to meet proud Warwike ere he land  
Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France.  
But ere I goe Montague and Hastings,  
You of all the rest are neerest allied  
In bloud to Warwike, therefore tell me, if  
You fauour him more then me or not:  
Speake truelie, for I had rather haue you open  
Enemies, then hollow friends.

*Monta.* So God helpe Montague as he proues true.

*Hast.* And Hastings as hee fauours Edwards cause.

*Edw.* It shall suffice, come then lets march awaie.

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

*Enter WARWIKE and OXFORD, with souldiers.*

*War.* Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well,  
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,  
But see where Sommersset and Clarence comes,  
Speake suddenlic my Lords, are we all friends?

*Cl.* Feare not that my Lord.

*War.* Then gentle Clarence welcome vnto Warwike.  
And welcome Summersset, I hold it eowardise,  
To rest mistrustfull where a noble hart,  
Hath pawnde an open hand in signe of loue,  
Else might I thinke that Clarence, Edwards brother,  
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,

But welcome sweet Clarence my daughter shal be thine.  
 And now what rests but in nights couerture,  
 Thy brother being careleslie encampt,  
 His souldiers lurking in the towne about,  
 And but attended by a simple garde,  
 We maie surprise and take him at our pleasure,  
 Our skouts haue found the adniture verie easie,  
 Then crie king Henry with resolu'd miudes,  
 And breake we presentlie into his tent.

*Cl.* Why then lets on our waie in silent sort,  
 For Warwike and his friends God and saint George.

*War.* This is his tent, and see where his guard doth  
 Stand, Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,  
 But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.

*All.* A Warwike, a Warwike.

*Alarmes, and GLOSTER and HASTINGS flies.*

*Orf.* Who goes there?

*War.* Richard and Hastings let them go, heere is the Duke.

*Edw.* The Duke, why Warwike when we parted  
 Last, thou ealdst me king?

*War.* I, but the case is altered now.  
 When you disgraste me in my embassage,  
 Then I disgraste you from being king,  
 And now am come to create you Duke of Yorke,  
 Alasse how should you gouerne anie kingdome,  
 That knowes not how to vse ambassadors,  
 Nor how to vse your brothers brotherlie,  
 Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enimies.

*Edw.* Well Warwike, let fortune doe her worst,  
 Edward in minde will beare himselfe a king.

*War.* Then for his minde be Edward Englands king,  
 But Henry now shall weare the English crowne.  
 Go conuaie him to our brother archbishop of Yorke,  
 And when I haue fought with Penbrooke & his followers,  
 He come and tell thee what the ladie Bona saies,  
 And so for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke.

[*Exeunt some with EDWARD.*]

*Cl.* What followes now, all hithertoo goes well,  
 But we must dispatch some letters to France,  
 To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,  
 And bid hir come with speed to ioine with vs.

*War.* I thats the first thing that we haue to doe,  
 And free king Henry from imprisonment,  
 And see him seated in his regall throne,  
 Come let vs haste awaie, and haning past these eares,  
 He post to Yorke, and see how Edward fares.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and sir WILLIAM STANLY.*

*Glo.* Lord Hastings, and sir William Stanly,  
 Know that the cause I sent for you is this.  
 I looke my brother with a slender traine,  
 Should come a hunting in this forrest heere.  
 The Bishop of Yorke befriends him much,  
 And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,  
 Now I haue priuilie sent him word,  
 How I am come with you to rescue him,  
 And see where the huntsman and he doth come.



*Enter EDWARD and a Huntsman.*

*Hunts.* This waie my Lord the deere is gone.

*Edw.* No this waie huntsman, see where the  
Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,  
What, are you prouided to depart?

*Glo.* I, I, the horse stands at the parke corner,  
Come, to Linne, and so take shipping into Flanders.

*Edw.* Come then : Hastings, and Stanlie, I will  
Requite your loues. Bishop farewell,  
Sheeld thee from Warwikes frownc,  
And praie that I maie repossesse the crowne.  
Now huntsman what will you doe?

*Hunts.* Marrie my Lord, I thinke I had as good  
Goe with you, as tarrie heere to be hangde.

*Edw.* Come then lets awaie with speed.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter the Queene and the Lord RIUERS.*

*Riuers.* Tel me good maddam, why is your grace  
So passionate of late?

*Queen.* Why brother Riuers, heare you not the newes,  
Of that successe king Edward had of late?

*Riu.* What? losse of some pitcht battaile against Warwike,  
Tush, feare not faire Queen, but cast those cares aside.  
King Edwards noble mind his honours doth display :  
And Warwike maie loose, though then he got the day.

*Queen.* If that were all, my griefes were at an end :  
But greater troubles will I feare befall.

*Riu.* What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,  
To the danger of his royall person then?

*Queen.* I, thears my griefe, king Edward is surprisde,  
And led awaie, as prisoner vnto Yorke.

*Riu.* The newes is passing strange, I must confesse :  
Yet comfort your selfe, for Edward hath more friends,  
Then Lancaster at this time must perceiue,  
That some will set him in his throne againe.

*Queen.* God grant they maie, but gentle brother come,  
And let me leane vpon thine arme a while,  
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,  
There to preserue the fruit within my wombe,  
K. Edwards seed true heire to Englands crowne.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD and HASTINGS, with a troope of Hollanders.*

*Edw.* Thus far from Belgia haue we past the seas,  
And marcht from Raunspur hauen vnto Yorke :  
But soft the gates are shut, I like not this.

*Rich.* Sound vp the drum and call them to the wals.

*Enter the Lord Maire of Yorke vpon the wals.*

*Mair.* My Lords we had notice of your comming,  
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,  
And shut the gates for to preserue the towne.  
Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him.

*Edw.* Why my Lord Maire, if Henry be your king,  
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of Yorke.

*Mair.* Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.

*Edw.* I craue nothing but my Dukedome.

*Rich.* But when the Fox hath gotten in his head,  
Heele quicklie make the bodie follow after.

*Hast.* Why my Lord Maire, what stand you vpon points?  
Open the gates, we are king Henries friends.

*Mair.* Saie you so, then Ile open them presentlie.

[*Exit Maire.*]

*Ri.* By my faith, a wise stout captain & soone perswaded.

[*The Maire opens the dore, and brings the keies in his hand.*]

*Edw.* So my Lord Maire, these gates must not be shut,  
But in the time of warre, giue me the keies:  
What, feare not man for Edward will defend  
The towne and you, despight of all your foes.

*Enter sir JOHN MOUNTGOMMERY with drumme and souldiers.*

How now Richard, who is this?

*Rich.* Brother, this is sir Iohn Mountgommerie,  
A trustie friend vnlesse I be deceiude.

*Edw.* Welcome sir Iohn. Wherefore come you in armes?

*Sir Iohn.* To helpe king Edward in this time of stormes,  
As euerie loyall subieet ought to doe.

*Edw.* Thankes braue Mountgommerie,  
But I onlie claime my Dukedom.

Vntil it please God to send the rest.

*Sir Iohn.* Then fare you wel? Drum strike vp and let vs  
March away, I came to serue a king and not a Duke.

*Edw.* Nay staie sir Iohn, and let vs first debate,  
With what security we maie doe this thing.

*Sir Iohn.* What stand you on debating, to be briefe,  
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our king,  
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe that come to  
Succour you, why should we fight when  
You pretend no title?

*Rich.* Fie brother, fie, stand you vpon tearmes?  
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.

*Edw.* I am resolute once more to elaime the crowne,  
And win it too, or else to loose my life.

*Sir Iohn.* I now my soueraigne spcaketh like himselfe,  
And now will I be Edwards Champion,  
Sound Trumpets, for Edward shall be proclaimd.

Edward the fourth by the grace of God, king of England and France, and Lord of Ireland,  
and whosoeuer gainsaies king Edwards right: by this I challenge him to single fight, long  
liue Edward the fourth.

*All.* Long liue Edward the fourth.

*Edw.* We thanke you all. Lord Maire leade on the waie.  
For this night weele harbour here in Yorke,  
And then as earlie as the morning sunne,  
Liftes vp his beames aboue this horison  
Weele marche to London, to meete with Warwike:  
And pull false Henry from the Regall throne.

[*Exeunt Ownes.*]

*Enter WARWIKE and CLARENCE, with the Crowne, and then king HENRY, and OXFORD, and  
SUMMERSSET, and the yong Earle of Richmond.*

*King.* Thus from the prison to this princelie seat,  
By Gods great mercies am I brought  
Againe, Clarence and Warwike doe you  
Keepe the crowne, and gouerne and protect  
My realme in peace, and I will spend the  
Remnant of my daies, to sinnes rebuke  
And my Creators praise.

*War.* What answeres Clarence to his soueraignes will ?

*Cl.* Clarence agrees to what king Henry likes.

*King.* My Lord of Summerset, what prettie Boie is that you seeme to be so carefull of ?

*Sum.* And it please your grace, it is yong Henry, Earle of Richmond.

*King.* Henry of Richmond, Come hither pretie Ladde. If heauenlie powers doe aime aright To my diuining thoughts, thou pretie boy, Shalt proue this Countries blisse, Thy head is made to weare a princelie crowne, Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie, Make much of him my Lords, For this is he shall helpe you more, Then you are hurt by me.

*Enter one with a letter to WARWIK.*

*War.* What Counsell Lords, Edward from Belgia, With hastie Germaines and blunt Hollanders, Is past in safetie through the narrow seas, And with his troopes doe march amaine towardes London, And manie giddie people follow him.

*Oxf.* Tis best to looke to this betimes, For if this fire doe kindle any further, It will be hard for vs to quench it out.

*War.* In Warwickshire I haue true harted friends, Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre, Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne Clarence shalt In Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent, Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee. And thou brother Montague, in Leicestershire, Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalt finde, Men well inclinde to doe what thou commands, And thou braue Oxford wondrous well belon'd, Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends. My soueraigne with his louing Citizens, Shall rest in London till we come to him. Faire Lords take leaue and stand not to replie, Farewell my soueraigne.

*King.* Farewell my Hector, my Troyes true hope.

*War.* Farewell sweet Lords, lets meet at Couentrie.

*All.* Agreed.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter EDWARD and his traine.*

*Edw.* Sease on the shamcfast Henry, And once againe conuaie him to the Tower, Awaie with him, I will not heare him speake. And now towards Couentrie let vs bend our course To meet with Warwike and his confederates.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter WARWIK on the walles.*

*War.* Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford ? How farre hence is thy Lord my honest fellow ?

*Oxf. post.* By this at Daintrie marching hitherward.

*War.* Where is our brother Montague ?

Where is the post that came from Montague ?

*Post.* I left him at Donsmore with his troopes.

*War.* Say Summerfield where is my louing son?  
And by thy gesse, how farre is Clarence hence?

*Sommer.* At Southam my Lord I left him with  
His force, and doe expect him two houres hence.

*War.* Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

*Enter EDWARD and his power.*

*Glo.* See brother, where the surly Warwike mans the wal.

*War.* O vnbid spight, is spotfull Edward come!  
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduste,  
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?

*Edw.* Now Warwike wilt thou be sorrie for thy faults,  
And call Edward king and he will pardon thee.

*War.* Naie rather wilt thou draw thy forces baeke?  
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe?  
Call Warwike patron and be penitent,  
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

*Glo.* I had thought at least he would haue said the king.  
Or did he make the iest against his will.

*War.* Twas Warwike gaue the kingdome to thy brother.

*Edw.* Why then tis mine, if but by Warwikes gift.

*War.* I but thou art no Atlas for so great a waight,  
And weakling, Warwike takes his gift againe,  
Henry is my king, Warwike his subieet.

*Edw.* I prethe gallant Warwike tell me this,  
What is the bodie when the head is off?

*Glo.* Alasse that Warwike had no more foresight,  
But whilst he sought to steale the single ten,  
The king was finelie fingerd from the deeke?  
You left poore Henry in the Bishops pallace,  
And ten to one you'le meet him in the Tower.

*Edw.* Tis euen so, and yet you are olde Warwike still.

*War.* O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford comes.

*Enter OXFORD with drum and souldiers & al crie,*

*Oxf.* Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.

[*Exit.*

*Edw.* The Gates are open, see they enter in,  
Lets follow them and bid them battaile in the streetes.

*Glo.* No, so some other might set vpon our backes,  
Weele staie till all be entered, and then follow them.

*Enter SUMMERSET with drum and souldiers.*

*Sum.* Summerset, Summerset, for Lancaster.

[*Exit.*

*Glo.* Two of thy name both Dukes of Summerset,  
Haue solde their liues vnto the house of Yorke,  
And thou shalt be the third and my sword hold.

*Enter MONTAGUE with drum and souldiers.*

*Mont.* Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.

[*Exit.*

*Edw.* Traitorous Montague, thou and thy brother  
Shall deerelie abie this rebellious act.

*Enter CLARENCE with drum and souldiers.*

*War.* And loe where George of Clarence sweepes  
Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell.

*Cl.* Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.



*Edw.* Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?  
A parlie sirra to George of Clarence.

*Sound a Parlie, and RICHARD and CLARENCE whispers together, and then CLARENCE takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throwes it at WARWIKE.*

*War.* Com Clarence come, thou wilt if Warwike call.

*Cla.* Father of Warwike, know you what this meanes?  
I throw mine infamie at thee,  
I will not ruinate my fathers house,  
Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones together,  
And set vp Lancaster. Thinkest thou  
That Clarence is so harsh vnnaturall,  
To lift his sword against his brothers life,  
And so proud harted Warwike I defie thee,  
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes?  
Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,  
And Richard doe not frowne vpon me,  
For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant.

*Edw.* Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,  
Then if thou neuer hadst deserud our hate.

*Glo.* Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherlie.

*War.* Oh passing traytor, periurd and vniust.

*Edw.* Now Warwike, wilt thou leaue  
The towne and fight? or shall we beate the  
Stones about thine eares?

*War.* Why I am not coopt vppe heere for defence,  
I will awaie to Barnet presently,  
And bid thee battaile Edward if thou darest.

*Edw.* Yes Warwike he dares, and leades the waie,  
Lords to the field, saint George and victorie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Alarmes, and then enter WARWIKE wounded.*

*War.* Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,  
And tell me who is victor Yorke or Warwike?  
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes,  
That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth.  
And by my fall the conquest to my foes,  
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,  
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princelie Eagle,  
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,  
Whose top branch ouerpeerd Ioues spreading tree.  
The wrinkles in my browes now fild with bloud,  
Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers.  
For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue?  
And who durst smile, when Warwike bent his brow?  
Lo now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,  
My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I had,  
Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands,  
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

*Enter OXFORD and SUMMERSSET.*

*Oxf.* Ah Warwike, Warwike, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,  
For yet thears hope enough to win the daie.  
Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from France,  
And at South-hampton landed all hir traine,  
And mightst thou liue, then would we neuer flie.

*War.* Whie then I would not flie, nor haue I now,

But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to ods,  
 For manie wounds receiu'd, and manie moe repaid,  
 Hath robd my strong knit sinews of their strength,  
 And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death.

*Son.* Thy brother Montague hath breathd his last,  
 And at the pangs of death I heard him erie  
 And saie, commend me to my valiant brother,  
 And more he would haue spoke and more he said,  
 Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,  
 That could not be distinguisht for the sound,  
 And so the valiant Montagne gaue vp the ghost.

*War.* What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and dust?  
 And liue we how we can, yet die we must.  
 Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords and saue your selues,  
 For Warwike bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen.

[*He dies.*]

*Oxf.* Come noble Summerset, lets take our horse,  
 And cause retrait be sounded through the campe,  
 That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,  
 Maie be awarn'd and saue themselnes by flight.  
 That done, with them weele post vnto the Queene,  
 And once more trie our fortune in the field.

[*Ex. ambo.*]

*Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, with souldiers.*

*Edw.* Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,  
 And girts our temples with triumphant ioies,  
 The bigboond traytor Warwike hath breathde his last,  
 And heauen this daie hath smilde vpon vs all,  
 But in this cleere and brightsome daie,  
 I see a blacke suspitious cloud appeare  
 That will encounter with our glorious sunne  
 Before he gaine his casefull westernne beames,  
 I mean those powers which the Queen hath got in France  
 Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.

*Glo.* Oxford and Summerset are fled to hir,  
 And tis likelic if she haue time to breath,  
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

*Edw.* We are aduertisde by our louing friends,  
 That they doe hold their course towards Tewxburie.  
 Thither will we, for willingnes rids waie,  
 And in euerie countie as we passe along,  
 Our strengthes shall be augmented.  
 Come lets goe, for if we slaek this faire  
 Bright Summers daie, sharpe winters  
 Showers will marre our hope for haie.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

*Enter the Queene, Prince EDWARD, OXFORD and SUMMERSSET, with drum and souldiers.*

*Quee.* Welcome to England, my louing friends of France.  
 And welcome Summerset, and Oxford too.  
 Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,  
 And though our tacking be almost consuinde,  
 And Warwike as our maine mast ouerthrowne,  
 Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie post,  
 That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,  
 And Ned and I as willing Pilots should  
 For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,  
 To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe  
 That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.



*Execution of the Duke of Somerset after the Battle of Tewksbury, from a contemporary manuscript History preserved in the Public Library of Ghent.*

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*Prince.* And if there be, as God forbid there should,  
Amongst vs a timorous or fearefull man,  
Let him depart before the battels ioine,  
Least he in time of need intise another,  
And so withdraw the souldiers harts from vs.  
I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,  
But with my sword presse in the thickest thronges,  
And single Edward from his strongest guard,  
And hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,  
Or leaue my bodie as witsesse of my thoughts.

*Oxf.* Women and children of so high resolute,  
And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall  
Shame? Oh braue yong Prince, thy  
Noble grandfather doth liue againe in thee,  
Long maiest thou liue to beare his image,  
And to renew his glories.

*Sum.* And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,  
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by daie  
Be hist, and wondered at if he arise.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power,  
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

*Oxf.* I thought it was his pollicie, to take vs vnprouided,  
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

*Enter king EDWARD, CLA. GLO. HAST. and Souldiers.*

*Edw.* See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood,  
Which by Gods assistance and your prowesse,  
Shall with our swords yer night be cleane cut downe.

*Queen.* Lords, Knights & gentlemen, what I should say,  
My teares gaine saie, for as you see, I drinke  
The water of mine eies. Then no more  
But this. Henry your king is prisoner  
In the tower, his land and all our friends  
Are quite distrest, and yonder standes  
The Wolfe that makes all this,  
Then on Gods name Lords together cry saint George.

*All.* Saint George for Lancaster.

*Alarmes to the battell, YORKE flies, then the chambers be discharged. Then enter the king,  
CLA. & GLO. & the rest, & make a great shout, and crie, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then  
the Queene is taken, & the prince, & OXF. & SUM. and then sound and enter all againe.*

*Edw.* Lo here a period of tumultuous broiles,  
Awaie with Oxford to Hames castell straight,  
For Summerset off with his guiltie head.  
Awaie I will not heare them speake.

*Oxf.* For my part Ile not trouble thee with words.

*Sum.* Nor I, but stoope with patience to my death.

*Edw.* Now Edward what satisfaction canst thou make,  
For stirring vp my snbiects to rebellion?

*Prin.* Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke,  
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,  
Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand kneele thou,  
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,  
Which traytor thou woudst haue me answere to.

*Queen.* Oh that thy father had bin so resolu'd :

[*Exit OXFORD.*

[*Exit SUM.*

*Glo.* That you might still haue kept your  
Peticote, and nere haue stolne the  
Breech from Lancaster.

*Prince.* Let Aesop fable in a winters night,  
His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.

*Glo.* By heauen brat Ile plague you for that word.

*Queen.* I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

*Glo.* For Gods sake take awaie this captiue seold.

*Prin.* Nay take away this skolding Crooktbacke rather.

*Edw.* Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.

*Cl.* Vntuterd lad thou art too malepert.

*Prin.* I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull.  
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periurd George,  
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all,  
I am your better, traytors as you be.

*Edw.* Take that, the litnes of this railer heere.

*Queen.* Oh kill me too.

*Glo.* Marrie and shall.

*Edw.* Hold Richard hold, for we haue doone too much aheadie.

*Glo.* Why should she liue to fill the world with words?

*Ed.* What doth she swound? make meanes for  
Her recouerie?

*Glo.* Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother,  
I must to London on a serious matter,  
Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.

*Cl.* About what, prethe tell me?

*Glo.* The Tower man, the Tower, Ile root them out.

*Queen.* Ah Ned, speake to thy mother boy? ah  
Thou canst not speake.

Traytors, Tyrants, bloudie Homicides,  
They that stabd Cæsar shed no bloud at all,  
For he was a man, this in respect a childe,  
And men nere spend their furie on a child,  
Whats worse then tyrant that I maie name,  
You haue no children Deuils, if you had,  
The thought of them would then haue stopt your rage,  
But if you euer hope to haue a some,  
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,  
As Traytors you haue doone this sweet young prince.

*Edw.* Awaie, and beare her hence.

*Queen.* Naie nere beare me hence, dispatch  
Me heere, heere sheath thy sword,  
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?  
Then Clarence, doe thou doe it?

*Cl.* By Heauen I would not doe thee so much ease.

*Queen.* Good Clarence doe, sweet Clarence kill me too.

*Cl.* Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

*Queen.* I, but thou vrest to forswear thy selfe,  
Twas sinne before, but now tis charitie.  
Whears the Diuels butcher, hardfaored Richard,  
Richard where art thou? He is not heere,  
Murder is his almes deed, petitioners  
For bloud he nere put backe.

*Edw.* Awaie I saie, and take her hence perforce.

*Queen.* So come to you and yours, as to this prince.

*Edw.* Clarence, whithers Gloster gone?

*Cl.* Marrie my Lord to London, and as I gesse, to  
Make a blondie supper in the Tower.

*Edw.* He is sudden if a thing come in his head.

[Exit GLOSTER.]

[Ex.]

Well, discharge the common souldiers with paie  
 And thankes, and now let vs towards London,  
 To see our gentle Queene how shee doth fare,  
 For by this I hope shee hath a sonne for vs.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter GLOSTER to king HENRY in the Tower.*

*Glo.* Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard?

*Hen.* I my good Lord. Lord I should saie rather,  
 Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,  
 Good Gloster, and good Diuell, were all alike,  
 What scene of Death hath Rosius now to act?

*Glo.* Suspition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind.

*Hen.* The birde once limde doth feare the fatall bush,  
 And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde,  
 Haue now the fatall obieet in mine eie,  
 Where my poore young was limde, was caught & kild.

*Glo.* Why, what a foole was that of Creete?  
 That taught his sonne the office  
 Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore  
 Fowle was drownde.

*Hen.* I Dedalus, my poore sonne Icarus,  
 Thy father Minos that denide our course,  
 Thy brother Edward, the sunne that searde his wings,  
 And thou the enuious gulfe that swallowed him.  
 Oh better can my brest abide thy daggers point,  
 Then can mine eares that tragike historie.

*Glo.* Why dost thou thinke I am an executioner?

*Hen.* A persecutor I am sure thou art,  
 And if murdering innocents be executions,  
 Then I know thou art an exeutioner.

*Glo.* Thy sonne I kild for his presumption.

*Hen.* Hadst thou bin kild when first thou didst presume,  
 Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine,  
 And thus I prophesie of thee.  
 That manie a Widdow for her husbands death,  
 And many an infants water standing eie,  
 Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,  
 Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.  
 The owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe,  
 The night Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune,  
 Dogs howld and hideous tempests shooke down trees,  
 The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,  
 And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,  
 Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,  
 And yet brought forth lesse then a mothers hope,  
 To wit: an vudigest created lumpe,  
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree,  
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,  
 To signifie thou camst to bite the world,  
 And if the rest be true that I haue heard,  
 Thou camst into the world

[*He stabs him.*]

*Glo.* Die prophet in thy speech, Ile heare  
 No more, for this amongst the rest, was I ordainde.

*Hen.* I and for much more slaughter after this.  
 O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee.

[*He dies.*]

*Glo.* What? will the aspiring bloud of Lancaster  
 Sinke into the ground, I had thought it would haue mounted,  
 See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death.

Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,  
 For such as seeke the downefall of our house.  
 If anie sparke of life remaine in thee,  
 Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither.  
 I that haue neither pittie, lone nor feare.  
 Indeed twas true that Henry told me of,  
 For I haue often heard my mother saie,  
 That I came into the world with my legs forward,  
 And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,  
 And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?  
 The women wept and the midwife cride,  
 O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.  
 And so I was indeed, which plainelie signifide,  
 That I should snarle and bite, and plaie the dogge.  
 Then since Heauen hath made my bodie so,  
 Let hell make crookt my mind to answere it.  
 I had no father, I am like no father,  
 I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers,  
 And this word *Loue* which graybeards tearme diuine,  
 Be resident in men like one another,  
 And not in me, I am my selfe alone.  
 Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light,  
 But I will sort a pitchie daie for thee.  
 For I will buz abroad such prophesies,  
 As Edward shall be fearefull of his life,  
 And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.  
 Henry and his sonne are gone, thou Clarence next,  
 And by one and one I will dispatch the rest,  
 Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.  
 Ile drag thy bodie in another roome,  
 And triumph Henry in thy daie of doome.

[*Stab him againe.*]

[*Exit.*]

*Enter king EDWARD, Queene ELIZABETH, and a Nurse with the young prince, and CLARENCE, and HASTINGS, and others.*

*Edw.* Once more we sit in Englands royall throne,  
 Repurchasde with the blood of enemies,  
 What valiant foemen like to Autumnes corne,  
 Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?  
 Three Dukes of Summerset, threefold renownd  
 For hardie and vndoubted champions.  
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the sonne,  
 And two Northumberlands, two brauer men  
 Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.  
 With them the two rough Beares, Warwike and Montague,  
 That in their chaines fettered the kinglie Lion,  
 And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,  
 Thus haue we swept suspition from our seat,  
 And made our footstool of securitie.  
 Come hither Besse, and let me kisse my boie,  
 Young Ned, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe,  
 Haue in our armors watcht the Winters night,  
 Marcht all a foote in summers skalding heat,  
 That thou mightst repossesse the crowne in peace,  
 And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.  
*Glo.* Ile blast his haruest and your head were laid,  
 For yet I am not lookt on in the world.  
 This shoulder was ordaind so thicke to heaue,  
 And heaue it shall some waight or breake my backe,  
 Worke thou the waie, and thou shalt execute.



*Edward.* Clarence and Gloster, loue my louclie Queene,  
And kisse your princely nephew brothers both.

*Cla.* The dutie that I owe vnto your Maiestie,  
I seale vpon the rosiate lips of this sweet babe.

*Queen.* Thankes noble Clarence worthie brother thankes.

*Gloster.* And that I loue the fruit from whence thou  
Sprangst, witnesse the louing kisse I giue the child.  
To saie the truth so Iudas kist his maister,  
And so he cride all haile, and meant all harme.

*Edward.* Nowe am I seated as my soule delights,  
Hauing my countries peace, and brothers loues.

*Cla.* What will your grace haue done with Margaret,  
Ranard her father to the king of France,  
Hath pawnd the Cyssels and Ierusalem,  
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.

*Edu.* Awaie with her, and wafte hir henc to France,  
And now what rests but that we spend the time,  
With stately Triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,  
Such as befits the pleasures of the Court.  
Sound drums and Trumpets, farewell to sower annoy,  
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Portions of the Third Part of Henry the Sixth are introduced by Crown into his Misery of Civil War, a Tragedy, 4to. 1680, reprinted the following year under the title of, Henry the Sixth the Second Part, or the Misery of Civil War, 4to. 1681. The author of this tragedy has the effrontery to state, in the prologue, that it was an original production, one towards which "the divine Shakespear did not lay one stone;" but, as may have been expected, what new writing there is in this alteration is worthless.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, *his Son.*

LEWIS XI., *King of France.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET,

DUKE OF EXETER,

EARL OF OXFORD,

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

EARL OF WESTMORELAND,

LORD CLIFFORD,

} *on King Henry's side.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

EDWARD, EARL OF MARCH, *afterwards King Edward IV,*

EDMUND, EARL OF RUTLAND,

GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*

RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloucester,*

} *his Sons.*

DUKE OF NORFOLK,

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,

EARL OF WARWICK,

EARL OF PEMBROKE,

LORD HASTINGS,

LORD STAFFORD,

} *of the Duke of York's party.*

SIR HUGH MORTIMER,

SIR JOHN MORTIMER,

} *Uncles to the Duke of York.*

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a Youth.*

LORD RIVERS, *Brother to Lady Grey.* SIR WILLIAM STANLEY. SIR

JOHN MONTGOMERY. SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE. *Tutor to Rutland.*

*Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman. Two*

*Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his Father. A*

*Father that has killed his Son.*

QUEEN MARGARET.

LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*

BONA, *Sister to the French Queen.*

*Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward,  
Messengers, Watchmen, &c.*

SCENE,—During part of the Third Act, in France; during the rest of  
the Play, in England.





## Act the First.

SCENE I.—London. *The Parliament House.*

*Drums.* Some Soldiers of YORK's party break in. Then, enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with white Roses in their Hats.

*War.* I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

*York.* While we pursued the horsemen of the north,  
He 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 dangerous :  
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;  
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody Sword.*]

*Mont.* And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood, [*To YORK, showing his.*]  
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

*Rich.* Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.<sup>1</sup>

[*Throwing down the Duke of SOMERSET's Head.*]

*York.* Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—  
But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset ?

*Norf.* Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt !

*Rich.* Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

*War.* And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,  
Before I see thee seated in that throne,  
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,  
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close :  
This is the palace of the fearful king,  
And this the regal seat : possess it, York ;  
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

*York.* Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;  
For hither we have broken in by force.

*Norf.* We'll all assist you : he, that flies, shall die.

*York.* Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords :—  
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

*War.* And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,  
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

[*They retire.*]

*York.* The queen this day here holds her parliament,  
But little thinks we shall be of her council.

By words or blows here let us win our right.

*Rich.* Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

*War.* The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,  
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,  
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice  
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

*York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute,  
I mean to take possession of my right.

*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.<sup>2</sup>  
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—  
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[WARWICK leads YORK to the Throne, who seats himself.]

*Flourish.* Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND,  
EXETER, and others, with red Roses in their Hats.

*K. Hen.* My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,  
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,  
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,  
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—  
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—  
And thine, lord Clifford, and you both have vow'd revenge  
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

*North.* If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

*Clif.* The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

*West.* What! shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:  
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

*Clif.* Patience is for poltroons, 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.

*K. Hen.* Ah! know you not, the city favours them,  
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

*Exe.* But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

*K. Hen.* Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,  
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!  
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,  
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.

[*They advance to the Duke.*]

*York.* I am thine.

*Exe.* For shame! come down: he made thee duke of York.

*York.* '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.

*Clif.* Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

*War.* True Clifford; that is Richard, duke of York.

*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

*York.* It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

*War.* Be duke of Lancaster: let him be king.

*West.* He is both king and duke of Lancaster;  
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

*War.* And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,  
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,  
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread  
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

*North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;  
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

*West.* Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,  
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,  
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

*Clif.* Urge it no more; lest that instead of words  
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,  
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

*War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.

*York.* Will you, we show our title to the crown?  
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

*K. Hen.* What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?  
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;<sup>3</sup>  
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.

*K. Hen.* The lord protector lost it, and not I:  
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

*Rich.* You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.  
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

*Edw.* Sweet father, do so: set it on your head.

*Mont.* Good brother, [*To YORK*] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,  
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

*Rich.* Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

*York.* Sons, peace!

*K. Hen.* 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.

*K. Hen.* Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,  
Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?  
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;  
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,  
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—  
Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you, lords?  
My title's good, and better far than his.

*War.* Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

*K. Hen.* Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.



*York.* 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

*K. Hen.* I know not what to say : my title's weak.  
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir ?

*York.* What then ?

*K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king ;  
For Richard, in the view of many lords,  
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth,  
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

*York.* He rose against him, being his sovereign,  
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

*War.* Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,  
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown ?

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

*K. Hen.* Art thou against us, duke of Exeter ?

*Exe.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

*York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not ?

*Exe.* My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

*K. Hen.* 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.

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

*K. Hen.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart !

*York.* Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.  
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ?

*War.* Do right unto this princely duke of York,  
Or I will fill the house with armed men,  
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,  
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*]

*K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, hear but one word.  
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

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

*K. Hen.* I am content : Richard Plantagenet,  
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

*Clif.* What wrong is this unto the prince your son ?

*War.* What good is this to England, and himself ?

*West.* Base, fearful, and despairing Henry !

*Clif.* How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us !

*West.* I cannot stay to hear these articles.

*North.* Nor I.

*Clif.* Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

*West.* Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,  
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.



*North.* Be thou a prey unto the house of York,  
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

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

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and WESTMORELAND.]

*War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

*Exe.* They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

*K. Hen.* Ah, Exeter!

*War.* Why should you sigh, my lord?

*K. Hen.* Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,  
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;  
And neither by treason, nor hostility,  
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

*York.* This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[*Coming from the Throne.*]

*War.* Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

*K. Hen.* And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

*York.* Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

*Exe.* Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sennet.* *The Lords come forward.*]

*York.* Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll to my castle.

*War.* And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

*Norf.* And I to Norfolk with my followers.

*Mont.* And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[*Exeunt* YORK, and his SONS, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE,  
Soldiers, and Attendants.]

*K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

*Enter* QUEEN MARGARET and the Prince of WALES.

*Exe.* Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:  
I'll steal away.

*K. Hen.* Exeter, so will I.

[*Going.*]

*Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

*Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,  
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,  
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!  
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?  
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,  
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,  
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood,  
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,  
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,  
And disinherited thine only son.

*Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me.  
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

*K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret ;—pardon me, sweet son :—  
The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.

*Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?  
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,  
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 sepulchre,  
And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais ;  
Stern Fauleonbridge commands the narrow seas ;<sup>4</sup>  
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 disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,  
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread ;

And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,  
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away :  
Our army is ready ; come, we'll after them.

*K. Hen.* Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hast spoke too much already : get thee gone.

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

*Q. Mar.* Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

*Prince.* When I return with victory from the field,  
I'll see your grace ; till then, I'll follow her.

*Q. Mar.* Come, son ; away ! we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET, and the Prince.]

*K. Hen.* Poor queen ! how love to me, and to her son,  
Hath made her break out into terms of rage.

Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,  
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle  
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.—*A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.*

*Enter* EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

*Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

*Edw.* No ; I can better play the orator.

*Mont.* But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter YORK.*

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

*Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.

*York.* About what ?

*Rich.* About that which concerns your grace, and us ;  
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

*York.* Mine, boy ? not till king Henry be dead.

*Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.

*Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now ;  
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,  
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

*York.* I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

*Edw.* But for a kingdom any oath may be broken :  
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

*Rich.* No ; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

*York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.

*Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

*York.* Thou canst not, son : it is impossible.

*Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not took  
Before a true and lawful magistrate,  
That hath authority over him that swears :  
Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;  
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,  
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.  
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think,  
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,  
Within whose circuit is Elysium,  
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.  
Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest,  
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed  
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

*York.* Richard, enough : I will be king, or die.—  
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,  
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—  
Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,  
And tell him privily of our intent.—  
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,  
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :  
In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,  
Witty, 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.*

But, stay.—What news ? Why com'st thou in such post ?



*Mess.* The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,  
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.  
She is hard by with twenty thousand men,  
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

*York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—  
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me:  
My brother Montague shall post to London.  
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,  
Whom we have left protectors of the king,  
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,  
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

*Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:  
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.*

*York.* Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,  
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;  
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

*Sir John.* She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

*York.* What, with five thousand men?

*Rich.* Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A March afar off.*]

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

*York.* Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,  
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,  
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Evencut.*]

SCENE III.—*Plains near Sandal Castle.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, and his Tutor.*

*Rut.* Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?  
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

*Enter CLIFFORD, and Soldiers.*

*Clif.* Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves thy life.  
As for the brat of this accursed duke,  
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

*Tut.* And I, my lord, will bear him company.

*Clif.* Soldiers, away with him.

*Tut.* Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,  
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*]

*Clif.* How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,  
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch  
That trembles under his devouring paws:  
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,  
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—



Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy sword,  
 And not with such a cruel threatening look.  
 Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:  
 I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;  
 Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

*Clif.* In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood  
 Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

*Rut.* Then let my father's blood open it again:  
 He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

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

Therefore—

*Rut.* O! let me pray before I take my death.—  
 To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!

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

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

*Clif.* Thy father hath.

*Rut.* But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,  
 Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,  
 He be as miserably slain as I.  
 Ah! let me live in prison all my days,  
 And when I give occasion of offence,  
 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

*Clif.* No cause?

Thy father slew my father: therefore, die.

*Rut.* *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tua!*

*Clif.* Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,  
 Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood  
 Congeal'd with this do make me wipe off both.

[CLIFFORD *stabs him.*

[*Dies.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same.

*Alarum. Enter YORK.*

*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:  
 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;  
 And all my followers to the eager foe  
 Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,  
 Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.  
 My sons—God knows, what hath 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 cried,—“ Courage, father! fight it out :”  
 And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
 With purple falchion, painted to the hilt  
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :  
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,  
 Richard cried,—“ Charge! and give no foot of ground !”  
 And cried,—“ A crown, or else a glorious tomb!  
 A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre !”  
 With this, we charg'd again; but, out alas!  
 We bodg'd again :<sup>6</sup> as I have seen a swan  
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,  
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.  
 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.

[*A short Alarum within.*]

*Enter* Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—  
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.  
 I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

*North.* Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

*Clif.* Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm  
 With downright payment show'd unto my father.  
 Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,  
 And made an evening at the noontide prick.

*York.* My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth  
 A bird that will revenge upon you all;  
 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?

*Clif.* 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,  
 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

*York.* 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 slanders him with cowardice,  
 Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

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

*Q. Mar.* Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes  
 I would prolong awhile 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. [*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.*]

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

*North.* So doth the coney struggle in the net. [YORK is taken prisoner.]

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

*North.* What would your grace have done unto him now?

*Q. Mar.* Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,  
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,  
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—  
What! was it you, that would be England's king?  
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,  
And made a preachment of your high descent?  
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?  
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?  
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,  
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,  
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?  
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?  
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood  
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point  
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.—  
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.— [Putting a paper Crown on his Head.]  
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.  
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;  
And this is he was his adopted heir.—  
But how is it, that great Plantagenet  
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?  
As I bethink me, you should not be king,  
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.  
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,  
And rob his temples of the diadem,  
Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
O! 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable.—  
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head!  
And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.

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

*Q. Mar.* Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

*York.* She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France;  
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth,  
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,



To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,  
 Upon their woes whom fortune captivates?  
 But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,  
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:  
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,  
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.  
 Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,  
 Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,  
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.  
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?  
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;  
 Unless the adage must be verified,  
 That beggars mounted run their horse to death.  
 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;  
 But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.  
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;  
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.  
 'Tis government that makes them seem divine;  
 The want thereof makes thee abominable.  
 Thou art as opposite to every good,  
 As the Antipodes are unto us,  
 Or as the south to the septentrion.  
 O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd 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 Frenchwoman.

*North.* Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,  
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

*York.* That face of his the hungry cannibals  
 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:  
 But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
 O! ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.  
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:  
 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,  
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;  
 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 to all my kin,  
I should not, for my life, but weep with him,  
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

*Q. Mar.* What ! weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland ?  
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,  
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

*Clif.* Here's for my oath : here's for my father's death.

[*Stabbing him.*

*Q. Mar.* And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

[*Stabbing him.*

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

[*Dies.*

*Q. Mar.* Off with his head, and set it on York gates :  
So York may overlook the town of York.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

## Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

*A March. Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, with their Power.*

*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 my brother ? why is he so sad ?

*Rich.* I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd  
Where our right valiant father is become.  
I saw him in the battle range about,  
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.  
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,  
As doth a lion in a herd of neat :  
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs ;  
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.  
So far'd our father with his enemies ;  
So fled his enemies my warlike father :  
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,  
Trimm'd like a youngker, prancing to his love !

*Edw.* Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?<sup>s</sup>

*Rich.* Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,  
Not separated with the racking clouds,  
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.  
See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,  
As if they vow'd some league inviolable :

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun!  
In this the heaven figures some event.

*Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange; the like yet never heard of.  
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field,  
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
Each one already blazing by our 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.

*Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it;  
You love the breeder better than the male.

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

*Mess.* 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.

*Rich.* Say, how he died, for I will hear it all.

*Mess.* Environed he was with many foes;  
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.  
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 despite;  
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! boisterous 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 soul's palace is become a prison:  
Ah! would she break from hence, that this my body  
Might in the ground be closed up in rest,  
For never henceforth shall I joy again;  
Never, O! never, shall I see more joy.

*Rich.* I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture  
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart;

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden,  
 For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,  
 Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,  
 And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.  
 To weep is to make less the depth of grief.  
 Tears, then, for babes ; blows, and revenge, for me !—  
 Richard, I bear thy name ; I'll venge thy death,  
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

*Edw.* His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;  
 His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
 Show 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.

*March.* Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with their Army.

*War.* How now, fair lords ! What fare ? what news abroad ?

*Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount  
 Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance,  
 Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,<sup>9</sup>  
 The words would add more anguish than the wounds.  
 O, valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

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

*War.* Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears ;  
 And now, to add more measure to your woes,  
 I come to tell you things sith then befallen.  
 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 towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,  
 Bearing the king in my behalf along ;  
 For by my scouts I was advertised,<sup>10</sup>  
 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 robb'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 a lazy thrasher with a flail,—  
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.



I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,  
 With promise of high pay, and great 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 the soldiers;  
 And for your brother, he was lately sent  
 From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,  
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

*Rich.* 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:  
 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 sceptre from his fist,  
 Were he as famous, and as bold in war,  
 As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

*Rich.* I know it well, lord Warwick; blame me not:  
 'Tis love, I hear 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,  
 Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?  
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes  
 Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?  
 If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

*War.* Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,  
 And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
 Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,  
 With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,  
 And of their feather many more proud birds,  
 Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.  
 He swore consent to your succession,  
 His oath 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,  
 Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,  
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,  
 Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain,  
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
 And once again cry—Charge! upon our foes!  
 But never once again turn back, and fly.



*Rich.* Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.  
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,  
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

*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 throne ;  
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd  
In every borough as we pass along ;  
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,  
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.  
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—  
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,  
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

*Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,  
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,  
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

*Edw.* Then strike up, drums!—God, and Saint George, for us !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*War.* How now ! what news ?

*Mess.* The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,  
The queen is coming with a puissant host,  
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

*War.* Why then it sorts : brave warriors, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Before York.

*Flourish.* *Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, the Prince of WALES,  
CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with drums and trumpets.*

*Q. Mar.* Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.  
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,  
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown :  
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord ?

*K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck :  
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—  
Withhold revenge, dear God ! 'tis not my fault ;  
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

*Clif.* My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.  
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
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 safeguard of their brood.  
Ambitious York did level at thy crown ;  
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows :

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,  
 And raise his issue like a loving sire ;  
 Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,  
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him,  
 Which argued 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 with fearful flight,  
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?  
 For shame, my liege ! make them your precedent.  
 Were it not pity, that this goodly boy  
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,  
 And long hereafter say unto his child,—  
 " What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,  
 My careless father fondly gave away."  
 Ah ! what a shame were this. Look on the boy ;  
 And let his manly face, which promiseth  
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

*K. Hen.* 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 !

*Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits : our foes are nigh,  
 And this soft courage makes your followers faint.<sup>11</sup>  
 You promis'd knighthood to our forward son :  
 Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—  
 Edward, kneel down.

*K. Hen.* Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight ;  
 And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

*Prince.* My gracious father, by your kingly leave,  
 I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,  
 And in that quarrel use it to the death.

*Clif.* Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Royal commanders, be in readiness :  
 For, with a band of thirty thousand men,  
 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.

*Clif.* I would, your highness would depart the field :  
The queen hath best success when you are absent.<sup>12</sup>

*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

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

*North.* Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

*Prince.* My royal father, cheer these noble lords,  
And hearten those that fight in your defence.  
Unsheathe your sword, good father: cry, "Saint George!"

*March.* Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE,  
and Soldiers.

*Edw.* Now, perjurd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,  
And set thy diadem upon my head,  
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

*Q. Mar.* Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy :  
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.

*Cl.* 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.

*Clif.* And reason too :

Who should succeed the father, but the son ?

*Rich.* Are you there, butcher?—O! I cannot speak.

*Clif.* Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,  
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

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

*Clif.* Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

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

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

*Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak ?  
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,  
Your legs did better service than your hands.<sup>13</sup>

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

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

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

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

*Rich.* Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain  
The execution of my big-swoln heart  
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

*Clif.* I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child ?

*Rich.* Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,  
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;  
But ere sun-set I'll make thee curse the deed.

*K. Hen.* Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

*Q. Mar.* Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.



*K. Hen.* I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue :  
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

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

*Rich.* Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword.  
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,  
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

*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.

*Prince.* If that be right, which Warwick says is right,  
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

*Rich.* Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands ;  
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

*Q. Mar.* But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam ;  
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,  
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

*Rich.* Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,  
Whose father bears the title of a king,  
(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 callat know her-self.—  
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,  
Although thy husband may be Menelaus ;  
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd  
By that false woman, as this king by thee.  
His father revell'd in the heart of France,  
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop ;  
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 sunshine 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 slipp'd our claim until another age.

*Geo.* But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,<sup>14</sup>  
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 longer conference,  
 Since thou deniedst the gentle king to speak.—  
 Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave,  
 And either victory, or else a grave.

*Q. Mar.* Stay, Edward.

*Edw.* No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:  
 These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle near Towton.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

*War.* Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,  
 I lay me down a little while to breathe;  
 For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,  
 Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,  
 And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

*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.*

*Rich.* Ah, Warwick! why hast thou withdrawn thyself?  
 Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
 Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;  
 And, in the very pangs of death he cried,  
 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 fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
 The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:  
 I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.  
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,  
 And look upon, as if the tragedy  
 Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?  
 Here on my knee I vow to God above,  
 I'll never pause again, never stand still,  
 Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,  
 Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

*Edu.* 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'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

*Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,  
 Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.  
 I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,  
 That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

*War.* Away, Away! Once more, sweet lords, 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.—  
 Foreslow no longer; make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Another part of the Field.*

*Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.*

*Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.  
 Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,  
 And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,  
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

*Clif.* Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.  
 This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,  
 And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;  
 And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,  
 And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,  
 To execute the like upon thyself;  
 And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. WARWICK enters; CLIFFORD flies.*]

*Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other chace;  
 For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter King HENRY.*

*K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,  
 When dying clouds contend with growing light;  
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
 Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.  
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,  
 Fore'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 poise of this fell war.  
 Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down.  
 To whom God will, there be the victory ;  
 For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,  
 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 complete,  
 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 times :  
 So many hours must I tend my flock ;  
 So many hours must I take my rest ;  
 So many hours must I contemplate ;  
 So many hours must I sport myself ;  
 So many days my ewes have been with young ;  
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;  
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :  
 So minutes, hours, days, months and years,  
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
 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<sup>15</sup>  
 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,<sup>16</sup>  
 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 wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with the dead Body.*

*Son.* Ill blows the wind that profits no body.  
 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.—  
 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.

*K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !  
 Whiles lions war, and battle for their dens,  
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear ;  
 And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,  
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

*Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the Body in his arms.*

*Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,  
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,  
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—  
 But let me see :—is this our foeman's face ?  
 Ah, no, no, no ! it is mine only son !—  
 Ah, boy ! if any life be left in thee,  
 Throw up thine eye :—see, see, what showers arise,  
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart !—  
 O, pity, God, this miserable age !—  
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !—  
 O boy ! thy father gave thee life too soon,  
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

*K. Hen.* Woe above woe ! grief more than common grief !  
 O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds !—  
 O, pity, pity ! gentle heaven, pity !—  
 The red rose and the white are on his face,  
 The fatal colours of our striving houses :  
 The one his purple blood right well resembles,  
 The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth ;  
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish !  
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

*Son.* How will my mother, for a father's death,  
 Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied ?

*Fath.* How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,  
 Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied ?



*K. Hen.* How will the country, for these woful chances,  
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied?

*Son.* Was ever son so rued a father's death?

*Fath.* Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?

*K. Hen.* Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?  
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

*Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit with the Body.*]

*Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;  
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,  
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.  
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;  
And so obsequious will thy father be,  
E'en for the loss of thee;<sup>17</sup> 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.*]

*K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,  
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, Prince of WALES, and EXETER.

*Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,  
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.  
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

*Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord: towards Berwick post amain.  
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,  
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,  
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,  
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,  
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

*Exe.* Away! for vengeance comes along with them.  
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,  
Or else come after: I'll away before.

*K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:  
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go  
Whither the queen intends. Forward! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Same.*

*A loud Alarum. Enter* CLIFFORD, wounded.

*Clif.* Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,  
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.  
O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,  
More than my body's parting with my soul.  
My love, and fear, glued many friends to thee;  
And now I fall thy tough commixtures melt,  
Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York.  
The common people swarm like summer flies;<sup>18</sup>  
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?  
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?  
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent  
That 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,

Or 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 death,  
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.  
 For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?  
 And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?  
 Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds.  
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:<sup>19</sup>  
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;  
 For 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 stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*]

*Alarum and Retreat.* Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK,  
 and Soldiers.

*Edw.* Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,  
 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 wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD groans and dies.]

*Edw.* Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?<sup>20</sup>

*Rich.* A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

*Edw.* See who it is; and, now the battle's ended,  
 If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;  
 Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch  
 In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
 But set his murdering 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 this supply the room:  
 Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,  
 That nothing sung but death to us and ours:  
 Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,  
 And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[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.

*Rich.* O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:  
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,  
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts  
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

*Geo.* If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

*Rich.* 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.

*Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

*Edw.* Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.

*Geo.* Where's captain Margaret to fence you now?

*War.* They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.

*Rich.* What! not an oath? nay then, the world goes hard,  
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—

I know by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,  
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,  
That I in all despite might rail at him,  
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood  
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst  
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

*War.* Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,  
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—  
And now to London with triumphant march,  
There to be crowned England's royal king.  
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,  
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen.  
So shalt thou sinew 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 Brittany I'll cross the sea,  
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

*Edw.* Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;  
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,  
And never will I undertake the thing,  
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—  
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;—  
And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself,  
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

*Rich.* Let me be duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,  
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

*War.* Tut! that's a foolish observation:  
Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,  
To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Act the Third.

SCENE I.—*A Chace in the North of England.*

*Enter Two Keepers, with Cross-bows<sup>21</sup> in their Hands.*

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves ;  
For through this laund<sup>22</sup> anon the deer will come,  
And in this covert will we make our stand,  
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* 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.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

*Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a Prayer-book.*

*K. Hen.* From Scotland am I stol'n,<sup>23</sup> even of pure love,  
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.  
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine ;  
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,  
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed :  
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
No humble suitors press to speak for right,  
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,  
For how can I help them, and not myself ?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.  
This is the *quondam* king : let's seize upon him.

*K. Hen.* Let me embrace thee, sour adversity ;<sup>24</sup>  
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we ? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear a while ; we'll hear a little more.

*K. Hen.* 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 pitied much :  
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,  
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;  
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,  
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,  
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.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

*K. Hen.* 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?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

*K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

*K. Hen.* My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
 Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,  
 Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content;  
 A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,  
 Your crown, content, and you, must be contented  
 To go along with us; for, as we think,  
 You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;  
 And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,  
 Will apprehend you as his enemy.

*K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

*K. Hen.* Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

*K. Hen.* 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?

1 *Keep.* No.

For we were subjects, but while you were king.

*K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

Ah, simple men! you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,  
 And as the air blows it to me again,  
 Obeying with my wind when I do blow,  
 And yielding to another when it blows,  
 Commanded always by the greater gust,  
 Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths; for of that sin  
 My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.  
 Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,  
 And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

*K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,  
If he were seated as king Edward is.

*1 Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,  
To go with us unto the officers.

*K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:  
And what God will, that let your king perform;  
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.*

*K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field  
This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,  
His land 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. Edw.* It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

[*Aside.*]

*Glo.* Yea: is it so?

I see, the lady has a thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

*Clar.* He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

[*Aside.*]

*Glo.* Silence!

*K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit,  
And come some other time to know our mind.

*L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:  
May it please your highness to resolve me now,  
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

*Glo.* Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,  
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.  
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll eatch a blow.

[*Aside.*]

*Clar.* I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

[*Aside.*]

*Glo.* God forbid that, for he'll take vantages.

[*Aside.*]

*K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

*Clar.* I think, he means to beg a child of her.

[*Aside.*]

*Glo.* Nay then, whip me; he'll rather give her two.

[*Aside.*]

*L. Grey.* Three, my most gracious lord.

*Glo.* You shall have four if you'll be rul'd by him.

[*Aside.*]

*K. Edw.* 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

*L. Grey.* Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

*Glo.* Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,  
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[*GLOSTER and CLARENCE stand apart.*]

*K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

*L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

*K. Edw.* And would you not do much, to do them good.

*L. Grey.* To do them good I would sustain some harm.

*K. Edw.* Then, get your husband's lands to do them good.

*L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.

*K. Edw.* I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

*L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

*K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

*L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.

*K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

*L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

*L. Grey.* Why then, I will do what your grace commands.

*Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

*Clar.* As red as fire! nay then, her wax must melt.

*L. Grey.* Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

*K. Edw.* An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.

*L. Grey.* That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

*K. Edw.* Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

*L. Grey.* I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

*Glo.* The match is made: she seals it with a curt'sy.

*K. Edw.* But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

*L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

*L. Grey.* My love till death; my humble thanks, my prayers:

That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

*K. Edw.* No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

*L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

*K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

*L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

*K. Edw.* To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

*L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

*K. Edw.* Why then, thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

*L. Grey.* Why then, mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

*K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

*L. Grey.* 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. Edw.* Ay, if thou wilt say ay, to my request;

No, if thou dost say no, to my demand.

*L. Grey.* Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

*Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

*Clar.* He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

*K. Edw.* Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way, or other, she is for a king,

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

*L. Grey.* 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*



*K. Edw.* Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,  
I speak no more than what my soul intends ;  
And that, is to enjoy thee for my love.

*L. Grey.* And that is more than I will yield unto.  
I know, I am too mean to be your queen,<sup>25</sup>  
And yet too good to be your concubine.

*K. Edw.* You eavil, widow : I did mean, my queen.

*L. Grey.* 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.

*K. Edw.* No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.  
Thou art a widow,<sup>26</sup> and thou hast some children ;  
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,  
Have other some : why, 'tis a happy thing  
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

*Glo.* The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

*Clar.* When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

*K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

*Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

*K. Edw.* You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

*Clar.* To whom, my lord ?

*K. Edw.* Why, Clarence, to myself ?

*Glo.* That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

*Clar.* That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

*Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

*K. Edw.* Well, jest on, brothers : I can tell you both,  
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a Nobleman.*

*Nob.* My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

*K. Edw.* See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower :—  
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
To question of his apprehension.—  
Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, LADY GREY, CLARENCE, and LORD.]

*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'erweens too much,  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard,  
What other pleasure can the world afford ?  
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
O miserable thought ! and more unlikely,  
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.  
Why, love foreswore 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 by 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'erbear such  
As are of better person than myself,  
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown ;  
And whiles I live, t' account this world but hell,  
Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,  
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.  
And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
For many lives stand between me and home :  
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,  
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,  
Not knowing how to find the open air,  
But toiling 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 whiles 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 slyly 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 murderous Machiavel to school.

Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—France. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter LEWIS the French King, and Lady BONA, attended: the King takes his State. Then, enter QUEEN MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, and the Earl of OXFORD.

*K. Lew.* Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state,  
And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.

*Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France; now Margaret  
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,  
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;  
But now mischance hath trod my title down,  
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,  
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,  
And to my humble seat conform myself.

*K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

*Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,  
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

*K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck  
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 eased, if France can yield relief.

[*Seats her by him.*]

*Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,  
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.  
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,  
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,  
Is of a king become a banish'd man,  
And fore'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 misled,  
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,  
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

*K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,  
While we bethink a means to break it off.

*Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

*K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

*Q. Mar.* O! but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:  
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

*Enter WARWICK, attended.*

*K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

*Q. Mar.* Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

*K. Lew.* Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France?

[*He descends.* Queen MARGARET rises.]

*Q. Mar.* 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. Mar.* 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 entering at his heedful ears,  
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

*Q. Mar.* King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak,  
Before you answer Warwick. His demand  
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,  
But from deceit, bred by necessity;  
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!

*Prince.* And why not queen?

*War.* Because thy father Henry did usurp,  
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

*Oxf.* Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,  
Which did 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 has 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.

*Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,  
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,  
And not bewray thy treason with a blush ?

*War.* Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,  
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree ?  
For shame ! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

*Oxf.* Call him my king, by whose injurious doom  
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,  
Was done to death ? and more than so, my father,  
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,  
When nature brought him to the door of death ?  
No, Warwick, no ; while life upholds this arm,  
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

*War.* And I the house of York.

*K. Lew.* Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,  
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,  
While I use farther conference with Warwick.

*Q. Mar.* Heaven grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not !

[*They stand aloof.*]

*K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,  
Is Edward your true king ? for I were loath,  
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

*War.* Thereon I pawn my credit, and mine honour.

*K. Lew.* But is he gracious in the people's eye ?

*War.* The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

*K. Lew.* Then farther ; all dissembling set aside,  
Tell me for truth the measure of his love  
Unto our sister 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 ;<sup>27</sup>  
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,  
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,  
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

*K. Lew.* Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

*Bona.* Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.—  
Yet I confess, [*To WAR.*] that often ere this day,  
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,  
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

*K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus :—our sister shall be Edward's ;  
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
Touching the jointure that your king must make,  
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—  
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness,  
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

*Prince.* To Edward, but not to the English king.

*Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick ! it was thy device  
By this alliance to make void my suit :  
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.



*K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret :  
 But if your title to the crown be weak,  
 As may appear by Edward's good success,  
 Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd  
 From giving aid which late I promised.  
 Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,  
 That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

*War.* Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,  
 Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.  
 And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,  
 You have a father able to maintain you,  
 And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

*Q. Mar.* Peace! impudent and shameless Warwick.  
 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-same feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*]

*K. Lew.* Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

*Enter the Post.*

*Post.* My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,  
 Sent from your brother, marquess Montague.—  
 These from our king unto your majesty.—

And, madam, these for you ; from whom I know not. [*They all read their letters.*]

*Oxf.* I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress  
 Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

*Prince.* Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled :  
 I hope all's for the best.

*K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news ? and yours, fair queen ?

*Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

*War.* Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.<sup>28</sup>

*K. Lew.* What! has your king married the lady Grey,  
 And now, to soothe your forgery and his,  
 Sends me a paper to persuade me patience ?  
 Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France ?  
 Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner ?

*Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much before :  
 This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

*War.* King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heaven,  
 And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,  
 That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's ;  
 No more my king, for he dishonours me,  
 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 ?<sup>29</sup>  
 Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece ?<sup>30</sup>  
 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.

*Q. Mar.* Warwiek, these words have turn'd my hate to love;  
 And I forgive and quite forget old faults,  
 And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

*War.* So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,  
 That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us  
 With some few bands of chosen soldiers,  
 I'll undertake to land them on our coast,  
 And force the tyrant from his seat by war.  
 'Tis not his new-made bride shall sneecour him:  
 And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,  
 He's very likely now to fall from him,  
 For matchng more for wanton lust than honour,  
 Or than for strength and safety of our country.

*Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,  
 But by thy help to this distressed queen?

*Q. Mar.* Renoued princee, how shall poor Henry live,  
 Unless thou reseue him from foul despair?

*Bona.* My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.

*War.* And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

*K. Lew.* And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.  
 Therefore, at last I firmly am resolv'd,  
 You shall have aid.

*Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

*K. Lew.* Then England's messenger, return in post;  
 And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
 That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,<sup>31</sup>  
 To revel it with him and his new bride:  
 Thou seest what's past; go fear thy king withal.

*Bona.* Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
 I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

*Q. Mar.* Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,  
 And I am ready to put armour on.

*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
 And therefore I'll unerown him ere't be long.  
 There's thy reward: be gone.

[*Exit Post.*]

*K. Lew.* But, Warwiek,  
 Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,  
 Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:  
 And, as ocession serves, this noble queen  
 And princee 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 princee agree,  
 I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,  
 To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

*Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.—  
 Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,  
 Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwiek;

And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,  
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

*Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it ;  
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to WARWICK.*]

*K. Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,  
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,  
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—  
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,  
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all 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 the Fourth.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE.*

*Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you  
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey ?  
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice ?

*Clar.* Alas ! you know, 'tis far from hence to France :  
How could he stay till Warwick made return ?

*Som.* My lords, forbear this talk : here comes the king.

*Flourish.* *Enter King EDWARD, attended ; Lady GREY, as Queen ; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, and HASTINGS.*<sup>32</sup>

*Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.

*Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,  
That you stand pensive as half malcontent ?

*Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick ;  
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,  
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

*K. Edw.* 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. Edw.* 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 sunder them that yoke so well together.

*K. Edw.* 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 Montague,  
Speak freely what you think.

*Clar.* Then this is mine opinion—that king Lewis  
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him  
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

*Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,  
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

*K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd  
By such invention as I can devise?

*Mont.* Yet to have joined with France in such alliance,  
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth  
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

*Hast.* Why, knows not Montague, that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself?<sup>33</sup>

*Mont.* But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

*Hast.* 'Tis better using France, than trusting France.  
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,  
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only defend ourselves:  
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

*Clar.* For this one speech lord Hastings well deserves  
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

*K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant:  
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

*Glo.* And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,  
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales  
Unto the brother of your loving bride:  
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence;  
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

*Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir<sup>34</sup>  
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,  
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

*K. Edw.* Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,  
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

*Clar.* In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment;  
Which being shallow you shall give me leave  
To play the broker in mine own behalf;  
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

*K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,  
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

*Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty  
To raise my state to title of a queen,  
Do me but right, and you must all confess  
That I was not ignoble of descent;  
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.  
But as this title honours me and mine,  
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,  
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.



*K. Edw.* My love, 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.

[*Aside.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,  
 From France?

*Mess.* My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words;  
 But such as I, without your special pardon,  
 Dare not relate.

*K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,  
 Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.  
 What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

*Mess.* 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. Edw.* Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.  
 But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

*Mess.* These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:—  
 “Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
 I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.”

*K. Edw.* I blame not her, she could say little less;  
 She had the wrong: but what said Henry's queen?  
 For I have heard, that she was there in place.

*Mess.* “Tell him,” quoth she, “my mourning weeds are done,  
 And I am ready to put armour on.”

*K. Edw.* Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.  
 But what said Warwick to these injuries?

*Mess.* He, more incens'd against your majesty  
 Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:—  
 “Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
 And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.”

*K. Edw.* Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?  
 Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:  
 They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.  
 But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

*Mess.* Ay, gracious sovereign: they are so link'd in friendship,  
 That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

*Clar.* Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.  
 Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,  
 For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;  
 That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage  
 I may not prove inferior to yourself.—  
 You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*

*Glo.* Not I.

My thoughts aim at a farther matter : I  
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

[*Aside.*]

*K. Edw.* Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick !

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen,  
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—

Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf

Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;

They are already, or quickly will be landed :

Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.]

But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,

Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance :

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me ?

If it be so, then both depart to him :

I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends ;

But, if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,

That I may never have you in suspect.

*Mont.* So God help Montague as he proves true !

*Hast.* And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause !

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us ?

*Glo.* Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

*K. Edw.* Why so ; then, am I sure of victory.

Now, therefore, let us hence ; and lose no hour,

Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Plain in Warwickshire.*

*Enter* WARWICK and OXFORD with French and other Forces.

*War.* Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well :  
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

*Enter* CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But see, where Somerset and Clarence come !  
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends ?

*Clar.* Fear not that, my lord.

*War.* Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick :

And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice,

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love ;

Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings :

But welcome, sweet Clarence ; my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests, but in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldier's lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,

We may surprise and take him at our pleasure ?

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy :

That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,

With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,  
 And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds ;  
 So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,  
 At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,  
 And seize himself ; I say not slaughter him,  
 For I intend but only to surprise him.—  
 You, that will follow me to this attempt,  
 Applaud the name of Henry with your leader. [*They all cry* HENRY !  
 Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort :  
 For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—EDWARD'S *Camp near Warwick.**Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's Tent.*

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand :  
 The king by this is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed ?

1 *Watch.* Why, no ; for he hath made a solemn vow  
 Never to lie and take his natural rest,  
 Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,  
 If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,  
 That with the king here resteth in his tent ?

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

3 *Watch.* O ! is it so ? But why commands the king,  
 That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  
 While he himself keeps in the cold field ?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour because more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness ;  
 I like it better than a dangerous honour.  
 If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay ; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,  
 But to defend his person from night-foes ?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.*

*War.* This is his tent ; and see, where stand his guard.  
 Courage, my masters ! honour now, or never !  
 But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there ?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, and the rest, cry all—WARWICK ! WARWICK ! and set upon  
 the Guard ; who fly, crying—Arm ! Arm ! WARWICK, and the  
 rest, following them.]

*Drums beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing  
 the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair : GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly  
 over the stage.*

*Som.* What are they that fly there ?

*War.* Richard, and Hastings : let them go ; here's the duke.



*K. Edw.* The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,  
Thou call'dst me king!

*War.* Ay, but the ease is altered :  
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 shroud yourself from enemies?

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, 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 accomplices,  
Edward will always bear himself as king :  
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*War.* Then, for his mind be Edward England's king : [Takes off his crown.  
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,  
And be true king indeed ; thou but the shadow.—  
My lord of Somerset, at my request,  
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd  
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.  
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,  
I'll follow you, and tell what answer  
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him :—  
Now, for a while farewell, good duke of York.

*K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs abide :  
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit King EDWARD, led out ; SOMERSET with him.]

*Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us to do,  
But march to London with our soldiers?

*War.* Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do ;  
To free king Henry from imprisonment,  
And see him seated in the regal throne.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS.*

*Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

*Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,  
What late misfortune is befallen king Edward?

*Riv.* What! loss of some pitched battle against Warwick?

*Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.

*Riv.* Then, is my sovereign slain?

*Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner ;  
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,  
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares :  
And, as I farther have to understand,  
Is new committed to the bishop of York,



Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

*Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full of grief;  
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:  
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

*Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;  
And I the rather wean me from despair,  
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:  
This is it that makes me bridle 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 th' English crown.

*Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

*Q. Eliz.* I am inform'd that he comes towards London,  
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.  
Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down:  
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.—A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

*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 advertis'd him by secret means,  
That if about this hour he make this way,  
Under the colour of his usual game,  
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,  
To set him free from his captivity.

*Enter King EDWARD, and a Huntsman.*

*Hunt.* This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man: see, where the huntsmen stand.—  
Now, brother of 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.

*K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?

*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

*Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

*Glo.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

*K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

*Hunt.* Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

*Glo.* Come then; away! let's have no more ado.

*K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,  
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.

*Enter* King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND,  
OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, *and* Attendants.

*K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends  
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,  
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,  
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,  
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

*Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;  
But if an humble prayer may prevail,  
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

*K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using me?  
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,  
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:  
Ay, such a pleasure as 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.

*Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,  
To whom the heavens in thy nativity  
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,  
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;  
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.

*War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.

*K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands.  
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,  
That no dissension 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?

*Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;  
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

*War.* Why then, though loath, yet must I be content.  
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 be confiscate.

*Clar.* What else? and that succession be determin'd.

*War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

*K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,  
Let me entreat (for I command no more)  
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,  
Be sent for to return from France with speed;  
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

*Clar.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

*K. Hen.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,  
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

*Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

*K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: if secret powers

[*Lays his hand on his head.*

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;  
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,  
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself  
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.  
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*War.* What news, my friend?

*Mess.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,  
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

*War.* Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

*Mess.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,  
And the lord Hastings, who attended him  
In secret ambush on the forest side,  
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued 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 HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, Lieutenant, and  
Attendants.



*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 misgive 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 Brittany,  
 Till storms be past of civil enmity.

*Oxf.* Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,  
 'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

*Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.  
 Come therefore; let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Before York.*

*Enter* King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* Forces.

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest,  
 Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
 And says that once more I shall interchange  
 My waned state for Henry's regal crown.  
 Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,  
 And brought desired help from Burgundy :  
 What then remains, we being thus arriv'd  
 From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,  
 But that we enter as into our dukedom ?

*Glo.* The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;  
 For many men, that stumble at the threshold,<sup>35</sup>  
 Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

*K. Edw.* Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us :  
 By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
 For hither will our friends repair to us.

*Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

*Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of YORK, and his Brethren.*

*May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,  
 And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;  
 For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

*K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,  
 Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

*May.* True, my good lord, I know you for no less.

*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,  
 As being well content with that alone.

*Glo.* But when the fox hath once got in his nose,  
 He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

[*Aside.*]

*Hast.* 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.

[*Exeunt from above.*]

*Glo.* A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded.

*Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well,  
 So 'twere not long of him ; but, being enter'd,



I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade  
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Re-enter the Mayor, and Two Aldermen, below.*

*K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,  
But in the night, or in the time of war.  
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys,  
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,  
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

[*Takes his keys.*

*March. Enter MONTGOMERY, and Forces.*

*Glo.* Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

*K. Edw.* Welcome, sir John; but why come you in arms?

*Mont.* To help king Edward in his time of storm,  
As every loyal subject ought to do.

*K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget  
Our title to the crown, and only claim  
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

*Mont.* 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.

[*A march began.*

*K. Edw.* Nay, stay, sir John, awhile; and we'll debate,  
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

*Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few words,  
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?

*Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

*K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:  
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

*Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.

*Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.  
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand:  
The bruit thereof<sup>36</sup> will bring you many friends.

*K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,  
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

*Mont.* Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,  
And now will I be Edward's champion.

*Hast.* Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaim'd.  
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. [*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*

*Sold.* [*Reads.*] "Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England  
and France, and lord of Ireland, &c."

*Mont.* And whoso'er gainsays king Edward's right,  
By this I challenge him to single fight. [*Throws down his gauntlet.*

*All.* Long live Edward the fourth!

*K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks 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 soldier.—  
 Ah, froward Clarence ! how evil it beseems thee,  
 To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother !  
 Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—  
 Come on, brave soldiers : doubt not of the day ;  
 And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

*War.* What counsel, lords ? Edward from Belgia,  
 With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,  
 Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,  
 And with his troops doth march amain to London ;  
 And many giddy people flock to him.

*Oxf.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.<sup>37</sup>

*Clar.* A little fire is quickly trodden out,  
 Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

*War.* In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,  
 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war ;  
 Those will I muster up :—and thou, son Clarence,  
 Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,  
 The knights and gentlemen to come with thee :—  
 Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,  
 Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shall find  
 Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st :—  
 And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,  
 In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—  
 My sovereign, with the loving citizens,  
 Like to his island girt in with the ocean,  
 Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,  
 Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—  
 Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—  
 Farewell, my sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.<sup>38</sup>

*Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.

*K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

*Mon.* Comfort, my lord ;—and so I take my leave.

*Oxf.* And thus [*Kissing HENRY'S hand.*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

*K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,  
 And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

*War.* Farewell, sweet lords : let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WAR. CLAR. OXF. and MONT.]

*K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.  
 Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship ?  
 Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,  
 Should not be able to encounter mine.

*Exe.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

*K. Hen.* That's not my fear ; my meed hath got me fame.  
 I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ;  
 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* King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

*K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry ! bear him hence,  
 And once again proclaim us king of England.—  
 You are the fount that 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.

[*Exeunt some with* King HENRY.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,  
 Where peremptory Warwick now remains.  
 The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,  
 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 the Fifth.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

*Enter upon the Walls,* WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, Two Messengers, and Others.

*War.* Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford ?  
 How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow ?

1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

*War.* How far off is our brother Montague ?—

Where is the post that came from Montague ?

2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

*Enter* Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

*War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son ?  
 And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now ?

*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.

*March. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

*K. Edw.* 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. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates?  
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,  
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,  
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

*War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,  
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?  
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,  
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

*Glo.* I thought, at least, he would have said the king;  
Or did he make the jest against his will?

*War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

*Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:  
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

*War.* 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

*K. Edw.* Why then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

*War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:  
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;  
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

*K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:  
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this;  
What is the body, when the head is off?

*Glo.* Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,  
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck<sup>39</sup>!  
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,  
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* 'Tis even so: yet you are Warwick still.

*Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.  
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

*War.* I 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.

*K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,  
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,  
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,  
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—  
“Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.”



*Enter OXFORD, with Drum and Colours.*

*War.* O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes.

*Oxf.* Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster! [*OXFORD and his Forces enter the City.*]

*Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too.

*K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,

Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

If not, the city being but of small defence,

We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

*War.* O! welcome Oxford, for we want thy help.

*Enter MONTAGUE, with Drum and Colours.*

*Mont.* Montague, Montague, for Lancaster! [*He and his Forces enter the City.*]

*Glo.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason,

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

*K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory:

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

*Enter SOMERSET, with Drum and Colours.*

*Som.* Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster! [*He and his Forces enter the City.*]

*Glo.* Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

*Enter CLARENCE, with 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.— [*GLOSTER and CLARENCE whisper.*]

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

*Clar.* Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[*Taking the 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 Jephtha'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, wheresoe'er I meet thee,

(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad)

To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—

Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;

And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,  
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

*K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,  
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

*Glo.* Welcome, good Clarence : this is brother-like.

*War.* O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust !

*K. Edw.* What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight,  
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears ?

*War.* Alas ! I am not coop'd here for defence :  
I will away towards Barnet presently,  
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

*K. Edw.* Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—  
Lords, to the field ! Saint George, and victory !

[*March.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.<sup>40</sup>

*Alarums, and Excursions.* *Enter* KING EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

*K. Edw.* So, lie thou there : die thou, and die our fear,  
For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.<sup>41</sup>—  
Now, Montague, sit fast : I seek for thee,  
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*]

*War.* Ah ! who is nigh ? come to me, friend or foe,  
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick ?  
Why ask I that ? my mangled body shows,  
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,  
That I must yield my body to the earth,  
And by my fall the conquest to my foe.  
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 overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,  
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.  
These eyes, that now are dimm'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 sepulchres ;  
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave ?  
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow ?  
Lo, now my glory 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.<sup>42</sup>  
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, could'st thou fly !

*War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague !



*The Battle of Tewksbury, from a Miniature in a contemporary Manuscript History  
preserved in the Public Library at Ghent*

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If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,  
 And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.  
 Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,  
 Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,  
 That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.  
 Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

*Som.* Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;  
 And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,  
 And said—"Commend me to my valiant brother."  
 And more he would have said; and more he spoke,  
 Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,  
 That might not be distinguish'd: but, at last,  
 I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,—  
 "O, farewell Warwick!"

*War.* Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;  
 For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

[*Dies.*]

*Oxf.* Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

[*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK'S Body.*]SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Flourish.* Enter King EDWARD in triumph; with CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and  
 the rest.

*K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,  
 And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.  
 But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,  
 I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,  
 That will encounter with our glorious sun,  
 Ere he attain his easeful western bed:  
 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.

*Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,  
 And blow it to the source from whence it came:  
 Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,  
 For every cloud engenders not a storm.

*Glo.* The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,  
 And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:  
 If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,  
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

*K. Edw.* We are advertis'd by our loving friends,  
 That they do hold their course toward Tewkesbury.  
 We, having now the best at Barnet field,  
 Will thither straight, for willingness rids away;  
 And, as we march, our strength will be augmented  
 In every county as we go along.—  
 Strike up the drum! cry—Courage! and away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—*Plains near Tewkesbury.*

*March.* Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and  
 Soldiers.

*Q. Mar.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.  
 What though the mast be now blown over-board,  
 The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,  
 And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ;  
 Yet lives our pilot still : is't meet that he  
 Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,  
 With tearful eyes add water to the sea,  
 And give more strength to that which hath too much ;  
 Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,  
 Which industry and courage might have sav'd ?  
 Ah ! what a shame, ah ! what a fault were this.  
 Say, Warwick was our anchor ; what of that ?  
 And Montague 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 quicksand 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 famish ; that's a threefold death.  
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,  
 If case some one of you would fly from us,  
 That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,  
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.  
 Why, courage, then ! what cannot be avoided,  
 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

*Prince.* Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit  
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,  
 Infuse his breast with magnanimity,  
 And make him, naked, 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. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset :—sweet Oxford, thanks.

*Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,  
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. Mar.* This cheers my heart to see your forwardness.

*Oxf.* Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

*Flourish and March. Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

*K. Edw.* 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.

*Q. Mar.* Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,  
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,  
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes,<sup>43</sup>  
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,  
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,  
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,  
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;  
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.  
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,  
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Same.*

*Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat. Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces; with Queen MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, Prisoners.*

*K. Edw.* Now, 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 OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*]

*Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,  
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

*K. Edw.* Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward  
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

*Glo.* It is: and, lo! where youthful Edward comes.



*Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.*

*K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak.  
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?  
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,  
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,  
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

*Prince.* Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.  
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth:  
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,  
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,  
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

*Q. Mar.* Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

*Glo.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,  
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

*Prince.* Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;  
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

*Glo.* By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

*Glo.* For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

*Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding crook-back, rather.

*K. Edw.* Peace! wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

*Clar.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

*Prince.* I know my duty: you are all undut'<sup>c</sup>  
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd Geor,  
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. Edw.* Take that, the likeness of this railer here.<sup>44</sup>

[*Stabs him.*

*Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[*GLO. Stabs him.*

*Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*CLAR. Stabs him.*

*Q. Mar.* O, kill me too!

*Glo.* Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*

*K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.

*Glo.* Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

*K. Edw.* What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

*Glo.* Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother.

I'll hence to London on a serious matter:  
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

*Clar.* What? what?

*Glo.* The Tower! the Tower!

[*Exit.*

*Q. Mar.* O, Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy:

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

They, that stabb'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 murderer, that I may name it?

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak;

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!



You have no children, butchers ! if you had,  
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse :  
But, if you ever chance to have a child,  
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,  
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince !

*K. Edw.* Away with her ! go, bear her hence perforce.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here ;  
Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.

What ! wilt thou not ?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

*Clar.* By heaven I will not do thee so much ease.

*Q. Mar.* Good Clarence, do ; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

*Clar.* Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself :

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What ! wilt thou not ? where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard ? Richard, where art thou ?

Thou art not here : murder is thy alms-deed ;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

*K. Edw.* Away, I say ! I charge ye, bear her hence.

*Q. Mar.* So come to you, and yours, as to this prince !

[*Exit.*]

*K. Edw.* Where's Richard gone ?

*Clar.* To London, all in post ; and, as I guess,  
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence : discharge the common 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 discovered sitting with a Book in his Hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

*Glo.* Good day, my lord. What ! at your book so hard ?

*K. Hen.* Ay, my good lord : my lord, I should say rather :

'Tis sin to flatter ; good was little better :

Good 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. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf :

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act ?<sup>45</sup>

*Glo.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind :

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush ;

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye,

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

*Glo.* Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl?  
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;  
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;  
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,  
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,  
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.  
Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with words.  
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,  
Than can my ears that tragic history.  
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

*Glo.* Think'st thou I am an executioner?

*K. Hen.* A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:  
If murdering innocents be executing,  
Why, then thou art an executioner.

*Glo.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

*K. Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,  
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.  
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',  
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;<sup>46</sup>  
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;  
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees:  
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,<sup>47</sup>  
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 indigested and 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:  
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

[*Stabs him.*]

*K. Hen.* Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.  
O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee.

[*Dies.*]

*Glo.* What! will the aspiring blood of 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,  
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.

[*Stabs him again.*]

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 cried,  
 "O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"  
 And so I was; which plainly signified  
 That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.  
 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 greybeards call divine,  
 Be resident in men like one another,  
 And not in me: I am myself alone.—  
 Clarence, beware: thou keep'st me from the light;  
 But I will sort 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 in the Palace.

King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his Throne; Queen ELIZABETH with the infant Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Others, near him.

*K. Edw.* Once more we sit in England's royal throne,  
 Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.  
 What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,  
 Have we mow'd down, in tops 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 spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:  
 With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,  
 That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,  
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.  
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,  
 And made our footstool 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 a-foot in summer's scalding heat,  
 That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;  
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

*Glo.* I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;  
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.  
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;  
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.—  
 Work thou the way, and that shall execute.<sup>48</sup>

[*Aside*]

*K. Edw.* Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen ;  
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

*Clar.* The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,  
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

*K. Edw.* Thanks, noble Clarence ;<sup>49</sup> worthy brother, thanks.

*Glo.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,  
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—

[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,  
And cried—all hail ! when as he meant—all harm.

*K. Edw.* Now am I seated as my soul delights,  
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

*Clar.* What will your grace have done with Margaret ?  
Reignier, her father, to the king of France  
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,  
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

*K. Edw.* Away with her, and waft her hence to France.—  
And now what rests, but that we spend the time  
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,  
Such as befit the pleasure of the court ?  
Sound, drums and trumpets !—farewell, sour annoy,  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[*Exeunt.*]



## Notes.

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<sup>1</sup> *Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.*

Here is a gross anachronism. At the time of the first battle of St. Albans, at which Richard is represented in the last scene of the preceding play to have fought, he was, according to that gentleman's calculation, not one year old, having (as he conceives) been born at Fotheringay Castle, October 21, 1454. At the time to which the third scene of the first Act of this play is referred, he was, according to the same gentleman's computation, but six years old; and in the fifth Act, in which Henry is represented as having been killed by him in the Tower, not more than sixteen and eight months. For this anachronism the author or authors of the old plays on which our poet founded these two parts of King Henry the Sixth, are answerable.—*Malone*.

<sup>2</sup> *If Warwick shake his bells.*

The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from rising.—*Johnson*. Here is engraved a falcon's bell from a medieval illuminated manuscript.



<sup>3</sup> *Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York.*

This is a mistake, into which Shakspeare was led by the author of the old play. The father of Richard Duke of York was Earl of Cambridge, and was never Duke of York, being beheaded in the lifetime of his elder brother Edward Duke of York, who fell in the battle of Agincourt. The folio, by an evident error of the press, reads—*My* father. The true reading was furnished by the old play.—*Malone*.

<sup>4</sup> *Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas.*

So, in Marlowe's Edward II.:—"The haughty Dane *commands the narrow seas.*" The person here meant was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to the Lord Fauconbridge, "a man," says Hall, "of no lesse corage then audacitie, who for his enel condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the worlde in a broyle, and to pnt the estate of the realme on an yl hazard." He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned: such at least were his instrnetions with respect to the friends and favourers of King Edward, after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick's death, he fell into poverty, and robbed friends and enemies indiscriminately. After various excesses, one of which was an attempt on the metropolis, he was taken at Southampton, and beheaded. He is called "pyratum ad mare" in MS. Cotton. Nero, B. i., fol. 61. Ritson says he was beheaded at Southampton; but Warkworth's "Chronicle," p. 20, gives a different account. See the "Paston Letters," ii., 82.

<sup>5</sup> *Is it fear that makes him close his eyes?*

The following account is given by Hall: "While this battaill was in fighting, a prieste called Sir Robert Aspoll, chappelain and scole master to the yong erle of Rutlaunde, ij. some to the above named duke of Yorke, seace of the age of xij. yeres, a faire gentelman and a maydenlike person, pereceivng that flight was more savegard then tariyng, bothe for hym and his master, secretly conveyd therle out of the felde, by the lord Cliffordes bande, toward the towne, but or he coulde entre into a house, he was by the sayd lord Clifford

espied, folowed, and taken, and by reson of his apparell, demaunded what he was. The yong gentelman dismayed, had not a word to speake, but kneled on his knces imploryng mercy, and desiryng grace, both with holding up his handes and making dolorous countenance, for his speache was gone for feare. Save him sayde his chappelein, for he is a princes sonne, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the lord Clifford marked him and sayde: by Gods blode, thy father slew myne, and so will I do the and all thy kyn, and with that woord, stacke the erle to the hart with his dagger, and bad his chappeleyn bere the erles mother and brother worde what he had done and sayde. In this acte the lord Clyfford was accompted a tyraunt and no gentelman, for the propertie of the lyon, which is a furious and an unreasonable beaste, is to be ernell to them that withstande hym, and gentle to such as prostrate or humiliate themselves before hym." Rutland also compares Clifford to the lion, a simile borrowed in all probability from Hall.

<sup>6</sup> *We body'd again.*

I find *bodgery* used by Nashe in his Apologie of Pierce Penniless, 1593, for *botehery*: "Do you know your owne misbegotten *bodgery*?" To *bodge* might therefore mean, (as to *botch* does now) to do a thing imperfectly and awkwardly; and thence to *fail* or *miscarry* in an attempt. Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders—"To botch or bungle, *opus corrumpere, disperdere*." I suspect, however, with Dr. Johnson, that we should read—*We body'd again*. "To *budge*" Cole renders, *pedem referre*, to retreat: the precise sense required here. So, Coriolanus, speaking of his army who had *fled* from their adversaries:—

The monse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did *budge*  
From rascals worse than they.—*Malone*.

I believe that—*we body'd* only means, "we boggled, made bad or bungling work of our attempt to rally." A low unskilful tailor is often called a *botcher*.—*Steevens*.

<sup>7</sup> *Putting a paper Crown on his head.*

According to Hall the paper crown was not placed on York's head till after he was dead; but Holinshed, after giving Hall's narration of this business almost *verbatim*, adds:—"Some write, that the Duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a *mole-hill*, on whose heade they put a garland instead of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of segges or bulrushes, and having so crowned him with that garlande, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jewes did to Christe in scorne, saying to him, hayle king without rule, hayle king without heritage, hayle duke and prince without people or possessions. And at length having thus scorned hym with these and dyverse other the like despitefull woordes, they stroke off his heade, which (as yee have heard) they presented to the queen." Both the chroniclers say, that the Earl of Rutland was killed by Clifford *during* the battle of Wakefield; but it may be presumed that his father had first fallen. The Earl's tutor probably attempted to save him as soon as the rout began.—*Malone*.

<sup>8</sup> *Or do I see three suns?*

This circumstance is mentioned both by Hall and Holinshed: at which tyme the *son* (as some write) appeared to the earle of March like *three sunnes*, and sodainely joyned altogether in one, uppon whiche sight hee tooke such courage, that he fiercely setting on his enemyes put them to flight; and for this cause menne ymaged that he gave the sun in his full bryghtnesse for his badge or cognisance." These are the words of Holinshed.—*Malone*.

<sup>9</sup> *Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told.*

The annexed engraving of a poniard of the fifteenth century is copied by Mr. Fairholt from an example in the museum of Lord Londesborough. On the upper part of the blade are the letters I. II. S., beneath which is a short Latin inscription.

<sup>10</sup> *For by my scouts I was advertised.*

Although contemporary historical illustrations are not necessary, yet the following extract from a MS. at Lambeth Palace is so strikingly corroborative, that its insertion may be pardoned: "Blyssyt be God! diverse of owre adversaryes be owrethrowyn, and we



understond the prevyté and fals ymaginacions of the French party. Also ther is oon callyt John Worby, of Mortlond, a spye, in the county of Herteford, servaunt to Sere John Russel, in the county of Wyscetre, takyn be the Lord Suthwell, and the seid a spye ther takyn, hath confessyt that Kyng Herry, late Kyng of England, in dede but not in ryth, and sche that was Queyn Margarett hys wyf, and Edward hyr son, the duk of Brytayne, Edward the duk of Burgoyne, Syr Wylliam Taylbos, the Lord Roos, Sir Richard Tunstall, Thomas Ormond, Sir W. Catisby, Thomas Fytze Harry—thes lordes and knytes be in Scotlond with the Scottes. The duk of Exceetre, Erl of Penbrok, the Baron of Burford, John Ayne—thes schal lond at Bumeryes be the appoyment of Robert Gald, Captene of the Duk of Burgoyne. Duk Herry of Calabere, the Lord Hungyrford, the Lord Mortone, the Duk of Somersete, with sixty thousand men of Shayn, thes schal londyn in the coost of Norfolk and Suffolk. The Lord Lewys, the Duk of Spayne, Herry the Dolfyn of Franch, Ser John Fosbrew, Ser John Russel of Wycetre, Ser Thomas Burtayne, the erlys brothere of Denschyre, Ser Thomas Cornwaylys ; thes lordes and knytes schal londyn at Sanewych by the appoyment. Than comyng after thes lordes and knytes byfore wryten to assiste them with al the powre possibille they may make ; the Kyng of Francke with a hundred thousand : the Kyng of Denmarke with twenty thousand ; the Kyng of Aragon fifty thousand ; the King of Slavern with twenty thousand ; the Kyng of Cesyly with twenty-five thousand ; the Kyng of Portyngale with ten thousand ; the which he appoyntyng to enter the reyne of Ingland."

<sup>11</sup> *This soft courage makes your followers faint.*

It has been proposed to alter *courage* to *carriage*, but, as Mr. Dyce has shown, without necessity. *Courage* is equivalent to heart, or spirit ; so that *soft courage* merely means soft-heartedness. Spenser, in the *Faerie Queene*, speaks of "coward courage."

<sup>12</sup> *The queen hath best success when you are absent.*

This superstitious belief, relative to the fortunes of our unhappy prince, is yet more circumstantially introduced by Drayton in *The Miseries of Queen Margaret* :—

Some think that Warwick had not lost the day,  
But that the king into the field he brought ;  
For with the worse that side went still away  
Which had king Henry with them when they fought.  
Upon his birth so sad a curse there lay,  
As that he never prospered in aught.  
The queen wan two, among the loss of many,  
Her husband absent ; present, never any.—*Steevens.*

So, Hall : "Happy was the queene in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the king in al his enterprises ; for where his person was present, the victorie fledde ever from him to the other parte." Henry VI. fol. C.—*Malone.*

<sup>13</sup> *Your legs did better service than your hands.*

Alluding, says Grey, to the old proverb, one pair of heels is worth two pair of hands. This is not literally true ; for, though the Earl of Warwick was defeated at the second battle of Saint Albons, he had the good fortune to make his retreat with a good body of his forces, and to join the duke of York. See Grey's "Notes on Shakespeare," ii., 40.

<sup>14</sup> *When we saw our sunshine made thy spring.*

When we saw that by favouring thee we made thee grow in fortune, but that we received no advantage from thy fortune flourishing by our favour, we then resolved to destroy thee, and determined to try some other means, though our first efforts have failed.—*Johnson.*

<sup>15</sup> *Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy.*

Embroidery was in great favour at this period, and one of the chief occupations of ladies. See the annexed engraving of a lady embroidering, copied by Mr. Fairholt from an illuminated manuscript in the British Museum, MS. Bibl. Reg. 2 B. vii.





<sup>16</sup> *His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle.*



Here is an engraving of an ancient leather bottle copied by Mr. Fairholt from the original in Mr. Roach Smith's Museum.

<sup>17</sup> *E'en for the loss of thee.*

*Men*, ed. 1623. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Dyce, who, however, found afterwards that Capell had printed it *even*.

<sup>18</sup> *The common people swarm like summer flies.*

This line is taken from the quarto, being accidentally omitted in the folio, where, with an alteration, it is introduced into the wrong place. I have little doubt but that Capell is right in omitting the subsequent line in this speech,—“They never then had sprung

like summer flies,” a line which in the original follows that ending with the words,—“the house of York.”

<sup>19</sup> *No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight.*

This line is clear and proper as it is now read; yet perhaps an opposition of images was meant, and Clifford said:—“No way to fly, nor strength to hold out *flight*.”—*Johnson*.

The sense of the original reading is—No way to fly, nor with strength sufficient left to sustain myself in flight, if there were.—*Steevens*.

<sup>20</sup> *Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?*

I have distinguished this and the two following speeches according to the authority of the quarto. The folio gave all to Richard, except the last line and half.—*Steevens*.

I have also followed the original regulation, because it seems absurd that Richard should first say to his brother, or to one of the soldiers, “See who it is,” and then himself declare that it is Clifford; and therefore I suppose the variation in the folio arose, not from Shakespeare, but from some negligence or inaccuracy of a compositor or transcriber.—*Malone*.

<sup>21</sup> *Enter two keepers, with cross-bows.*



The annexed representation of a keeper with a cross-bow is copied by Mr. Fairholt from an illumination in a manuscript of the fifteenth century preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris.

<sup>22</sup> *Through this laund.*

A laund was a plain place in a wood; an unploughed plain; a park; a lawn. “*Saltus*, a lawnd,” *Nominale MS.*

Now is Gij to a *launde* y-go.

Wher the dragoun duelled tho.

*Gy of Warwike*, p. 262.

For to hunt at the hartes in thas hye *laundes*

In Glamorgane with glee, thare gladchipe was evere.

*Morte Arthure, MS. Lincoln*, f. 53.

<sup>23</sup> *From Scotland am I stol'n.*

“And on that parte that marched upon Scotlande, he laied watches and espialles, that no persone should go out of the realme to kyng Henry and his company, which then laye soiornyng in Scotlande; but whatsoever icoperdy or peryll might bee construed or demed to haue insued by the meanes of kyng Henry, all suche doubttes were now shortly resolved and determind, and all feare of his doynge were clerely put under and extinet; for he hymselfe, whether he were past all feare, or was not well stablished in his perfite mynde, or could not long kepe himselfe secrete, in a disguysed apparell boldly entered into Englande. He was



no soner entered, but he was knowen and taken of one Cantlowe, and brought towarde the kyng, whom the erlc of Warwicke met on the waie, by the kynges commaundement, and brought hym through London to the towre, and there he was laied in sure holde."—*Hall*.

<sup>24</sup> *Let me embrace thee, sour adversity.*

This is Mr. Dyce's emendation, the old copy reading, *the sowre adversaries*. At the time Henry is now speaking, he had not observed the keepers, and could not here allude to persons, but to his own trials. Shakespeare is fond of speaking of the sweet uses of adversity, and of the wisdom of meeting it readily.

<sup>25</sup> *I know, I am too mean to be your queen.*

So in Warner's *Albion's England*, as quoted by Steevens—

His plea was love, my suit was land : I plie him, he plies me ;  
Too bace to be his queen, too good his concubine to be.

Hall says, "—whiche demaund she so wysely and with so covert speeche aunswered and repugned, affyrmyng that as she was for his honour far unable to be his spouse and bedfellowe, so for her awne poor honestie she was to good to be either his concubine, or sovereigne lady ; that where he was a littel before heated with the dart of Cupido, he was nowe," &c. See Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, xviii. 460. Perhaps Heywood remembered these lines when he wrote—

A concubine to one so great as Edward,  
Is far too great to be the wife of Shore.  
*King Edward IV.*, act v. sc. 4, ed. Field, p. 87.

<sup>26</sup> *Thou art a widow.*

This is part of the King's reply to his mother in Stowe's *Chronicle* : "That she is a widow, and hath already children ; by God's blessed lady I am a batchelor, and have some too, and so each of us hath a prooffe that neither of us is like to be barrain," &c.—*Steevens*.

It is found also in Hall's *Chronicle*, but is copied almost verbatim from Sir Thomas More's *History of King Richard III.*—*Malone*.

<sup>27</sup> *That this his love was an eternal plant.*

The old quarto reads rightly *eternal* ; alluding to the plants of Paradise.—*Warburton*.

In the language of Shakspeare's time, by an *eternal* plant was meant what we now call a *perennial* one.—*Steevens*.

The folio reads—"an *external* plant ;" but as that word seems to afford no meaning, and as Shakspeare has adopted every other part of this speech as he found it in the old play, without alteration, I suppose *external* was a mistake of the transcriber or printer, and have therefore followed the reading of the quarto.—*Malone*.

<sup>28</sup> *Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.*

"Also the fourthe yere of Kynge Edwarde, the Erle of Warwyke was sent into Fraunce for a maryage for the Kynge, for one fayre ladye, suster-doughtere to the Kynge of Fraunce, whiche was concludede by the Erle of Warwyke. And whiles the seyde Erle of Warwyke was in Fraunce, the Kynge was wedded to Elisabethe Gray, wedow, the qwiche Sere Ihon Gray that was hyre housbonde was slayne at Yorke felde in Kynge Herry partye ; and the same Elisabeth was doughtere to the Lorde Ryvers ; and the weddyng was prevely in a secrete placc, the fyrst day of Maye the yere above seide."—*Warkworth's Chronicle*, p. 3. Ritson says Edward's marriage took place in 1463, but I should rather give credence to Warkworth's date, May 1, 1464, which is rather corroborated than otherwise by the birth of the Princess Elizabeth in February, 1465, to whom Warwick stood sponsor. Historians are divided in opinion relative to the real causes of Warwick's displeasure, but, as our dramatist has followed the later chronicles, it is not necessary to discuss the subject here.

<sup>29</sup> *My father came untimely to his death.*

Warwick's father came untimely to his death, being taken at the battle of Wakefield, and beheaded at Pomfret. But the author of the old play imagined he fell at the action at Ferry-bridge, and has in a former scene, to which this line refers, described his death as happening at that place. Shakspeare very properly rejected that description of the death

of the Earl of Salisbury, of whose death no mention is made in this play, as it now stands; yet he has inadvertently retained this line which alludes to a preceding description that he had struck out; and this is another proof of his falling into inconsistencies, by sometimes following, and sometimes deserting, his original.—*Malone*.

<sup>30</sup> *Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?*

Thus Holinshed, p. 668: "King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house, which was much against the earles honestie (whether he would have deflored his daughter or his *niece*, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed), for surely such a thing was attempted by king Edward."—*Stevens*.

<sup>31</sup> *Lewis of France is sending over maskers.*

The annexed curious engraving represents a masker at the court of Charles VI. at Paris, copied by Mr. Fairholt from an illumination in the Harleian manuscript of Froissart.



<sup>32</sup> *Stafford and Hastings.*

We have before mentioned the particularity of the stage-directions in this part of the play, as printed in the folio, 1623. Here we have a remarkable instance of it, in the addition of words which show how the principal characters were to be ranged on the stage: "four stand on one side and four on the other." The attendants were probably to retire to the back of the scene, and were supposed to be out of hearing; there were nine principal persons present, viz. the king, the queen, Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, Montague, Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings. The king was therefore to stand in the middle, with "four on one side and four on the other."—*Collier*.

<sup>33</sup> *England is safe, if true within itself.*

Borde, talking of the English, says: "Thei fare sumptiously, God is served in their churches devoutly, but treason and deceyt among them is used craftily, the mare pitie, for *yf they were true within themselves*, thei nede not to feare, although al nacions wer set against them."—*The Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, 1542. It is observable, says *Malone*, that the first of these lines occurs in the old King John, 1591, from which Shakespeare borrowed it, and inserted it, with a slight change, in his own play with the same title.

<sup>34</sup> *You would not have bestow'd the heir.*

It must be remembered, that till the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the King, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards.—*Johnson*.

<sup>35</sup> *For many men that stumble at the threshold.*

To understand this phrase rightly, it must be remembered that some of the old thresholds or steps under the door, were, like the hearths, raised a little, so that a person might stumble over them unless proper care was taken. A very whimsical reason for this practice is given in a curious little tract by Sir Balthazar Gerbier, entitled, *Council and advice to all builders*, 1663, 24mo, in these words, "A good surveyour shuns also the ordering of doores with *stumbling-block-thresholds*, though our forefathers affected them, perchance to perpetuate the antient custome of bridegroomes, when formerly at their return from church (they) did use to lift up their bride, and to knock their head against that of the doore, for a remembrance, that they were not to passe the threshold of their house without their leave."—*Douce*.

<sup>36</sup> *The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.*

The word *bruit* is found in Bullokar's English Expositor, 8vo. 1616, and is defined "A reporte spread abroad."—*Malone*. So, in Preston's Cambises:—"—whose manly acts do fly by *bruit* of fame."—*Stevens*.

This French word *bruit* was very early made a denizen of our language. Thus in the Bible: "Behold the noise of the *bruit* is come."—*Jeremiah*, x. 22.—*Whalley*.

<sup>37</sup> *Let's levy men, and beat him back again.*

This line expresses a spirit of war so unsuitable to the character of Henry, that I would give the first cold speech to the King, and the brisk answer to Warwick. This line is not in the old quarto; and when Henry said nothing, the first speech might be as properly given to Warwick as to any other.—*Johnson*.

Every judicious reader must concur in Dr. Johnson's opinion, as far as it relates to the second of these two speeches.—*Steevens*.

This line is given in the folio to the King, to whom it is so unsuitable, that I have no doubt it was merely a printer's error. I have not, however, assigned it to Warwick, and the preceding speech to Henry, as Dr. Johnson proposes, because it appears to me safer to take the old play as a guide; in which, as in Shakspeare's piece, the first speech is attributed to Warwick. The second speech is given to *Oxford*, and stands thus:—

*Oxf.* 'Tis best to look to this betimes;  
For if this fire do kindle any further  
It will be hard for us to quench it out.

Shakspeare, in new-modelling this scene, probably divided this speech between Oxford and Clarence, substituting the line before us in the room of the words—" 'Tis best to look to this betimes." I have therefore given this line to Oxford. It might with equal, or perhaps with more propriety, be assigned to Warwick's brother, Montague.—*Malone*.

<sup>38</sup> *My Hector, and my Troy's true hope.*

This line having probably made an impression on our author, when he read over the old play, he has applied the very same expression to the Duke of York where his overthrow at Wakefield is described, and yet suffered the line to stand here as he found it:—

Environed he was with many foes,  
And stood against them, *as the hope of Troy*  
Against the Greeks.

The two latter lines, as the reader may find in p. 405, n. 3, were new, no trace of them being *there* found in the old play. Many similar repetitions may be observed in this Third Part of King Henry VI. from the same cause.—*Malone*.

<sup>39</sup> *The king was slyly finger'd from the deck.*

The quartos read—*finely* finger'd. *Finely* is *subtly*. So, in Holinshed's reign of King Henry VI. p. 640: "In his way he tooke by *fine* force, a tower," &c. Again, p. 649, "—and by *fine* force either to win their purpose, or end their lives in the same." A pack of cards was anciently termed a *deck of cards*, or a *pair of cards*. It is still, as I am informed, so called in Ireland. Thus, in King Edward I. 1599: "—as it were, turned us, with duces and trays, out of the *deck*."

Again, in Selimus, Emperor of the Turks, 1594:—

Well, if I chance but once to get the *deck*,  
To deal about and shuffle as I would.—*Steevens*.

An instance of a *pack* of cards being called a *deck*, occurs in the *sessions paper*, for January, 1788. So that the term appears to be still in use.—*Ritson*.

My owne betray my owne to him; you'r a knave; they shuffle ye about; He deale the cards, and cut ye from the decke; you understand me.—*History of the Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609.

<sup>40</sup> *For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.*

In other words, Warwick was a bugbear, a terrific being, who frightened us all. To *fear* was frequently used in the sense, to terrify.

So a zeale-burning heart the fiends doth quell,  
And a good liver feares no *bugges* of hell.

*Bancroft's Two Bookes of Epigrammes*, 1639.



<sup>41</sup> *A field of battle near Barnet.*



The spot is still pointed out, and there is an obelisk commemorating the battle erected on the outskirts of the town towards St. Alban's, overlooking the battle-ground.

<sup>42</sup> *Is nothing left me, but my body's length.*

Camden mentions in his *Remaines*, that Constantine, in order to dissuade a person from covetousness, drew out with his lance the length and breadth of a man's grave, adding, 'This is all thou shalt have when thou art dead, if thou canst happily get so much.' Johnson observes that War-

wick's mention of his parks and manors diminishes the pathetic of these lines. It is true that it is something in the strain of the whining ghosts of the *Mirror for Magistrates*; but it was the popular style of the time: Cavendish in his *Metrical Legends*, introduces Wolsey's shade lamenting to leave his palaces and gardens.—*Singer*.

<sup>43</sup> *Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.*

This phrase is scriptural: "Thou feedest them with the bread of tears, and givest them tears to drink." *Psalm lxxxv. 5.*—*Steevens*.

So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:—

Dost thou *drink tears*, that thou provok'st such weeping?  
And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,  
Or leave my body, as witness of my thoughts.—*Ibid*.

Our author has availed himself of these lines in former scenes of these plays.—*Malone*. These passages were probably recollected by Rowe, when he wrote in his *Jane Shore*:—

Feed on my sighs, and *drink my falling tears*.

So also, Pope, in the *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard*:—

And drink the falling tears each other shed.

The folio has—*eye*: but I imagine it was rather an error in the transcriber than an alteration by Shakspeare. The old play reads—*eyes*.—*Malone*.

<sup>44</sup> *The likeness of this railer here.*

That thou resemblest thy railing mother. That is, "thou who art *the likeness*," &c. Rowe and the other modern editors read—*thou likeness*, and so we should now write; but the other was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:—

*The last of all the Romans, fare thee well.*

In that passage, as in the present, Rowe substituted *thou* for *the*, though Shakspeare has employed the very words he found in North's translation of Plutarch.—*Malone*.

The old copies describe Edward as striking the first blow, and Gloster the next; and, I believe, rightly, for history informs us that Edward smote the Prince with his gauntlet, on which the rest dispatch'd him. The words "sprawl'st thou?" seem evidently to belong to Richard; and I have therefore continued them to him on the authority of ancient editions, in preference to the allotment of modern innovation.—*Steevens*.

<sup>45</sup> *What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?*

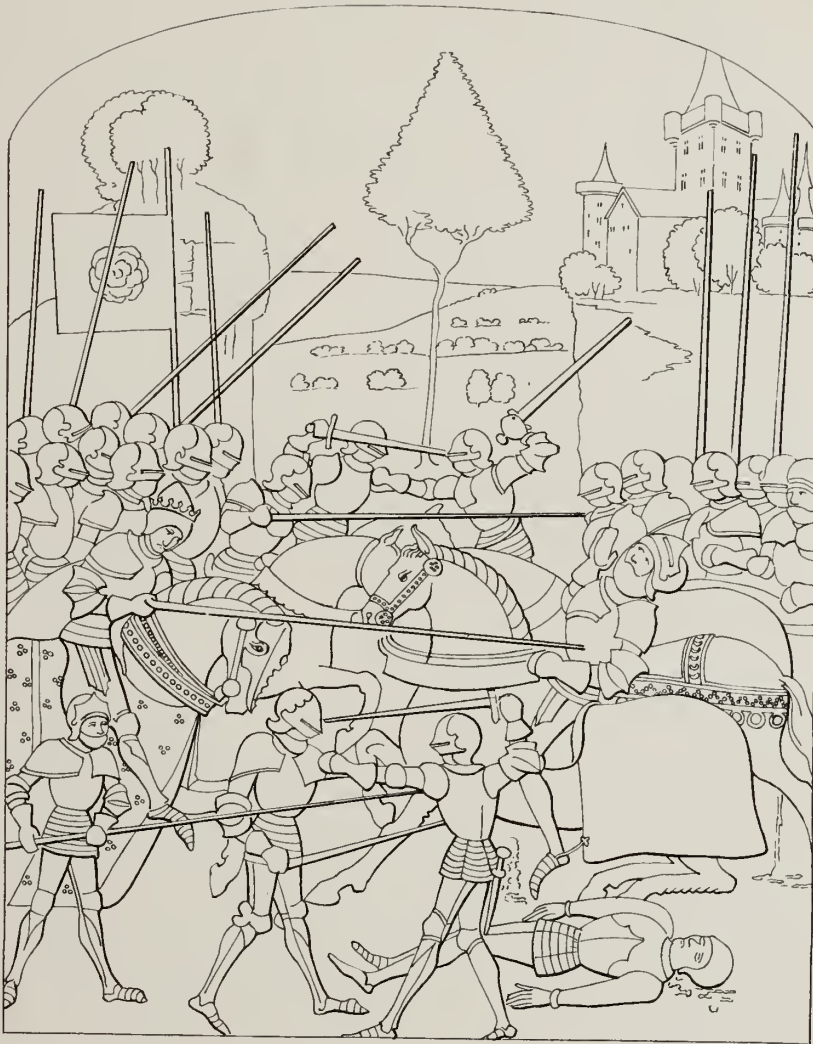
*Roscius* was certainly put for *Richard* by some simple conceited player who had heard of *Roscius* and of *Rome*; but did not know that he was an actor in comedy, not in tragedy.—*Warburton*.

Shakspeare had occasion to compare *Richard* to some player about to represent a scene of murder, and took the first or only name of antiquity that occurred to him, without being very scrupulous about its propriety. I know not, however, that it is proved, on classical authority, that *Roscius*, though generally a comedian, was no occasional actor in tragedy.



*The Battle of Barnet, from a Miniature in a contemporary Manuscript History  
preserved in the Public Library at Ghent.*

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Nash, in Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil, 1592, says: "Not *Roscius* nor *Æsop*, those admired *tragedians*, that have lived ever since before Christ was born, could ever performe more in action than famous Ned Allen." Again, in Acolastus his Afterwitte, 1600:—

Through thee each murthering *Roscius* is appointed  
To act strange scenes of death on God's anointed.

Again, in Certaine Satyres, 1598:—

Was penn'd by *Roscio* the *tragedian*.—*Stevens*.

So, in Acolastus his Afterwitte, 1600:—"What bloody scene hath cruelty to act?" Dr. Warburton reads *Richard*, instead of *Roscius*, because *Roscius* was a comedian. That he is right in this assertion, is proved beyond a doubt by a passage in Quintilian, cited by W. R. [probably Sir Walter Rawlinson] in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. liv. Part II. p. 886: "*Roscius* citator, *Æsopus* gravior fuit, quod *ille comædias*, hic *tragœdias* egit." *Quintil.* lib. xi. c. iii.—But it is not in Quintilian or in any other ancient writer we are to look in order to ascertain the text of Shakspeare. *Roscius* was called a *tragedian* by our author's contemporaries, as appears from the quotations in the preceding note; and this was sufficient authority to him, or rather to the author of the original play, for there this line is found.—*Malone*.

<sup>46</sup> *The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign.*

"If an owl," says Bourne, "which is reckoned a most abominable and unlucky bird, send forth its hoarse and dismal voice, it is an omen of the approach of some terrible thing; that some dire calamity and some great misfortune is at hand." See Brand's Popular Antiquities, ed. Ellis, iii., 108. So Chaucer:—

The jilous swan, ayeust hys deth that singeth,  
The owle eke, that of deth the bode bringeth.

<sup>47</sup> *The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top.*

To *rook*, to squat, or crouch down. *North*. Palmer has *ruckee*, to cower, to stoop, to squat.

But now they *rucken* in hire neste,  
And resten as hem liken bestc.

*Gower, MS. Soc. Antiq.* 134, f. 114.

Thai sal for thyrste the hefed sowke  
Of the neddyr that on thaime sal *rowke*.

*Hampole, MS. Bowes*, p. 198.

<sup>48</sup> *And that shall execute.*

The expression *that*, observes Johnson, "may stand, the arm being included in the shoulder." The old copies read *shalt* in error for *shall*. The previous *thou* refers to the head.

<sup>49</sup> *Thanks, noble Clarence.*

The quarto appropriates this line to the *Queen*. The first and second folio, by mistake, have given it to *Clarence*. In my copy of the second folio, which had belonged to King Charles the First, his Majesty has erased—*Cl.* and written *King*, in its stead.—Shakspeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, may boast of a Royal name.—*Stevens*.





Richard the Third.



## INTRODUCTION.

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A LATIN drama on the subject of Richard the Third, written by Dr. Thomas Legge, was acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, as early as the year 1579, and long continued in favour with scholastic audiences. "For tragedies," observes Sir John Harington, in his Apologie of Poetrie, 1591, "to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of Richard the Third, would move, I thinke, Phalaris the tyraunt, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men from following their foolish ambitious humors, seeing how his ambition made him kill his brother, his nephews, his wife, beside infinit others; and last of all after a short and troublesome raigne, to end his miserable life, and to have his body harried after his death." Nash also alludes to this play in his Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596, in reference to an ignorant fellow who, "in the Latine tragedie of Richard the Third, cried, *Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than, *Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma*." Several old manuscript copies of Legge's drama have been preserved, but there is no reason for supposing that it was known to Shakespeare. The great dramatist may, however, have been acquainted with a contemporary English play on the events of the same reign, which was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company, June 19th, 1594, by Thomas Creede, as "an enterlude intituled the Tragedie of Richard the Third wherein is shoven the death of Edward the Fourthe, with the smotheringe of the twoo princes in the tower, with a lamentable end of Shores Wife, and the Conjunction of the twoo houses of

Lancaster and Yorke ;” published the same year under the title of, “The True Tragedie of Richard the Third: Wherein is showne the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church doore. 1594.” The probability is that this drama was known to Shakespeare, but with the possible exception of one line, where the King calls for “a horse, a horse, a fresh horse,” there does not appear to be grounds for supposing that he derived a single hint from his predecessor. The subject was clearly a very popular one. Henslowe’s company was engaged upon the production of a drama on Richard the Third about the year 1599, and in 1602 Ben Jonson was writing a play on the same subject. The first of these included the character of Banister, and from two lines of it, preserved in an anecdote in an old jest-book, it would appear, from the circumstance of one of them being borrowed from Shakespeare, that use had been made by the writer or writers of the great poet’s drama. Either this is the case, or here we have evidence that there was yet another old English play of Richard the Third, one which may have furnished Shakespeare with some of his materials. The anecdote occurs in a little volume of exceeding rarity, entitled, “A New Booke of Mistakes, or Bulls with Tales, and Bulls without Tales, but no lyes by any meanes,” 1637, and is as follows,—“In the play of Richard the Third, the Duke of Buckingham, being betraid by his Servant Banister, a Messenger comming hastily into the presence of the King to bring him word of the Duke’s surprizall, Richard asking him, what newes?, he replied,—

“My leige, the Duke of *Banister* is tane,  
And *Buckingham* is come for his reward.”

As late as the year 1654, Gayton speaks of a play of Richard the Third in which the ghost of Jane Shore is introduced; and these two notices, taken together, prove that an old drama on the subject long continued popular. If this old play was anterior to Shakespeare’s, it may have been used by our author, whose Richard the Third bears traces of something which induces the





20 October (1597.)

Andrew Wolfe - Entered for his copie under hand of  
m<sup>r</sup> Barlowe, and m<sup>r</sup> warden  
man: The Tragedie of King  
Richard the Third w<sup>th</sup> the  
Deathe of the Duke of Clarence } b. 3

1602. 14<sup>th</sup> Febr  
19<sup>th</sup> April

Geo. Jacobus - Entered for his copie by assignem<sup>t</sup>  
from Thomas Millington the  
bookes following; Salvo Jure minister  
a book called Thomas of Bedford - by  
the first and second pt of Every man  
a book called Titus and Andronicus - by  
Entered for by warrant under  
the hand of

8<sup>th</sup> Julij 1619

Jam: Hayes - Entered for his copie by consent of  
a full Court to his two copie following  
were writt by copie of Thomas Hayts  
his father's viz;  
A play called The Marchant of  
Venice, And the Ethiopian  
History } b. 3

6<sup>th</sup> October 1621

Tho: Walkley - Entered for his copie under the hand of  
of Mr George Buck, and Mr Cromwell  
warden, The Tragedie of Othello &  
more of Venice. } b. 3

conjecture that portions of it are alterations of a composition by an inferior writer.

Shakespeare's Richard the Third was first printed in the year 1597, and was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on October 20th, 1597, by the publisher, Andrew Wise, as, "The tragedie of Kinge Richard the Third with the death of the duke of Clarence." This is the earliest notice of the play that has been discovered. The copyright continued in the hands of Andrew Wise until June, 1603, when it was transferred to Matthew Lowe, who published the subsequent editions that were printed in quarto. The following are the titles of the several early copies which appeared in that form, — The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murder of his innocent nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. At London, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1597. — The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiful murder of his innoeent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. By William Shake-speare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598. — The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath bene lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Newly augmented, By William Shakespeare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1602. — The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath bin lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Newly augmented, by William Shake-speare. London,

Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Matthew Lawe, dwelling in Paules Chureh-yard, at the signe of the Foxe, near S. Austins gate, 1605.—The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murder of his innoeent Nephewes: his tyrannicall usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath beene lately Aeted by the Kings Maiesties servants. Newly augmented, By William Shake-speare. London, Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Mathew Lawe, dwelling in Pauls Chureh-yard, at the Signe of the Foxe, neare S. Austins gate, 1612.—The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Contayning his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: The pittifull murder of his innoeent Nephewes: his tyrannieall usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath been lately Aeted by the Kings Maiesties Servants. Newly augmented. By William Shakespeare. London, Printed by Thomas Purfoot, and are to be sold by Mathew Law, dwelling in Pauls Chureh-yard, at the Signe of the Foxe, neere S. Austines gate, 1622.—The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Contayning his treeherous Plots, against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murder of his inoeent Nephewes: his tiranous usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath beene lately Aeted by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. Newly agmented. By William Shake-speare. London. Printed by John Norton, and are to be sold by Mathew Law, dwelling in Pauls Chureh-yard, at the Signe of the Foxe, neere St. Austines gate, 1629.—The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Contayning his treacherous Plots, against his brother Clarence: The pitifull murder of his innoeent Nephewes: his tyranous usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath beene Aeted by the Kings Maiesties Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Printed by John Norton, 1634. These quarto editions are eopied successively from each other, but in the folio of 1623 are found various additions to the older printed text, the drama as it is found in the latter work having been probably printed from a play-house copy of the edition of 1602.

These numerous early editions testify to the great popularity of the present drama, which is alluded to by Meres in 1598, and by Weever in a work published in 1599, in notiees that indiate



its being then considered one of our author's most important productions. The latter work would appear from internal evidence to have been written as early as 1595, so that, if we can depend upon the epigram on Shakespeare not being a subsequent composition, there is here an important evidence in the question respecting the date of authorship. Weever only alludes to two of the poet's dramas,—“Romeo, Richard, more whose names I know not,” the second play being in all probability the present one. The drama of Richard the Third was the foundation of a poem issued in the year 1614,—“The Ghost of Richard the Third, expressing himselfe in these three Parts, 1. His Character, 2. His Legend, 3. His Tragedie, containing more of him then hath been heretofore shewed either in Chronicles, Playes, or Poems,” the author of which, one C. B., distinctly acknowledges his obligations to Shakespeare. In 1633, we have a notice of the performance of the play before the Court,—“On Saterdag the 17th of Novemb., being the Queen's birth-day, Richarde the Thirde was acted by the K. players at St. James, wher the king and queene were present, it being the first play the queene sawe since her Majesty's delivery of the Duke of York;” and Thomas Heywood, in 1637, published an epilogue and prologue to this play, for the use of “a young witty lad playing the part of Richard the Third at the Red Bull,” in which he alludes to the frequent performance of that character. It may, however, be too much to assume that the two notices last mentioned refer to Shakespeare's play, another drama on the same subject having, as previously shown, been familiar to the public long after the period to which those notices refer.

The historical portions of Richard the Third are to a certain extent taken from More and Holinshed, but with an utter defiance of chronology, the imprisonment of Clarence for instance preceding the funeral of Henry the Sixth. There are, also, traces of an older play to be distinctly observed in this drama, passages which belong to an inferior hand, and incidents, such as that of the rising of the ghosts, suggested probably by similar ones in a more ancient composition. That Richard the Third, as we now have it, is essentially Shakespeare's, cannot admit of a doubt. As little, I believe, can it be questioned that to the circumstance of some older play on the subject having been used do we owe some of its turbulent character and its inferiority to most of the other productions of the great dramatist.

Nevertheless, however we may regret that Shakespeare did not here wholly exercise his free invention, it cannot be denied that the result is effective as a work of dramatic art. The so-called alteration by Cibber, produced in 1700, which has so long retained possession of the stage, hardly deserves a passing notice, for Cibber not Shakespeare is its author. The use made of portions of Shakespeare in this production is merely that which is applied by an inferior writer to dramatic purposes of his own.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD, *Prince of Wales*; }  
RICHARD, *Duke of York*; } *Sons to the King.*

GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence*; }  
RICHARD, *Duke of Gloster*; } *Brothers to the King.*

*A young Son of Clarence.*

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond.*

CARDINAL BOUCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*

JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK: EARL OF SURREY, *his Son.*

EARL RIVERS, *Brother to King Edward's Queen*: MARQUESS  
OF DORSET, *and* LORD GREY, *her Sons.*

EARL OF OXFORD. LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY. LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN. SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY. SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT. SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a Priest. Another Priest.*

*Lord Mayor of Loudon. Sheriff of Wiltshire.*

ELIZABETH, *Queen of King Edward IV.*

MARGARET, *Widow of King Henry VI.*

DUCHESS OF YORK, *Mother to King Edward IV., Clarence,*  
*and Gloster.*

LADY ANNE, *Widow of Edward Prince of Wales.*

*A young Daughter of Clarence.*

*Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuirant,*  
*Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts,*  
*Soldiers, &c.*

SCENE,—England.





# Act the First.

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SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;<sup>1</sup>  
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;  
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,<sup>2</sup>  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;  
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,<sup>3</sup>  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,<sup>4</sup>  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time

Into this breathing world, searee half made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,  
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;  
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
 Have no delight to pass away the time,  
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun,  
 And deseant on mine own deformity :  
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,<sup>5</sup>  
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,  
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
 To set my brother Clarence, and the king,  
 In deadly hate the one against the other :  
 And, if king Edward be as true and just,  
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,  
 About a prophecy, which says—that G  
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul : here Clarence comes.

*Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.*

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard,  
 That waits upon your graee ?

*Clar.* His majesty,  
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
 This conduit to convey me to the Tower.

*Glo.* Upon what cause ?

*Clar.* Because my name is George.

*Glo.* Alack ! my lord, that fault is none of yours ;  
 He should, for that, commit your godfathers.  
 O ! belike, his majesty hath some intent,  
 That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.  
 But what's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?

*Clar.* Yea, Richard, when I know ; but I protest,  
 As yet I do not : but, as I can learn,  
 He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams ;  
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,<sup>6</sup>  
 And says, a wizard told him, that by G

His issue disinherited should be ;  
 And, for my name of George begins with G,<sup>7</sup>  
 It follows in his thought that I am he.  
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,  
 Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

*Glo.* Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women !  
 'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower :  
 My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,  
 That tempers him to this extremity ;<sup>8</sup>  
 Was it not she, and that good man of worship,  
 Antony Woodeville,<sup>9</sup> her brother there,  
 That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,  
 From whence this present day he is deliver'd ?  
 We are not safe, Clarence ; we are not safe.

*Clar.* By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,  
 But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds  
 That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.  
 Heard you not, what an humble suppliant  
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ?

*Glo.* Humbly complaining to her deity  
 Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.  
 I'll tell you what ; I think, it is our way,  
 If we will keep in favour with the king,  
 To be her men, and wear her livery :  
 The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,  
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
 Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

*Brak.* I besecch your graces both to pardon me :  
 His majesty hath straitly given in charge,  
 That no man shall have private conference,  
 Of what degree soever, with his brother.

*Glo.* Even so ; an please your worship, Brakenbury,  
 You may partake of any thing we say.  
 We speak no treason, man : we say, the king  
 Is wise and virtuous ; and his noble queen  
 Well struck in years ; fair, and not jealous :—  
 We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
 A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue ;  
 And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.  
 How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

*Brak.* With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

*Glo.* Nought to do with mistress Shore ? I tell thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

*Brak.* What one, my lord?

*Glo.* Her husband, knave. Would'st thou betray me?

*Brak.* I beseech your grace to pardon me; and withal,  
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

*Clar.* We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

*Glo.* We are the queen's objects, and must obey.—<sup>10</sup>  
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;

And whatsoever you will employ me in,  
Were it to call king Edward's widow—sister,<sup>11</sup>  
I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood  
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*Clar.* I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

*Glo.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;  
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:  
Mean time, have patience.

*Clar.* I must perforce: farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and *Guard.*]

*Glo.* Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,  
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,  
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,  
If heaven will take the present at our hands.  
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

*Enter* HASTINGS.

*Hast.* Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

*Glo.* As much unto my good lord chamberlain.  
Well are you welcome to this open air.  
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

*Hast.* With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;  
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,  
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too,  
For they that were your enemies are his,  
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

*Hast.* More pity, that the eagles should be mew'd,  
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

*Glo.* What news abroad?

*Hast.* No news so bad abroad, as this at home:—



The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,  
And his physicians fear him mightily.

*Glo.* Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.  
O! he hath kept an evil diet long,  
And over-much consum'd his royal person :  
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.  
Where is he? in his bed?

*Hast.* He is.

*Glo.* Go you before, and I will follow you. [*Exit HASTINGS.*  
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,  
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.  
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,  
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;  
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,  
Clarence hath not another day to live :  
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in,  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.  
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?  
The readiest way to make the wench amends,  
Is to become her husband, and her father :  
The which will I; not all so much for love,  
As for another secret close intent,  
By marrying her which I must reach unto.  
But yet I run before my horse to market :  
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns;  
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Street.*

*Enter the Corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne in an open Coffin, Gentlemen bearing Halberds, to guard it; and Lady ANNE as mourner.*

*Anne.* Set down, set down your honourable load,  
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,  
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament  
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—  
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!<sup>13</sup>  
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!

Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !  
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,  
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,  
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,  
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds !  
 Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,  
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes :—  
 O, cursed be the hand that made these holes !  
 Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it !  
 Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence !  
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,  
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,  
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !  
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;  
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !  
 If ever he have wife, let her be made  
 More miserable by the death of him,  
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee !—  
 Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy load,  
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there ;  
 And still, as you are weary of this weight,  
 Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

[*The Bearers take up the Corpse and advance.*]

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,  
 To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

*Glo.* Villains ! set down the corse ; or, by Saint Paul,  
 I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

I *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

*Glo.* Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou when I command :  
 Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,  
 Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*The Bearers set down the Coffin.*

*Anne.* What ! do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?

Alas ! I blame you not ; for you are mortal,  
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—  
 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !  
 Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,  
 His soul thou canst not have : therefore, be gone.

*Glo.* Sweet saint, for charity, be not so eurst.

*Anne.* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not ;  
 For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
 Fill'd it with cursing eries, and deep exclaims.  
 If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
 Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.—<sup>13</sup>  
 O, gentlemen ! see, see ! dead Henry's wounds  
 Open their eongea'd mouths, and bleed afresh !<sup>14</sup>  
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,  
 For 'tis thy presenee that exhales this blood  
 From eold and empty veins, where no blood dwells :  
 Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,  
 Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !  
 O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !  
 Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,  
 Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quiek,  
 As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

*Glo.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
 Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man :  
 No beast so fieree, but knows some touch of pity.

*Glo.* But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

*Anne.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

*Glo.* More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—  
 Vouehsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
 Of these supposed evils to give me leave  
 By eircumstanees but to acquit myself.

*Anne.* Vouehsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,<sup>15</sup>  
 For these known evils but to give me leave  
 By circumstanees to curse thy eursed self.

*Glo.* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have  
 Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

*Anne.* Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make  
 No excuse eurrent, but to hang thyself.

*Glo.* By such despair, I should accuse myself.



*Anne.* And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd ;  
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

*Glo.* Say, that I slew them not ?

*Anne.* Then say they were not slain :  
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

*Glo.* I did not kill your husband.

*Anne.* Why, then he is alive.

*Glo.* Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

*Anne.* In thy foul throat thou liest : queen Margaret saw  
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

*Glo.* I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,  
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

*Anne.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.  
Didst thou not kill this king ?

*Glo.* I grant ye.

*Anne.* Dost grant me, hedge-hog ? then, God grant me too,  
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed !  
O ! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

*Glo.* The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

*Anne.* He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

*Glo.* Let him thank me, that help to send him thither ;  
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

*Anne.* And thou unfit for any place but hell.

*Glo.* Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

*Anne.* Some dungeon.

*Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

*Anne.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

*Glo.* So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

*Anne.* I hope so.

*Glo.* I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—  
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall something into a slower method ;—  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner ?

*Anne.* Thou wast the cause,<sup>16</sup> and most accurs'd effect.

*Glo.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;  
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,



To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

*Anne.* If I thought that, I tell thee, homieide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

*Glo.* These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck ;  
You should not blemish it, if I stood by :  
As all the world is cheered by the sun,  
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

*Anne.* Blaek night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life !

*Glo.* Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art both.

*Anne.* I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

*Glo.* It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

*Anne.* It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

*Glo.* He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

*Anne.* His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

*Glo.* He lives that loves you better than he could.

*Anne.* Name him.

*Glo.* Plantagenet.

*Anne.* Why, that was he.

*Glo.* The self-same name, but one of better nature.

*Anne.* Where is he ?

*Glo.* Here : [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou  
spit at me ?

*Anne.* Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake !

*Glo.* Never came poison from so sweet a place.

*Anne.* Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.

*Glo.* Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

*Anne.* Would they were basilisks,<sup>17</sup> to strike thee dead !

*Glo.* I would they were, that I might die at once,  
For now they kill me with a living death.<sup>18</sup>

These eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,  
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops :

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear ;

No, when my father York, and Edward wept

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-fae'd Clifford shook his sword at him :

Nor when thy warlike father, like a ehild,

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,  
 That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,  
 Like trees bedash'd with rain ; in that sad time  
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;  
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.  
 I never sued to friend, nor enemy ;  
 My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word ;  
 But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,  
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*She looks scornfully at him.*

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made  
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
 Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;  
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,  
 And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,  
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his Breast open : she offers at it with his Sword.*

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill king Henry ;—  
 But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.  
 Nay, now despatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward ;—  
 But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*She lets fall the Sword.*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Anne.* Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,  
 I will not be thy executioner.

*Glo.* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*Anne.* I have already.

*Glo.* That was in thy rage :  
 Speak it again, and even with the word,  
 This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,  
 Shall for thy love kill a far truer love :  
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

*Anne.* I would, I knew thy heart.

*Glo.* 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

*Anne.* I fear me, both are false.

*Glo.* Then, never man was true.<sup>19</sup>

*Anne.* Well, well, put up your sword.

*Glo.* Say, then, my peace is made.

*Anne.* That shalt thou know hereafter.

*Glo.* But shall I live in hope ?

*Anne.* All men, I hope, live so.

*Glo.* Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

*Anne.* To take, is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*]

*Glo.* Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,  
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

*Anne.* What is it ?

*Glo.* That it may please you leave these sad designs  
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby-place.<sup>20</sup>  
Where (after I have solemnly interr'd,  
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears),  
I will with all expedient duty see you :  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.

*Anne.* With all my heart ; and much it joys me too,  
To see you are become so penitent.—  
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

*Glo.* Bid me farewell.

*Anne.* 'Tis more than you deserve ;  
But since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine I have said farewell already.<sup>21</sup>

[*Exeunt* Lady ANNE, TRESSEL, and BERKLEY.]

*Gent.* Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

*Glo.* No, to White-Friars ; there attend my coming.<sup>22</sup>

[*Exeunt the rest, with the Corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ?

I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.

What ! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;

With curscs in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by,

Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing ! Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,  
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,  
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?<sup>23</sup>  
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—  
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,  
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,<sup>24</sup>—  
The spacious world cannot again afford :  
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,  
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
And made her widow to a woful bed ?  
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?  
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus ?  
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,  
I do mistake my person all this while :  
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.<sup>25</sup>  
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;  
And entertain a score or two of tailors,  
To study fashions to adorn my body :  
Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
I will maintain it with some little cost.  
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave,<sup>26</sup>  
And then return lamenting to my love.—  
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[*Exit.*]SCENE III.—The Same. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, *and* LORD GREY.

*Riv.* Have patience, madam : there's no doubt, his majesty  
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

*Grey.* In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :  
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,  
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

*Q. Eliz.* If he were dead, what would betide on me !

*Grey.* No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

*Q. Eliz.* The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

*Grey.* The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,  
To be your comforter when he is gone.



*Q. Eliz.* Ah ! he is young ; and his minority  
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,  
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

*Riv.* Is it coneluded, he shall be protector ?

*Q. Eliz.* It is determin'd, not coneluded yet :  
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.*

*Grey.* Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.<sup>27</sup>

*Buck.* Good time of day unto your royal grace.

*Stan.* God make your majesty joyful as you have been !

*Q. Eliz.* The countess Richmond,<sup>28</sup> good my lord of Stanley,  
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.  
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,  
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

*Stan.* I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;  
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

*Q. Eliz.* Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley ?

*Stan.* But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,  
Are come from visiting his majesty.

*Q. Eliz.* What likelihood of his amendment, lords ?

*Buck.* Madam, good hope : his grace speaks cheerfully.

*Q. Eliz.* God grant him health ! Did you confer with him ?

*Buck.* Ay, madam : he desires to make atonement  
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,  
And between them and my lord chamberlain ;  
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

*Q. Eliz.* Would all were well !—But that will never be :  
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.*

*Glo.* They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.—  
Who are they, that complain unto the king,  
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not ?  
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,  
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.

Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,  
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,<sup>29</sup>  
I must be held a rancorous enemy.  
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd  
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

*Grey.* To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

*Glo.* To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.  
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—  
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?  
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,  
(Whom God preserve better than you would wish!)  
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,  
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

*Q. Eliz.* Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.  
The king, on his own royal disposition,  
And not provok'd by any suitor else,  
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
That in your outward action shows itself,  
Against my children, brothers, and myself,  
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather  
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

*Glo.* I cannot tell;—the world is grown so bad,  
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:  
Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, we know your meaning, brother  
Gloster:  
You envy my advancement, and my friends.  
God grant, we never may have need of you!

*Glo.* Meantime, God grants that I have need of you:  
Our brother is imprison'd by your means;  
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility  
Held in contempt; while many great promotions  
Are daily given, to ennoble those  
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

*Q. Eliz.* By him that rais'd me to this careful height  
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,  
I never did incense his majesty  
Against the duke of Clarence; but have been  
An earnest advocate to plead for him

My lord, you do me shameful injury,  
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

*Glo.* You may deny, that you were not the mean  
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may, my lord; for—

*Glo.* She may, lord Rivers,—why, who knows not so?  
She may do more, sir, than denying that:  
She may help you to many fair preferments;  
And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
And lay those honours on your high desert.  
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

*Riv.* What, marry, may she?

*Glo.* What, marry, may she? marry with a king,  
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.  
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

*Q. Eliz.* My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne  
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:  
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,  
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.  
I had rather be a country serving-maid,  
Than a great queen, with this condition—  
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:  
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

*Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.*

*Q. Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him!  
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

*Glo.* What! threat you me with telling of the king?  
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said  
I will avouch, in presence of the king:  
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.  
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

*Q. Mar.* Out, devil! I do remember them too well:  
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,  
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

*Glo.* Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,  
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;  
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,  
A liberal rewarder of his friends;  
To royalize his blood, I spent mine own.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.



*Glo.* In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,  
Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;—  
And, Rivers, so were you :—was not your husband  
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain ?  
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,  
What you have been ere this, and what you are ;  
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

*Q. Mar.* A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

*Glo.* Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,  
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon !—

*Q. Mar.* Which God revenge !

*Glo.* To fight on Edward's party, for the crown ;  
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.  
I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,  
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine :  
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

*Q. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,  
Thou cacodæmon ! there thy kingdom is.

*Riv.* My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,  
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,  
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king ;  
So should we you, if you should be our king.

*Glo.* If I should be ?—I had rather be a pedlar.  
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof !

*Q. Eliz.* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose  
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,  
As little joy you may suppose in me,  
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

*Q. Mar.* A little joy enjoys the queen thereof ;  
For I am she, and altogether joyless.  
I can no longer hold me patient.—

[*Advancing.*]

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out  
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me !  
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me ?  
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,  
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels ?—  
Ah ! gentle villain, do not turn away.

*Glo.* Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight ?<sup>30</sup>

*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd ;  
That will I make, before I let thee go.

*Glo.* Wert thou not banished, on pain of death ?<sup>31</sup>



*Q. Mar.* I was ; but I do find more pain in banishment,  
Than death can yield me here by my abode.  
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—  
And thou, a kingdom ;—all of you, allegiance :  
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,  
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,  
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,  
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes ;  
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout  
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;—  
His curses, then from bitterness of soul  
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee ;  
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

*Q. Eliz.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

*Hast.* O ! 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,  
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

*Dors.* No man but prophesied revenge for it.

*Buck.* Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

*Q. Mar.* What ! were you snarling all, before I came,  
Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
And turn you all your hatred now on me ?  
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,  
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,  
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,  
Should all but answer for that peevish brat ?<sup>32</sup>  
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven ?—  
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses !—  
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,  
As ours by murder, to make him a king !  
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,  
For Edward, our son, that was prince of Wales,  
Die in his youth by like untimely violence !  
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,  
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !  
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's death ;  
And see another, as I see thee now,  
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !  
Long die thy happy days before thy death ;  
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,  
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !

Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,  
 And so wast thou, lord Hastings, when my son  
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray him,  
 That none of you may live your natural age,  
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

*Glo.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee ? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.  
 If heaven have any grievous plague in store,  
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
 O ! let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,  
 And then hurl down their indignation  
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !  
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul !  
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,  
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !  
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream  
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !  
 Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !<sup>33</sup>  
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell !<sup>34</sup>  
 Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb !  
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !  
 Thou rag of honour ! thou detested—

*Glo.* Margaret.

*Q. Mar.* Richard !

*Glo.* Ha ?

*Q. Mar.* I call thee not.

*Glo.* I cry thee mercy then ; for I did think  
 That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

*Q. Mar.* Why, so I did ; but look'd for no reply.  
 O ! let me make the period to my curse.

*Glo.* 'Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

*Q. Eliz.* Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

*Q. Mar.* Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune ;  
 Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,<sup>35</sup>  
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?  
 Fool, fool ! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.  
 The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me  
 To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

*Hast.* False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,  
 Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

*Q. Mar.* Foul shame upon you ; you have all mov'd mine.

*Riv.* Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

*Q. Mar.* To serve me well, you all should do me duty,  
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.  
O! serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

*Dor.* Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

*Q. Mar.* Peace, master marquis! you are malapert :  
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.  
O, that your young nobility could judge,  
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !  
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,  
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

*Glo.* Good counsel, marry :—learn it, learn it, marquess.

*Dor.* It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

*Glo.* Ay, and much more ; but I was born so high :  
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,  
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

*Q. Mar.* And turns the sun to shade,—alas ! alas !—  
Witness my son,<sup>36</sup> now in the shade of death ;  
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath  
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.  
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest.<sup>37</sup>—  
O God ! that seest it, do not suffer it :  
As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

*Buck.* Peace, peace ! for shame, if not for charity.

*Q. Mar.* Urge neither charity nor shame to me :  
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,  
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.  
My charity is outrage, life my shame,  
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

*Buck.* Have done, have done.

*Q. Mar.* O, princely Buckingham ! I'll kiss thy hand,  
In sign of league and amity with thee :  
Now, fair befall thee, and thy noble house !  
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

*Buck.* Nor no one here ; for curses never pass  
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

*Q. Mar.* I will not think but they ascend the sky,  
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.  
O Buckingham ! take heed of yonder dog :  
Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and, when he bites,



His venom tooth will rankle to the death ;  
 Have not to do with him, beware of him ;  
 Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him,<sup>35</sup>  
 And all their ministers attend on him.

*Glo.* What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham ?

*Buck.* Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

*Q. Mar.* What ! dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,  
 And sooth the devil that I warn thee from ?

O ! but remember this another day,  
 When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,  
 And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—  
 Live each of you the subjects to his hate,  
 And he to yours, and all of you to God's !

[*Exit.*]

*Hast.* My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

*Riv.* And so doth mine. I muse, why she's at liberty.

*Glo.* I cannot blame her : by God's holy mother,  
 She hath had too much wrong, and I repent  
 My part thereof, that I have done to her.

*Q. Eliz.* I never did her any, to my knowledge.

*Glo.* Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.  
 I was too hot to do somebody good,  
 That is too cold in thinking of it now.  
 Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid ;  
 He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains ;<sup>36</sup>—  
 God pardon them that are the cause thereof !

*Riv.* A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,  
 To pray for them that have done scath to us.

*Glo.* So do I ever, being well advis'd ;  
 For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cates.* Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—  
 And for your grace, and you, my noble lords.

*Q. Eliz.* Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me ?

*Riv.* We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]

*Glo.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
 The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,  
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.  
 Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,  
 I do bewep to many simple gulls ;  
 Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham ;



And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies,  
 That stir the king against the duke my brother,  
 Now, they believe it ; and withal whet me  
 To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey :  
 But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,  
 Tell them that God bids us do good for evil :  
 And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
 With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,  
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

*Enter two Murderers.*

But soft ! here come my executioners.—  
 How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates !  
 Are you now going to despatch this thing ?

1 *Murd.* We are, my lord ; and come to have the warrant,  
 That we may be admitted where he is.

*Glo.* Well thought upon ; I have it here about me.

[*Gives the Warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.  
 But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,  
 Withal obdurate : do not hear him plead,  
 For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,  
 May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut ! my lord, we will not stand to prate ;  
 Talkers are no good doers : be assur'd,  
 We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

*Glo.* Your eyes drop mill-stones,<sup>40</sup> when fools' eyes fall tears :  
 I like you, lads ;—about your business straight ;  
 Go, go, despatch.

1 *Murd.*

We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Tower.*

*Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.*

*Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

*Clar.* O ! I have pass'd a miserable night,  
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
 I would not spend another such a night,

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,  
So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

*Clar.* Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;<sup>41</sup>  
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,  
And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster  
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,  
Struck me (that thought to stay him) over-board,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,<sup>42</sup>

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept

(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death,  
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought I had, and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood  
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,<sup>43</sup>  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

*Clar.* No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;  
O! then began the tempest to my soul!  
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;  
 Who cried aloud,—“ What scourge for perjury  
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?”  
 And so he vanish'd. Then, came wandering by  
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
 Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud,—  
 “ Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,<sup>44</sup>—  
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;—  
 Seize on him, furies ! take him unto torment !”  
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
 Environ'd me,<sup>45</sup> and howled in mine ears  
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,  
 I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,  
 Could not believe but that I was in hell ;  
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you ;  
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* Ah, keeper, keeper ! I have done those things  
 That now give evidence against my soul,  
 For Edward's sake ; and, see, how he requites me !—  
 O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,  
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :  
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !—  
 Keeper, I pr'ythee, sit by me awhile ;  
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord : God give your grace good rest.—

[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a Chair.*

Sorrow breaks seasons,<sup>46</sup> and reposing hours,  
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.  
 Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
 An outward honour for an inward toil ;  
 And for unfelt imaginations,  
 They often feel a world of restless cares :  
 So that, between their titles, and low name,  
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

1 *Murd.* Ho ! who's here ?



*Brak.* What would'st thou, fellow? and how can'st thou hither?

*1 Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

*Brak.* What! so brief?

*2 Murd.* 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—  
Let him see our commission; and talk no more.

[*A Paper delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.*

*Brak.* I am, in this, commanded to deliver  
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—  
I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.  
There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.  
I'll to the king; and signify to him,  
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

*1 Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:  
Fare you well.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

*2 Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

*1 Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

*2 Murd.* Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

*1 Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

*2 Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

*1 Murd.* What! art thou afraid?

*2 Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

*1 Murd.* I thought, thou hadst been resolute.

*2 Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

*1 Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

*2 Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope my holy humour<sup>47</sup> will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

*1 Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

*2 Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

*1 Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

*2 Murd.* Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward.

*1 Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

*2 Murd.* O! in the duke of Gloster's purse.

*1 Murd.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.



2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter ; let it go : there's few or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again ?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it ; it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward : a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him ; a man cannot swear, but it checks him ; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him : 'tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom ; it fills a man full of obstacles : it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found : it beggars any man that keeps it : it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing ; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* Zounds ! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not :<sup>48</sup> he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd ; he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall man that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work ?

1 *Murd.* Take him on the costard<sup>49</sup> with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt<sup>50</sup> in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O, excellent device ! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft ! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No ; we'll reason with him.

*Clar.* [*Waking.*] Where art thou, keeper ? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon

*Clar.* In God's name, what art thou ?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

*Clar.* But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

*Clar.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

*Clar.* How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak.

Your eyes do menace me : why look you pale ?

Who sent you hither ? Wherefore do you come ?

*Both Murd.* To, to, to—

*Clar.* To murder me ?

*Both Murd.* Ay, Ay.

*Clar.* You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,  
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.  
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

*Clar.* I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

*Clar.* Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,<sup>51</sup>  
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?  
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?  
What lawful quest have given their verdict up  
Unto the frowning judge? or who hath pronounc'd  
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?  
Before I be convict by course of law,<sup>52</sup>  
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.  
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption<sup>53</sup>  
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,  
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;  
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

*Clar.* Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings  
Hath in the table of his law commanded,  
That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then,  
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?  
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,  
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,  
For false forswearing, and for murder too.  
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight  
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,  
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,  
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,  
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

*Clar.* Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?  
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:  
He sends you not to murder me for this;  
For in that sin he is as deep as I.  
If God will be avenged for the deed,  
O! know you yet, he doth it publicly;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm :  
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,  
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,  
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,<sup>54</sup>  
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee ?

*Clar.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults,  
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

*Clar.* If you do love my brother, hate not me ;  
I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed,<sup>55</sup> go back again,  
And I will send you to my brother Gloster ;  
Who shall reward you better for my life,  
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd : your brother Gloster hates you.<sup>56</sup>

*Clar.* O ! no ; he loves me, and he holds me dear.

Go you to him from me.

*Both Murd.* Ay, so we will.

*Clar.* Tell him, when that our princely father York  
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,  
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,  
He little thought of this divided friendship :  
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones ; as he lesson'd us to weep.

*Clar.* O ! do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right ; as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive  
yourself ;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

*Clar.* It cannot be ; for he bewept my fortune,  
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you  
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

*Clar.* Have you that holy feeling in your souls,  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,  
That you will war with God by murdering me ?—  
O ! sirs, consider, they that set you on  
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do ?



*Clar.* Relent, and save your souls.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,  
Would not entreat for life, as you would beg  
Were you in my distress?

1 *Murd.* Relent! no: 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

*Clar.* Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—  
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;  
O! if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me.  
A begging prince what beggar pities not?<sup>57</sup>

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that: if all this will not do,

[*Stabs him.*

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [*Exit, with the body.*

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!  
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous guilty murder done.

*Re-enter first Murderer.*

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st  
me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!  
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,  
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

1 *Murd.* So do not I: go, coward, as thou art.—  
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,  
Till that the duke give order for his burial:  
And when I have my meed, I will away;  
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*



## Notes to the First Act.

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<sup>1</sup> *By this sun of York.*

The old orthography of *sun* in the ancient copies is suggestive of a quibble between *son* and *sun*, but I can hardly imagine that anything of the kind was intended by our author.

Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was *a sun*, in memory of the *three suns*, which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross. So, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret* :—

Three *suns* were seen that instant to appear,  
Which soon again shut themselves up in one ;  
Ready to buckle as the armies were,  
Which this brave duke took to himself alone, &c.

Again, in the 22d Song of the *Polyolbion* :—

And thankful to high heaven, which of his cause had care,  
Three *suns* for his device still in his ensign bare.

Such phenomena, if we may believe tradition, were formerly not uncommon. In the Wrightes' play in the Chester Collection, MS. Harl. 1013, the same circumstance is introduced as attending on a more solemn event :—

That day was seene veramente  
*Three sonnes* in the firmament,  
And wonderly together went  
And torned into one.—*Steevens.*

*Kempe.*—Thou wilt do well in time, if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is, by myself, and such grave aldermen of the playhouse as I am.

*Burbage.*—I like your face, and the proportion of your body for Richard the third, I pray, master *Philomusus*, let me see you act a little of it.

*Philomusus.*—“ Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by the sun of York.”

*Burbage*.—Very well, I assure you: well, master Philomusus, and master Studioso, we see what ability you are of; I pray walk with us to our fellows, and we'll agree presently.

*Philomusus*.—We will follow you straight, master Burbage.

*The Return from Parnassus, 1606.*

<sup>2</sup> *Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings.*

So, in the Tragical Life and Death of King Richard the Third, which is one of the metrical monologues in a collection entitled, the *Mirroure of Magistrates*. The first edition of it appeared in 1559, but the lines quoted on the present as well as future occasions throughout this play, are not found in any copy before that of 1610, so that the author was more probably indebted to Shakspeare, than Shakspeare to him:—

— the battles fought in field before  
Were turn'd to meetings of sweet amitie;  
The war-god's thund'ring cannons' dreadful rore,  
And rattling drum-sounds' warlike harmonie,  
To sweet-tun'd noise of pleasing minstrelsie.  
God Mars laid by his lance, and tooke his lute,  
And turn'd his rugged frownes to smiling lookes;  
Instead of crimson fields, warre's fatal fruit,  
He bath'd his limbes in Cypris warbling brookes,  
And set his thoughts upon her wanton lookes.—*Steevens*.

Shakspeare seems to have had the following passage from Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, 1584, before him, when he wrote these lines: "Is the warlike sound of drum and trump turn'd to the soft noise of lyre and *lute*? The neighing of *barbed steeds*, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smoak, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances?"—*Reed*.

*Delightful measures*.—A *measure* was, strictly speaking, a court dance of a stately turn, though the word is sometimes employed to express dances in general.—*Malone*.

*Barbed steeds*, steeds caparisoned in a warlike manner. Hayward, in his *Life and Raigne of King Henry IV.*, 1599, says,—“The duke of Hereford came to the barriers, mounted upon a white courser, *barbed* with blew and green velvet,” &c. Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607: “—armed in a black armour, curiously damask'd with interwinding wreaths of cypress and ewe, his *barbe* upon his horse, all of black abrosetta, cut in broken hoops upon curled cypress.” Again, in the *Second Part of King Edward IV.* by Heywood, 1626:

With *barbed* horse, and valiant armed foot.

*Barbed*, however, may be no more than a corruption of *barded*. *Equus bardatus*, in the Latin of the middle ages, was a horse adorned with military trappings. I have met with the word *barded* many times in our ancient chronicles and romances. An instance or two may suffice. “They mounted him surely upon a good and mighty courser, well *barded*,” *Hist. of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date.

Again, in Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580: “*Bardes* or trappers of horses.” Again, Holinshed speaking of the preparations for the battle of Agincourt: “—to the intent that if the *barded* horses ran fiercely upon them,” &c. Again, from p. 802, we learn, that *bards* and *trappers* had the same meaning.—*Steevens*.

See "A *Barbed* horse," and "*Bardes*," in Minsheu's *Diet.* 1617, the latter of which he defines "*horse-trappings*."—*Malone*.

<sup>3</sup> *He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber.*

War capers, this is poetical, though a little harsh; if it be York that capers, the antecedent is at such a distance that it is almost forgotten.—*Johnson*. I am inclined to think that neither York nor war is the antecedent; but that the poet, with his not unusual negligence of arrangement, meant a warrior in general, without considering he had omitted the antecedent.—*Pye*.

The question with Dr. Johnson is, whether it be *war* that capers, or *York*; and he justly remarks that if the latter, the antecedent is at an almost forgotten distance. The amorous temper of Edward the Fourth is well known; and there cannot be a doubt that by *the lascivious pleasing of a lute*, he is directly alluded to. The subsequent description likewise that Richard gives of himself is in comparison with the *king*. Dr. Johnson thought the image of *war capering* poetical; yet it is not easy to conceive how *grimvisag'd war* could *caper in a lady's chamber*.—*Douce*.

<sup>4</sup> *Cheated of feature by dissembling nature.*

By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: but nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body.—*Warburton*.

*Dissembling* is here put very licentiously for *fraudful, deceitful*.—*Johnson*.

Dr. Johnson hath certainly mistaken, and Dr. Warburton rightly explained the word *dissembling*; as is evident from the following extract: "Whyle thinges stode in this case, and that the manner of addyng was sometime too short and sometime too long, els *dissembled* and let slip together."—*Arthur Golding's translation of Julius Solinus, 1587*.—*Henley*.

I once thought that Dr. Johnson's interpretation was the true one. *Dissimulation* necessarily includes *fraud*, and this might have been sufficient to induce Shakspeare to use the two words as synonymous, though fraud certainly may exist without dissimulation. But the following lines in the old King John, 1591, which our author must have carefully read, were perhaps in his thoughts, and seem rather in favour of Dr. Warburton's interpretation:—

Can *nature* so *dissemble* in her frame,  
To make the one so like as like may be,  
And in the other print no character  
To challenge any mark of true descent?

*Feature* is used here, as in other pieces of the same age, for *beauty* in general.—*Malone*.

The poet by this expression seems to mean no more than that nature had made for Richard features *unlike* those of other men. To *dissemble*, both here and in the passage in King John, signifies the reverse of to *resemble*, in its active sense, and is not used as *dissimulare* in Latin.—*Douce*.

<sup>5</sup> *To entertain these fair well-spoken days.*

I am strongly inclined to think that the poet wrote—"these fair well-spoken *dames*," and that the word *days* was caught by the compositor's eye glancing on a subsequent line. So, in the quarto copy of this play, printed in 1612, signat. I.:—

I, my lord, but I had rather kill two *deep* enemies.  
*King*. Why, there thou hast it; two *deep* enemies.



In the original copy, printed in 1597, the first line is right :

“—— kill two enemies.”—*Malone*.

Malone's objection to the old reading was principally upon a notion that the epithets *fair* and *well-spoken* could not, with propriety, be applied to *days*. But surely there is nothing very uncommon in such phraseology. In *Twelfth-Night* we have—*brisk and giddy-paced times*. In *Timon of Athens* the poet speaks of “strange *times*, that *weep with laughing*, not *with weeping* ;” and in *Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour* we have the very phrase in the text, “ignorant *well-spoken days*.”—*Boswell*.

<sup>6</sup> *And from the cross-row plucks the letter G.*

Thine eies taught me the alphabet of love,

To kon my *cross-rowe* ere I learn'd to spell.—*Drayton's Idea*.

Who teach us how to read, and put into our pawes

Some little *Chriscrosrow* instead of civill lawes.

*Babylon, Part of the Seconde Weeke of Du Bartas*, 1596.

<sup>7</sup> *And, for my name of George begins with G.*

From *Holinshed* :—“Some have reported that the cause of this nobleman's death rose of a foolish prophecie, which was, that after king Edward should raign one whose first letter of his name should be a G ; wherewith the king and the queene were sore troubled, and began to conceive a grievous grudge against this duke, and could not be in quiet till they had brought him to his end.” Philip de Comines, a contemporary historian, says that the English at that time were never unfurnished with some prophecy or other, by which they accounted for every event.—*Malone*. So, in *Niccols's Tragical Life and Death of Richard III.* :—

By that blind riddle of the letter G,

*George* lost his life ; it took effect in me.—*Steevens*.

<sup>8</sup> *That tempers him to this extremity.*

I have collated the original quarto published in 1597, *verbatim*, with that of 1598. In the first copy this line stands thus :—

That *tempers* him to *this extremity*,

and so undoubtedly we should read. To *temper* is to *mould*, to *fashion*. So, in *Titus Andronicus* :—

Now will I to that old Andronicus ;

And *temper* him, with all the art I have,

To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.

In the quarto 1598, *tempts* was corruptly printed instead of *tempers*. The metre being then defective, the editor of the folio supplied the defect by reading—“That *tempts* him to this *harsh* extremity.”—*Malone*.

This is a remarkable and decisive instance of the first folio's want of authority as regards part at least of the present drama. A MS. corrector of my copy of ed. 1629 alters the line to,—“That *tempts* him now to this extremity.”

<sup>9</sup> *That good man of worship, Antony Woodville.*

This is said in the same spirit in which just before *Gloster* had spoken of the Queen as “My Lady Grey, his wife ;” man-of-worship being a phrase used of persons of the middle class of gentry. *Woodvile* was at that time Earl Rivers and a knight of the garter. In judging of the propriety of the poet having represented the princes of the house of *Plantagenet* speaking thus of the *Woodviles*,



we should consider whether there is historical evidence that they were accustomed to do so. Perhaps there is. If not, it ought to be remembered that, whatever his father may have been, the mother of Woodville was of the house of Luxemburgh, Jaquetta, Duchess of Bedford.—*Hunter*.

<sup>10</sup> *We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.*

That is, not the queen's *subjects*, whom she might protect, but her *abjects*, whom she drives away.—*Johnson*.

So, in the Case is Alter'd. How? Ask Dalio and Milo, 1604 :—" This ugly object, or rather *abject* of nature."—*Henderson*.

I cannot approve of Johnson's explanation. Gloster forms a substantive from the adjective *abject*, and uses it to express a lower degree of submission than is implied by the word *subject*, which otherwise he would naturally have made use of. The Queen's *abjects*, means *the most servile of her subjects*, who must of course obey all her commands; which would not be the case of those whom she had driven away from her. In a preceding page Gloster had said of Shore's wife—

— I think, it is our way,  
If we will keep in favour with the king,  
To be her men, and wear her livery.

The idea is the same in both places, though the expression differs.—In Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Puntarvolo says to Swift :—" I'll make thee stoop, thou *abject*."—*M. Mason*.

This substantive was not of Shakspeare's formation. We meet with it in Psalm xxxv. 15 : "—yea, the very *abjects* came together against me unawares, making mouths at me, and ceased not." Again, in Chapman's translation of the 21st book of Homer's *Odyssey* :—

Whither? rogue! *abject*! wilt thou bear from us  
That bow propos'd?

Again, in the same author's version of Homer's Hymn to Venus :

That thou wilt never let me live to be  
An *abject*, after so divine degree  
Taken in fortune.—*Steevens*.

What objects might but all as *abjects* be,  
What harme to scape, what honour to attende.

*Breton's Pilgrimage to Paradise*, 1592.

<sup>11</sup> *Were it, to call King Edward's widow—sister.*

This is a very covert and subtle manner of insinuating treason. The natural expression would have been, " were it to call king Edward's *wife*,—sister." I will solicit for you, though it should be at the expence of so much degradation and constraint, as to own the low-born wife of King Edward for a sister. But by slipping, as it were casually, *widow*, into the place of *wife*, he tempts Clarence with an oblique proposal to kill the King.—*Johnson*.

" King Edward's widow," is, I believe, only an expression of contempt, meaning the " widow Grey," whom Edward had chosen for his queen. Gloster has already called her, " the jealous o'erworn widow."—*Steevens*.

<sup>12</sup> *Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!*

A key, on account of the coldness of the metal of which it is composed, was anciently employed to stop any slight bleeding. The epithet is common to many

old writers; among the rest, it is used by Decker in his *Satiromastix*, 1602: “— It is best you hide your head, for fear your wise brains take *key-cold*.” Again, in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:—“The *key-cold* figure of a man.”—*Stevens*.

And then in *key-cold* Lucrece’ bleeding stream  
He falls ——.—*Rape of Lucrece*.

<sup>13</sup> *Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.*

*Pattern* is *instance*, or *example*.—Johnson. So, in the Legend of Lord Hastings, *Mirroure for Magistrates*, 1587:—“By this my *pattern*, all ye peers, beware.”—*Malone*.

Holinshed says: “The dead corps on the Ascension even was conveyed with billes and glaives pompouslie (if you will call that a funeral pompe) from the Tower to the church of saint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffen bare-faced; the same in the presence of the beholders did bleed; where it rested the space of one whole daie. From thense he was carried to the Blackfriers, and bled there likewise;” &c.—*Stevens*.

<sup>14</sup> *Open their congeal’d mouths, and bleed afresh.*

It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain the reason.—*Johnson*.

So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:—

The more I sound his name, the more he bleeds:  
This blood condemns me, and in gushing forth  
Speaks as it falls, and asks me why I did it.

Again, in the *Widow’s Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:—“The captain will assay an old conclusion often approved; that at the murderer’s sight the blood revives again and boils afresh; and every wound has a condemning voice to cry out guilty against the murderer.” Again, in the 46th *Idea* of Drayton:—

If the vile actors of the heinous deed,  
Near the dead body happily be brought,  
Oft ’t hath been prov’d the breathless corps will *bleed*.

See also the 7th article in the tenth Booke of Thomas Lupton’s *Notable Things*, 4to. p. 255, &c. Tollet observes, that this opinion seems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or Northern nations from whom we descend; for they practised this method of trial in dubious cases, as appears from Pitt’s *Atlas*, in Sweden, p. 20.—*Stevens*.

See also *Demonologie*, 4to. 1608, p. 79; and Goulart’s *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, translated by Grimeston, 4to. 1607, p. 422.—*Reed*.

A gentlewoman went to church so concealed, that shee thought nobody could know her: It chanced that her lover met her, and knew her, and spake unto her; Sir (shee answered) you mistake me; how know yee me? All too well (reply’d the gentleman) for so soone as I met you, behold *my wounds fell fresh a bleeding*: Oh, heereof you only are guilty.—*Copley’s Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

<sup>15</sup> *Vouchsafe, diffus’d infection of a man.*

I believe, *diffus’d* in this place signifies *irregular, uncouth*; such is its meaning in other passages of Shakspeare.—*Johnson*.

“*Diffus’d infection of a man*” may mean, ‘thou that art as dangerous as a pestilence, that infects the air by its diffusion.’ *Diffus’d* may, however, mean

*irregular*. So, in the Merry Wives of Windsor:—"With some *diffused* song." Again, in Greene's Farewell to Follie, 1617:—"I have seen an English gentleman so *diffused* in his sutes; his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice," &c.—*Steevens*.

<sup>16</sup> *Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.*

*Effect*, for *executioner*. He asks, was not the *causer* as ill as the *executioner*? She answers, Thou wast both. But, for *causer*, using the word *cause*, this led her to the word *effect*, for *execution*, or *executioner*. But the Oxford editor, troubling himself with nothing of this, will make a fine oratorical period of it:—"Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd *the effect*."—*Warburton*.

I cannot but be rather of Sir T. Hanmer's opinion than Dr. Warburton's, because *effect* is used immediately in its common sense, in answer to this line.—*Johnson*.

I believe the obvious sense is the true one. So, in the Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608:—

—— thou art the *cause*,  
*Effect*, quality, property; thou, thou.

Again, in King Henry IV. Part II.: "I have read the *cause* of his *effects* in Galen." Again, in Sidney's Arcadia, book ii.:—

Both *cause*, *effect*, beginning, and the end,  
Are all in me.—*Steevens*.

Our author, I think, in another place uses *effect*, for *efficient* cause.—*Malone*.

<sup>17</sup> *Would they were basilisks.*

"Among the serpents the *Basiliske* doth infecte and kill people with his looke," Summary of Secret Wonders, &c. bl. l. by John Alday, no date.—*Steevens*.

In Cornucopia, &c. 1596, sign. B. 4: "The eye of the *Basiliske* is so odious to man, that it sleeth man before he come nere him, even by looking upon him."—*Reed*.

<sup>18</sup> *For now they kill me with a living death.*

In imitation of this passage, and, I suppose, of a thousand more, Pope writes:—

——— a *living death* I bear,  
Says Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.—*Johnson*.

The same conceit occurs in the Trimming of Thomas Nash, 1597: "How happy the rat, caught in a trap, and there *dies a living death*!" Again, in Phineas Fletcher's Locusts, or Apollyonists, 4to. 1627:—

*It lives, yet's death*: it pleases full of paine:  
Monster! ah who, who can thy beeing faigne?  
Thou shapelesse shape, *live death*, paine pleasing, servile raigne."—*Steevens*.

So, in Watson's Sonnets, printed about 1580:—

Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grieve,  
A *living death*, an ever-dying life.

We have again the same expression in Venus and Adonis:—

For I have heard it [love] is a *life in death*,  
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.—*Malone*.



<sup>19</sup> *Then never man was true.*

This is the reading of all the old copies. It has been altered by Steevens into "Then man was never true," for the sake of measure; but it seems impossible to reduce these broken sentences to the strict rules of versification; without any change they have sufficient harmony for the occasion: perhaps Malone is right in supposing "these speeches to be intended for the short metre of six syllables, as suited to this light and flippant courtship."—*Harness*.

<sup>20</sup> *And presently repair to Crosby-place.*

A house near Bishopsgate Street, belonging to the Duke of Gloster. *Crosby-place* is now *Crosby-square* in Bishopsgate Street; part of the house is yet remaining, and is a meeting place for a presbyterian congregation.—*Sir J. Hawkins*.



This magnificent house was built in the year 1466, by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman. He died in 1475. The ancient hall of this fabrick is still remaining, though divided by an additional floor, and incumbered by modern galleries, having been converted into a place of worship for Antinomians, &c. The upper part of it is now (circa 1773) the warehouse of an eminent packer. Sir J. Crosby's tomb is in the neighbouring church of St. Helen the Great.—*Steevens*.

The annexed engraving is taken by Mr. Fairholt from Aggas's wood-cut map of Guildhall. This portion shows the church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, in which is a fine tomb to Sir John Crosby. The left lower corner exhibits Crosby Hall as a square enclosure with a garden. Crosby Hall was restored a few years ago. It is an elegant gothic edifice, sufficient to tell the magnificence of the original Crosby Place.

<sup>21</sup> *Imagine I have said farewell already.*

Cibber, who altered King Richard III. for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the ridiculousness and improbability of this scene, that he thought himself obliged to make Tressel say:—

When future chronicles shall speak of this,  
They will be thought romance, not history.

Thus also, in *Twelfth-Night*, where Fabian observing the conduct of Malvolio, says: "If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction."

From an account of our late unsuccessful embassy to the Emperor of China, we learn, indeed, that a scene of equal absurdity was represented in a theatre at Tien-sing: "One of the dramas, particularly, attracted the attention of those who recollected scenes, somewhat similar, upon the English stage. The piece represented a Emperor of China and his Empress living in supreme felicity, when, on a sudden, his subjects revolt, a civil war ensues, battles are fought, and at last the arch-rebel, who was a general of cavalry, overcomes his sovereign, kills him with his own hand, and routs the imperial army. The captive Empress then appears upon the stage in all the agonies of despair, naturally resulting from the loss of her husband and of her dignity, as well as the apprehension for that of her honour. Whilst she



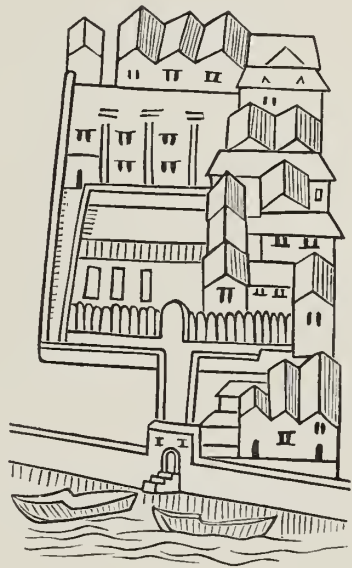
is tearing her hair, and rending the skies with her complaints, the conqueror enters, approaches her with respect, addresses her in a gentle tone, soothes her sorrows with his compassion, talks of love and adoration, and like Richard the Third, with Lady Anne in Shakspeare, prevails, in less than half an hour, on the Chinese Princess to dry up her tears, to forget her deceased consort, and yield to a consoling wooer."—*Steevens*.

<sup>22</sup> *No, to White-Friars ; there attend my coming.*

The annexed engraving of Whitefriars is taken by Mr. Fairholt from the old woodcut map of Aggas. The view comprises the entire district known by that name, from the well of the Temple Garden on the west to Water Lane on the east.

<sup>23</sup> *Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewkesbury.*

Here we have the exact time of this scene ascertained, namely, August 1471. King Edward, however, is in the second Act introduced dying. That King died in April 1483; so there is an interval between this and the next Act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI. was in fact not confined nor put to death till seven years afterwards, March 1477-8.—*Malone*.



<sup>24</sup> *And, no doubt, right royal.*

Of the degree of royalty belonging to Henry the Sixth there could be *no doubt*, nor could Richard have mentioned it with any such hesitation: he could not indeed very properly allow him *royalty*. I believe we should read:—

“—— and, no doubt, right *loyal*.”

That is, *true to her bed*. He enumerates the reasons for which she should love him. He was *young, wise, and valiant*; these were apparent and indisputable excellencies. He then mentions another not less likely to endear him to his wife, but which he had less opportunity of knowing with certainty, “and, no doubt, right *loyal*.”—*Johnson*.

Richard is not speaking of King Henry, but of Edward his son, whom he means to represent as *full of all the noble properties of a king*. *No doubt, right royal*, may, however, be ironically spoken, alluding to the incontinence of Margaret, his mother.—*Steevens*.

<sup>25</sup> *A marvellous proper man.*

*Marvellous* is here used adverbially. *Proper* in old language was *handsome*. It occurs perpetually in that sense in our author and his contemporaries.—*Malone*.

“Proper, or pretie, elegant and feate,” Baret’s *Alvearie*. 1580, “Proper feat, well-fashioned, minikin, handsome,” *ibid*.

<sup>26</sup> *I'll turn you fellow in his grave.*

*In* is here used for *into*. Thus, in Chapman's version of the 24th Iliad :—

— Mercurie shall guide

His passage, till the prince be neare. And (he gone) let him ride  
Resolv'd, ev'n *in* Achilles tent.—*Steevens*.

<sup>27</sup> *Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.*

Old copies—*Derby*. This is a blunder of inadvertence, which has run through the whole chain of impressions. It could not well be original in Shakspeare, who was most minutely intimate with his history, and the intermarriages of the nobility. The person here called *Derby*, was Thomas Lord Stanley, Lord Steward of King Edward the Fourth's household. But this Thomas Lord Stanley was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry the Seventh; and accordingly, afterwards, in the fourth and fifth Acts of this play, before the battle of Bosworth-field, he is every where called Lord Stanley. This sufficiently justifies the change I have made in his title.—*Theobald*.

In all these passages where we have "Stanley," the original copies read "Derby." Theobald made this injudicious alteration. It is quite true that Lord Stanley was not made Earl of Derby till some years after the time of this scene; but it is equally true that he had never the designation which Theobald has given him of Lord of Stanley, but, as we now speak, Lord Stanley, a family name. So that, to escape one impropriety, which is that of the author, we fall into another, which is that of an editor, to the injury of the cadence of the lines, as any one may satisfy himself who will read these passages, substituting "Derby," which the Poet undoubtedly wrote, for "Stanley," which the editors have given us. We have before stated that Shakspeare had not the easy means which we possess of obtaining accurate information concerning dignities.—*Hunter*.

*Derby* in all the old copies, quarto and folio, but lord Stanley, as Theobald observes, was not created earl of Derby until after Henry VII. came to the throne. It may be doubted whether we ought not to allow the old text to stand, especially as Stanley is spoken to and of as Derby by the characters, and the inadvertence was probably committed by Shakspeare.—*Collier*.

<sup>28</sup> *The countess Richmond.*

Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset. After the death of her first husband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half-brother to King Henry VI. by whom she had only one son, afterwards King Henry VII. she married first *Sir Henry Stafford, uncle to Humphrey Duke of Buckingham*.—*Malone*.

<sup>29</sup> *Duck with French nods and apish courtesy.*

An importation of artificial manners seems to have afforded our ancient poets a never failing topick of invective. So, in *A tragical Discourse of the Haplesse Man's Life*, by Churchyard, 1593 :—

We make a legge, and kisse the hand withall,  
(A *French* device, nay sure a Spanish trick)  
And speake in print, and say loe at your call  
I will remaine your owne both dead and quicke.  
A courtier so can give a lobbe a lieke,  
And dress a dolt in motley for a while,  
And so in sleeve at silly woodcocke smile.—*Steevens*.

<sup>30</sup> *What mak'st thou in my sight?*

An obsolete expression for—what *dost* thou in my sight. So, in *Othello* :—

“Aneient, what *makes* he here?” Margaret in her answer takes the word in its ordinary aeeption.—*Malone*. So does Orlando, in *As You Like It* :—

Now, sir, what *make* you here?—

Nothing: I am not taught to *make* any thing.—*Steevens*.

<sup>31</sup> *Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?*

Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham in 1464, and Edward soon afterwards issued a proclamation, prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her to return, or harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till the 14th of April, 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father Regnier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. The present scene is in 1477-8. So that her introduction in the present scene is a mere poetical fiction.—*Malone*.

<sup>32</sup> *Could all but answer for that peevish brat.*

This is the reading of all the editions, yet I have no doubt but we ought to read—“Could all *not* answer for that peevish brat?” The sense seems to require this amendment; and there are no words so frequently mistaken for each other as *not* and *but*.—*M. Mason*.

*But* is *only*—“Could nothing *less* answer for the death of that brat than the death of my Henry and Edward?”—*Malone*.

<sup>33</sup> *Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!*

*Steevens* observes: “The common people in Scotland (as I learn from *Kelly's Proverbs*) have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them marked out for mischief.” In *Ady's Candle in the Dark*, p. 129, we read: “There be also often found in women with childe, and in women that do nurse children with their breasts,” and on other occasions, “certain spots, blaek and blue, as if they were pinched or beaten, which some common ignorant people call *fairy-nips*, which, notwithstanding, do come from the causes aforesaid: and yet for these have many ignorant searchers given evidence against poor innocent people” (that is, accused them of being witches).

Of all places of pleasure, he loves a common garden; and (with the swine of the parish) had neede be ringed for *rooting*. Next to these he affects lotteries naturally: and bequeaths the best prize, in his will, aforehand: when his hopes fall, hee's blanke.—*Overbury's New and Choise Characters*, 1615.

The expression is fine, alluding (in memory of her young son) to the ravage which hogs make, with the finest flowers, in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons.—*Warburton*.

She calls him *hog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *boar*, as he is elsewhere termed from his ensigns armorial.—*Johnson*.

In the *Mirror for Magistrates* is the following *Complaint of Collingbourne, who was cruelly executed for making a rime* :—

For where I meant the king by name of hog,  
I only alluded to his badge the bore:  
To Lovel's name I added more,—our dog;  
Because most dogs have borne that name of yore.  
These metaphors I us'd with other more,  
As cat and rat, the half-names of the rest,  
To hide the sense that they so wrongly wrest.



That *Lovel* was once the common name of a dog may be likewise known from a passage in *The Historie of Jacob and Esau*, an interlude, 1568 :—

Then come on at once, take my quiver and my bowe ;  
Fette *lovell my hounde*, and my horne to blowe.

The rhyme for which Collingbourne suffered was :—

A cat, a rat, and Lovell the dog,  
Rule all England under a hog.—*Steevens*.

The rhyme of Collingbourne is thus preserved in Heywood's *History of Edward IV. Part II.* :—

The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog  
Doe rule all England under a hog.  
The crooke backt boore the way hath found  
To root our roses from our ground.  
Both flower and bud will he confound,  
Till king of beasts the swine be crown'd :  
And then the dog, the cat, and rat,  
Shall in his trough feed and be fat.

The propriety of Dr. Warburton's note, notwithstanding what Dr. Johnson hath subjoined, is fully confirmed by this satire.—*Henley*.

The persons levelled at by this rhyme were the King, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovel, as appears in the *Complaint of Collingbourn* :—

Catesbye was one whom I called a cat,  
A craftie lawyer catching all he could ;  
The second Ratcliffe, whom I named a rat,  
A cruel beast to gnaw on whom he should :  
Lord Lovel barkt and byt whom Richard would,  
Whom I therefore did rightly terme our dog,  
Wherewith to ryme I cald the king a hog.—*Malone*.

<sup>34</sup> *The slave of nature.*

The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the ancient custom of masters branding their profligate slaves ; by which it is insinuated that his misshapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions. Shakspeare expresses the same thought in the *Comedy of Errors* ; but as the speaker rises in her resentment, she expresses this contemptuous thought much more openly, and condemns him to a still worse state of slavery :—

Sin, death, and hell, have set their *marks* on him.

Only, in the first line, her mention of his moral condition insinuates her reflections on his deformity : and, in the last, her mention of his deformity insinuates her reflections on his moral condition : And thus he has taught her to scold in all the elegance of figure.—*Warburton*.

Part of Dr. Warburton's note is confirm'd by a line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, from which it appears he was acquainted with the practice of marking slaves :—

Worse than a *slavish wipe*, or birth-hour's blot.—*Malone*.

Could epithets be better applied than those in the last of these three lines ? And yet all manner of contrivance is used to avoid calling *Gloster* " the slave of



nature:”—as for instance, “the *shame* of nature,” “the *scorn* of nature,” and “the *stain* of nature.” But “the slave of nature” here does not mean, as the correctors evidently suppose it does,—one who serves nature, one who is a bondman to nature; but one who is the lowest, the most servile, in the whole realm of nature. When one Irishman calls another ‘the thief o’ the wor-r-ld’ he does not mean to accuse the other of purloining this planet, but of being eminently *the* thief of the world. So Queen Margaret calls Gloster eminently the slave of nature. In a subsequent speech of the Queen’s in this Scene, the change in Mr. Collier’s folio of “bottled spider” to “*bottle* spider,” seems a judicious correction of a probable typographical error.—*R. G. White.*

<sup>35</sup> *On that bottled spider.*

A spider is called bottled, because, like other insects, he has a middle slender, and a belly protuberant. Richard’s form and venom, made her liken him to a spider.—*Johnson.*

A *bottled spider* is a *large, bloated, glossy spider*: supposed to contain venom proportionate to its size. The expression occurs again in Act IV.:—“That *bottled spider*, that foul hunch-back’d toad.”—*Ritson.*

<sup>36</sup> *Witness my son.*

Her distress cannot prevent her quibbling. It may be here remarked, that the introduction of Margaret in this place, is against all historical evidence. She was ransomed and sent to France soon after Tewksbury fight, and there passed the remainder of her wretched life.—*Ritson.*

“Witness my *son.*”—Thus the quarto of 1598, and the folio. The modern editors, after the quarto of 1612, which is full of adulterations, read—*sun.*—*Malone.*

<sup>37</sup> *Your aiery buildeth in our aiery’s nest.*

*Aiery* signified a brood of hawks or eagles as well as the nest itself. It is here used in the former sense.

<sup>38</sup> *Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him.*

Possibly Milton took from hence the hint of his famous allegory.—*Blackstone.*

Milton might as probably catch the hint from the following passage in Latimer’s Sermons, 1584, fol. 79: “Here came in *death* and hell, *sinne* was their mother. Therefore they must have such an image as their mother sinne would geue them.”—*Holt White.*

As we know that Milton was a diligent reader of Shakspeare, surely Sir William Blackstone’s suggestion is the most probable.—*Malone.*

Sir William Blackstone thinks this the origin of Milton’s famous allegory. Holt White suggests another origin in Latimer’s Sermons. Malone follows with an approbation of Blackstone’s suggestion. To me it appears that there is nothing here which can be assumed to have suggested such an allegory as the one alluded to; and also that the real origin of the allegory is so plainly in the Epistle of Saint James, I. 15, as to preclude further inquiry.—*Hunter.*

<sup>39</sup> *He is frank’d up to futting for his pains.*

A frank was a small inclosure in which animals (generally boars) were fattened. “Francke, cowle, or place wherin anything is fedde to be fatte,” Huloet, 1552. Hence any animal that was shut up for the purpose of being fattened was said to be *franked*, and the term was also applied to it when fattened. See the Nomenclator, 1585, p. 40; Harrison’s England, p. 222; Fletcher’s Poems, 1656, p. 87; Cotgrave, in v. *Engrais*. *Franked*, large, huge, Holinshed,

Descr. Scotland, p. 22. "*Altilis*, the thing that is franked to be made fatte, be it beast, fissue, or foule," Elyot, 1559.

<sup>40</sup> *Your eyes drop mill-stones.*

*To weep mill-stones* was proverbially said of a person not likely to weep at all; q. d. "he will weep *mill-stones*, if any thing." The expression in the text is repeated afterwards by one of the men:

—He, good gentleman,  
Will weep when he hears how we are used.  
1 *Serj.* Yes, *mill-stones*.—*Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607.

In *Troilus and Cressida* it is applied to tears of laughter, but equally in ridicule of the idea of their being shed at all. Act i. sc. 2.—*Nares*.

—He, good gentleman,  
Will weep when he hears how we are used.—  
Yes, *mill-stones*. *Massinger's City Madam*.—*Steevens*.

<sup>41</sup> *And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy.*

Clarence was desirous to assist his sister Margaret against the French king, who invaded her jointure-lands after the death of her husband, Charles Duke of Burgundy, who was killed at the siege of Nancy, in January 1476-7. Isabel the wife of Clarence being then dead, (taken off by poison, administered by the Duke of Gloster, as it has been conjectured,) he wished to have married Mary the daughter and heir of the Duke of Burgundy; but the match was opposed by Edward, who hoped to have obtained her for his brother-in-law, Lord Rivers; and this circumstance has been suggested as the principal cause of the breach between Edward and Clarence. Mary of Burgundy however chose a husband for herself, having married in August 1477, Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederick.—*Malone*.

<sup>42</sup> *Unvalued jewels.*

*Unvalued* is here used for *invaluable*. So, in Lovelace's *Posthumous Poems*, 1659:—

—the *unvalew'd* robe she wore,  
Made infinite lay lovers to adore.—*Malone*.

Again, in Chapman's version of the first *Iliad*:—

—————to buy,  
For presents of *unvalued* price, his daughter's libertie.

Again, in the 15th *Iliad*:—

Still shaking Jove's *unvalewed* shield.—*Steevens*.

<sup>43</sup> *Within my panting bulk.*

*Bulk* is often used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for *body*. So again, in *Hamlet*:—

—it did seem to shatter all his *bulk*,  
And end his being.—*Malone*.

*Bouke* is used for the *trunk of the body*, by Chaucer in the *Knights Tale*, 2748:—

The clotered blood, for any leche-craft,  
Corrumpeth, and is in his *bouke* ylaft.

*Bouke* (i. e. *bulk*) is from the Saxon *buce*, *venter*.—*Steevens*.

<sup>44</sup> *False, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence.*

The word *fleeting*, applied to a *person*, is of very rare occurrence (Steevens, I presume, could call to mind no instance of it, for he illustrates the present line by "the *fleeting* moon" from Antony and Cleopatra). Sir John Harington, in his Orlando Furioso, has;—

But Griffin (though he came not for this end,  
For praise and bravery at tilt to run,  
But came to find his *fleeting* female friend), &c.—*Dyce.*

So, in Antony and Cleopatra:—

——now the *fleeting* moon  
No planet is of mine.

Clarence broke his oath with the Earl of Warwick, and joined the army of his brother King Edward IV.—*Steevens.*

<sup>45</sup> *A legion of foul fiends environ'd me.*

Milton seems to have thought on this passage where he is describing the midnight sufferings of our Saviour, in the 4th Book of Paradise Regain'd:—

——nor yet stay'd the terror there,  
Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round  
Environ'd thee, some howl'd,—some yell'd, some shriek'd.—*Steevens.*

<sup>46</sup> *Sorrow breaks seasons.*

In the common editions, the Keeper is made to hold the dialogue with Clarence till this line. And here Brakenbury enters, pronouncing these words: which seem to me a reflection naturally resulting from the foregoing conversation, and therefore continued to be spoken by the same person, as it is accordingly in the first edition.—*Pope.*

The confusion mentioned by Pope, originated in the folio, where in the beginning of this scene, we find—"Enter Clarence and *Keeper*;" and after he has spoken this line "I will, my lord," &c. we have—Enter *Brakenbury*, the Lieutenant of the Tower." But in the quarto 1597, the scenical direction at the beginning of this scene, is, "Enter Clarence and *Brakenbury*;" and after Clarence reposes himself, and Brakenbury has wished him good night, he naturally makes the observation—"Sorrow breaks seasons," &c. The keeper and Brakenbury, who was lieutenant of the tower, was certainly the same person. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the text, which is regulated according to the original quarto, 1597, is right.—*Malone.*

As Mr. Dyce has shown, the dialogue between Clarence and Brakenbury takes place in the day-time.

<sup>47</sup> *My holy humour will change.*

Thus the early quarto. The folio has—"this *passionate* humour of mine," for which the modern editors have substituted *compassionate*, unnecessarily. *Passionate*, though not so good an epithet as that which is furnished by the quarto, is sufficiently intelligible. The second murderer's next speech proves that *holy* was the author's word. The player editors probably changed it, as they did many others, on account of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. A little lower, they, from the same apprehension, omitted the word *'faith*.—*Malone.*

<sup>48</sup> *And believe him not.*

One villain says, *Conscience* is at his elbows, persuading him not to kill the



duke. The other says, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, *into thy mind*, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not, &c. It is plain then, that *him* in both places in the text should be *it*, namely, conscience.—*Warburton*.

Shakspeare so frequently uses both these pronouns indiscriminately, that no correction is necessary.—*Steevens*.

In the Merchant of Venice we have a long *dialogue* between Launcelot, his *Conscience*, and the Devil. But though conscience were not here personified, Shakspeare would have used *him* instead of *it*. He does so in almost every page of these plays.—*Malone*.

<sup>49</sup> *Take him over the costard.*

That is, the head; a name adopted from an apple shaped like a man's head. So, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:—"One and two rounds at his *costard*." Hence likewise the term—*costar-monger*.—*Steevens*.

Again, in Gammer Gurton's Needle,—“Well, knave, an I had thee alone, I would surely rap thy *costard*.”

<sup>50</sup> *Then throw him into the malmsey-butt.*



The annexed engraving represents the interior of the Bowyer's Tower, the dungeon traditionally reputed to be that in which Clarence was drowned.

<sup>51</sup> *Are you call'd forth.*

I think it may be better read:—"Are ye cull'd forth —."—*Johnson*.

The folio reads:—"Are you *drawn* forth among a world of men." I adhere to the reading now in the text. So, in Nobody and Somebody, 1598:—

Art thou *call'd* forth amongst a thousand men  
To minister this soveraigne antidote?—*Steevens*.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto 1597.—*Malone*.

<sup>52</sup> *Before I be convict by course of law.*

Shakspeare has followed the current tale of his own time, in supposing that Clarence was imprisoned by Edward, and put to death by order of his brother Richard, without trial or condemnation. But the truth is, that he was tried and found guilty by his Peers, and a bill of attainder was afterwards passed against him. According to Sir Thomas More, his death was *commanded* by *Edward*; but he does not *assert* that the Duke of Gloster was the instrument. Polydore Virgil says, though he talked with several persons who lived at the time, he never could get any certain account of the motives that induced Edward to put his brother to death.—*Malone*.







THE TRAGEDY OF  
King Richard the third.

Containing,  
His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence:  
the pittiefull murder of his innocent nephewes:  
his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course  
of his detested life, and most deserued death.

As it hath beene lately Acted by the  
Right honourable the Lord Chamber-  
laine his seruants.



AT LONDON  
Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wife,  
dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the  
Signe of the Angell.  
1597.

THE  
TRAGEDIE  
of King Richard  
the third.

Containing his treacherous Plots against his  
brother Clarence: the pittiful murder of his innocent  
Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with  
the whole course of his detested life, and most  
*deserued death.*

*As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable  
the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.*

By William Shake-speare.



LONDON  
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wife,  
dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe  
of the Angell. 1598.

<sup>53</sup> *As you hope to have redemption.*

“As you hope for any goodness,” ed. 1623. The quarto reads:—“As you hope *to have redemption.*” I have adopted the former words, for the sake of introducing variety; the idea of *redemption* being comprized in the very next line.—*Steevens.*

This arbitrary alteration was made, and the subsequent line was omitted, by the editors of the folio, to avoid the penalty of the stat. 3 Jac. c. 21. For the sake of variety, however, Steevens follows neither copy. To obtain variety at the expense of the author’s text, is surely a very dear purchase. Nor is the variety here obtained worth having; for the words, “as you hope to have redemption,” do not supersede, but naturally introduce, the following line. I adhere, therefore, to Shakspeare’s words, in preference to the arbitrary alteration made by a licenser of the press. The reading adopted by Steevens is entirely his own. For the reviser of the folio, as I have observed above, got rid of *all* the words that might be construed as offending against the statute, and substituted—“as you hope for any goodness,” instead of them; but Steevens, by inserting the substituted words, and also retaining the latter part of what had been struck out, has formed a sentence, not only without authority, but scarcely intelligible, at least if the preposition *by* is to be connected with the word *goodness*. If, on the other hand, he meant that the words—“as you hope for any goodness,” should be considered as parenthetical, (as he seems to have intended, by placing a point after *goodness*,) and that the construction should be—“I charge you, *by* Christ’s dear blood, that you depart,” then his deviation from our author’s text is still greater.—*Malone.*

<sup>54</sup> *When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet.*

Blooming Plantagenet; a prince in the *spring* of life. So, in Spenser’s Shepherd’s Calendar, 1579:—

That wouldest me my *springing-youth* to spill.—*Malone.*

“When gallant, *springing.*” This should be printed as one word, I think;—*gallant-springing.* Shakspeare is fond of these compound epithets, in which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb. So, in this play, he uses *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate*, and *mortal-staring.*—*Tyrwhitt.*

<sup>55</sup> *If you are hir’d for need.*

Thus the quarto 1597 and the folio. The quarto 1598, reads—“If you *be* hired for *need*,” which is likewise sense: “If it be *necessity* which induces you to commit this murder.”—*Malone.*

<sup>56</sup> *Your brother Gloster hates you.*

Walpole, some years ago, suggested from the Chronicle of Croyland, that the true cause of Gloster’s hatred to Clarence was, that Clarence was unwilling to share with his brother that moiety of the estate of the great Earl of Warwick, to which Gloster became entitled on his marriage with the younger sister of the Duchess of Clarence, Lady Anne Neville, who had been betrothed to Edward Prince of Wales. This account of the matter is fully confirmed by a letter from Sir John Paston to his brother, dated Feb. 14, 1471-2, which has been lately published; Paston Letters, vol. ii. p. 91: “Yesterday the king, the queen, my lords of Clarence and Gloucester, went to Shene to pardon; men say, not all in charity. The king entreateth my lord of Clarence for my lord of Gloucester; and, as it is said, he answereth, that he may well have my lady his sister-in-law, but *they shall part no livelihood*, as he saith; so, what will fall, can I not say.”—*Malone.*

<sup>57</sup> *A begging prince what beggar pities not?*

I cannot but suspect that the lines, which Pope observed not to be in the old edition, are now misplaced, and should be inserted here, somewhat after this manner:—

*Clar.* A begging prince what beggar pities not?

*Vil.* A begging prince!

*Clar.* Which of you, if you were a prince's son, &c.

Upon this provocation, the villain naturally strikes him.—*Johnson.*

Pope's note is not accurately stated. I believe this passage should be regulated thus:—

*Clar.* Relent and save your souls.

1 *Vil.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

*Clar.* Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

Which of you if you were a prince's son,

Being pent——

If two such——

Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy——

O, if thine eye——

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress.

A begging prince what beggar pities not?—*Tyrwhitt.*

In the quarto 1597, after the last line of the preceding speech, we find only the following dialogue:—

2. What shall we do?

*Clar.* Relent, and save your soules.

1. Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

*Cla.* Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:

O, if thy eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreate for me.

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

1. Ay, thus and thus; if this will not suffice, &c.

In the folio the passage is thus exhibited; five lines being added here; and the second murderer's speech [Look, behold you, my lord]:

2. What shall we do?

*Cla.* Relent and save your soules.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,

Being pent from liberty, as I am now,

If two such murderers, as yourselves, came to you,

Would not entreat for life, as you would beg,

Were you in my distress?

1. Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

*Cla.* Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.

My friend——

O, if——

Come thou——

A begging——

1. Look behind you, my lord.

2. Take that, and that——.



I think, with Tyrwhitt, that the added lines have been inserted in the wrong place, and have therefore adopted his arrangement.—*Malone*.

“A begging prince what beggar pities not?” To this, in the quarto, the Murderer replies:—

I, thus and thus: if this will not serve  
I'll chop thee in the malmesey but in the next roome—

and then stabs him.—*Stevens*.



## Act the Second.

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SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* King EDWARD, *led in sick*, Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and Others.*

*K. Edw.* Why, so :—now have I done a good day's work.—  
You peers, continue this united league ;  
I every day expect an embassage  
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;  
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,  
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.  
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand ;  
Dissemble not your hatred,<sup>1</sup> swear your love.

*Riv.* By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate ;  
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

*Hast* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

*K. Edw.* Take heed, you dally not before your king,  
Lest he, that is the supreme king of kings,  
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award  
Either of you to be the other's end.

*Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

*Riv.* And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.

*K. Edw.* Madam, yourself are not exempt from this,—

Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you ;—  
 You have been factious one against the other.  
 Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;  
 And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

*Q. Eliz.* There, Hastings :—I will never more remember  
 Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.

*K. Edw.* Dorset, embrace him, — Hastings, love lord  
 marquess.

*Dor.* This interchange of love, I here protest,  
 Upon my part shall be inviolable.

*Hast.* And so swear I.

*K. Edw.* Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league  
 With thy embracements to my wife's allies,  
 And make me happy in your unity.

*Buck.* Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate  
 Upon your grace, [*To the Queen.*] but with all duteous love  
 Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me  
 With hate in those where I expect most love.  
 When I have most need to employ a friend,  
 And most assured that he is a friend,  
 Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,  
 Be he unto me. This do I beg of heaven,  
 When I am cold in love to you, or yours.

*K. Edw.* A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,  
 Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.  
 There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,  
 To make the blessed period of this peace.

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen ;  
 And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

*K. Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.—  
 Gloster, we have done deeds of charity ;  
 Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,  
 Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

*Glo.* A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.—  
 Among this princely heap, if any here,  
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,  
 Hold me a foe ;  
 If I unwittingly, or in my rage,<sup>2</sup>  
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne



By any in this presence, I desire  
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace :  
 'Tis death to me, to be at enmity ;  
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—  
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
 Which I will purchasc with my duteous service ;  
 Of you, my noble cousin Buekingham,  
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us ;  
 Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset,  
 That all without desert have frown'd on me ;  
 Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you ;  
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.  
 I do not know that Englishman alive,<sup>3</sup>  
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,  
 More than the infant that is born to-night :  
 I thank my God for my humility.

*Q. Eliz.* A holy day shall this be kept hereafter :—  
 I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—  
 My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness  
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

*Glo.* Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,  
 To be so flouted in this royal presence ?  
 Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead ? [*They all start.*]  
 You do him injury to scorn his corse.

*K. Edw.* Who knows not, he is dead ! who knows he is ?

*Q. Eliz.* All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !

*Buck.* Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest ?

*Dor.* Ay, my good lord ; and no man in the presence,  
 But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

*K. Edw.* Is Clarence dead ? the order was revers'd.

*Glo.* But he, poor man, by your first order died,  
 And that a winged Mercury did bear ;  
 Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,<sup>4</sup>  
 That came too lag to see him buried.  
 God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,  
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,  
 Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,  
 And yet go current from suspicion.

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

*K. Edw.* I pr'ythee, peace : my soul is full of sorrow.

*Stan.* I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

*K. Edw.* Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

*Stan.* The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life ;  
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,  
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

*K. Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,<sup>5</sup>  
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,  
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him ? who, in my wrath,  
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd ?  
Who spoke of brotherhood ? who spoke of love ?

Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake  
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ?

Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,  
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,  
And said, " Dear brother, live, and be a king ?"

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,  
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me  
Even in his garments ; and did give himself,  
All thin and naked, to the numb-eold night ?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you  
Had so much graee to put it in my mind.

But when your earters, or your waiting-vassals,  
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defae'd  
The preeious image of our dear Redeemer,  
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;  
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.

But for my brother not a man would speak,  
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself

For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all  
Have been beholding to him in his life,

Yet none of you would once beg for his life.—

O God ! I fear, thy justice will take hold  
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—

Come, Hastings, help me to my eloset. Ah, poor Clarenee !

[*Exeunt King, Queen, HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, and GREY.*]

*Glo.* This is the fruit of rashness.—Mark'd you not,  
How that the guilty kindred of the queen  
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarenee' death ?

O! they did urge it still unto the king :  
 God will revenge it. Come, lords ; will you go,  
 To comfort Edward with our company ?

*Buck.* We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London.

*Enter the Duchess of YORK<sup>6</sup>, with a Son and Daughter of CLARENCE.*

*Son.* Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead ?

*Duch.* No, boy.

*Daugh.* Why do you weep so oft ? and beat your breast ;  
 And cry—“ O Clarence, my unhappy son !”

*Son.* Why do you look on us, and shake your head,  
 And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,  
 If that our noble father were alive ?

*Duch.* My pretty cousins,<sup>7</sup> you mistake me both,  
 I do lament the sickness of the king,  
 As loath to lose him, not your father’s death.  
 It were lost sorrow to wail one that’s lost.

*Son.* Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead ?  
 The king mine uncle is to blame for it :  
 God will revenge it ; whom I will importune  
 With earnest prayers all to that effect.

*Daugh.* And so will I.

*Duch.* Peace, children, peace ! the king doth love you well.  
 Incapable and shallow innocents,<sup>8</sup>  
 You cannot guess who caus’d your father’s death.

*Son.* Grandam, we can ; for my good uncle Gloster  
 Told me, the king, provok’d to it by the queen,  
 Devis’d impeachments to imprison him :  
 And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
 And pitied me, and kindly kiss’d my cheek ;  
 Bade me rely on him, as on my father,  
 And he would love me dearly as a child.

*Duch.* Ah ! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,  
 And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice !  
 He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,  
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.<sup>9</sup>



*Son.* Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

*Duch.* Ay, boy.

*Son.* I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this!

*Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH, *distractedly*; RIVERS *and* DORSET,  
*following her.*

*Q. Eliz.* Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep,  
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?  
I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
And to myself become an enemy.

*Duch.* What means this scene of rude impatience?

*Q. Eliz.* To make an act of tragic violence:—  
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!—  
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?  
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—  
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;  
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;  
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him  
To his new kingdom of ne'er changing night.

*Duch.* Ah! so much interest have I in thy sorrow,  
As I had title in thy noble husband.  
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And liv'd with looking on his images;  
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance  
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,  
And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left:  
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,  
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,  
Clarence, and Edward. O! what cause have I,  
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan)  
To over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries?

*Son.* Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;  
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

*Daugh.* Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;  
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept.

*Q. Eliz.* Give me no help in lamentation;  
I am not barren to bring forth complaints.  
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,



That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,<sup>10</sup>  
 May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!  
 Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord, Edward!<sup>11</sup>

*Chil.* Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

*Duch.* Alas, for both! both mine, Edward and Clarence.

*Q. Eliz.* What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

*Chil.* What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

*Duch.* What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

*Q. Eliz.* Was never widow had so dear a loss.

*Chil.* Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

*Duch.* Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs:  
 Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.  
 She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;  
 I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:  
 These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:  
 I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—  
 Alas! you three on me, threefold distress'd,  
 Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,  
 And I will pamper it with lamentation.

*Dor.* Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd,  
 That you take with unthankfulness his doing.  
 In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,  
 With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,  
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;  
 Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,  
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*Riv.* Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,  
 Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,  
 Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.  
 Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,  
 And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter* GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS,  
 RATCLIFF, *and Others.*

*Glo.* Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause  
 To wail the dimming of our shining star;  
 But none can help our harms by wailing them.—  
 Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;  
 I did not see your grace.—Humbly on my knee  
 I crave your blessing.

*Duch.* God bless thee ; and put meekness in thy breast,  
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

*Glo.* Amen ; [*Aside.*] and make me die a good old man !—  
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ;  
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

*Buck.* You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,  
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,  
Now cheer each other in each other's love :  
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hates,  
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,<sup>12</sup>  
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd<sup>13</sup>  
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

*Riv.* Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham ?

*Buck.* Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,  
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;  
Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd :  
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself,  
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

*Glo.* I hope the king made peace with all of us ;  
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

*Riv.* And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :  
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd :  
Therefore, I say with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

*Hast.* And so say I.

*Glo.* Then be it so ; and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.  
Madam—and you my sister,—will you go  
To give your censures in this weighty business ?<sup>14</sup>

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*]

*Buck.* My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :  
For by the way I'll sort occasion,

As index to the story we late talk'd of,<sup>15</sup>  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

*Glo.* My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,  
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter Two Citizens, meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour! whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself.  
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:<sup>16</sup>  
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

*Enter another Citizen.*

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;  
That, in his nonage, council under him,<sup>17</sup>  
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,  
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth  
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;  
For then this land was famously enrich'd  
With politic grave counsel: then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,  
Or by his father there were none at all;  
For emulation who shall now be nearest,



Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
 O! full of danger is the duke of Gloster ;  
 And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud :  
 And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,  
 This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come ; we fear the worst : all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks ;  
 When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand :  
 When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?  
 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
 All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,  
 'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly the hearts of men are full of fear :  
 You cannot reason almost with a man  
 That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so.<sup>18</sup>  
 By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
 Ensuing danger ;<sup>19</sup> as by proof we see  
 The water swell before a boisterous storm.  
 But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I : I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the young Duke of YORK, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of YORK.*

*Arch.* Last night, I heard, they lay at Northampton,<sup>20</sup>  
 At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night :  
 To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Duch.* I long with all my heart to see the prince :  
 I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

*Q. Eliz.* But I hear, no : they say, my son of York  
 Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

*York.* Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

*Duch.* Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

*York.* Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,  
 My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow



More than my brother ; “ Ay,” quoth my uncle Gloster,  
 “ Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :”  
 And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,  
 Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

*Duch.* 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold  
 In him that did the same object to thee :

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,  
 So long a growing, and so leisurely,  
 That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

*Arch.* And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

*Duch.* I hope, he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

*York.* Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,  
 I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,  
 To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

*Duch.* How, my young York ? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

*York.* Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,  
 That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old :  
 'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.  
 Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

*Duch.* I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this ?

*York.* Grandam, his nurse.

*Duch.* His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

*York.* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

*Q. Eliz.* A parlous boy.<sup>21</sup> Go to, you are too shrewd.

*Arch.* Good madam, be not angry with the child.

*Q. Eliz.* Pitchers have ears.<sup>22</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Arch.* Here comes a messenger : what news ?

*Mess.* Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

*Q. Eliz.* How doth the prince ?

*Mess.* Well, madam, and in health.

*Duch.* What is thy news ?

*Mess.* Lord Rivers and lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,  
 And with them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

*Duch.* Who hath committed them ?

*Mess.* The mighty dukes,  
 Gloster and Buckingham.

*Arch.* For what offence ?<sup>23</sup>

*Mess.* The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd :

Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Ah me! I see the ruin of my house.  
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;  
Insulting tyranny begins to jet<sup>24</sup>  
Upon the innocent and awless throne:—<sup>25</sup>  
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!  
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

*Duch.* Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,  
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?  
My husband lost his life to get the crown;  
And often up and down my sons were tost,  
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:  
And being seated, and domestic broils  
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,  
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,  
Blood to blood, self against self:—O! preposterous  
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;  
Or let me die, to look on death no more.<sup>26</sup>

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.—  
Madam, farewell.

*Duch.* Stay, I will go with you.

*Q. Eliz.* You have no cause.

*Arch.*

My gracious lady, go,

[*To the Queen.*]

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep: and so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours,

Go; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Notes to the Second Act.

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<sup>1</sup> *Dissemble not your hatred.*

That is, do not gloss it over.—*Steevens*. I suppose he means, Divest yourselves of that concealed hatred which you have heretofore secretly borne to each other. Do not merely, says Edward, conceal and cover over your secret ill will to each other by a show of love, but eradicate hatred altogether from your bosoms.—*Malone*.

<sup>2</sup> *If I unwittingly, or in my rage.*

So the quarto. Folio—*unwillingly*. This line and the preceding hemistich are printed in the old copies, as one line: a mistake that has sometimes happened in the early editions of these plays. Pope, by whose licentious alterations our author's text was much corrupted, omitted the words—"or in my rage;" in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors till my edition in 1790.—*Malone*.

<sup>3</sup> *I do not know that Englishman alive.*

Milton's writings afford a striking example of the strength and weakness of the same mind. His finest feelings, his warmest poetical predilections, were at last totally obliterated by civil and religious enthusiasm. Seduced by the gentle eloquence of fanaticism, he listened no longer to the 'wild and native woodnotes of fancy's sweetest child.' In his *Iconoclastes*, he censures King Charles for studying, 'one whom we well know was the closet-companion of his solitudes, William Shakspeare.'—*Prose-works*, vol. i. p. 368.

'This remonstrance, which not only resulted from his abhorrence of a King, but from his disapprobation of plays, would have come with propriety from Prynne or Hugh Peters. Nor did he now perceive, that what was here spoken in contempt, conferred the highest compliment on the elegance of Charles's private character.'—*Warton's Milton*, 1785, p. 437, N. 41.

Without entering into the argument, pro or con Royalists or Republicans, it is doing Milton but justice to say he is entirely innocent of the charge brought against him by Dr. Farmer, repeated by Davies, and enforced by Warton; he



does not censure Charles for reading and amusing himself with the writings of Shakspeare, but for imitating the hypocrisy of Richard, as drawn by our dramatic historian, so closely, that in the passage animadverted on he utters the very sentiment put into Richard's mouth by the poet.

“—the deepest policy of a Tyrant hath bin ever to counterfet Religious. And Aristotle in his Politics, hath mentioned that special craft among twelve other tyrannical *Sophisms*. Neither want wee examples. Andronicus Comnenus the Byzantine Emperor, though a most cruel Tyrant, is reported by Nicetas to have bin a constant reader of Saint Pauls Epistles: and by continual study had so incorporated the phrase and stile of that transcendent Apostle into all his familiar Letters, that the imitation seemed to vie with the original. Yet this availed not to deceive the people of that empire; who notwithstanding his Saints vizard, tore him to peeces for his Tyranny. From stories of this nature both ancient and modern which abound, the poets also, and some English, have bin in this point so mindfull of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person, then of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one whom wee well know was the closet companion of these his solitudes, William Shakspeare; who introduced the person of Richard the third, speaking in as high a strain of pietie, and mortification, as is uttered in any passage of this book [*Eikon basilike*]; and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place, *I intended*, saith he, *not onely to oblige my Friends but mine enemies*. The like saith Richard, Act 2, Scene 1,

I doe not know that Englishman alive  
With whom my soule is any jott at odds,  
More than the Infant that is borne to night;  
I thank my God for my humilitie.

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the whole tragedie, wherein the poet us'd not much licence in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections onely, but of religion.—*Eikonoclastes*, 4to. 2d Edit. 1650, page 10.

The following reply to Milton, however virulent, does not suggest the least idea of what Dr. Farmer, Warton, &c., object to him.—“The instances of tyrants counterfeiting religion are frequent, and that hipocrisie is inseparable from tyrants by usurpation, such as this libellers masters, whose want of right, seekes protection from dissembled vertue, but this seldome happens to Kings by just title, whose power wants not that support. His comparing his late majest: to knowne usurpers, that confirmed their crownes, gained by robbery, and kept with falshood and blood, [by counterfeiting religion,] shewes his odious shamelesnes in the dissimilitude, & whoever observes the prophane assumption of the titles of pietie, by these monsters, & their hipocriticall professions, to maske their wicked ends, shall finde, that Andronicus Comnenus, and our English Rich. 3. came short of them, not only in counterfeiting religion, and conscience, but in falshood and crueltie. Insteede of Shakespeares scene of Rich. 3. the libeller may take the Parliaments declaration of the 29th May, where their words are. “The providing for the publique peace and prosperitee of his Majest: and all his realmes, we protest in the presence of the all-seeing Deitie to have been, and still to be, the only end of our councells, & endeavours, wherein wee have resolved to continue freed, and enlarged from all private aimes, personall respects, or passions whatsoever,” and againe in their petition of the second of June, they tell him, “that they have nothing in their thoughts, and desires more pretious, and of higher esteeme next to the honour, and immediate service of God, then the just,



and faithfull performance of their dutie to his Majest:” and the libeller will not finde in historie or poet, wordes of a deeper hipocrisie in the mouth of a villaine, nor more contradicted by their actions. That which he adds from his testimony out of Shakspeare of the imagined vehemence of Rich. the 3. in his dissembled professions, holds noe proportion with theis hipocrisies, really acted, not fancied by a poet, and this libeller hath learnt to act a part out of Shakspeare, and with Rich. 3. accusing loyaltie, and innocency for high crymes, and crying out against their wickednes, that sought to restore the dispossessed heires of the crowne to their right, and amplifying their offence, as the highest against God, and man, and wherein comes the libeller short of his patterne in this scene?—*Eikon Aklastos*, 4to. 1651, page 81.

This last quotation might perhaps have been spared, but that it was thought necessary to bring the whole into one point of view; so, as it is conceived, the entire exoneration of Milton, so far as relates to his supposed censure of Charles, for merely the *reading* of Shakspeare: should the argument be thought undeserving of so much notice, it may be said, with Mr. Richardson, “These indeed are trifles; but even such contract a sort of greatness, when related to what is great. W.”—*Boswell*.

<sup>4</sup> *Some tardy cripple bore the countermand.*

This is an allusion to a proverbial expression which Drayton has versified in the second canto of the Barons’ Wars:—

Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;  
Comfort’s a *cripple*, and comes ever slow.—*Stevens*.

These lines are quoted from the edition in 1619. If the reader should look for them in any preceding edition, he will be disappointed. Drayton’s poems vary very considerably as they first and subsequently appeared.—*Malone*.

<sup>5</sup> *Have I a tongue to doom my brother’s death.*

This lamentation is very tender and pathetick. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the King endeavour to communicate the crime to others.—*Johnson*.

This pathetic speech is founded on this slight hint in Sir Thomas More’s History of Edward V. inserted by Holinshed in his Chronicle: “Sure it is, that although king Edward were consenting to his death, yet he much did both lament his infortunate chance, and repent his sudden execution. Insomuch that when any person sued to him for the pardon of malefactors condemned to death, he would accustomable say, and openlie speake, O infortunate brother, for whose life not one would make suite! openly and apparently meaning by suche words that by the means of some of the nobilitie he was deceived, and brought to his confusion.”—*Malone*.

<sup>6</sup> *The Duchess of York.*

Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville first Earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield in 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495.—*Malone*.

<sup>7</sup> *My pretty cousins.*

The Duchess is here addressing her grand-children, but *cousin* was the term used in Shakspeare’s time, by uncles to nephews and nieces, grandfathers to grand-children, &c. It seems to have been used instead of our *kinsman* and *kinswoman*, and to have supplied the place of both.—*Malone*.

<sup>8</sup> *Incapable and shallow innocents.*

*Incapable*, is *unintelligent*. So, in Hamlet:—

His form and cause combined preaching to stones  
Would make them capable. . . .  
As one *incapable* of her own distress.—*Steevens*.

<sup>9</sup> *Yet from my dug he drew not this deceit.*

This word gave no offence to our ancestors; one instance will suffice to show that it was used even in the most refined poetry. In Constable's Sonnets, 16mo. 1594, Sixth Decade, Son. 4:—

And on thy *dugs* the queene of love doth tell,  
Her godheads power in scrowles of my desire.—*Malone*.

<sup>10</sup> *That I, being govern'd by the watry moon.*

That I may live hereafter under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides, and by the help of that influence drown the world. The introduction of the moon is not very natural.—*Johnson*.

The same thought has already occurred in King Henry IV. Part I.: “—being governed, as the sea is, *by the moon*.”—*Steevens*.

Again, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, “the moon, the governess of floods.”

<sup>11</sup> *Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!*

This dialogue may be compared with the following in the play of Soliman and Perseda, first published in 1592,—

*Lucina*. My friend is gone, and I am desolate;  
Return him back, fair stars, or let me die.  
*Perseda*. Return him back, fair heavens, or let me die;  
For what was he, but comfort of my life?  
*Lucina*. For what was he, but comfort of my life?  
But why was I so careful of the chain?  
*Perseda*. But why was I so careless of the chain?  
Had I not lost it, my friend had not been slain.

<sup>12</sup> *But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together.*

As this passage stands, it is the rancour of their hearts that is to be preserved and cherished.—But we must not attempt to amend this mistake, as it seems to proceed from the inadvertency of Shakspeare himself.—*M. Mason*.

Their broken *rancour* recently *splinted* and *knit*, the poet considers as a *new league of amity and concord*; and this it is that Buckingham exhorts them to preserve.—*Mason*.

*Splinter'd*, ed. 1597; *splinted*, ed. 1623. So in an early English poem in the Public Library, Cambridge,—

On the schoulder felle the stroke,  
A grete *splente* owte hyt smote.

<sup>13</sup> *Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd.*

Edward the young prince, in his father's life-time, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as prince of Wales; under the governance of Antony Woodville, Earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-

disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages. Vid. Hall, Holinshed, &c.—*Theobald*.

<sup>14</sup> *To give your censures.*

To *censure* formerly meant to *deliver an opinion*. So, in Heywood's Golden Age, 1611 :

—— yet if I *censure* freely,  
I needs must think that face and personage  
Was ne'er deriv'd from baseness.

Again, in Marius and Sylla, 1594:—

Cinna affirms the senate's *censure* just,  
And saith, let Marius lead the legions forth.

Again, in Orlando Furioso, 1594:—

Set each man forth his passions how he can,  
And let her *censure* make the happiest man.—*Steevens*.

<sup>15</sup> *As index to the story.*

That is, preparatory—by way of prelude. So, in Hamlet,—“That storms so loud and thunders in the *index*.”—*Malone*.

Again, in Othello: “—an *index* and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts.”—*Steevens*.

<sup>16</sup> *Seldom comes the better.*

A proverbial saying, taken notice of in the English Courtier and Country Gentleman, 4to. 1586, sign. B: “—as the proverbe sayth, *seldome come the better*. *Val*. That proverb indeed is auncient, and for the most part true,” &c.—*Reed*.

The modern editors read—*a better*. The passage quoted above proves that there is no corruption in the text; and shows how very dangerous it is to disturb our author's phraseology, merely because it is not familiar to our ears at present.—*Malone*.

So, in Hormanni Vulgaria, 1519,—“*Selde cometh the better, raro succedere meliorem*.”

When earth to earth returnes, as Nature's debter,  
They feare the proverbe, Seldome comes the better.

*The Workes of Taylor, the Water-Poet, 1630.*

<sup>17</sup> *That, in his nonage, council under him.*

So the quarto. The folio reads—*Which* in his nonage.—*Which* is frequently used by our author for *who*, and is still so used in our Liturgy. But neither reading affords a very clear sense. Dr. Johnson thinks a line lost before this. I suspect that one was rather omitted after it.—*Malone*.

<sup>18</sup> *Before the days of change, still is it so.*

This is from Holinshed's Chronicle, vol. iii. p. 721: “Before such great things, men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest.”—*Tollet*.

It is evident in this passage, that both Holinshed and Shakspeare allude to St. Luke. See ch. xxi. 25, &c.—*Henley*.

It is manifest that Shakspeare here followed Holinshed, having adopted almost his words. Being very conversant with the sacred writings, he perhaps had the Evangelist in his thoughts when he wrote, above—“Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear.”—*Malone*.



<sup>19</sup> *Men's minds mistrust ensuing danger.*

It is worthy of remark that in ed. 1623, although the word is printed at the top of the page, *Pursuing*, the catchword at the bottom of the previous page is *ensuing*, which seems to show that the former is a printer's error. It is singular that the same oversight is continued in eds. 1632, 1663. In ed. 1685, the word adopted is *pursuing*.

<sup>20</sup> *Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton.*

Thus the quarto 1597. The folio reads:—

Last night, I *heard*, they lay at *Stony-Stratford*,  
And at *Northampton* they do rest to-night.

An anonymous remarker, who appears not to have inspected a single quarto copy of any of these plays, is much surprised that editors should presume to make such changes in the text, (without authority, as he intimates,) and assures us the reading of the folio is right, the fact being, that “the prince and his company did in their way to London actually lye at Stony-Stratford one night, and were the next morning taken back by the duke of Gloucester to Northampton, where they lay the following night. See Hall, Edw. V. fol. 6.” Shakspeare, it is clear, either forgot this circumstance, or did not think it worth attending to.—According to the reading of the original copy in quarto, at the time the Archbishop is speaking, the King had not reached Stony-Stratford, and consequently his being taken back to Northampton on the morning after he had been at Stratford, could not be in the author's contemplation. Shakspeare well knew that Stony-Stratford was nearer to London than Northampton; therefore in the first copy the young King is made to sleep on one night at Northampton, and the Archbishop very naturally supposes that on the next night, that is, on the night of the day on which he is speaking, the King would reach Stony-Stratford. It is highly improbable that the editor of the folio should have been apprized of the historical fact above stated; and much more likely that he made the alteration for the sake of improving the metre, regardless of any other circumstance. How little he attended to topography appears from a preceding scene, in which he makes Gloucester, though in London, talk of sending a messenger to that town, instead of Ludlow.

By neither reading can the truth of history be preserved, and therefore we may be sure that Shakspeare did not mean in this instance to adhere to it. According to the present reading, the scene is on the day on which the King was journeying from Northampton to Stratford; and of course the Messenger's account of the peers being seized, &c. which was on the next day after the King had lain at Stratford, is inaccurate. If the folio reading be adopted, the scene is indeed placed on the day on which the King was seized; but the Archbishop is supposed to be apprized of a fact which *before the entry of the Messenger* he manifestly does not know, and which Shakspeare did not intend he should appear to know; namely, the Duke of Gloucester's coming to Stony-Stratford the morning after the King had lain there, taking him forcibly back to Northampton, and seizing the Lords Rivers, Grey, &c. The truth is, that the Queen herself, the person most materially interested in the welfare of her son, did not hear of the King's being carried back from Stony-Stratford to Northampton till about *midnight* of the day on which this violence was offered him by his uncle. See Hall, Edward V. fol. 6. Historical truth being thus deviated from, we have a right to presume that Shakspeare in this instance did not mean to pay *any* attention to it, and that the reading furnished by the quarto was that which came from his pen: nor is it possible that *he* could have made the alteration which the folio exhibits, it being utterly incon-



sistent with the whole tenour and scope of the present scene. If the Archbishop had known that the young King was carried back to Northampton, he must also have known that the lords who accompanied him were sent to prison; and instead of eagerly asking the Messenger, in p. 92, "What news?" might have informed him of the whole transaction.

The truth of history is neglected in another instance also. The Messenger says, the Lords Rivers, Grey, &c. had been sent by Gloster to *Pomfret*, whither they were not sent till some time afterwards, they being sent at first, according to Sir Thomas More, (whose relation Hall and Holinshed transcribed,) "into the North country, into diverse places to prison, and *afterwards* all to Pontefract."—*Malone*.

<sup>21</sup> *A parlous boy.*

*Parlous*, is *keen, shrewd*. So, in Law Tricks, &c. 1608:—"A *parlous* youth, sharp and satirical."—*Steevens*.

It is a corruption of *perilous, dangerous*; the reading of the old quartos. The Queen evidently means to chide him.—*Ritson*.

*Steevens* is right. Shakspeare himself has shown what he meant by *parlous*, in the very next scene, where Gloster, speaking of the Duke of York, says:—

——— O, 'tis a *parlous* boy,  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable.—*Malone*.

"Parlous," says *Steevens*, "is *keen, shrewd*." *Ritson* is of a different opinion, and thinks it a corruption of *perilous, dangerous*. Both parties are right; but it is probably used here as *perilous*, in like manner as the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* talks of "a *parlous* knock," and as it is also to be taken in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where *Steevens* had properly explained it; and the instance which he has given on the present occasion does, in fact, corroborate his former note. *Parlous* is likewise made synonymous with *shrewd* by *Littelton*. See his Latin dict. v. *importunus*. In *Middleton's* play of the *Changeling*, we have "a *parlous* fool," i. e. *shrewd*, "he must sit in the fourth form at least." Yet a few pages further the same word is as clearly used for *perilous*. After all there is little or no difference in the senses of it, for in shrewdness there is certainly peril. He that meets with a *shrew*, may well be said to be *in danger*. Some might think that this word is the same as *talkative*, in which case it must have been borrowed from the French; but that language does not furnish an adjective of the kind. The original corruption was *perlious*. Thus in an unpublished work by William of Nassington, a poet of the fifteenth century, who wrote on the Lord's prayer, &c., we have, "Methinks this maner is *perlious*."—*Douce*.

<sup>22</sup> *Pitchers have ears.*

This proverbial phrase has already occurred in the *Taming of the Shrew*. The more usual form of it is,—"*Small pitchers have wide ears.*"

Small pitchers have wide ears; but so they may fall;  
That their eares may be little or nothing at all.

*Davies's Scourge of Folly*, 1611.

<sup>23</sup> *For what offence?*

This question is given to the Archbishop in former copies, but the Messenger plainly speaks to the Queen or Duchess.—*Johnson*.

This question is given in the quarto to the Archbishop (or Cardinal, as he is there called,) where also we have in the following speech, "my gracious *lady*." The editor of the folio altered *lady* to *lord*; but it is more probable that the

compositor prefixed *Car.* (the designation there of the Archbishop,) to the words, "For what offence?" instead of *Qu.* than that *lady* should have been printed in the subsequent speech instead of *lord*. Compositors always keep the names of the interlocutors in each scene ready-composed for use; and hence mistakes sometimes arise.—*Malone*.

<sup>24</sup> *Insulting tyranny begins to jet upon, &c.*

*Jet*, ed. 1597: *jut*, ed. 1623. "I jette with facyon and countenaunce to set forth myselfe, *je braggue*," Palsgrave, 1530. To jet upon, in the passage in the text, would be equivalent to lord it over.

<sup>25</sup> *And awless throne.*

*Awless*, wanting the power of causing reverence. "When pride is most prest and lechery most rife, and knights and knaves clad both in one clothing, the Church *awlesse*, and the land lawlesse, by the yeere of Christ to come and gon, in the land of Albion shall be much confusion," the Prophecy of Humphrey Tindal, Vicar of Wellenger, 1642.

<sup>26</sup> *Or let me die, to look on death no more.*

*Earth* is the reading of all the copies, from the first edition put out by the players, downwards. But I have restored the reading of the old quarto in 1597, which is copied by all the other authentic quartos, by which the thought is finely and properly improved:—"Or let me *die*, to look *on death* no more."—*Theobald*.

## Act the Third.

---

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

*The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER, and Others.*

*Buck.* Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your Chamber.<sup>1</sup>

*Glo.* Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :  
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

*Prince.* No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way  
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :  
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

*Glo.* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years  
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit.  
No more can you distinguish of a man,  
Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,  
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.  
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous ;  
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,  
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :  
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

*Prince.* God keep me from false friends ! but they were  
none.

*Glo.* My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.*

*May.* God bless your grace with health and happy days !

*Prince.* I thank you, good my lord ; and thank you all.—

[*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*

I thought my mother, and my brother York,  
Would long ere this have met us on the way :  
Fie ! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not  
To tell us whether they will come or no.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Buck.* And in good time here comes the sweating lord.

*Prince.* Welcome, my lord. What ! will our mother come ?

*Hast.* On what occasion, God he knows, not I,  
The queen your mother, and your brother York,  
Have taken sanctuary : the tender prince  
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,  
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

*Buck.* Fie ! what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of hers.—Lord cardinal, will your grace  
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York  
Unto his princely brother presently ?  
If she deny, lord Hastings, go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Card.* My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory  
Can from his mother win the duke of York,  
Anon expect him here : but if she be obdurate  
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary ! not for all this land,  
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

*Buck.* You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,  
Too ceremonious, and traditional :  
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,<sup>2</sup>  
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
The benefit thereof is always granted  
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,  
And those who have the wit to claim the place :  
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it ;



And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it :  
 Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,  
 You break no privilege nor charter there.  
 Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,<sup>3</sup>  
 But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

*Card.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—  
 Come on, lord Hastings ; will you go with me ?

*Hast.* I go, my lord.

*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.—

[*Exeunt Cardinal and HASTINGS.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,  
 Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

*Glo.* Where it seems best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day, or two,  
 Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :  
 Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit  
 For your best health and recreation.

*Prince.* I do not like the Tower, of any place.—  
 Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

*Buck.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that place  
 Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

*Prince.* Is it upon record, or else reported  
 Successively from age to age, he built it ?

*Buck.* Upon record, my gracious lord.

*Prince.* But say, my lord, it were not register'd,  
 Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,  
 As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,<sup>4</sup>  
 Even to the general all-ending day.

*Glo.* So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.<sup>5</sup> [*Aside.*]

*Prince.* What say you, uncle ?

*Glo.* I say without characters fame lives long.  
 Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,<sup>6</sup> [*Aside.*]  
 I moralize two meanings in one word.

*Prince.* That Julius Cæsar was a famous man :  
 With what his valour did enrich his wit,  
 His wit set down to make his valour live :  
 Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,  
 For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—  
 I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

*Buck.* What, my gracious lord ?

*Prince.* An if I live until I be a man,

I'll win our ancient right in France again,  
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

*Glo.* Short summers lightly<sup>7</sup> have a forward spring. [*Aside.*]

*Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.*

*Buck.* Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

*Prince.* Richard of York! how fares our noble brother?

*York.* Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

*Prince.* Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours.

Too late he died, that might have kept that title,  
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

*Glo.* How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

*York.* I thank you, gentle uncle. O! my lord,  
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:  
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

*Glo.* He hath, my lord.

*York.* And therefore is he idle?

*Glo.* O! my fair cousin, I must not say so.

*York.* Then he is more beholding to you, than I.

*Glo.* He may command me as my sovereign,  
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

*York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

*Glo.* My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

*Prince.* A beggar, brother?

*York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;  
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.<sup>8</sup>

*Glo.* A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

*York.* A greater gift? O! that's the sword to it.

*Glo.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

*York.* O! then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts:  
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

*Glo.* It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

*York.* I weigh it lightly,<sup>9</sup> were it heavier.

*Glo.* What! would you have my weapon, little lord?

*York.* I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

*Glo.* How?

*York.* Little.

*Prince.* My lord of York will still be cross in talk.—  
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

*York.* You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.—  
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:

Because that I am little like an ape,<sup>10</sup>  
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

*Buck.* With what a sharp provided wit he reasons :  
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,  
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.  
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

*Glo.* My lord, will't please you pass along ?  
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,  
Will to your mother, to entreat of her  
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

*York.* What! will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?

*Prince.* My lord protector needs will have it so.

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Glo.* Why, what should you fear ?

*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost :  
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

*Prince.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glo.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*Prince.* An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.  
But come, my lord ; and, with a heavy heart,  
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*A sennet. Exeunt Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Cardinal and Attendants.*]

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little prating York  
Was not incensed by his subtle mother  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously ?

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt. O! 'tis a perilous boy ;  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable :  
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest,—Come hither, Catesby.  
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,  
As closely to conceal what we impart.  
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way :—  
What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter  
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

*Cate.* He for his father's sake so loves the prince,  
That he will not be won to aught against him.

*Buck.* What think'st thou then of Stanley ? will not he ?

*Cate.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

*Buck.* Well then, no more but this. Go, gentle Catesby,



And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;  
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,  
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,  
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons :  
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,  
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination ;  
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,<sup>11</sup>  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

*Glo.* Commend me to lord William : tell him, Catesby,  
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;  
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,  
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

*Buck.* Good Catesby, go ; effect this business soundly.

*Cate.* My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

*Glo.* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep ?

*Cate.* You shall, my lord.

*Glo.* At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

*Buck.* Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive  
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?

*Glo.* Chop off his head, man ;—somewhat we will do :—  
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me  
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables  
Whereof the king, my brother, was possess'd.

*Buck.* I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

*Glo.* And look to have it yielded with all kindness.  
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards  
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before* Lord HASTINGS' House.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord ! my lord !—

[*Knocking.*]

*Hast.* [*Within.*—Who knocks ?

*Mess.* One from the lord Stanley.



*Hast.* [*Within*]. What is't o'clock ?

*Mess.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Enter* HASTINGS.

*Hast.* Cannot my lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights ?

*Mess.* So it appears by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self.

*Hast.* What then ?

*Mess.* And then he sends you word, he dreamt  
To-night the boar had rased off his helm :<sup>12</sup>  
Besides, he says, there are two councils kept ;  
And that may be determin'd at the one,  
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.  
Therefore, he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—  
If you will presently take horse with him,  
And with all speed post with him toward the north,  
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

*Hast.* Go, fellow, go ; return unto thy lord.  
Bid him not fear the separated councils :  
His honour and myself are at the one,<sup>13</sup>  
And at the other is my good friend Catesby ;  
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,  
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.  
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance :<sup>14</sup>  
And for his dreams—I wonder he's so simple  
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.  
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,  
Were to incense the boar to follow us,  
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.  
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;  
And we will both together to the Tower,  
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.<sup>15</sup>

*Mess.* I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* CATESBY.

*Cate.* Many good morrows to my noble lord !

*Hast.* Good morrow, Catesby : you are early stirring.  
What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

*Cate.* It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;  
And, I believe, will never stand upright,  
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

*Hast.* How ! wear the garland ! dost thou mean the crown ?

*Cate.* Ay, my good lord.

*Hast.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,  
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.  
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

*Cate.* Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you forward  
Upon his party for the gain thereof :  
And thereupon he sends you this good news,—  
That this same very day your enemies,  
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

*Hast.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
Because they have been still my adversaries ;  
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,  
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

*Cate.* God keep your lordship in that gracious mind.

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,  
That they which brought me in my master's hate,  
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,  
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

*Cate.* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous ! and so falls it out  
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ; and so 'twill do  
With some men else, who think themselves as safe  
As thou, and I ; who, as thou know'st, are dear  
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

*Cate.* The princes both make high account of you ;  
For they account his head upon the bridge.<sup>16</sup>

[*Aside.*]

*Hast.* I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

*Enter STANLEY.*

Come on, come on ; where is your boar-spear, man ?  
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided ?

*Stan.* My lord, good morrow :—good morrow, Catesby.—  
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,  
I do not like these several councils, I.

*Hast.* My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours ;  
And never, in my days, I do protest,  
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.

Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

*Stan.* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,  
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,  
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;  
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast:  
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt.

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!  
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

*Hast.* Come, come, have with you.<sup>17</sup>—Wot you what, my  
lord?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

*Stan.* They for their truth might better wear their heads,  
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.  
But come, my lord, let's away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

*Hast.* Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY.*

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

*Purs.* The better, that your lordship please to ask.

*Hast.* I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,  
Than when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:  
Then, was I going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;  
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself)  
This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state than ere I was.

*Purs.* God hold it, to your honour's good content.

*Hast.* Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his Purse.*

*Purs.* I thank your honour.

[*Exit Pursuivant.*

*Enter a Priest.*

*Pr.* Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

*Hast.* I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.  
I am in your debt for your last exercise;<sup>18</sup>  
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

*Pr.* I'll wait upon your lordship.

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM.<sup>19</sup>

*Buck.* What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain!  
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:  
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

*Hast.* 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,  
The men you talk of came into my mind.  
What, go you toward the Tower?

*Buck.* I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:  
I shall return before your lordship thence.

*Hast.* Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buck.* And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*  
Come, will you go?

*Hast.* I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter* RATCLIFF, with a Guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY,<sup>20</sup> and  
VAUGHAN, to Execution.

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:—  
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die  
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

*Grey.* God bless the prince from all the pack of you!  
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Vaugh.* You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

*Rat.* Despatch: the limit of your lives is out.

*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret! O, thou bloody prison,  
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!  
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,  
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:  
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,  
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

*Grey.* Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,  
When she exclaim'd on Hastings you and I,  
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

*Riv.* Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,  
Then curs'd she Hastings:—O remember, God,  
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!



And for my sister, and her princely sons,  
 Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,  
 Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

*Rat.* Make haste: the hour of death is expiate.<sup>21</sup>

*Riv.* Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan;—let us here embrace:  
 Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Tower.*<sup>22</sup>

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of ELY,*<sup>23</sup>  
 CATESBY, LOVEL, *and Others, sitting at a Table: Officers of  
 the Council attending.*

*Hast.* Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met  
 Is to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is this royal day?

*Buck.* Are all things ready for the royal time?

*Stan.* They are; and want but nomination.

*Ely.* To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

*Buck.* Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?  
 Who is most inward with the noble duke?

*Ely.* Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

*Buck.* We know each other's faces; for our hearts,  
 He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;  
 Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.  
 Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

*Hast.* I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;  
 But for his purpose in the coronation,  
 I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd  
 His gracious pleasure any way therein:  
 But you, my honourable lords, may name the time;  
 And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,  
 Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Ely.* In happy time here comes the duke himself.

*Glo.* My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow.  
 I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,

My absence doth neglect no great design,  
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

*Buck.* Had you not come upon your cue,<sup>24</sup> my lord,  
William, lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,  
I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.

*Glo.* Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder :  
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.  
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;<sup>25</sup>  
I do beseech you, send for some.

*Ely.* Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit ELY.*

*Glo.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,  
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,  
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,  
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,  
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw yourself awhile ; I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*

*Stan.* We have not yet set down this day of triumph.  
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;  
For I myself am not so well provided,  
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

*Re-enter Bishop of ELY.*

*Ely.* Where is my lord, the duke of Gloster ?  
I have sent for these strawberries.

*Hast.* His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning :  
There's some conceit or other likes him well,  
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.  
I think, there's never a man in Christendom  
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he ;  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Stan.* What of his heart perceive you in his face,  
By any livelihood he show'd to-day ?

*Hast.* Marry, that with no man here he is offended ;  
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

*Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*

*Glo.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,<sup>26</sup>  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft? and that have prevail'd  
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

*Hast.* The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,  
Makes me most forward in this princely presence  
To doom th' offenders: whosoe'er they be,  
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glo.* Then, be your eyes the witness of their evil.  
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm  
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up:  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Hast.* If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

*Glo.* If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—  
Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear,  
I will not dine until I see the same.—  
Lovel, and Catesby, look that it be done:<sup>27</sup>  
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

*Hast.* Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.  
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;  
And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.  
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,<sup>28</sup>  
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,  
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.  
O! now I need the priest that spake to me:  
I now repent I told the pursuivant,  
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,  
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,  
And I myself secure in grace and favour.  
O, Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

*Cate.* Come, come; despatch, the duke would be at dinner:  
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

*Hast.* O, momentary grace of mortal men!  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.  
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;  
Ready with every nod to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Lov.* Come, come, despatch: 'tis bootless to exclaim.

*Hast.* O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!  
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee,  
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.  
Come, lead me to the block;<sup>29</sup> bear him my head:  
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same. The Tower Walls.*

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour,<sup>30</sup> marvellous  
ill-favoured.*

*Glo.* Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,  
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,  
And then again begin, and stop again,  
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

*Buck.* Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;  
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks  
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;  
And both are ready in their offices,  
At any time to grace my stratagems.  
But what! is Catesby gone?

*Glo.* He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

*Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.*

*Buck.* Lord Mayor,—

*Glo.* Look to the drawbridge there!

*Buck.* Hark! a drum.

*Glo.* Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

*Buck.* Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent,—



*Glo.* Look back, defend thee : here are enemies.

*Buck.* God and our innocency defend and guard us !

*Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' Head.*

*Glo.* Be patient, they are friends ; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

*Lov.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

*Glo.* So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.  
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,  
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian ;  
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded  
The history of all her secret thoughts :  
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,  
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,  
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,  
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

*Buck.* Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor  
That ever liv'd.—

Would you imagine, or almost believe,  
Were't not that by great preservation  
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor  
This day had plotted, in the council house,  
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster ?

*May.* Had he done so ?

*Glo.* What ! think you we are Turks, or infidels ?  
Or that we would, against the form of law,  
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,  
But that the extreme peril of the case,  
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,  
Enforc'd us to this execution ?

*May.* Now, fair befall you ! he deserv'd his death ;  
And your good graces both have well proceeded,  
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

*Buck.* I never look'd for better at his hands,  
After he once fell in with mistress Shore ;  
Yet had we not determin'd he should die,  
Until your lordship came to see his end ;  
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
Something against our meanings, hath prevented :  
Because, my lord, I would have had you heard  
The traitor speak, and timorously confess

The manner and the purpose of his treasons ;  
That you might well have signified the same  
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may  
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

*May.* But, my good lord, your grace's words shall serve,  
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak :  
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,  
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
With all your just proceedings in this case.

*Glo.* And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,  
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

*Buck.* But since you come too late of our intent,  
Yet witness what you hear we did intend :  
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit* Lord Mayor.]

*Glo.* Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :<sup>31</sup>  
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :  
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,<sup>32</sup>  
Only for saying—he would make his son  
Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,  
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.  
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;  
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,  
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,  
Without control lusted to make a prey.  
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :  
Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,  
My princely father, then had wars in France ;  
And by true computation of the time,  
Found that the issue was not his begot ;  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.  
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;  
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

*Buck.* Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,  
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,  
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

*Glo.* If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle ?

Where you shall find me well accompanied,  
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

*Buck.* I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,  
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

*Glo.* Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,<sup>33</sup>—  
Go thou [*To* CAT.] to friar Penker:—bid them both  
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY.]

Now will I go, to take some privy order,  
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;<sup>34</sup>  
And to give notice, that no manner of person<sup>35</sup>  
Have any time recourse unto the princes.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE VI.—*A Street.*

*Enter a* Scrivener.

*Scriv.* Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;  
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,  
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:<sup>36</sup>  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together.  
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,  
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me.  
The precedent was full as long a doing;  
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,  
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.  
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,  
That cannot see this palpable device?  
Yet who so bold, but says he sees it not?  
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,  
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE VII.—*The Same. The Court of Baynard's Castle.*<sup>37</sup>

*Enter* GLOSTER *at one Door, and* BUCKINGHAM *at another.*

*Glo.* How now, how now! what say the citizens?

*Buck.* Now by the holy mother of our Lord,  
The citizens are mum, say not a word.



*Glo.* Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children ?

*Buck.* I did ; with his contract with Lady Lucy,<sup>38</sup>  
 And his contract by deputy in France :  
 The insatiate greediness of his desires,  
 And his enforcement of the city wives ;  
 His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,  
 As being got, your father then in France ;<sup>39</sup>  
 And his resemblance, being not like the duke.  
 Withal I did infer your lineaments,  
 Being the right idea of your father,  
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind :  
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;  
 Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose  
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse :  
 And, when my oratory drew toward end,  
 I bade them that did love their country's good,  
 Cry—" God save Richard, England's royal king !"

*Glo.* And did they so ?

*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a word ;  
 But, like dumb statuas, or breathing stones,<sup>40</sup>  
 Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.  
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them,  
 And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence ?  
 His answer was, the people were not us'd  
 To be spoke to, but by the recorder.  
 Then, he was urg'd to tell my tale again :—  
 " Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd ;"  
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.  
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
 At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,  
 And some ten voices cried, " God save king Richard !"  
 And thus I took the vantage of those few,—  
 " Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends," quoth I ;  
 " This general applause, and cheerful shout,  
 Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard :"  
 And even here brake off, and came away.

*Glo.* What tongueless blocks were they ! would they not  
 speak ?

Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren, come ?

*Buck.* The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear ;



Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit :  
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord ;  
 For on that ground I'll make a holy descant :  
 And be not easily won to our requests ;  
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

*Glo.* I go ; and if you plead as well for them,  
 As I can say nay to thee for myself,<sup>41</sup>  
 No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

*Buck.* Go, go, up to the leads ! the lord mayor knocks.

[*Exit* GLOSTER.]

*Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;  
 I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

*Enter from the Castle, CATESBY.*

Now, Catesby ! what says your lord to my request ?

*Cate.* He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,  
 To visit him to-morrow, or next day.

He is within, with two right reverend fathers,  
 Divinely bent to meditation ;

And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,  
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buck.* Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke.

Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,  
 In deep designs, in matter of great moment,  
 No less importing than our general good,  
 Are come to have some conference with his grace.

*Cate.* I'll signify so much unto him straight.

[*Exit.*

*Buck.* Ah, ha ! my lord, this prince is not an Edward :

He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,

But on his knees at meditation ;

Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,

But meditating with two deep divines ;

Not sleeping to engross his idle body,

But praying to enrich his watchful soul.

Happy were England, would this virtuous prince

Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof ;

But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

*May.* Marry, God defend <sup>42</sup> his grace should say us nay !

*Buck.* I fear, he will. Here Catesby comes again.—

*Re-enter* CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace ?

*Cate.* He wonders to what end you have assembled  
Such troops of citizens to come to him :  
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,  
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

*Buck.* Sorry I am, my noble cousin should  
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :  
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love ;  
And so once more return, and tell his grace.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

When holy, and devout religious men  
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence ;  
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter* GLOSTER, in a Gallery above, between Two Bishops. <sup>43</sup>

CATESBY returns.

*May.* See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen !

*Buck.* Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,  
To stay him from the fall of vanity ;  
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand ;  
True ornament to know a holy man.—  
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,  
Lend favourable ear to our requests,  
And pardon us the interruption  
Of thy devotion, and right-Christian zeal.

*Glo.* My lord, there needs no such apology ;  
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,  
Who, earnest in the service of my God,  
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.  
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

*Buck.* Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,  
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

*Glo.* I do suspect, I have done some offence,  
That seems disgracious in the city's eye ;  
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buck.* You have, my lord : would it please your grace,  
On our entreaties to amend your fault.

*Glo.* Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

*Buck.* Know then, it is your fault that you resign  
 The supreme seat, the throne majestic,  
 The scepter'd office of your ancestors,  
 Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,  
 The lineal glory of your royal house,  
 To the corruption of a blemish'd stock ;  
 Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,  
 Which here we waken to our country's good,  
 This noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;<sup>44</sup>  
 Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,  
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,<sup>45</sup>  
 And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf<sup>46</sup>  
 Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion.  
 Which to recure,<sup>47</sup> we heartily solicit  
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
 And kingly government of this your land :  
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
 Or lowly factor for another's gain ;  
 But as successively from blood to blood,  
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
 For this, consorted with the citizens,  
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
 And by their vehement instigation,  
 In this just cause come I to move your grace.

*Glo.* I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,  
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
 Best fitteth my degree, or your condition :  
 If, not to answer,<sup>48</sup>—you might haply think,  
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
 Which fondly you would here impose on me :  
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,  
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.  
 Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,  
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,  
 Definitively thus I answer you.  
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert,  
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.  
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,

And that my path were even to the crown,  
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;  
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
 So mighty, and so many, my defects,  
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,  
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,  
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.  
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;  
 And much I need to help you, were there need ;  
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
 Will well become the seat of majesty,  
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.  
 On him I lay that you would lay on me,  
 The right and fortune of his happy stars ;  
 Which God defend that I should wring from him !

*Buck.* My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;  
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
 All circumstances well considered.  
 You say, that Edward is your brother's son :  
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife ;  
 For first was he contract to lady Lucy ;  
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow :  
 And afterward by substitute betroth'd  
 To Bona, sister to the king of France.  
 These both put off, a poor petitioner,  
 A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,  
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,  
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree  
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy.<sup>49</sup>  
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got  
 This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.  
 More bitterly could I expostulate,  
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,<sup>50</sup>  
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.  
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self  
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity ;  
 If not to bless us and the land withal,



Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry  
From the corruption of abusing times,  
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

*May.* Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

*Buck.* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

*Cate.* O ! make them joyful : grant their lawful suit.

*Glo.* Alas ! why would you heap this care on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

*Buck.* If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,  
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;  
As well we know your tenderness of heart,  
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,  
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,  
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—  
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,  
Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;  
But we will plant some other in your throne,  
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.  
And, in this resolution, here we leave you.—  
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.]

*Cate.* Call them again, sweet prince ; accept their suit :  
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

*Glo.* Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?

Call them again : I am not made of stone,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

Albeit against my conscience, and my soul.—

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

*Re-enter* BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,  
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load :  
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,  
Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me  
From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;

For God doth know, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire of this.

*May.* God bless your grace ! we see it, and will say it.

*Glo.* In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

*Buck.* Then I salute you with this royal title,—  
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king !

*All.* Amen.

*Buck.* To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd ?

*Glo.* Even when you please, for you will have it so.

*Buck.* To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace :  
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

*Glo.* Come, let us to our holy work again. [To the Bishops.  
Farewell, my cousin :—farewell, gentle friends. [Exeunt.

## Notes to the Third Act.

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<sup>1</sup> *To London, to your Chamber.*

London was anciently called *Camera Regis*. So, in Heywood's *If You Know Not Me You Know Nobody*, 1633, Part II, :—

This city, *our great hamber*.—*Steevens*.

This title it began to have immediately after the Norman conquest. See Coke's 4 Inst. 243, where it is styled *Camera Regis*; Camden's *Britannia*, 374; Ben Jonson's *Account of King James's Entertainment in passing to his Coronation*, &c.—*Reed*.

<sup>2</sup> *Weigh it but with the grossness of this age.*

But the more *gross*, that is, the more superstitious the age was, the stronger would be the imputation of violated sanctuary. The question, we see by what follows, is whether sanctuary could be claimed by an infant. The speaker resolves it in the negative, because it could be claimed by those only whose actions necessitated them to fly thither; or by those who had an understanding to demand it; neither of which could be an infant's case. It is plain then, the first line, which introduces this reasoning, should be read thus :—

Weigh it but with the *greenness* of his age.

i. e. the young Duke of York's, whom his mother had fled with to sanctuary. The corrupted reading of the old quarto is something nearer the true :

— the *greatness* of his age.—*Warburton*.

This emendation is received by Hanmer, and is very plausible; yet the common reading may stand :—

Weigh it but with the *grossness* of this age,  
You break not sanctuary—.

That is, compare the act of seizing him with the *gross* and licentious practices of *these times*, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are now used to admit.—*Johnson*.

Dr. Warburton is not accurate. The original quarto, 1597, and the two

subsequent quartos, as well as the folio, all read—*grossness*. *Greatness* is the corrupt reading of a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1622.—*Malone*.

*Grossness* here seems equivalent to—want of refinement.

<sup>3</sup> *Oft have I heard of sanctuary men.*

These arguments against the privilege of sanctuary are taken from Sir Thomas More's Life of King Edward the Fifth, published by Stowe; "—and verily, I have heard of sanctuary men, but I never heard earst of sanctuary children," &c.—*Stevens*.

More's Life of King Edward V. was published also by Hall and Holinshed, and in the Chronicle of Holinshed Shakspeare found this argument.—*Malone*.

This argument is from More's History, as printed in the Chronicles, where it is very much enlarged upon. 'Verelye *I have often heard of saintuarye men, but I never heard erste of saintuarye chyldren*. But he can be no saintuarye manne, that neither hath wisdom to desire it, nor malice to deserve it, whose lyfe or libertye can by no lawfull processe stand in jeopardie. And he that taketh one oute of saintuary to dooe hym good, I saye plainely that he breaketh no saintuary.'—*More's History of Kinge Richard the Thirde*, edit. 1821, p. 48.—*Singer*.

<sup>4</sup> *As 'twere retail'd to all posterity.*

And so it is; and, by that means, like most other *retailed* things, became adulterated. We should read: "—*intail'd* to all posterity;" which is finely and sensibly expressed, as if *truth* was the natural inheritance of our children; which it is impiety to deprive them of.—*Warburton*.

*Retailed* may signify *diffused, dispersed*.—*Johnson*.

*Retailed* means *handed down from one to another*.—Goods *retailed* are those which pass from one purchaser to another.—Richard uses the word *retailed* in the same sense in the fourth act, where speaking to the Queen of her daughter, he says—"To whom I will *retail* my conquests won."—*M. Mason*.

Minsheu in his Dictionary, 1617, besides the verb *retail* in the mercantile sense, has the verb "to *retaile* or *retell*, G. *renombren*, à Lat. *renumerare*;" and in that sense, I conceive, it is employed here.—*Malone*.

<sup>5</sup> *So wise so young do ne'er live long.*

So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.—Is cadit ante senem, qui sapit ante diem—a proverbial line.—*Stevens*.

Bright, in his Treatise on Melancholy, 1586, p. 52, says—"I have knowne children languishing of the splene, obstructed and altered in temper, talke with gravitie and wisdom, surpassing those tender yeares, and their judgement carrying a marvellous imitation of the wisdom of the ancient, having after a sorte attained that by disease, which other have by course of yeares; whereon I take it, the proverbe ariseth, that *they be of short life who are of wit so pregnant*."—*Reed*.

<sup>6</sup> *Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity.*

By *vice*, the author means not a *quality*, but a *person*. There was hardly an old play, till the period of the Reformation, which had not in it a *devil*, and a droll character, a jester, who was to play upon the devil; and this buffoon went by the name of a *Vice*. This buffoon was at first accoutred with a long jerkin, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a wooden dagger, with which (like another *Harlequin*) he was to make sport in belabouring the devil. This was the constant entertainment in the times of popery, whilst spirits, and witchcraft, and exorcising held their own. When the Reformation took place, the stage shook off some grossities, and increased in refinements. The master-devil then was soon dismissed



from the scene ; and this buffoon was changed into a subordinate fiend, whose business was to range on earth, and seduce poor mortals into that personated vicious quality, which he occasionally supported ; as, *iniquity* in general, *hypocrisy*, *usury*, *vanity*, *prodigality*, *gluttony*, &c. Now, as the fiend, (or *vice*,) who personated Iniquity, (or Hypocrisy, for instance) could never hope to play his game to the purpose but by hiding his cloven foot, and assuming a semblance quite different from his real character ; he must certainly put on a *formal* demeanour, *moralize* and prevaricate in his words, and pretend a *meaning* directly opposite to his *genuine* and *primitive intention*. If this does not explain the passage in question, 'tis all that I can at present suggest upon it.—*Theobald*.

That the buffoon, or jester of the old English farces, was called the *vice*, is certain : and that, in their *moral* representations, it was common to bring in the deadly sins, is as true. Of these we have yet several remains. But that the *vice* used to assume the personages of those sins, is a fancy. The truth is, the *vice* was always a fool or jester ; and, as the woman, in the Merchant of Venice, calls the Clown, alluding to the character, a *merry devil*. Whereas these mortal sins were so many sad serious ones. But what misled our editor was the name, *Iniquity*, given to this *vice* : but it was only on account of his unhappy tricks and rogueries. That it was given to him, and for the reason I mention, appears from the following passage of Jonson's Staple of News, second inter-meane :—

“*M.* How like you the *vice* i' the play ?

*T.* Here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides he has never a wooden dagger.

*M.* That was the old way, gossip, when *Iniquity* came in, like Hocas Pocas, in a jugler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the knave of clubs.”

And, in the Devil's an Ass, we see this old *vice*, *Iniquity*, described more at large.—From all this, it may be gathered, that the text, where Richard compares himself to the formal *vice*, *Iniquity*, must be corrupt : and the interpolation of a player, the *vice* or *iniquity* being not a *formal* but a merry, buffoon character. Besides, Shakspeare could never make an exact speaker refer to this character, because the subject he is upon is *tradition* and *antiquity*, which have no relation to it ; and because it appears from the turn of the passage, that he is apologizing for his equivocation by a *reputable* practice. To keep the reader no longer in suspense, my conjecture is, that Shakspeare wrote and pointed the lines in this manner :

Thus like the *formal-wise Antiquity*,  
I moralize : Two meanings in one word.

Alluding to the mythologick learning of the ancients, of whom they are all here speaking. So that Richard's ironical apology is to this effect, You men of morals who so much extol your all-wise antiquity, in what am I inferior to it ? which was but an equivocator as I am. And it is remarkable, that the Greeks themselves called their remote antiquity, the *equivocator*. So far as to the general sense ; as to that which arises particularly out of the corrected expression, I shall only observe, that *formal-wise* is a compound epithet, an extreme fine one, and admirably fitted to the character of the speaker, who thought all *wisdom* but *formality*. It must therefore be read for the future with a hyphen. My other observation is with regard to the pointing : the common reading—

I moralize two meanings——

is nonsense : but reformed in this manner, very sensible :—

Thus like the formal-wise Antiquity  
I moralize : Two meanings in one word.

i. e. I moralize as the ancients did. And how was that? the having two meanings to one word. A ridicule on the morality of the ancients, which he insinuates was no better than equivocating.—*Warburton*.

This alteration Upton very justly censures. Dr. Warburton has, in my opinion, done nothing but correct the punctuation, if indeed any alteration be really necessary.

To this long collection of notes may be added a question, to what equivocation Richard refers? The position immediately preceding, that *fame lives long without characters*, that is, without the help of letters, seems to have no ambiguity. He must allude to the former line:—

So young so wise, they say, do ne'er live long,

in which he conceals, under a proverb, his design of hastening the Prince's death.—*Johnson*.

The Prince having caught some part of the former line, asks Richard what he says, who, in order to deceive him, preserves in his reply the latter words of the line, but substitutes other words at the beginning of it, of a different import from those he had uttered.—This is the equivocation that Gloster really made use of, though it does not correspond with his own description of it:—

I moralize—two meanings *in one word*.

*Word* is not here taken in its literal sense, but means a *saying*, a *short sentence*, as *motto* does in Italian, and *bon-mot* in French.—So, in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Puntarvolo says:—"Let the *word* be, *Not without mustard*; thy crest is rare."—*M. Mason*.

From the following stage direction, in an old dramatic piece, entitled, *Histriomastix*, or the *Player Whipt*, 1610, it appears that *the vice* and *Iniquity* were sometimes distinct personages:—"Enter a roaring devil, with *the Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other." The devil likewise makes the distinction in his first speech:—

Ho, ho, ho! these babes mine are all,

The Vice, Iniquitie, and Child Prodigal.—*Steevens*.

I know no writer who gives so complete an account of this obsolete character, as Archbishop Harsnet, in his *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, p. 114, Lond. 1608: "It was a pretty part (he tells us) in the old church-playes, when the nimble *Vice* would skip up nimbly like a jackanapes into the devil's necke, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roare, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so *vice*-haunted."—*Bowle*.

The *Vice*, *Iniquity*, cannot with propriety, be said to *moralize* in general; but in the old moralities he, like Richard, did often "*moralize two meanings in one word*." Our author has again used *moralize* as a verb active in his *Rape of Lucrece*:—

Nor could she *moralize* his wanton sight,

More than his eyes were open to the light.

In which passage it means, "to interpret or investigate the *latent meaning* of his wanton looks," as in the present passage, it signifies either to extract the double and latent meaning of one word or sentence, or to couch two meanings under one word or sentence. So *moral* is used by our author in *Much Ado About Nothing*, for a *secret meaning*: "There is some *moral* in this Benedictus." The word which Richard uses in a double sense is *live*, which in his former speech he had used literally, and in the present is used metaphorically. Mason conceives, because what we now call a motto, was formerly denominated the *mot* or *word*,



that *word* may here signify a whole sentence. But the argument is defective. Though in tournaments the motto on a knight's shield was formerly called *The word*, it never at any period was called "*One word*." The *Vice* of the old moralities was a buffoon character, [See Cotgrave's Dict. "*Badin*, A foole or *Vice* in a play.—*Mime*, a *vice*, foole, jester, &c. in a play."] whose chief employment was to make the audience laugh, and one of the modes by which he effected his purpose was by double meanings, or playing upon words. In these moral representations, fraud, *iniquity*, covetousness, luxury, gluttony, vanity, &c. were frequently introduced. Upton in a dissertation which, on account of its length, is annexed at the end of the play, has shown, from Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, and the *Devil's an Ass*, that *Iniquity* was *sometimes* the *Vice* of the Moralities. Steevens's note in the foregoing page, shows, that he was not always so. The *formal* *Vice* perhaps means, the *shrewd*, the *sensible* *Vice*.—In the *Comedy of Errors*, "a *formal* man" seems to mean, one in his senses; a rational man. Again, in *Twelfth-Night*, "—this is evident to any *formal* capacity."—*Malone*.

<sup>7</sup> *Lightly*.

Commonly, in ordinary course.—*Johnson*.

So, in the old Proverb: "There's lightning *lightly* before thunder." See Ray's Proverbs, p. 130, edit. 3d. Again, in *Penny-wise and Pound-foolish*, &c.—"Misfortunes seldome walke alone; and so when blessings doe knocke at a man's dore, they *lightly* are not without followers and fellowes." Again, *Holinshed*, p. 725, concerning one of King Edward's concubines: "—one whom no one could get out of the church *lightly* to any place, but it were to his bed." Again, in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*:—"He is not *lightly* within to his mercer."—*Steevens*.

"Short summers *lightly* have a forward spring." That is, short summers are usually *preceded* by a forward spring; or in other words, and more appositely to *Gloster's* latent meaning, a premature spring is usually followed by a short summer.—*Malone*.

<sup>8</sup> *Which is no grief to give*.

The reading of the quartos is—*gift*. The first folio reads:—"And, being but a toy, which is no *grief* to give." This reading, made a little more metrical, has been followed, I think, erroneously, by all the editors.—*Johnson*.

"— which is no *grief* to give." *Which to give*, or *the gift of which*, induces no *regret*. Thus the authentic copies, the quarto 1598, and the first folio. A quarto of no authority changed *grief* to *gift*, and the editor of the second folio capriciously altered the line thus:—"And being a toy, *it is* no *grief* to give."—*Malone*.

In conformity to our old elliptical mode of speaking and writing, the words—*which is*, might be omitted. They hurt the measure, without advancement of the sense. Perhaps, however, the correction in the second folio (which was received by Sir Thomas Hanmer) is preferable.—*Steevens*.

<sup>9</sup> *I weigh it lightly, were it heavier*.

This taunting answer of the prince has been misinterpreted: he means to say, 'I hold it cheap, or care but little for it, even were it heavier than it is.' Thus in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Sc. 2:—"You *weigh* me not,—O, that's you care not for me."—*Singer*.

<sup>10</sup> *Because that I am little, like an ape*.

The reproach seems to consist in this: at country shows it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a *bear*. The Duke therefore

in calling himself *ape*, calls his uncle *bear*. To this custom there seems to be an allusion in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gypsies* :

A gypsy in his shape,  
More calls the beholder,  
Than *the fellow with the ape*,  
Or *the ape on his shoulder*.

Again, in the First Part of the Eighth liberal Science, entituled *Ars Adulandi*, &c. devised and compiled by Ulpian Fulwel, 1576 : “—thou hast an excellent *back* to carry my lord's *ape*.” See likewise Hogarth's *Humours of an Election*, plate iv. York also alludes to the protuberance on Gloster's back, which was commodious for carrying burdens, as it supplied the place of a porter's knot.—*Steevens*.

I do not believe that the reproach is what Johnson supposes, or that York meant to call his uncle a bear. He merely alludes to Richard's deformity, his high shoulder, or hump-back, as it is called. That was *the scorn* he meant to *give his uncle*. In the third Act of the Third Part of King Henry VI. the same thought occurs to Richard himself, where describing his own figure, he says :—

To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity, to mock my body.—*M. Mason*.

*Little, like an ape*, was a common comparison in our author's time. So, Nashe, in one of his pamphlets : “When I was a *little ape* at Cambridge.”—*Malone*.

<sup>11</sup> *For we to-morrow hold divided councils.*

That is, a *private consultation*, *separate* from the known and publick council. So, in the next scene, Hastings says ;—“Bid him not fear the *separated* councils.”—*Johnson*.

This circumstance is conformable to history. Hall, p. 13, says, “When the protectour had both the chyldren in his possession, yea, and that they were in a sure place, he then began to threst to se the ende of his enterprise. And, to avoyde all suspicion, he caused all the lords which he knewe to bee faithfull to the kynge, to assemble at Baynardes Castle, to comen of the ordre of the coronacion, whyle he and other of his complices, and of his affinitee, at Crosbies-place, contrived the contrary, and to make the protectour kyng : to which counsail there were adhibite very fewe, and they very secrete.”—*Reed*.

Reed has shown from Hall's *Chronicle* that this circumstance is founded on historical fact. But Holinshed, Hall's copyist, was our author's authority : “But the protectoure and the duke after they had sent to the lord Cardinal,—the lord Stanley and the lord Hastings then lord Chamberlaine, with many other noble-men, to commune and devise about the coronation *in one place*, as fast were they in *another place*, contriving the contrarie, and to make the protectour king.”—“—the lord Stanley, that was after earle of Darby, wisely mistrusted it, and said unto the lorde Hastings, that he much mislyked *these two several counceils*.”—*Malone*.

<sup>12</sup> *To-night the boar had rased off his helm.*

This term *raised* or *rashed*, is always given to describe the violence inflicted by a *boar*. So, in *King Lear*, 4to. edit. :—

In his anointed flesh *rash* boarish fangs.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. vii. ch. xxxvi. :—

— ha, cur, avaunt, the bore so *rase* thy hide !

By the *boar*, throughout this scene, is meant Gloster, who was called the *boar*,



or the *hog*, from his having a *boar* for his cognizance, and one of the supporters of his coat of arms.—*Steevens*.

So Holinshed, after Hall and Sir Thomas More: “The selfe night next before his death the lorde Stanley sent a trustie secret messenger unto him at midnight in all haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterlie no longer to byde, he had so fearful a dreame, in which him thought that a *boare* with his tuskes so *rased* them both by the heades that the bloud ran about both their shoulders. And forasmuch as the Protector gave the boare for his cognizance, this dreame made so fearful an impression in his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarie, but had his horse readie, if the lord Hastings would go with him,” &c.—*Malone*.

<sup>13</sup> *His honour.*

This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakspeare’s time. So, in our poet’s dedication of his *Venus and Adonis*, to Lord Southampton, 1593: “I leave it to your honourable survey, and your *honour* to your heart’s content.”—*Malone*.

See note on *Timon of Athens*, Act I. Sc. I. where the same address occurs: “All happiness to your *honour*!”—*Steevens*.

<sup>14</sup> *Wanting instance.*

*Wanting*, ed. 1597; *without*, ed. 1623. That is, *wanting* some *example* or *act of malevolence*, by which they may be justified: or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, wanting any *immediate* ground or reason.—*Johnson*.

<sup>15</sup> *Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.*

The boar was the distinguishing badge of Richard the Third, and his coinage can only be known from others of the English series by the mint-mark of a boar’s head. He is the only king of England who adopted the boar as a supporter to the royal arms.



<sup>16</sup> *For they account his head upon the bridge.*

On the top of the gate at the foot of London-bridge on the Southwark side, then known as the Traitor’s Gate, the annexed engraving of which is from Visscher’s view of London, taken about the year 1620.

<sup>17</sup> *Come, come, have with you.*

A familiar phrase in parting, as much as, “take something along with you, or I have something to say to you.”—*Johnson*.

This phrase so frequently occurs in Shakspeare, that I wonder Johnson should, in his fourteenth volume, mistake its meaning. It signifies merely “I will go along with you;” and is an expression in use at this day. In the First Part of King Henry VI., when Suffolk is going out, Somerset says—“Have with you;” and then follows him. In *Othello*, Iago says:—“Captain, will you go?—*Oth.* Have with you.” In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Ford says:—“Will you go, Mrs. Page?” To which she replies:—“Have with you.” And in the same scene, the Host afterwards says—“Here, boys, shall we wag?” To which the Page replies—“Have with you.”—*M. Mason*.



<sup>18</sup> *I am in debt for your last exercise.*

Exercise, that is, sermon. The puritans had week-day sermons, which they made a great point of frequenting, and termed exercises. In ridicule of them a profligate character says,

We of the pious shall be afraid to go  
To a long *exercise*, for fear our pockets should  
Be pick'd.—*Wits*, O. Pl. viii. 509.

—In sincerity

I was never better pleas'd at an *exercise*.—*Mayor of Quinb*. O. Pl. xi. 169.

These *exercises* are noticed in the Canons of the Church. See Todd.—*Nares*.

<sup>19</sup> *Enter Buckingham.*

From the Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, where the account given originally by Sir Thomas More is transcribed with some additions, it appears that the person who held this conversation with Hastings was Sir Thomas Howard, who is introduced in the last Act of this play as Earl of Surrey:—"The same morning ere he (Hastings) were up from his bed where Shore's wife lay with him all night, there came to him Sir Thomas Haward, sonne to the lord Haward,—as it were of courtesaie, to accompaignie him to the counsaill; but forasmuche as the lord Hastings was not ready, he taried a while for him, and hasted him away. This sir Thomas, while the lord Hastings stayed a while comonyng with a priest whom he met in the Tower strete, brake the lordes tale, saying to him merily, 'What, my lorde, I pray you come on; wherefore talke you so long with the priest? You have no nede of a priest yet:' and laughed upon him, as though he would saye, you shall have nede of one sone," fol. 59.—*Malone*.

<sup>20</sup> *Grey.*

Queen Elizabeth Grey is deservedly pitied for losing her two sons; but the royalty of their birth has so engrossed the attention of historians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her second son, Sir Richard Grey. It is as remarkable how slightly the death of our Earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man invested with such high offices of trust and dignity; and how much we dwell on the execution of the Lord Chamberlain Hastings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of English story, from the tragick rather than the historick authors.—*Walpole*.

<sup>21</sup> *Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.*

Thus the folio. The quarto furnishes a line that has occurred already:—"Come, come, despatch; the limit of your lives is out." *Expiate* is used for *expiated*; so *confiscate*, *contaminate*, *consummate*, &c. &c. It seems to mean, *fully completed*, and *ended*. Shakspeare has again used the word in the same sense in his 22d Sonnet:—

Then look I death my *days* should *expiate*.

So, in *Lochrine*, 1595:—

Lives Sabren yet, to *expiate* my wrath.

The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, reads arbitrarily—

Despatch; the hour of death is *now expir'd*.

and he has been followed by all the modern editors.—*Malone*.

As I cannot make sense of this, I should certainly read, with the second folio :—

——the hour of death is *now expired*.

meaning the hour appointed for his death. The passage quoted by Malone from Loocrine, is nothing to the purpose, for there, to *expiate* means to *atone for*, or *satisfy*.—*M. Mason*.

I do not well understand the reading which Malone prefers, though I have left it in the text. Perhaps we should read :—

——the hour of death is *expire*,

which accords with Shakspeare's phraseology, and needs no explanation. Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

——and *expire* the term  
Of a despised life.—*Stevens*.

Mason, who, I believe, was not possessed of any of the ancient copies, seems always to set them at defiance. Even if the passage quoted from Loocrine did not apply, that from our author's own Sonnets appears to me decisive of the meaning with which he used the word.—*Malone*.

For this line the quartos have :—"Come, come, despatch, the limit of your lives *is out*," showing clearly what should be the sense here, which *expiate* cannot possibly convey. The only ground for continuing this absurd reading has been the occurrence of the same *error* in the poet's twenty-second Sonnet. The active sense of the verb *to expire* being of rare occurrence has caused the errors in both cases. But Shakspeare again uses it in a similar passage in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

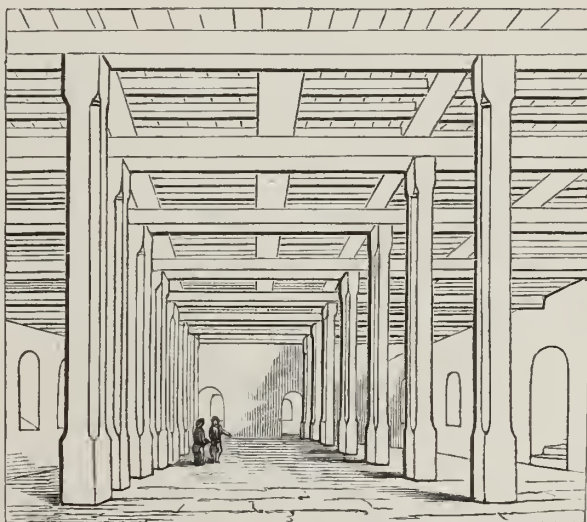
And *expire* the term  
Of a despised life.

How *expiate* can be made to mean *completed* or *ended*, as Collier explains it, or *fill up the measure*, as Malone interprets it, I cannot understand. Shakspeare always uses expressive words, and did not write nonsense. Spenser uses the verb in the same active sense in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, 308 :—

Now when as Time flying with winges swift,  
*Expired* had the term that these two Jewels should, &c.—*Singer*.

<sup>22</sup> *A Room in the Tower.*

The following note is by Mr. Fairholt, — "The engraving represents the interior of the great room in the upper story of the White Tower in the Tower of London; where the councils were anciently assembled when the reigning monarch held his court in the Tower. The roof is sustained by heavy beams of timber disposed in transverse and horizontal frame work, and supported by two rows of massive posts with chamfered angles. It bears a striking resemblance to the famous Council-chamber at Constance rendered memorable in history. Bayley in his *History of the Tower* thus speaks of this noble old



room. Bayley in his *History of the Tower* thus speaks of this noble old



room :—“ To this apartment, tradition has given the name of the Council Chamber, and it is said to have been here that the Council was sitting in 1483 when Richard Duke of Gloucester, the protector, ordered the execution of Lord Hastings, and the arrest of the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Ely, and Lord Stanley.” It has for a very long period been used as a store-room, and densely packed with military packages, so that its size and effect is obscured.

<sup>23</sup> *The Bishop of Ely.*

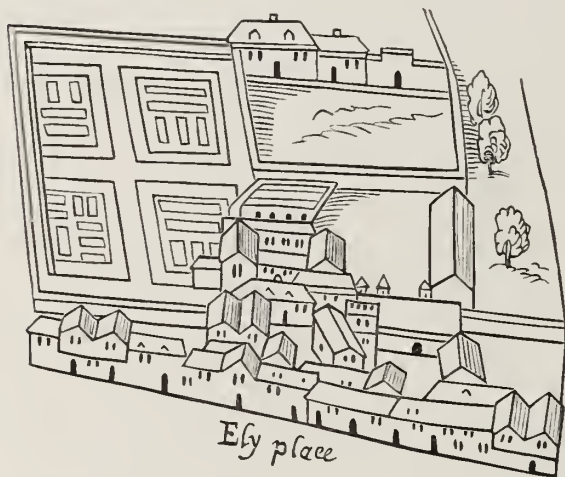
Dr. John Morton, who was elected to that see in 1478. He was advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed Lord Chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate, Sir Thomas More tells us, first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry Earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. and was a principal agent in procuring Henry when abroad to enter into a covenant for that purpose.—*Malone.*

<sup>24</sup> *Had you not come upon your cue.*

This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue*, *queue*, or *tail* of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. To *come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time.—*Johnson.*

So, in a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Quince says to Flute—“ You speak all your part at once, *cues* and all.”—*Steevens.*

<sup>25</sup> *I saw good strawberries in your garden there.*



The reason why the bishop was despatched on this errand, is not clearer in *Holinshed*, from whom Shakspeare adopted the circumstances, than in this scene, where it is introduced. Nothing seems to have happened which might not have been transacted with equal security in the presence of the reverend cultivator of *these strawberries*, whose complaisance is likewise recorded by the author of the Latin play on the same subject, in the British Museum :—

Eliensis antistes venis? senem quies,  
Juvenem labor decet: ferunt hortum tuum  
Decora *fraga* plurimum producere.

*Episcopus Eliensis.*

Nil tibi claudetur hortus quod meus  
Producit; esset lautius vellem mihi,  
Quo sim tibi gratus.

This circumstance of asking for the strawberries, however, may have been mentioned by the historians merely to show the unusual affability and good humour which the dissembling Gloster affected at the very time when he had determined on the death of Hastings.—*Steevens.*

The incident originates with Sir Thomas More, who mentions the protector's



entrance to the council “ fyrste about ix of the clocke, saluting them curtesly, and excusing himself that he had ben from them so long, saieng *merily* that he had bene a slepe that day. And after a little talking with them he said unto the bishop of Elye, my lord, you have very good strawberries at your gardayne in Holberne, I require you let us have a messe of them.” It is remarkable that this bishop (Morton) is supposed to have furnished Sir Thomas More with the materials of his history, if he was not the *original* author of it. See preface to More’s Life of Richard III. ed. 1821.—*Singer*. The annexed interesting engraving of Ely house and gardens is copied by Mr. Fairholt from Aggas’s old woodcut map of London.

During the civil wars this house was converted into an hospital, as appears by an entry in Rushworth, vol. ii, part iv. page 1097: “The lords concurred with the commons in a message sent up to their lordships, for Ely House, in Holborne, to be for the use of the sick and maimed soldiers.”

<sup>26</sup> *I pray you all, tell me what they deserve.*

This story was originally told by Sir Thomas More, who wrote about thirty years after the time. His History of King Richard III. was inserted in Hall’s Chronicle, whence it was copied by Holinshed, who was Shakspeare’s authority: —“Between ten and eleven he returned into the chamber among them with a wonderful soure, angrie, countenance, knitting the browes, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lippes, and so sette him downe in his place.—Then when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began: What were they worthie to have that compasse and imagine the destruction of me, being so neere of bloud unto the king, and protectour of his royal person and his realme?—Then the lord Chamberlaine, as he that for the love betweene them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and sayd, that they were worthy to be punished for hainous traytors, whatsoever they were; and all the other affirmed the same. That is, quoth he, yonder sorceresse, my brother’s wife, and other with her, meaning the queene:—ye shall all see in what wise that sorceresse, and that other witch of her counsell, Shore’s wife, with their affinitie, have by their sorcerie and witchcraft wasted my body. And therewith he plucked up his doublet slieve to his elbow upon the left arme, where he shewed a werish withered arme and small, as it was never other.—No man but was there present, but well knewe his arme was ever such since his birth. Naythelesse the lord Chamberlaine (which from the death of king Edward kept Shore’s wife, on whom he somewhat doted in the king’s life, saving, as it is saide, he that while forbare her of reverence toward the king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity to his friend) aunswered and said, Certainly, my lord, *if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment.* What, quoth the protectour, thou servest me I wene with *ifs* and with *ands*: I tell thee they have so done; and that I will make good on thy bodie, traitour; and therewith, as in great anger, he clapped his fist upon the boord a great rap. At which token given, one cried, *traison*, without the chamber. Therewith a dore clapped, and in came there rushing men in harnesse, as many as the chamber might holde. And anone the protectour sayd to the lord Hastings, I arrest thee traitor.—Then were they all quickly bestowed in diverse chambers, except the lord Chamberlaine, whom the protectour bade *speede him and shrive him apace, for by S. Paul, quoth he, I will not to dinner till I see thy head off.* So was he brought forth into the greene beside the chappell within the Tower, and his head laid downe upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off: and afterward his body with the head enterred at Windsor, beside the body of king Edward.” M. D. i. e. *Maister John Dolman*, the author of the Legend of Lord Hastings, in the Mirrour for Magistrates, 1575, has thrown the same circumstances into verse. Morton, bishop of Ely, was present at this council, and from him Sir Thomas More, who was

born in 1480, is supposed to have had his information. Polydore Virgil, who began his history in 1505, tells the story differently.—*Malone*.

<sup>27</sup> *Lovel, and Catesby, look that it be done.*

In former copies:—"Lovel, and *Ratcliff*, look, that it be done." The scene is here in the Tower; and Lord Hastings was cut off on that very day, when Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan suffered at Pomfret. How then could *Ratcliff* be both in Yorkshire and the Tower? In the scene preceding this, we find him conducting those gentlemen to the block. In the old quarto we find it, *Exeunt: Manet Catesby with Hastings*. And in the next scene, before the Tower walls, we find Lovel and Catesby come back from the execution, bringing the head of Hastings.—*Theobald*.

Theobald should have added, that, *in the old quarto*, no names are mentioned in Richard's speech. He only says—"some see it done." Nor, *in that edition*, does Lovel appear in the next scene; but only Catesby, bringing the head of Hastings. The confusion seems to have arisen, when it was thought necessary that Catesby should be employed *to fetch* the Mayor, who, in the quarto, is made to come without having been sent for. As some other person was then wanted to bring the head of Hastings, the poet, or the players, appointed Lovel and *Ratcliff* to that office, without reflecting that the latter was engaged in another service on the same day at Pomfret.—*Tyrwhitt*.

I have adopted the emendation, because in *one* scene at least it prevents the glaring impropriety mentioned by Theobald. But unfortunately, as Tyrwhitt has observed, this very impropriety is found in the next scene, where *Ratcliff* is introduced, and where it cannot be corrected without taking greater liberties than perhaps are justifiable. For there, in consequence of the injudicious alteration made, I think, by the players, instead of—"Here comes the Mayor," the reading of the quarto, we find in the folio—

*Rich.* But what, is *Catesby* gone?  
He is, and see he brings the Mayor along.

Catesby being thus employed, he cannot bring in the head of Hastings; nor can that office be assigned to Lovel only; because Gloucester in the folio mentions *two* persons:—"Be patient, they are friends; *Ratcliff*, and Lovel."—*Malone*.

In the older copies Lovel and *Ratcliffe*. *Ratcliffe* has been made to give way to Catesby, because *Ratcliffe* is represented as having been at Pontefract at the execution of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, which took place on the same day with the execution of Hastings at London. It is sufficiently evident that *Ratcliffe* could not have been at Pontefract and in London on the same day; but then it is equally manifest that the Poet might use a poet's license, and represent *Ratcliffe* as having fulfilled the tyrant's intention at Pontefract, and then *a few days after* have re-appeared in London to assist at the death of Hastings. An editor is not justified in such alterations in a poet's text. It would have been a not improper subject for a note that there was here a slight variation from the truth of history, much slighter, however, than many others in these histories. But then, when something else is substituted which the poet did not write, care should be taken that the substituted word is consistent with the other part of the play, which in this instance is not the case. That consistency requires that Catesby should enter in the fifth scene with Lovel, bringing the head of Hastings, whereas he is sent to fetch the Lord Mayor. Moreover, the modern editors have retained the *Ratcliffe* of the old copies in the scene in which the head of Hastings is brought in, which was on the very day of his execution. In fact, it is hazardous to begin to tamper with the text of any great writer.—*Hunter*.



<sup>28</sup> *Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble.*

So, in the Legend of Lord Hastings, by M. D. 1563, (Master Dolman) :—

My palfrey in the playnest paved streete,  
Thyryse bow'd his boanes, thyryse kneled on the flower,  
Thyryse shonnd (as Balams asse) the dreaded tower.

To *stumble* was aneiently esteem'd a bad omen. So, in the Honest Lawyer :  
“ And just at the threshold Master Bromley *stumbled*. Signs ! signs ! ”

The *housings* of a horse, and sometimes a horse himself, were aneiently denominated a *foot-cloth*. So, in Ben Jonson's play ealled the Case is Altered :—

I'll go on my *foot-cloth*, I'll turn gentleman.

Again, in A fair Quarrel, by Middleton, 1617 :—

—— thou shalt have a physician,  
The best that gold ean feteh upon his *foot-cloth*.

Again, in Ram-Alley, or Merry Trieks, 1610 :—

—— nor shall I need to try  
Whether my well-greas'd tumbling *foot-cloth* nag  
Be able to out-run a well-breath'd catchpole.—*Steevens*.

So Holinshed, after Sir Thomas More ; “ A marvellous case it is to heare, either the warnings of that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not voide, for the selfe night next before his death the L. Stanley sent a trustie secret messenger unto him at midnight, in all the haste, &c. Certain it is also, that in riding towards the Tower the same morning in which he (Hastings) was beheaded, his horse twise or thrise *stumbled* with him, almost to the falling : which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whome no such mischance is toward : yet hath it beene of an old rite and eustom observed as a token oftentimes notablie foregoing some great misfortune.”

I question if there is any ground for Steevens's assertion that a foot-cloth ever signified a horse ; a *foot cloth* nag, is a nag covered with a foot eloth.—*Malone*.

<sup>29</sup> *Come, lead me to the block.*

William Lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catharine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville Earl of Salisbury, and widow of William Lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by King Henry VII. in the first year of his reign.—The daughter of Lady Hastings by her first husband was married to the Marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play.—*Malone*.

<sup>30</sup> *In rusty armour.*

“ In *rotten* armour, marvellous ill-favoured,” is the stage-direction of the folio: the quartos only have “ in armour.” Holinshed tells us that “ the proteector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all haste for many substantial men out of the eitie unto the Tower ; and at their coming, himselfe, with the duke of Buckingham, stood harnessed in old ill-faring briganders, such as no man should weene that they would vouchsafe to have put upon their backes, except that some sudden necessitie had constrained them.” Shakespeare, as usual, has very closely followed Holinshed.—*Collier*.

<sup>31</sup> *The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.*



The annexed engraving of the Guildhall is copied from the old map of London by Aggas. Stowe, in his Survey, says,—“Thomas Knoles, grocer, maior, 1410, with his brethren the aldermen, began to new build the Guildhall in London; and, instead of an olde little cottage in Aldermanberie-street, made a faire and goodly house, more neare unto St. Laurence Church in the Jurie.” The original timber roof was destroyed at the fire of London, but the walls remained, and an additional story to the building was afterwards raised.

<sup>32</sup> *How Edward put to death a citizen.*

This person was *one Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer at the *Crown* in Cheapside.—*Grey*.

All these topics,—Edward’s cruelty, lust, unlawful marriage, &c. are dilated upon in that most extraordinary invective against his person and government contained in the petition presented to Richard before his accession, and afterwards turned into an act of parliament: Among other articles is the following—“so that no man was sure of his life, land or livelihood, nor of his wife, daür or servant, every good maiden and woman standing in fear to be ravished and deflowered,” Parl. Hist. v. 2, p. 396.—*Blakeway*.

<sup>33</sup> *Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw.*

This and the two following lines are not in the quarto. Shaw and Penker were two popular preachers.—Instead of a pamphlet being published by the Secretary of the Treasury, to furnish the advocates for the administration of the day, with plausible topicks of argument on great political measures, (the established mode of the present time) formerly it was customary to publish the court creed from the pulpit at Saint Paul’s Cross. As Richard now employed Doctor Shaw to support his claim to the crown, so, about fifteen years before, the great Earl of Warwick employed his chaplain Doctor Goddard to convince the people that Henry VI. ought to be restored, and that Edward IV. was an usurper.—*Malone*.

This *Pinker* or *Penker* was provincial of the *Augustine* friars. See Speed.—*Steevens*.

<sup>34</sup> *To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight.*

Edward Earl of Warwick, who the day after the battle of Bosworth, was sent by Richmond from Sherif-hutton Castle (where Gloster had confined him,) to the Tower, without even the shadow of an allegation against him, and executed with equal injustice on Tower-hill on the 21st of November, 1499; and Margaret, afterwards married to Sir Richard Pole, the last Princess of the house of Lancaster; who was restored to blood in the fifth year of Henry VIII. and in the 31st year of his reign (1540), at the age of seventy, was put to death by the sanguinary king then on the throne, as her unfortunate and innocent brother had before fallen a victim to the jealous policy of that crafty tyrant Henry VII. The immediate cause of his being put to death was, that Ferdinand King of Spain was unwilling to consent to the marriage of his daughter Katharine to Arthur Prince of Wales, while the Earl of Warwick lived, there being during his life-time (as Ferdinand conceived) no assurance of the Prince’s succession to the crown. The murder of the Earl of Warwick (for it deserves no other name) made such an



impression on Katharine, that when she was first informed of Henry the Eighth's intention to repudiate her, she exclaimed, "I have not offended, but it is a just judgment of God, for my former marriage was made in blood."—*Malone*.

<sup>35</sup> *No manner of person.*

The folio reads—"no manner person," which is nonsense. I suppose the true reading is—no *man*, or person; as in the latter term females are included.—*Steevens*.

The folio reads—"no manner person," which I conceive is right: and a very common idiom. The widow of whom Chaucer speaks in the Nun's Priests' Tale, was—a *maner* dey;—i. e. a *kind of* dairy woman. So, in the Man of Law's Tale: "A *maner* Latin corrupt was hire speche;" i. e. a *kind of* corrupt Latin. See other instances in Tyrwhitt's Glossary, v. *Maner*. Thus too, in the Composition of the Company of Weavers of Shrewsbury, 28 Henry VI. it is ordained, that "no *maner foreyn mon* of no foreyn schyr of Engelond that ys to wite no mon dwellyng in no schyr of Engelond except thoo y<sup>t</sup> dwellyn in Schropschyr herfordschir or the marche of Wales selle no maner of lynnyn cloth except canvas cloth within the ton ny franchise of Schrobysbury." Lib. A. *in scacc. Salop.* And examples much nearer Shakspeare's time might easily be produced.—*Blakeway*.

Though my ingenious friend has here shown that "no manner person" was the phraseology of ancient days, yet, as the reading of the original quarto copy of 1597 is—"no manner *of* person," and is perfectly unobjectionable, I think it ought to be adhered to.—*Malone*.

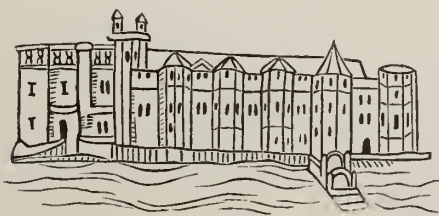
<sup>36</sup> *That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.*

The substance of this speech is from Hall's Chronicle, p. 10: "Nowe was thys proclamation made within two houres after he was beheaded, and it was so curiously endyted, and so fayre written in parchement, in a fayre sette hande, and therewith of itselfe so long a processe, that every chyld might perceyve that it was prepared and studyed before, (and as some men thought, by Catesby,) for all the tyme betwene his death and the proclamacon—coude scant have sufficed unto the bare wrytyng along, albeit that it had bene in paper scribeled furthe in haste at adventure.—And a marchaunte that stodee by—sayed that it was wrytten by inspiraeyon and prophesye."—*Steevens*.

So Holinshed, after Sir Thomas More: "Now was this proclamation made within two houres after that he was beheaded, and it was so curiously indited, and so faire written in parchement, in so well a set hand, and therewith of itself so long a processe, that every child might well perceive that it was prepared before, for all the time between his death and the proclaiming could scant have sufficed unto the bare writing alone, had it been but in paper, and scribbled forth in haste." A by-stander observed, that it must have been dictated by a spirit of prophecy.—*Malone*.

<sup>37</sup> *Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Baynard's Castle was the residence of Richard III. at the time of his usurpation. It was originally a fortified castle of great strength, built in the



time of William I. by a Norman of that name. After several changes, which are all detailed by Stowe, (ed. 1599, p. 47,) it was rebuilt by Humphrey D. of Gloucester, and occupied by Richard as his representative. It still gives the name to

a ward of the city, called *Castle Baynard Ward*; and extends, by the Thames,

from Paul's Wharf to Black Friars.—*Nares*. The annexed engraving of this building is from the ancient wood-cut map of Aggas.

<sup>38</sup> *With his contract with Lady Lucy.*

The King had been familiar with this lady before his marriage, to obstruct which his mother alledged a pre-contract between them: "Whereupon," says the historian, "dame Elizabeth Lucy was sente for, and albeit she was by the kyng lys mother, and many other, put in good comfort to affirme that she was assured to the kyng, yet when she was solempnly sworne to saye the truth, she confessed she was never ensured. Howbeit, she sayd his grace spake suche loving wordes to her, that she verily hoped that he would have married her; and that yf such kinde woordes had not bene, she woulde never have showed such kindnesse to him to lette hym so kyndely gette her with chylde," Hall, Edward V. fo. 18.—*Ritson*.

This objection to King Edward's marriage with Lady Grey, is said by Sir Thomas More to have been made by the Duchess Dowager of York, Edward's mother, who was averse to the match, before he espoused that lady. But Elizabeth Lucy, the daughter of one Wyat, and the wife of one Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the King had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been his concubine. Philip de Comines, a contemporary historian, says that Edward, previous to his marriage with Lady Grey, was married to an English lady by the Bishop of Bath, who revealed the secret; and according to the Chronicle of Croyland this Lady was Lady Eleanor Butler, widow of Lord Butler of Sudley, and daughter to the great Earl of Shrewsbury. On this ground the children of Edward were declared illegitimate by the only parliament assembled by King Richard III.; but no mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy. Shakespeare followed Holinshed, who copied Hall, as Hall transcribed the account given by Sir Thomas More.—*Malone*.

<sup>39</sup> *As being got, your father then in France.*

This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the Duke of Clarence, soon after he, in conjunction with his father-in-law the Earl of Warwick, restored King Henry VI. to the throne; at which time he obtained a settlement of the crown on himself and his issue, after the death of Henry and his heirs male. Sir Thomas More says, that the Duke of Gloucester soon after Edward's death revived this tale; but Mr. Walpole very justly observes, that it is highly improbable that Richard should have urged such a topick to the people; that he should "start doubts concerning his own legitimacy, which was too much connected with that of his brothers to be tossed and bandied about before the multitude." The same ingenious writer has also shown, that Richard "lived in perfect harmony with his mother, and lodged with her in her palace at this very time." *Historick Doubts*, quarto, 1768.—*Malone*.

<sup>40</sup> *But, like dumb statuas, or breathing stones.*

*Statuas*, because here a trisyllable. Lord Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*, 1633:—"It is not possible to have the true pictures, or *statuaes*, of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no nor of the kings or great personages of much later years." It occurs several times in his forty-fifth Essay, and in other places. Steevens remarks that *statue*, *heroe*, and some other Latin words which were admitted into the English language, still retained their Roman pronunciation. But it should be observed that *statue*, as a dissyllable, was also in use.—*Singer*.

The eldest quartos, 1597 and 1598, together with the first folio, read—*breathing*. The modern editors, with Rowe,—*unbreathing*. *Breathless* is the reading of the quarto 1612.—*Steevens*.



I adhere to the old copies. "They had *breath*, and therefore could have spoken; but were as silent as if they had been stones."—*Malone*.

<sup>41</sup> *As I can say nay to thee for myself.*

I think it must be read:—

—— if you plead as well for them

As I must say, *nay* to *them* for myself.—*Johnson*.

Perhaps the change is not necessary. Buckingham is to plead for the citizens; and "if," says Richard, "you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes, shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a happy issue."—*Steevens*.

<sup>42</sup> *His grace should say us nay.*

This pious and courtly mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to Doctor Shaw, whom Richard had employed to prove his title to the crown, from the pulpit at Saint Paul's cross.—*Malone*.

<sup>43</sup> *Between two bishops.*

At the last he came out of his chamber, and yet not downe to theim, but in a galary over them, with a bishop on every hande of hym, where thei beneth might see hym and speake to hym, as though he woulde not yet come nere them, til he wist what they meant, &c. *Hall's Chronicle*.

So also Holinshed after him. The words "*with a bishop on every hande of hym*," are an interpolation by Hall, or rather by Grafton, (see his Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, fol. 75, and quarto 1812, p. 513,) not being found in Sir Thomas More's History of King Richard III. folio, 1557, from whom the rest of the sentence is transcribed.—*Malone*.

<sup>44</sup> *Her proper limbs.*

Thus the quarto 1597. The folio has—"his limbs," and in the following lines—"his face and his royal stock;" an error which I should not mention, but that it justifies corrections that I have made in other places, where, for want of more ancient copies than one, conjectural emendation became necessary.—*Malone*.

<sup>45</sup> *Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants.*

This line is found only in the folio. Shakspeare seems to have recollected the text on which Dr. Shaw preached his remarkable Sermon at Saint Paul's Cross: "Bastard slips shall never take deep root."—*Malone*.

<sup>46</sup> *And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf.*

What it is to be *shoulder'd in a gulf*, Hanmer is the only editor who seems not to have known; for the rest let it pass without observation. He reads:—

Almost shoulder'd *into th'* swallowing gulf.

I believe we should read:—

And almost *smoulder'd* in the swallowing gulf.

That is, almost *smother'd*, covered and lost.—*Johnson*.

I suppose the old reading to be the true one. So, in the Barons' Wars, by Drayton, canto i. :—

Stoutly t' affront and *shoulder* in debate.

*In* is used for *into*. So before in this play :—

But first I'll turn yon fellow *in* his grave.

Again, *ibid.* :—

Falsely to draw me *in* these vile suspects.

*Shoulder'd* has the same meaning as *rudely thrust into*. So, in a curious ancient paper quoted by Lysons in his *Environs of London*, vol. iii. p. 80, n. 1. : “—lyke tyraunts and lyke madde men helpynge to *shulderynge* other of the sayd bannermen ynto the dyche,” &c. Again, in Arthur Hall's translation of the second *Iliad*, 1581 :—“He preaseth him, him he again, *shouldring* ech one his feere.—*Steevens*.”

*Shoulder'd* is, I believe, the true reading :—not, thrust in by the shoulders, but, immersed *up to the shoulders*. So, in *Othello* :—“*Steep'd* me in poverty to the very lips.” “This passage in *Othello*,” says M. Mason, “is nothing to the purpose. Had *Othello* used the word *lipp'd*, to signify *immersed up to the lips*, that indeed would justify our supposing that *shoulder'd* might mean *immersed up to the shoulders*.” But the critic mistook the purpose for which the passage was adduced. It was quoted, not to support the word, *shoulder'd*, but to show that the same *idea* had been elsewhere introduced by Shakspeare; that, as in *Othello* he had spoken of being plunged in *poverty* to the *lips*, so here he might have intended to describe the royal stock as immersed up to the *shoulders* in *oblivion*. The word *shoulder'd*, in the following lines of Spenser's *Ruins of Rome*, 1591, may certainly only have been used in its more ordinary signification; but I am not sure that the author did not employ it as it is here used by Shakspeare :—

Like as ye see the wrathful sea from farre,  
In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noise,  
Eftsoones of thousand billows *shoulder'd* narre,  
Against a rock to break with dreadful poyse—

However the word may have been employed in the foregoing passage, its existence in our author's time is ascertained by it.—*Malone*.

<sup>47</sup> *Which to recure.*

To *recure* is to *recover*. This word is frequently used by Spenser; and both as a verb and a substantive in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591.—*Steevens*.

Willing straungiers for to *recure*,  
And in Engeland to have the domynacion.—*MS. Soc. Antiq.* 101, f. 98.  
But Hector fyrst, of strength most assured,  
His stede agayne hath anone *recured*.—*Lydgate's Troye*, 1555, sig. P. v.

<sup>48</sup> *If, not to answer.*

If I should take the former course, and depart in silence, &c. So below : “*If*, to reprove,” &c. The editor of the second folio reads—“*For* not to answer;” and his capricious alteration of the text has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. This and the nine following lines are not in the quarto.—*Malone*.

<sup>49</sup> *And loath'd bigamy.*

*Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow.—*Blackstone*.



So Sir T. More, copied by Hall and Holinshed : “—the only *widowhead* of Elizabeth Grey, though she were in all other things convenient for you, should yet suffice, as me seemeth, to restraints you from her marriage, sith it is an unfitting thing, and a verie blemish and high disparagement to the sacred majestie of a prince, (that ought as nigh to approach priesthood in cleanness, as he doth in dignity,) to be defouled with *bigamie* in his first marriage.”—*Malone*.

<sup>50</sup> *Save that, for reverence to some alive.*

The Duke here hints at a topic which he had touched upon in his address to the citizens, the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By “some alive,” is meant the Duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard.—*Malone*.



## Act the Fourth.

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### SCENE I.—*Before the Tower.*

*Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, and Marquess of DORSET; on the other, ANNE, Duchess of GLOSTER,<sup>1</sup> leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young Daughter.*

*Duch.* Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet<sup>2</sup>  
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster!  
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,  
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.—  
Daughter, well met.

*Anne.* God give your graces both  
A happy and a joyful time of day.

*Q. Eliz.* As much to you, good sister: whither away?

*Anne.* No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

*Q. Eliz.* Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together:

*Enter BRAKENBURY.*

And in good time here the lieutenant comes.—  
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?



*Brak.* Right well, dear madam. By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them :  
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

*Q. Eliz.* The king ! who's that ?

*Brak.* I mean the lord protector.

*Q. Eliz.* The Lord protect him from that kingly title !  
Hath he set bounds between their love and me ?  
I am their mother ; who shall bar me from them ?

*Duch.* I am their father's mother ; I will see them.

*Anne.* Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother :  
Then bring me to their sights ;<sup>3</sup> I'll bear thy blame,  
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

*Brak.* No, madam, no ; I may not leave it so :  
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit* BRAKENBURY.]

*Enter* STANLEY.

*Stan.* Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,  
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,  
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—  
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[*To the* DUEHESS OF GLOSTER.]

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

*Q. Eliz.* Ah ! cut my lace asunder,  
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,  
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

*Anne.* Despitful tidings ! O, displeasing news !

*Dor.* Be of good cheer :—mother, how fares your grace ?

*Q. Eliz.* O Dorset ! speak not to me, get thee gone ;  
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels :  
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.  
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,  
And live with Richmond from the reach of hell.  
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,  
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,  
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—  
Nor mother, wife, nor England's 'counted queen.

*Stan.* Full of wise eare is this your counsel, madam.—  
Take all the swift advantage of the hours ;  
You shall have letters from me to my son  
In your behalf, to meet you on the way :  
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

*Duch.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—  
O, my accursed womb! the bed of death,  
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
Whose unavoyded eye is murderous!

*Stan.* Come, madam, come: I in all haste was sent.

*Anne.* And I with all unwillingness will go.—  
O! would to God, that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,  
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain!<sup>4</sup>  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;  
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

*Q. Eliz.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;  
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

*Anne.* No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,  
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;  
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,  
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,  
And that dear saint which, then, I weeping follow'd;  
O! when I say, I look'd on Richard's face,  
This was my wish,—“Be thou,” quoth I, “accurs'd,  
For making me, so young, so old a widow!  
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;  
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)  
More miserable by the life of thee,  
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!”  
Lo! ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Within so small a time, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,  
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:  
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;  
For never yet one hour in his bed  
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.  
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Q. Eliz.* Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

*Anne.* No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

*Dor.* Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory.

*Anne.* Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.

*Duch.* Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—

[*To* DORSET,

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!— [*To* ANNE.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

[To Queen ELIZABETH.]

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,<sup>5</sup>

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

*Q. Eliz.* Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls;

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow<sup>6</sup>

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

Sound a Sennet. RICHARD, as King upon his Throne;<sup>7</sup>

BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and Others.

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham!

*Buck.* My gracious sovereign.

*K. Rich.* Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,  
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—

But shall we wear these glories for a day,

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

*Buck.* Still live they, and for ever let them last!

*K. Rich.* Ah! Buckingham, now do I play the touch,<sup>8</sup>  
To try if thou be current gold, indeed.—

Young Edward lives.—Think now what I would speak.

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

*Buck.* Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

*K. Rich.* Ha! am I king? 'Tis so; but Edward lives.

*Buck.* True, noble prince.

*K. Rich.* O bitter consequence,  
That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince.—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—

Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.



*Buck.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.  
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

*Buck.* Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,  
Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve you herein presently. [*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

*Cate.* The king is angry : see, he gnaws his lip. [*Aside.*]

*K. Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools,  
[*Descends from his Throne.*]

And unrespective boys :<sup>9</sup> none are for me,  
That look into me with considerate eyes.  
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.  
Boy!—

*Page.* My lord.

*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold  
Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

*Page.* I know a discontented gentleman,  
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit :  
Gold were as good as twenty orators,  
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

*K. Rich.* What is his name?

*Page.* His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

*K. Rich.* I partly know the man : go, call him hither, boy.  
[*Exit* Page.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham<sup>10</sup>  
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.  
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,  
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

*Enter* STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

*Stan.* Know, my loving lord,  
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled  
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

*K. Rich.* Come hither, Catesby : rumour it abroad,  
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick ;  
I will take order for her keeping close.  
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,  
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter :—  
The boy is foolish,<sup>11</sup> and I fear not him.—  
Look, how thou dream'st !—I say again, give out,

That Anne my queen is siek, and like to die :  
About it ; for it stands me much upon,  
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—  
Murder her brothers, and then marry her ?  
Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in  
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

*Re-enter* Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel ?<sup>12</sup>

*Tyr.* James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

*K. Rich.* Art thou, indeed ?

*Tyr.* Prove me, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?

*Tyr.* Please you ; but I had rather kill two enemies.

*K. Rich.* Why, then thou hast it : two deep enemies,  
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,  
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.<sup>13</sup>  
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

*Tyr.* Let me have open means to come to them,  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

*K. Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,  
Tyrrel :

Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear. [*Whispers.*  
There is no more but so :—say, it is done,  
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

*Tyr.* I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* BUCKINGHAM.

*Buck.* My lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
The late demand that you did sound me in.

*K. Rich.* Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

*Buck.* I hear the news, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, he is your wife's son :—well look unto it.

*Buck.* My lord, I elaim the gift, my due by promise,  
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;  
Th' earldom of Hereford,<sup>14</sup> and the moveables,  
Which you have promised I shall possess.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your wife : if she convey Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*Buck.* What says your highness to my just request ?

*K. Rich.* I do remember me,—Henry the sixth Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king, When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king !—perhaps—

*Buck.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* How ehanee, the prophet could not at that time. Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him ?

*Buck.* My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

*K. Rich.* Richmond !—When last I was at Exeter, The mayor in courtesy show'd me the eastle, And call'd it—Rouge-mont :<sup>15</sup> at which name I started, Because a bard of Ireland told me once, I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

*Buck.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* Ay ; what's o'clock ?

*Buck.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind Of what you promis'd me.

*K. Rich.* Well, but what's o'clock ?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

*Buck.* Why, let it strike ?

*K. Rich.* Because that, like a Jaek, thou keep'st the stroke<sup>16</sup> Betwixt thy begging and my meditation. I am not in the giving vein to-day.

*Buck.* Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.

*K. Rich.* Thou troublest me : I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt* King RICHARD and Train.

*Buck.* And is it thus ? repays he my deep serviee With such contempt ? made I him king for this ? O ! let me think on Hastings, and be gone To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.*

*Enter* TYRREL.

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody act is done ; The most arch deed of piteous massaere,



That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
 Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
 To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
 Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
 Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,  
 Wept like to children in their death's sad story.  
 "O! thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—  
 "Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another  
 Within their alabaster innocent arms :  
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
 And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.  
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;  
 Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind ;  
 But, O! the devil"—there the villain stopp'd ;  
 When Dighton thus told on,—“we smothered  
 The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
 That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.”  
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse :  
 They could not speak ; and so I left them both,  
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

*Enter King RICHARD.*

And here he comes.—All health my sovereign lord !

*K. Rich.* Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news ?

*Tyr.* If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
 Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
 For it is done.

*K. Rich.* But did'st thou see them dead ?

*Tyr.* I did, my lord.

*K. Rich.* And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;  
 But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

*K. Rich.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, and after supper,  
 When thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
 Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,  
 And be inheritor of thy desire.  
 Farewell, till then.

*Tyr.* I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close ;<sup>17</sup>  
 His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;<sup>18</sup>

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
 And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.  
 Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond<sup>19</sup> aims  
 At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
 And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,  
 To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

*Cate.* Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;  
 And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,  
 Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

*K. Rich.* Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,  
 Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.  
 Come; I have learn'd, that fearful commenting  
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay;  
 Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:  
 Then, fiery expedition be my wing,  
 Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.  
 Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;  
 We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. *Before the Palace.*

*Enter Queen MARGARET.*

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to mellow,  
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.  
 Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,  
 To watch the waning of mine enemies.  
 A dire induction am I witness to,  
 And will to France; hoping, the consequence  
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.  
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

[*Retiring.*]

*Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* Duchess of YORK.

*Q. Eliz.* Ah, my poor princes ! ah, my tender babes !  
My unblown flowers, new appearing sweets !  
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings,  
And hear your mother's lamentation.

*Q. Mar.* Hover about her ; say, that right for right<sup>20</sup>  
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

*Duch.* So many miseries have craz'd my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—  
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

*Q. Mar.* Pantagenet doth quit Plantagenet ;  
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

*Q. Eliz.* Wilt thou, O God ! fly from such gentle lambs,  
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf ?  
When didst thou sleep,<sup>21</sup> when such a deed was done ?

*Q. Mar.* When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

*Duch.* Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,  
Woe's scenc, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,  
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [Sitting down.  
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood !

*Q. Eliz.* Ah ! that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,  
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat ;  
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here !  
Ah ! who hath any cause to mourn, but we ?

[Sitting down by her.]

*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverent, [Coming forward.  
Give mine the benefit of seniory,<sup>22</sup>  
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society, [Sitting down with them.  
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :<sup>23</sup>—

I had a Henry,<sup>24</sup> till a Richard kill'd him ;  
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him :  
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him :  
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

*Duch.* I had a Richard too ; and thou didst kill him :  
I had a Rutland too ; thou holp'st to kill him.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.



From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept  
 A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death :  
 That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,  
 To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood :  
 That foul defacer of God's handy-work,  
 That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,  
 That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,  
 Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—  
 O! upright, just, and true-disposing God,  
 How I do thank thee, that this carnal cur  
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,  
 And makes her pew-fellow with other's moan!<sup>25</sup>

*Duch.* O, Harry's wife! triumph not in my woes :  
 God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

*Q. Mar.* Bear with me : I am hungry for revenge,  
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.  
 Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward ;  
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;  
 Young York he is but boot, because both they  
 Match not the high perfection of my loss.  
 Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward ;  
 And the beholders of this frantic play,  
 Th' adulterate Hastings,<sup>26</sup> Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,  
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.  
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,  
 Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,  
 And send them thither ; but at hand, at hand,  
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :  
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
 To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.—  
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God ! I pray,  
 That I may live to say, the dog is dead.

*Q. Eliz.* O! thou didst prophesy, the time would come,  
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse  
 That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

*Q. Mar.* I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune ;  
 I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen ;  
 The presentation of but what I was,  
 The flattering index of a direful pageant<sup>27</sup>  
 One heav'd a' high, to be hurl'd down below :  
 A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;  
 A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag,

To be the aim of every dangerous shot :  
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;  
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
 Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?  
 Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?  
 Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen ?  
 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?  
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?  
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.  
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;  
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;  
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;  
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care :  
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;  
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;  
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.<sup>28</sup>  
 Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,  
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;  
 Having no more but thought of what thou wast  
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.  
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not  
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?  
 Now, thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke ;  
 From which, even here, I slip my wearied head,  
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.  
 Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance :  
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

*Q. Eliz.* O thou ! well skill'd in curses, stay a while,  
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

*Q. Mar.* Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day ;  
 Compare dead happiness with living woe ;  
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,  
 And he that slew them fouler than he is :  
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse :<sup>29</sup>  
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

*Q. Eliz.* My words are dull ; O ! quicken them with thine.

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like  
 mine. [Exit QUEEN MARGARET.]

*Duch.* Why should calamity be full of words ?

*Q. Eliz.* Windy attorneys to their client woes,  
 Airy succeeders of intestate joys,<sup>30</sup>  
 Poor breathing orators of miseries !

Let them have scope : though what they do impart  
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

*Duch.* If so, then be not tongue ty'd : go with me,  
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother  
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[*A Trumpet heard.*]

The trumpet sounds : be copious in exclams.

*Enter King RICHARD, and his Train, marching.*

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

*Duch.* O ! she, that might have intercepted thee,  
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

*Q. Eliz.* Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,  
Where should be branded, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,  
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers ?  
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children ?

*Duch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence,  
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?

*Q. Eliz.* Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ?

*Duch.* Where is kind Hastings ?

*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets !—strike alarum, drums !  
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say !—

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,  
Or with the clamorous report of war  
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

*Duch.* Art thou my son ?

*K. Rich.* Ay ; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

*Duch.* Then patiently hear my impatience.

*K. Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,<sup>31</sup>  
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Duch.* O ! let me speak.

*K. Rich.* Do then ; but I'll not hear.

*Duch.* I will be mild and gentle in my words.

*K. Rich.* And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

*Duch.* Art thou so hasty ? I have stay'd for thee,  
God knows, in torment and in agony.

*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you ?

*Duch.* No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,



Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.  
 A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;  
 Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy !  
 Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild and furious ;  
 Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous :  
 Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,  
 More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :  
 What comfortable hour can'st thou name,  
 That ever grac'd me in thy company ?<sup>32</sup>

*K. Rich.* 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour,<sup>33</sup> that call'd your  
 grace

To breakfast once forth of my company.  
 If I be so disgracious in your eye,  
 Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—  
 Strike up the drum !

*Duch.* I pry'thee, hear me speak.

*K. Rich.* You speak too bitterly.

*Duch.* Hear me a word ;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

*K. Rich.* So.

*Duch.* Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,  
 Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;  
 Or I with grief and extreme age will perish,  
 And never look upon thy face again.  
 Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse ;  
 Which in the day of battle tire thee more,  
 Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st ?  
 My prayers on the adverse party fight ;  
 And there the little souls of Edward's children  
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,  
 And promise them success and victory.  
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;  
 Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [Exit.

*Q. Eliz.* Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse  
 Abides in me : I say amen to her. [Going.

*K. Rich.* Stay, madam,<sup>34</sup> I must talk a word with you.

*Q. Eliz.* I have no more sons of the royal blood,  
 For thee to slaughter : for my daughters, Richard,  
 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;  
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

*K. Rich.* You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,  
 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

*Q. Eliz.* And must she die for this? O! let her live,  
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;  
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;  
Throw over her the veil of infamy:  
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,  
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

*K. Rich.* Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.

*Q. Eliz.* To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

*K. Rich.* Her life is safest only in her birth.

*Q. Eliz.* And only in that safety died her brothers.

*K. Rich.* Lo! at their birth good stars were opposite.

*Q. Eliz.* No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

*K. Rich.* All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

*Q. Eliz.* True, when avoided grace makes destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,  
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

*K. Rich.* You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

*Q. Eliz.* Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd  
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*K. Rich.* Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,

And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

*Q. Eliz.* What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,  
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

*K. Rich.* Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

*K. Rich.* Unto the dignity and height of honour,  
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.<sup>35</sup>

*Q. Eliz.* Flatter my sorrow with report of it:

Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,  
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?<sup>36</sup>

*K. Rich.* Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,  
Will I withal endow a child of thine;  
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul  
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,  
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

*Q. Eliz.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness  
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

*K. Rich.* Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

*K. Rich.* What do you think?

*Q. Eliz.* That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.  
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;  
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

*K. Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.  
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,  
And do intend to make her queen of England.

*Q. Eliz.* Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

*K. Rich.* Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?

*Q. Eliz.* What! thou?

*K. Rich.* Even so: how think you of it?

*Q. Eliz.* How canst thou woo her?

*K. Rich.* That I would learn of you,  
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

*Q. Eliz.* And wilt thou learn of me?

*K. Rich.* Madam, with all my heart.

*Q. Eliz.* Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,  
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave  
Edward and York; then, haply, will she weep:  
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—  
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,  
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.  
If this inducement move her not to love,  
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;  
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,  
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

*K. Rich.* You mock me, madam: this is not the way  
To win your daughter.



*Q. Eliz.* There is no other way,  
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

*K. Rich.* Say, that I did all this for love of her ?

*Q. Eliz.* Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate  
thee,<sup>37</sup>

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

*K. Rich.* Look, what is done cannot now be amended.

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after-hours give leisure to repent :  
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.  
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your increase, I will beget  
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.  
A grandam's name is little less in love,  
Than is the doting title of a mother :  
They are as children, but one step below,  
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;<sup>38</sup>  
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans  
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.  
Your children were vexation to your youth ;  
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.  
The loss you have is but a son, being king,  
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.  
I cannot make you what amends I would,  
Therefore, accept such kindness as I can.  
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul  
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,  
This fair alliance quickly shall call home  
To high promotions and great dignity :  
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,  
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;  
Again shall you be mother to a king,  
And all the ruins of distressful times  
Repair'd with double riches of content.  
What ! we have many goodly days to see :  
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,  
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,  
Advantaging their loan with interest  
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.  
Go then, my mother ; to thy daughter go :

Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;  
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;  
 Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame  
 Of golden sov'reignty ; acquaint the princess  
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :  
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised  
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,  
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,  
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;  
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,<sup>39</sup>  
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

*Q. Eliz.* What were I best to say ? her father's brother  
 Would be her lord ? Or shall I say, her uncle ?  
 Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles ?  
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,  
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,  
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

*K. Rich.* Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

*Q. Eliz.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

*K. Rich.* Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

*Q. Eliz.* That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.

*K. Rich.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

*Q. Eliz.* To wail the title, as her mother doth.

*K. Rich.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.

*Q. Eliz.* But how long shall that title, ever, last ?

*K. Rich.* Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

*Q. Eliz.* But how long fairly shall her sweet life last ?

*K. Rich.* As long as heaven, and nature, lengthen it.

*Q. Eliz.* As long as hell, and Richard, like of it.

*K. Rich.* Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

*Q. Eliz.* But she, your subject, loaths such sovereignty.

*K. Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

*Q. Eliz.* An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

*K. Rich.* Then, plainly, to her tell my loving tale.

*Q. Eliz.* Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

*K. Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

*Q. Eliz.* O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;—  
 Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, madam ; that is past.

*Q. Eliz.* Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.<sup>40</sup>

*K. Rich.* Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

*Q. Eliz.* Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

*K. Rich.* I swear—

*Q. Eliz.* By nothing ; for this is no oath.  
Thy George profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour ;  
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;  
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.  
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,  
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

*K. Rich.* Now by the world,—

*Q. Eliz.* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*K. Rich.* My father's death,—

*Q. Eliz.* Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

*K. Rich.* Then, by myself,—

*Q. Eliz.* Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

*K. Rich.* Why then, by God,—

*Q. Eliz.* God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,  
The unity, the king my husband made,  
Thou hadst not broken nor my brothers died.  
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,  
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,  
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;  
And both the princes had been breathing here,  
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,  
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.  
What canst thou swear by now ?

*K. Rich.* The time to come.

*Q. Eliz.* That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past ;  
For I myself have many tears to wash  
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.  
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,  
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.  
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,  
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.  
Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast  
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

*K. Rich.* As I intend to prosper, and repent,  
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt  
Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !  
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours !  
Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest !  
Be opposite all planets of good luck  
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,



Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !  
 In her consists my happiness and thine ;  
 Without her, follows to myself, and thee,  
 Herself, the land, and many a Christain soul,  
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay :  
 It cannot be avoided, but by this ;  
 It will not be avoided, but by this.  
 Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so)  
 Be the attorney of my love to her.  
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;  
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :  
 Urge the necessity and state of times,  
 And be not peevish-fond in great designs.<sup>41</sup>

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I forget myself, to be myself ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

*Q. Eliz.* Yet thou didst kill my children.

*K. Rich.* But in your daughter's womb I bury them :  
 Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed  
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

*K. Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

*Q. Eliz.* I go.—Write to me very shortly,  
 And you shall understand from me her mind.

*K. Rich.* Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[*Kissing her.* *Exit Q. ELIZABETH.*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !  
 How now ! what news ?

*Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.*

*Rat.* Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast  
 Rideth a puissant navy : to our shores  
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
 Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.  
 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;  
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
 Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

*K. Rich.* Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk :—  
 Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby : where is he ?

*Cate.* Here, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Catesby, fly to the duke.

*Cate.* I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury :  
When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain,

*To CATESBY.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

*Cate.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,  
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

*K. Rich.* O ! true, good Catesby.—Bid him levy straight  
The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

*Cate.* I go.

[*Exit.*

*Rat.* What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

*K. Rich.* Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go ?

*Rat.* Your highness told me, I should post before.

*Enter STANLEY.*

*K. Rich.* My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with  
you ?

*Stan.* None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing ;  
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

*K. Rich.* Heyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad ?  
What need'st thou run so many miles about,  
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way ?  
Once more, what news ?

*Stan.* Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him,  
White-liver'd runagate ! what doth he there ?

*Stan.* I know, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

*K. Rich.* Well, as you guess ?

*Stan.* Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,  
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

*K. Rich.* Is the chair empty ? is the sword unsway'd ?  
Is the king dead ? the empire unpossess'd ?  
What heir of York<sup>42</sup> is there alive but we ?  
And who is England's king, but great York's heir ?  
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas ?

*Stan.* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

*K. Rich.* Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.  
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

*Stan.* No, my good lord; therefore mistrust me not.

*K. Rich.* Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?  
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?  
Are they not now upon the western shore,  
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

*Stan.* No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

*K. Rich.* Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,  
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

*Stan.* They have not been commanded, mighty king.  
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,  
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,  
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

*K. Rich.* Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:  
But I'll not trust thee.

*Stan.* Most mighty sovereign,  
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.  
I never was, nor never will be false.

*K. Rich.* Go, then, and muster men: but leave behind  
Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be firm,  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

*Stan.* So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit* STANLEY.]

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,  
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,  
With many more confederates, are in arms.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*2 Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;  
And every hour more competitors  
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

*Enter a third Messenger.*

*3 Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—



*K. Rich.* Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

[*He strikes him.*]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

*3 Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty  
Is that by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;  
And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

*K. Rich.* I cry thee mercy:  
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.  
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

*3 Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

*Enter a fourth Messenger.*

*4 Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquess Dorset,  
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms:  
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—  
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest.  
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat  
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,  
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;  
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham  
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,  
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

*K. Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up in arms;  
If not to fight with foreign enemies,  
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken;  
That is the best news: that the earl of Richmond  
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,<sup>44</sup>  
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

*K. Rich.* Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,  
A royal battle might be won and lost.—  
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury: the rest march on with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Lord STANLEY'S House.*

*Enter STANLEY, and Sir Christopher URSWICK.*

*Stan.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :—<sup>45</sup>  
 That, in the sty of the most bloody boar,  
 My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold :  
 If I revolt, off goes young George's head :  
 The fear of that holds off my present aid.  
 So, get thee gone : commend me to thy lord.  
 Withal, say that the queen hath heartily consented,  
 He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
 But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

*Chris.* At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west in Wales.

*Stan.* What men of name resort to him ?

*Chris.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;  
 Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley ;  
 Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,  
 And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;  
 And many other of great name and worth :  
 And towards London do they bend their power,  
 If by the way they be not fought withal.

*Stan.* Well, hie thee to thy lord ; I kiss his hand.  
 My letter will resolve him of my mind.  
 Farewell.

[*Giving Papers to Sir CHRISTOPHER.*

[*Exeunt.*

## Notes to the Fourth Act.

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<sup>1</sup> *Anne, Duchess of Gloster.*

We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby-place. She was married about the year 1472.—*Malone.*

<sup>2</sup> *My niece Plantagenet.*

Here is a manifest intimation that the Duchess of Gloster leads in somebody in her hand; but there is no direction marked in any of the copies, from which we can learn who it is. I have ventured to guess it must be Clarence's young daughter. The old Duchess of York calls her *niece*, i. e. grand-daughter; as grand-children are frequently called *nephews*.—*Theobald.*

So, in *Othello*, *nephews* for *grand-children*: “—you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse, you'll have your *nephews* neigh to you.”—*Malone.*

<sup>3</sup> *Then bring me to their sights.*

This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. Thus in *Macbeth*, Act iii. Sc. 2:—“And night's black agents to their *preys* do rouse.” So in a translation from Virgil, in the *Householder's Philosophie*, 1588:—

We hide our grey hairs with our helmets, liking ever more  
To live upon the sport, and waft our *praies* from shore to shore.

And in Erasmus *De Contemptu Mundi*, translated by Thomas Paynel:—“The causes of our *twos* frendshyp be ryght great and manyfolde; our bryngynge up together of chyldren, the marvaylous agrement of our two myndes,” &c.—*Singer.*

<sup>4</sup> *Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain!*

She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or any other egregious criminal, viz. by placing a crown of iron, heated red-hot, upon his head. See *Respublica et Status Hungariæ, ex Offic. Elziv.* 1634, p. 136. In the tragedy of *Hoffmann*, 1631, this punishment is also introduced:

Fix on thy master's head my *burning crown.*



Again :—

And wear his *crown made hot with flaming fire*.  
Bring forth the *burning crown* there.

Again :—

——— was adjudg'd  
To have his head *sear'd* with a *burning crown*.

Thus also, in A. Wyntown's Cronykil, b. viii. c. xliiii. v. 40 :—

Til this Jak Bonhowme he mád a *crown*  
*Of a brandreth all red hate* ——  
And set it swa on his hevyd,  
That it fra hym the lyf thare revyd.

Again, in Looke About You, a comedy, 1600 :—

Ere on thy head I set a *burning crowne*,  
Of red hot yron, that shall *seare thy braines*.

In some of the monkish accounts of a place of future torment, a *burning crown* is likewise appropriated to those who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom.—*Steevens*.

So Marlowe, in his King Edward II. :—

—— if proud Mortimer do wear this *crown*,  
Heaven turn it to a *blaze of quenchless fire*.

Marlowe's allusion is to the fatal crown which Creusa received, as a nuptial gift, from Medea.—*Malone*.

<sup>5</sup> *Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen.*

Shakspeare has here, I believe, spoken at random. The present scene is in 1483. Richard, Duke of York, the husband of this lady, had he been then living, would have been but *seventy-three* years old, and we may reasonably suppose that his Duchess was younger than he was. Nor did she go speedily to her grave. She lived till 1495.—*Malone*.

<sup>6</sup> *Rude ragged nurse ! old sullen play-fellow.*

To call the Tower *nurse* and *play-fellow* is very harsh: perhaps part of this speech is addressed to the Tower, and part to the Lieutenant.—*Johnson*.

The last line of this speech—"So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell," proves that the whole of it is addressed to the Tower, and apologizes for the absurdity of that address, by attributing it to sorrow.—*M. Mason*.

When Shakspeare described the Tower as the *nurse* and *play-fellow* of these children, he was only thinking of the circumstance of their being constrained to carry on their daily pastime, and to receive their daily nutriment within its walls; and hence, with his usual licentiousness of metaphor, calls the edifice itself their play-fellow and nurse. I may add, that the poet never could intend to apologize for a practice, of which numerous examples are found in his plays, and in which, assuredly, he perceived no impropriety.—*Malone*.

<sup>7</sup> *Richard as king upon his throne.*

We have before remarked that there were probably no "discoveries" (as they are now called) in our old theatre, but that the characters entered. Such was the case here; for the old quartos inform us, in a direction, after Richard has come upon the stage, "Here he ascendeth the throne." In the folio the trumpets were directed to "sound," when Richard said to Buckingham, "Give me thy hand." In the quartos there is no reply by Buckingham, "My gracious sovereign," after Richard has called him.—*Collier*.

<sup>8</sup> *Now do I play the touch.*

To “play the touch” is to represent the touchstone. So, in the 16th Song of Drayton’s *Polyolbion* :—

With alabaster, *tuch*, and porphyry adorn’d.

Again, in the epistle of Mary the French Queen to Charles Brandon, by Drayton :—

Before mine eye, like *touch*, thy shape did prove.

Again, in Spenser’s *Fairy Queen*, b. i. c. iii. :—

Though true as *touch*, though daughter of a king.—*Steevens*.

“Touch” was of old more frequently used than *touchstone*, though Whetstone, in 1584, wrote a tract called *A Touchstone for the Time*, and the words were sometimes indifferently employed. There are several unimportant variations between the quarto and folio copies in the opening of this scene. Thus, in the quartos, Richard says, “Think now what I would say,” and Buckingham replies, “Say on, my gracious sovereign.”—*Collier*.

<sup>9</sup> *And unrespective boys.*

*Unrespective* is *inattentive to consequences, inconsiderate*. So, in Daniel’s *Cleopatra*, 1599 :—

When dissolute impiety possess’d

The *unrespective* minds of prince and people.—*Steevens*.

“Unrespective” is, ‘devoid of cautious and prudential consideration.’—*Malone*.

<sup>10</sup> *The deep-revolving witty Buckingham.*

In this place signifies *judicious* or *cunning*. A *wit* was not at this time employed to signify *a man of fancy*, but was used for *wisdom* or *judgment*. So, in Daniel’s *Cleopatra*, 1599 :—“Although unwise to live, had *wit* to die.” Again, in one of Ben Jonson’s *Masques* :—“And at her feet do *witty* serpents move.”—*Steevens*.

<sup>11</sup> *The boy is foolish.*

Shakspeare has here perhaps anticipated the folly of his youth. He was, at this time, I believe, about ten years old, and we are not told by any historian that he had then exhibited any symptoms of folly. Being confined by King Henry VII. immediately after the battle of Bosworth, and his education being consequently entirely neglected, he is described by Polydore Virgil at the time of his death (in 1499) as an idiot; and his account (which was copied by Hall and Holinshed,) was certainly a sufficient authority for Shakspeare’s representation : “Edouardus Varvici comes in carcere ab incunabulis extra hominum ferarumque conspectum nutritus, qui gallinam ab ansere non facile internosceret, cum nullo suo delicto supplicium quærere posset, alieno ad id tractus est.”—*Malone*.

<sup>12</sup> *Is thy name—Tyrrel?*

It seems, that a late editor (who boasts much of his fidelity in “marking the places of action, both general and particular, and supplying scenical directions,”) throughout this scene, has left King Richard *on his throne*; whereas he might have learnt from the following passage in Sir John Harrington’s *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, that the monarch appeared, during the present interview with Tyrrel, *on an elevation of much less dignity*. “The best part (says Sir John) of our chronicles, in all men’s opinions, is that of Richard the Third, written as I have heard by Moorton, but as most suppose, by that worthy and incorrupt



magistrate Sir Thomas More, sometime lord chancellor of England, where it is said, how the king was devising with Teril to have his nephews privily murdered; and it is added, *he was then sitting on a draught*; a fit carpet for such a counsel." See likewise Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 735.—*Steevens*.

This is a little gratuitous piece of nastiness. Shakespeare never here intended his scene to follow the exactitude of history.

<sup>13</sup> *Are they that I would have thee deal upon.*

That is, act upon. We should now say—deal *with*; but the other was the phraseology of our author's time.—*Malone*.

So, in *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, by Nashe, 1596: "At Wolfe's he's billeted, sweating and *dealing upon* it most intently." So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611,—“You will deal upon men's wives no more.”—*Steevens*.

<sup>14</sup> *The earldom of Hereford.*

Thomas Duke of Gloster, the fifth son of Edward the Third, married Anne the eldest daughter and coheir of Humphrey de Bohun Earl of Hereford. The Duke of Gloster's nephew, Henry Earl of Derby, (the eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of Edward the Third,) who was afterwards King Henry IV. married Mary the other daughter of the Earl of Hereford. The moiety of the Hereford estate, which had been possessed by that King, was seized on by Edward IV. as legally devolved to the crown, on its being transferred from the House of Lancaster to that of York. Henry Stafford Duke of Buckingham was lineally descended from Thomas Duke of Gloster, his only daughter Anne having married Edmund Earl of Stafford, and Henry being the great grandson of Edmund and Anne. In this right he and his ancestors had possessed one half of the Hereford estate; and he claimed and *actually obtained* from Richard III. after he usurped the throne, the restitution of the other half, which had been seized on by Edward; and also the earldom of Hereford, and the office of Constable of England, which had long been annexed by inheritance to that earldom. See Dugdale's *Baronage*, vol. i. p. 168, 169. Many of our historians, however, ascribe the breach between him and Richard to Richard's refusing to restore the moiety of the Hereford estate; and Shakspeare has followed them. Thomas Duke of Gloster was created Earl of Hereford in 1386, by King Richard II. on which ground the Duke of Buckingham had some pretensions to claim a new grant of the *title*; but with respect to the moiety of the estate, he had not a shadow of right to it; for supposing that it devolved to Edward IV. with the crown, it became, after the murder of his sons, the joint property of his daughters. If it did not devolve to King Edward IV. it belonged to the right heirs of King Henry IV.—*Malone*.

<sup>15</sup> *Rouge-mont.*

Hooker, who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's time, in his description of Exeter mentions this as a "very old and antient castle, named Rugemont; that is to say, the Red Hill, taking that name of the red soil or earth whereupon it is situated." It was first built, he adds, *as some think*, by Julius Cæsar, but rather, and in truth, by the Romans after him.—*Reed*.

<sup>16</sup> *Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke.*

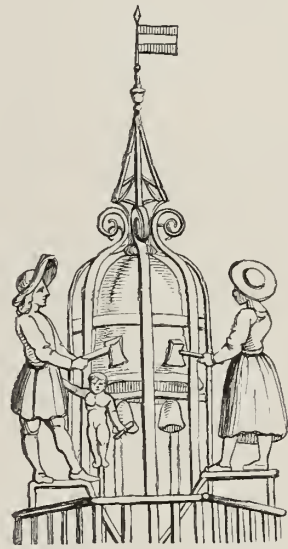
This alludes to the *jack of the clock house*, mentioned before in King Richard II. Act v. Sc. 5. It was a figure made in old public clocks to strike the bell on the outside; of the same kind as those still preserved at St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street. Richard compares Buckingham to one of the automatons, and bids him not to suspend the stroke on the clock bell, but strike, that the noise may be past,



and himself at liberty to pursue his meditations. *Jack* was a term of contempt, occurring before in this play; the following passage from *Cotgrave*, in voce *Fretillon*, will further elucidate its meaning, 'A *jacke of the clocke-house*; a little busie-bodie, medler, *jack-stickler*; one that has an oare in every man's boat, or his hand in every man's dish.' The sycophant lords in *Timon of Athens* are called *minute-jacks*.—*Singer*.

At Horsham church, in Sussex, there was a figure dressed in scarlet and gold, that struck the quarters. He was called *Jack o' the clock-house*. The French term for this kind of automaton is *jaquemar*, the etymology of which is very fanciful and uncertain.—*Douce*.

The following note is communicated by Mr. Fairholt,—“The name *Jack* applied to a figure used to strike the hour on the bell of a clock, is most probably derived from the most ancient and famed of these clocks at Dijon. It is represented in our cut as it at present exists, the figures having been renewed from time to time. They are popularly known as *Jacquemarts*, a name derived from the original maker Jacques Marck, who invented this kind of striking figure, and put up the first clock of the kind at Courtrai. When the turbulent inhabitants of the Low Countries took up arms against their ruler the Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Hardy, he gave them battle at Rosebecque, and having defeated them, he carried off this famous clock to decorate the Cathedral of Dijon, the city of his residence. The clock still remains where he placed it, and the figures still strike the hours on a bell hanging from open ironwork above the tower which contains it. They are somewhat clumsily moved by simple machinery, which turns on a pivot, and enables them to give a blow sideways on the bell. The figures are believed to have been renovated, as we now see them, toward the end of the 17th century. The naked infant, who strikes the smaller bells for the quarters, is still more modern. The whole is, however, of much interest as the veritable clock taken by the Duke, as narrated by Froissart, and which has for nearly three centuries noted the time at Dijon.”



<sup>17</sup> *The son of Clarence have I penn'd up close.*

In Sheriff Hutton Castle, Yorkshire, where he remained till the coming of Henry VII., who immediately after the battle of Bosworth sent him to the Tower, and some few years after, most treacherously and barbarously put him to death; being, from a total want of education and commerce with mankind, so ignorant, that he could not, according to Hall, discern a goose from a capon. With this unfortunate young nobleman ended the male line of the illustrious house of Plantagenet.—*Ritson*.

<sup>18</sup> *His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage.*

That is, Clarence's daughter to Sir Richard Pole; but it should be observed that the marriage was not so mean as the words would lead us to suppose, and as is I believe generally supposed by many persons who do not take their ideas of history from Shakespeare only. The mother of Sir Richard Pole was half-sister to Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of King Henry the Seventh, namely

one of the Saint Johns, and her mother a Beauchamp. It has not been sufficiently adverted to how both King Henry the Seventh and King Henry the Eighth advanced those who were related to them on the Lancastrian side. Many of the dignities created in those reigns were in favour of persons who stood in various degrees of *demi-sang* consanguinity to the king. I do not know whether Shakespeare is right in representing the marriage of the daughter and heir of Clarence with Sir Richard Pole as having taken place during the reign of Richard; but it was in fact a union of the houses of York and Lancaster, similar to that in the marriage of Richmond and the lady Elizabeth, and of Lord Welles, a near kinsman of Richmond, with another daughter of King Edward the Fourth; and, if brought about in the reign of Henry the Seventh, probably a stroke of the same policy which gave to the new Lancastrian sovereign the heiress of the rival house. The putting this lady to death in her old age is the foulest of the many foul stains on the latter years of the reign of Henry the Eighth. Shakespeare's lines are *remembered*; and this line has I have no doubt contributed much to keep out of sight the real quality and condition of the father of Cardinal Pole, whose reputation was *European*, and who was one of the most illustrious characters of the age, splendid in birth and personal accomplishments, as he was eminent for virtue, wisdom, and learning.—*Hunter*.

<sup>19</sup> *The Bretagne Richmond.*

He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II. Duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of King Edward IV. he was kept a long time in a kind of honourable custody.—*Malone*.

<sup>20</sup> *Say, that right for right.*

This is one of those conceits which our author may be suspected of loving better than propriety. "Right for right" is 'justice answering to the claims of justice.' So, in this play:—

———That forehead

Where should be branded, if that *right were right*—.—*Johnson*.

In the third scene of the first act, Margaret was reproached with the murder of young Rutland, and the death of her husband and son were imputed to the divine vengeance roused by that wicked act: "So just is God to right the innocent." Margaret now perhaps means to say,—The right of me, an injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewksbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine justice, and has destroyed your children in their turn.—*Malone*.

<sup>21</sup> *When didst thou sleep.*

That is, When, before the present occasion, didst thou ever sleep during the commission of such an action? Thus the only authentic copies now extant; the quartos 1597 and 1598, and the first folio. The editor of the second folio changed *When* to *Why*, which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors; though Margaret's answer evidently refers to the word found in the original copy.—*Malone*.

I have admitted this reading, though I am not quite certain of its authenticity. The reply of Margaret might have been designed as an interrogatory echo to the last words of the Queen.—*Steevens*.

This appears to be the true reading, as Margaret's next speech is an answer to that question that was not addressed to her.—*M. Mason*.





THE  
TRAGEDIE  
of King Richard  
the third.

*Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother  
Clarence : the pittifull murder of his innocent Ne-  
phewes : his tyrannicall vsurpation : with the  
whole course of his detested life, and  
most deferued death.*

*As it hath bene lately Acted by the Right Honourable  
the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.*

Newly augmented,

By *William Shakespeare.*



LONDON  
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wife, dwelling  
in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the  
Angell. 1602.

THE  
TRAGEDIE  
of King Richard  
the third.

*Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother  
Clarence : the pittifull murder of his innocent Ne-  
phewes : his tyrannicall vsurpation : with the  
whole course of his detested life, and  
most deferued death.*

*As it hath bin lately Acted by the Right Honourable  
the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.*

Newly augmented,

By *William Shake-speare.*



LONDON.  
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by *Mathew  
Lape*, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the Signe  
of the Foxe, neare S. A uftins gate, 1605.

<sup>22</sup> *Seniory.*

For *seniority*. So in Stowe's Chronicle, edit. 1615, p. 149 :—"—the son of Edmund, the son of Edward the *signior*, the son of Alured," &c.—*Steevens*.

The word in the quarto is *signorie*, in the folio *signeury*, and it has been printed *signiory* in the late editions: but as in general modern spelling has been adopted, I know not why the ancient mode should be adhered to in this particular instance. In the Comedy of Errors, Act I. Sc. the last, *senior* has been properly printed by all the modern editors, though the words in the old copy are—"We'll draw cuts for the *signior*." The substantive in the text is evidently formed by our author from hence.—*Malone*.

<sup>23</sup> *Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.*

This line is from the quartos, having been, probably, accidentally omitted in the folio, as the sense, though not absolutely incomplete, can hardly be called perfect without it. In the next line but one the quartos have Richard (which is evidently wrong) for "husband" of the folio. Lower down, the folio has "*hop'st* to kill him" for "*holp'st* to kill him." The error is committed in the quartos, 1597, and 1598, and corrected in that of 1602.—*Collier*.

<sup>24</sup> *I had a Henry.*

For this emendation I am answerable. The quarto has—a *Richard*, which the editor of the folio corrected by substituting—a *husband*. In a subsequent speech in this scene, p. 192, n. 6: "*my* brother" being printed in the quarto by mistake, instead of "*thy* brother," the editor of the folio corrected the wrong word, and printed—*my husband*. It is clear that a christian name was intended here, though by a mistake in the original copy Richard was substituted for Henry.—*Malone*.

<sup>25</sup> *And makes her pew-fellow with other's moan.*

*Pew-fellow* seems to be *companion*. We have now a new phrase, nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in *the same box*.—*Johnson*.

*Pew-fellow* is a word yet in use.—*Sir J. Hawkins*.

I find this compound word in Northward Hoe, a comedy, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He would make him *pue-fellow* with a lord's steward at least." Again, in Westward Hoe, by the same author, 1606:—"being both my scholars, and your honest *pue-fellows*." I remember to have seen in ancient Flemish prints representing schools, certain inclosures holding different classes of boys, who, probably, from this circumstance, were styled *pew-fellows*. In our places of worship perhaps *pews* in general are modern conveniences, compared with the age of the buildings that contain them. Our hardy ancestors chiefly sat on open benches, such are still remaining in the Pit at Great Saint Mary's, Cambridge.—*Steevens*.

In Westward for Smelts, we have it in its literal sense of a person who sat in the same seat at church:—"Being one day at church, she made mone to her *pew fellow*."—*Singer*.

Now tragedy, thou minion of the night,  
Rhamnusia's *pew-fellow*, to thee I'll sing  
Upon a harp made of dead Spanish bones.

*Marlowe's Lust's Dominion*, v. 6.

<sup>26</sup> *The adulterate Hastings.*

Warburton would read *adulterer*, but *adulterate* is right. We say *metals* are *adulterate*; and *adulterate* sometimes means the same as *adulterer*. In either sense

on this occasion, the epithet will suit. Hastings was *adulterate*, as Margaret has tried his friendship and found it faithless; he was an *adulterer*, as he cohabited with Jane Shore during the life of her husband. So, the Ghost in Hamlet, speaking of the King, says:—"that incestuous, that *adulterate* beast."—*Steevens*.

<sup>27</sup> *The flattering index of a direful pageant.*

*Pageants* are *dumb shows*, and the poet meant to allude to one of these, the index of which promised a happier conclusion. The pageants then displayed on publick occasions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. These indexes were distributed among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of such allegorical stuff as was usually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it.—*Steevens*.

<sup>28</sup> *For one commanding all, obey'd of none.*

Boswell erroneously informs us that this line is not found in the quartos; and other modern editors have taken his word for it without turning to any of the quarto impressions, in all of which it is, in fact, inserted. It is the preceding line, "For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one," that is not in the quartos. The folio has "For *she*" in two places where the quartos have "For one;" which, consistently with the line in the folio, "For one being sued to, one that humbly sues," is no doubt the correct reading. There are one or two transpositions here in the quartos which do not alter the sense.—*Collier*.

<sup>29</sup> *Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse.*

We must either read this line thus:—"Bettering thy loss, *make* the bad-causer worse;" which I believe to be the true reading, or include it in a parenthesis.—*M. Mason*.

*Bettering* is *amplifying, magnifying* thy loss. Shakspeare employed this word for the sake of an antithesis, in which he delighted, between *better* and *loss*.—*Malone*.

<sup>30</sup> *Airy succeeders of intestate joys.*

As I cannot understand the reading of the folio—*intestine*, I have adopted another from the quarto in 1597:—"Airy succeeders of *intestate* joys:" i. e. 'words, tun'd to complaints, succeed joys that are dead;' and unbequeathed to them, to whom they should properly descend.—*Theobald*.

The metaphor is extremely harsh. The joys already possessed being all consumed and passed away, are supposed to have died intestate, that is, to have made no will, having nothing to bequeath; and more verbal complaints are their successors, but inherit nothing but misery.—*Malone*.

<sup>31</sup> *Madam, I have a touch of your condition.*

A *spice* or *particle* of your *temper* or *disposition*. So, in Chapman's translation of the 24th Iliad:—

— his cold blood embrac'd a fiery *touch*  
Of anger, &c.

Again, in the thirteenth Iliad:—

— if any *touch* appear  
Of glory in thee.—*Steevens*.



<sup>32</sup> *That ever grac'd me in thy company.*

To *grace* seems here to mean the same as to *bless*, to make happy. So, *gracious* is *kind*, and *graces* are *favours*.—*Johnson*.

We find the same expression in *Macbeth*:—

Please it your highness  
To *grace* us with your royal company.—*Steevens*.

<sup>33</sup> *Faith, none but Humphrey Hour.*

The only possible sense that can be extracted from this (and a very lame one it is), must be an allusion to some known servant of the Duchess of York, familiar to the minds of the people at the time Shakspear wrote, either from tradition or some popular story.—*Pye*.

This may probably be an allusion to some affair of gallantry of which the Duchess had been suspected. I cannot find the name in *Holinshed*. Surely the poet's fondness for a quibble has not induced him at once to personify and christen that *hour* of the day which summon'd his mother to breakfast. So, in the *Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "Gentlemen, time makes us brief: our old mistress *Hour* is at hand."

Shakespeare might indeed by this strange phrase (*Humphrey Hour*) have designed to mark the hour at which the good Duchess was as hungry as the followers of Duke Humphrey. The common cant phrase of "dining with Duke Humphrey," I have never yet heard satisfactorily explained. It appears, however, from a satirical pamphlet, the *Guls Horn-booke*, 1609, written by T. Decker, that in the ancient church of St. Paul, one of the aisles was called "Duke Humphrey's Walk;" in which those who had no means of procuring a dinner, affected to loiter. Decker concludes his fourth chapter thus: "By this, I imagine you have walked your bellyful, and thereupon being weary, or (which is rather, I beleeve,) being most gentleman-like hungry, it is fit that as I brought you unto the *duke*, so (because he follows the fashion of great men in *keeping no house*, and that therefore you must go *seeke your dinner*,) suffer me to take you by the hand and leade you into an ordinary." The title of this chapter is, "How a gallant should behave himself in *Powles Walkes*." Hall, in the 7th Satire, b. iii. seems to confirm this interpretation:—

'Tis Ruffio: 'Trow'st thou where he din'd to-day?  
In sooth I saw him sit with *duke Humfray*:  
Manie good welcoms, and much gratis cheere,  
Keeps he for everie stragling cavaliere;  
An open house haunted with greate resort,  
*Long service* mixt with *musicall disport*, &c.

See likewise *Foure Letters* and certain *Sonnets*, by Gabriel Harvey, 1592: "to seeke his dinner in Poules with *duke Humphrey*; to licke dishes, to be a beggar." Again, in the *Return of the Knight of the Post*, &c. by Nash, 1606: "—in the end comming into Poules, to behold the old *duke and his guests*," &c. Again, in *A Wonderful, Strange, and Miraculous Prognostication, for this Year*, &c. 1591, by Nash: "—sundry fellowes in their silkes shall be appointed to keepe *duke Humfrye* company in Poules, because they know not where to get their dinners abroad." If it be objected that *duke Humphrey* was buried at St. Albans, let it likewise be remembered that cenotaphs were not uncommon.—*Steevens*.

It appears from *Stowe's Survey*, 1598, that Sir John Bewcampe, son to Guy and brother to Thomas, Earls of Warwick, who died in 1358, had "a faire monument" on the south side of the body of St. Paul's Church. "He," says *Stowe*,

“is by ignorant people misnamed to be *Humphrey Duke of Gloster*, who lyeth honourably buried at Saint Albans, twentie miles from London: and therefore such as merily professe themselues to serue Duke Humphrey in Powles, are to bee punished here, and sent to Saint Albons, there to be punished againe, for theyr absence from theyr maister, as they call him.”—*Ritson*.

*Humphrey Hour* is merely used in ludicrous language for *hour*, like *Tom Troth*, for *truth*, and twenty more such terms. So, in Gabriel Harvey's Letter to Spenser, 1580: “Tell me in Tom Trothe's earnest.”—*Malone*.

*Humphrey Hower*. We follow the orthography of the folio, in which we find —“what comfortable *houre*,” immediately preceding. Malone says, “*Humphrey Hour* is merely used in ludicrous language for *hour*, like *Tom Troth* for *truth*.” The different modes in which the two words are printed in the folio do not support this argument. Other commentators believe that the allusion is to the proverbial saying of dining with *Duke Humphrey*. We must be content to leave the matter as we find it.—*Knight*.

<sup>34</sup> *Stay, madam.*

On this dialogue 'tis not necessary to bestow much criticism; part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable.—*Johnson*.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson's opinion. I see nothing ridiculous in any part of this dialogue; and with respect to probability, it was not unnatural that Richard, who by his art and wheedling tongue, hath prevailed on Lady Anne to marry him in her heart's extremest grief, should hope to persuade an ambitious, and, as he thought her, a wicked woman, to consent to his marriage with her daughter, which would make her a queen, and aggrandize her family.—*M. Mason*.

<sup>35</sup> *The high imperial type of this earth's glory.*

*Type* is *exhibition*, show, display.—*Johnson*.

I think it means *emblem*, one of its usual significations.—By the imperial *type* of *glory*, Richard means a *crown*.—*M. Mason*.

The canopy placed over a pulpit is still called by architects a *type*. It is, I apprehend, in a similar sense that the word is here used.—*Henley*.

Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, defines *Type*—“A figure, form, or likeness of any thing.” Cawdrey, in his *Alphabetical Table*, &c. 1604, calls it—“figure, example, or shadowe of any thing.” The word is used in King Henry VI. Part III. as here:—“Thy father bears the *type* of king of Naples.”—*Malone*.

<sup>36</sup> *Canst thou demise to any child of mine.*

The first folio and quartos read *demise*, which may signify to *grant* from *demittere*, Lat. But as no example of the use of the word, except in legal instruments, offers itself, I think we should read *devise*, with the second folio. It is a word frequently used by the poet in a congenial sense. Thus in *Coriolanus*: “the honours which we *devise* him.”—*Singer*.

The constant language of leases is, “—*demised*, granted, and to farm let.” But I believe the word is used by no poet but Shakspeare. For *demise*, the reading of the quarto, and first folio, the editor of the second folio arbitrarily substituted *devise*.—*Malone*.

<sup>37</sup> *Nay, then, indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee.*

The notes of the commentators are here given, but at the same time I cannot but agree with Mr. Dyce in thinking that the old reading looks very suspicious, and that Tyrwhitt's conjecture, “but *love* thee,” seems better to suit the context.



As this is evidently spoken ironically, I agree with Tyrwhitt, that the present reading is corrupt, but should rather amend it by reading “*have* you,” than “*love* you;” as the word *have* is more likely to have been mistaken for *hate*, the traces of the letters being nearly the same.—*M. Mason*.

As this conjecture is, in my opinion, at once fortunate and judicious, I have placed it in the text. A somewhat corresponding error had happened in Coriolanus, last speech of Scene IV. Act IV. where *have* was apparently given instead of—*hate*.—*Steevens*.

It is by no means evident that this is spoken ironically, and, if not, the old reading affords a perfectly clear meaning. A virtuous woman would hate the man who thought to purchase her love by the commission of crimes.—*Boswell*.

<sup>38</sup> *Even of your mettle, of your very blood.*

The folio has—*mettal*. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. That *mettle* was the word intended here, appears from various other passages. So, in Macbeth:—

— Thy undaunted *mettle* should compose  
Nothing but males.

Again, in King Richard II. :—

— that bed, that womb,  
That *mettle*, that self-mould that fashion'd thee,  
Made him a man.

Again, in Timon of Athens :—

— Common mother, thou,  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems and feeds all, whose self-same *mettle*  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad, &c.—*Malone*.

<sup>39</sup> *To whom I will retail my conquest won,*

To *retail* is to *hand down from one to another*. Richard, in the present instance, means to say he will *transmit* the benefit of his victories to Elizabeth.—*Steevens*.

To *retail* means to *recount*. “He will relate to her his conquest, and then will acknowledge her to be conqueror over him, though the conqueror of others, Cæsar’s Cæsar.”—*Malone*.

<sup>40</sup> *Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.*

In all the old copies, excepting the quarto, 1597, there is some confusion respecting this and the preceding line. The quarto, 1598, gives, “Harp on it still shall I,” &c. to Richard, and omits Richard’s observation introducing it: the quarto, 1602, makes it part of the queen’s preceding speech; and such is the case in the folio, 1623, where Richard’s speech, “Harp not on that string, madam; it is past,” is made to come last. Our arrangement of these speeches is that of the first and other quartos. The folio makes Richard first swear by himself, next by the world, and thirdly by his father’s death; evidently wrong. In the quartos, when Richard proposes to swear by himself, the queen answers, “Thy self thyself misusest.”—*Collier*.

<sup>41</sup> *And be not peevish-fond in great designs.*

Peevish found, ed. 1623. *Peevish* in our author’s time signified *foolish*. So, in the second scene of this Act:—“When Richmond was a little *peevish* boy—”



See also Minsheu's Dict. in v. The quarto reads—"peevish *fond*," and I am not sure that it is not right. A compound epithet might have been intended, *peevish-fond*. So *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate*, *foolish-witty*, &c.—*Malone*.

I believe the folio reading is the true one. So in King Henry VIII. :—

— have great care  
I be not found a talker.—*Steevens*.

<sup>42</sup> *What heir of York.*

Richard asks this question in the plenitude of power, and no one dares to answer him. But they whom he addresses, had they not been intimidated, might have told him, that there was a male heir of the house of York alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he: Edward Earl of Warwick, the only son of the Usurper's elder brother, George Duke of Clarence; and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. and all her sisters, had a better title than either of them.—*Malone*.

The issue of King Edward had been pronounced *illegitimate*, the Duke of Clarence *attainted of high treason*,—and the usurper declared "the *undoubted heir of Richard duke of York*,"—by *act of parliament*: so, that, as far as such a proceeding can alter the constitution, and legalize usurpation and murder, he is perfectly correct and unanswerable.—*Ritson*.

<sup>43</sup> *And made his course again for Bretagne.*

Henry Tudor Earl of Richmond, the eldest son of Edmund of Hadham Earl of Richmond, (who was half-brother to King Henry VI.) by Margaret, the only daughter of John the first Duke of Somerset, who was grandson to John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, was carried by his uncle Jasper Earl of Pembroke immediately after the battle of Tewksbury into Britany, where he was kept in a kind of honourable custody by the Duke of Bretagne, and where he remained till the year 1484, when he made his escape and fled for protection to the French court. Being considered at that time as nearest in blood to King Henry VI. all the Lancastrian party looked up to him even in the life-time of King Edward IV. who was extremely jealous of him; and after Richard *usurped* the throne, they with more confidence supported Richmond's claim. The claim of Henry Duke of Buckingham was in some respects inferior to that of Richmond; for he was descended by his mother from Edmund the second Duke of Somerset, the younger brother of Duke John: by his father from Thomas Duke of Gloster, the younger brother of John of Gaunt: but whatever priority the Earl of Richmond might claim by his mother, he could not plead any title through his father, who in fact had no Lancastrian blood whatsoever; nor was his maternal title of the purest kind, for John the first Earl of Somerset was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt.—*Malone*.

<sup>44</sup> *Is with a mighty power landed at Milford.*

The Earl of Richmond embarked with about 2000 men at Harfleur in Normandy, August 1st, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welsh would receive him cordially, as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Katharine of France, the widow of King Henry V.—*Malone*.

<sup>45</sup> *Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me.*

The person who is called Sir Christopher here, and who has been styled so in the *Dramatis Personæ* of all the impressions, I find by the *Chronicles* to have

been Christopher Urswick, a bachelor in divinity; and chaplain to the countess of Richmond, who had intermarried with the Lord Stanley. This priest, history tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages betwixt the Countess of Richmond, and her husband, and the young Earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England.—*Theobald*.

This Christopher Urswick, was afterwards Almoner to King Henry VII. and retired to Hackney, where he died in 1521. On his tomb, still to be seen in that church, it is said “Ad exteros reges undecies pro patria Legatus; Deconatum Eboracensem, Archidia conatum Richmundie, Decanatum Windesoriæ, habitos vivens reliquit. Episcopatum Norwicensem oblatum recusavit.”—Weaver, who has printed this inscription, concludes his eulogium thus: “here let him rest as an example for all our great prelates to admire, and for few or none to imitate.”—*Reed*.

This circumstance is also recorded by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 4th edit. p. 187: “But most part they are very shamefast; and that makes them with Pet. Blesensis, *Christopher Urswick*, and many such, to refuse honours, offices, and preferment.” Dr. Johnson has observed, that *Sir* was anciently a title assumed by graduates. This the late Mr. Guthrie disputes; and says, it was a title sold by the pope’s legates, &c. that his holiness might be on the same footing with the king.—*Stevens*.

In the *Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Welford says to Sir Roger, the curate, “I acknowledge you to be your *art’s master*.”—“I am but a *bachelor of art*, sir,” replies Sir Roger. Mr. Guthrie would have done well to have informed us, how Sir Roger could possibly have *bought* his *title* of the pope’s nuncio; when, as Abigail tells us, he had only “twenty nobles *de claro*, besides his pigges *in posse*.”—*Farmer*.





## Act the Fifth.

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SCENE I.—Salisbury. *An open Place.*

*Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to Execution.*

*Buck.* Will not king Richard let me speak with him?<sup>1</sup>

*Sher.* No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

*Buck.* Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,  
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,  
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried  
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,  
If that your moody discontented souls  
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—  
This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not?

*Sher.* It is.

*Buck.* Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.  
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,  
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found  
False to his children, or his wife's allies:  
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall  
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;  
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul  
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.<sup>2</sup>

That high All-Seer, which I dallied with,  
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.  
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men  
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :  
 Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck :—  
 “ When he,” quoth she, “ shall split thy heart with sorrow,  
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess.”—  
 Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame :  
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* Officers.]

SCENE II.—*A Plain near Tamworth.*

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT,<sup>4</sup> SIR WALTER HERBERT, and Others, with Forces marching.*

*Richm.* Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,  
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
 Thus far into the bowels of the land  
 Have we march'd on without impediment ;  
 And here receive we from our father Stanley  
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,  
 That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,  
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough  
 In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine  
 Is now even in the centre of this isle,  
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :  
 From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.  
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,  
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

*Oxf.* Every man's conscience is a thousand men,  
 To fight against this guilty homicide.

*Herb.* I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

*Blunt.* He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,  
 Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

*Richm.* All for our vantage : then, in God's name, march.  
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Bosworth Field.*

*Enter King RICHARD, and Forces ; the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and Others.*

*K. Rich.* Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—  
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

*Sur.* My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

*K. Rich.* My lord of Norfolk,—

*Nor.* Here, most gracious liege.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, we must have knocks ; ha ! must we not.

*Nor.* We must both give and take, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Up with my tent ! here will I lie to-night ;

[Soldiers begin to set up the King's Tent.]

But where to-morrow ?—Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors ?

*Nor.* Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

*K. Rich.* Why, our battalia trebles that account :

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent !—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground.—

Call for some men of sound direction.—

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay,

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter, on the other side of the Field, RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords.<sup>5</sup> Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND'S Tent.*

*Richm.* The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—

Give me some ink and paper in my tent :



I'll draw the form and model of our battle,  
 Limit each leader to his several charge,  
 And part in just proportion our small power.  
 My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—  
 And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.  
 The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:  
 Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,  
 And by the second hour in the morning  
 Desire the earl to see me in my tent:—  
 Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;  
 Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

*Blunt.* Unless I have mista'en his colours much,  
 (Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)  
 His regiment lies half a mile, at least,  
 South from the mighty power of the king.

*Richm.* If without peril it be possible,  
 Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,  
 And give him from me this most needful note.

*Blunt.* Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it:  
 And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

*Richm.* Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,  
 Let us consult upon to-morrow's business!  
 In to my tent, the dew is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*]

*Enter, to his Tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and  
 CATESBY.*

*K. Rich.* What is't o'clock?

*Cate.* It's supper time, my lord; it's nine o'clock.

*K. Rich.* I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was,  
 And all my armour laid into my tent?

*Cate.* It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

*K. Rich.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge.  
 Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.

*Nor.* I go, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff!

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Send out a pursuivant at arms  
To Stanley's regiment : bid him bring his power  
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall  
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—  
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:<sup>6</sup>  
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.<sup>7</sup>—  
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.  
Ratcliff!—

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?<sup>8</sup>

*Rat.* Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut time,<sup>9</sup> from troop to troop  
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

*K. Rich.* So : I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:  
I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—  
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat.* It is, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Bid my guard watch. Leave me.  
Ratcliff, about the mid of night, come to my tent  
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*King RICHARD retires into his Tent. Exeunt RATCLIFF  
and CATESBY.*

*RICHMOND'S Tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.*

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

*Richm.* All comfort that the dark night can afford,  
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!  
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

*Stan.* I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,  
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:  
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.  
In brief, for so the season bids us be,  
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;  
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.  
I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot)  
With best advantage will deceive the time,  
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.

But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,<sup>10</sup>  
 Be executed in his father's sight.  
 Farewell. The leisure and the fearful time<sup>11</sup>  
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,  
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,  
 Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon.  
 God give us leisure for these rites of love!  
 Once more, adieu.—Be valiant, and speed well!

*Richm.* Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.  
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;<sup>12</sup>  
 Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,  
 When I should mount with wings of victory.  
 Once more, good night, kind lords, and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Lords, &c., with STANLEY.]

O! Thou, whose captain I account myself,  
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye;  
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,  
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
 Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!  
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
 That we may praise thee in thy victory!  
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:  
 Sleeping, and waking, O! defend me still!

[*Sleeps.*]

*The Ghost of Prince EDWARD,<sup>13</sup> Son to HENRY the Sixth,  
 rises between the two Tents.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To* KING RICHARD.]

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth  
 At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die.—

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls  
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:  
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*The Ghost of King HENRY the Sixth rises.*

*Ghost.* When I was mortal, my anointed body

[*To* KING RICHARD.]

By thee was punched full of deadly holes.



Think on the Tower, and me : despair, and die ;  
Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die.—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror ! [To RICHMOND.  
Harry that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,  
Doth comfort thee in sleep : live, and flourish.

*The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !  
[To King RICHARD.

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,  
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die.

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, [To RICHMOND.  
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee ;  
Good angels guard thy battle ! Live and flourish.

*The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, rise.*

*Riv.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.  
[To King RICHARD.

Rivers, that died at Pomfret. Despair, and die.

*Grey.* Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.  
[To King RICHARD.

*Vaugh.* Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear  
Let fall thy lance. Despair, and die.— [To King RICHARD.

*All.* Awake ! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom  
[To RICHMOND.  
Will conquer him.—Awake, and win the day !

*The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.*

*Ghost.* Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake ;  
[To King RICHARD.

And in a bloody battle end thy days.

Think on lord Hastings. Despair, and die.—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake ! [To RICHMOND.  
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

*The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.*

*Ghosts.* Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower :

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,  
 And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.  
 Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;  
 Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!  
 Live, and beget a happy race of kings.  
 Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*The Ghost of Queen ANNE rises.*

*Ghost.* Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,  
 That never slept a quiet hour with thee,<sup>14</sup>  
 Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:  
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
 And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die.—

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep; [To RICHMOND.  
 Dream of success and happy victory:  
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.*

*Ghost.* The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;  
 [To King RICHARD.

The last was I that felt thy tyranny.  
 O! in the battle think on Buckingham,  
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness.  
 Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:  
 Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.—

I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid; [To RICHMOND.  
 But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:  
 God, and good angels fight on Richmond's side;  
 And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. King RICHARD starts out of his dream.

*K. Rich.* Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!—  
 Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—  
 O, eoward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—  
 The lights burn blue.<sup>15</sup>—It is now dead midnight.<sup>16</sup>  
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
 What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:  
 Richard loves Richard: that is, I am I.  
 Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; I am:  
 Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: why?  
 Lest I revenge. What! Myself upon myself?

Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,  
 That I myself have done unto myself?  
 O! no: alas! I rather hate myself,  
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.  
 I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.  
 Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.  
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;  
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;  
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,  
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!  
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;  
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—  
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself  
 Find in myself no pity to myself.  
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd  
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

*Enter RATCLIFF.*

*Rat.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* Who's there?

*Rat.* Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock  
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn:  
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful dream.—  
 What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?

*Rat.* No doubt, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear,—

*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

*K. Rich.* By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,  
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.  
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me:  
 Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,  
 To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt King RICHARD and RATCLIFF.*]



*Enter OXFORD and Others.*

*Lords.* Good morrow, Richmond.

*Richm.* Cry merey, lords, [*Waking.*] and watchful gentlemen,  
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

*Lords.* How have you slept, my lord?

*Richm.* The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,  
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,  
Have I since your departure had, my lords.  
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,  
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!  
I promise you, my heart is very jocund  
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.  
How far into the morning is it, lords?

*Lords.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Richm.* Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.—

[*He advances to the Troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
The leisure and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—  
God and our good cause fight upon our side;  
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,  
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.  
Richard except, those whom we fight against  
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.  
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;  
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;  
One that made means to come by what he hath,  
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;  
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil  
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy.  
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers:  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;  
If you do fight against your country's foes,  
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;  
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors:

If you do free your children from the sword,  
 Your children's children quit it in your age.  
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,  
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.  
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;  
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,  
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;  
 God, and Saint George !<sup>17</sup> Richmond and victory !      [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter* King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants, and Forces.*

*K. Rich.* What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond ?

*Rat.* That he was never trained up in arms.

*K. Rich.* He said the truth : and what said Surrey then ?

*Rat.* He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

*K. Rich.* He was i' the right ; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—  
 Who saw the sun to-day ?

*Rat.* Not I, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the book,  
 He should have brav'd the east an hour ago :  
 A black day it will be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,—

*Rat.* My lord ?

*K. Rich.* The sun will not be seen to-day :  
 The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.  
 I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.  
 Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me,  
 More than to Richmond ? for the self-same heaven,  
 That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

*Enter* NORFOLK.

*Nor.* Arm, arm, my lord ! the foe vaunts in the field.

*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle.—Caparison my horse.—  
 Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.  
 I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,  
 And thus my battle shall be order'd.

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,<sup>18</sup>  
 Consisting equally of horse and foot :  
 Our archers shall be placed in the midst.  
 John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,  
 Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.  
 They thus directed, we will follow  
 In the main battle ; whose puissance on either side  
 Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.  
 This, and Saint George to boot!<sup>19</sup>—What think'st thou, Norfolk ?

*Nor.* A good direction, warlike sovereign.—

This found I on my tent this morning. [Giving a Scroll.

*K. Rich.* “ Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold, [Reads.

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.”<sup>20</sup>

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, Gentlemen ; every man to his charge.

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;

For conscience is a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe :

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell ;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?

Remember whom you are to cope withal ;—

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,

A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;

You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,

They would restrain the one,<sup>21</sup> distain the other.

And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost ;<sup>22</sup>

A milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;

Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,

And not these bastard Bretagnes ; whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd,



And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.  
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?  
 Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!  
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;  
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:  
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!—

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

*Mess.* My lord, he doth deny to come.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son George's head.

*Nor.* My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:<sup>23</sup>

After the battle let George Stanley die.

*K. Rich.* A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

Advance our standards! set upon our foes!<sup>24</sup>

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!

Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarum; Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces; to him  
 CATESBY.*

*Cate.* Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!  
 The king enacts more wonders than a man,  
 Daring an opposite to every danger.  
 His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,  
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.  
 Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

*Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.*

*K. Rich.* A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!<sup>25</sup>

*Cate.* Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

*K. Rich.* Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,  
 And I will stand the hazard of the die.  
 I think there be six Richmonds in the field;  
 Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.<sup>26</sup>—  
 A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND; and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

*Richm.* God, and your arms, be praised, victorious friends!  
 The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

*Stan.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.  
 Lo! here, this long-usurped royalty,  
 From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
 Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;  
 Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

*Richm.* Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—  
 But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

*Stan.* He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;  
 Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

*Richm.* What men of name are slain on either side?

*Stan.* John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,  
 Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

*Richm.* Inter their bodies as becomes their births.  
 Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,  
 That in submission will return to us:

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,<sup>27</sup>

We will unite the white rose and the red:—

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—

What traitor hears me, and says not, amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son compell'd, been butcher to the sire;

All this divided York and Lancaster

Divided in their dire division.—

O! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so)  
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,  
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !  
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,  
That would reduce these bloody days again,<sup>28</sup>  
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !  
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,  
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !  
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again :  
That she may long live here, God say—amen !

[*Exeunt.*





## Notes to the Fifth Act.

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<sup>1</sup> *Will not king Richard let me speak with him?*

The reason why the Duke of Buckingham solicited an interview with the King, is explained in King Henry VIII. Act I. :

—— I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in his presence; which, if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him.—*Steevens.*

<sup>2</sup> *Is the determined respite of my wrongs.*

Warburton proposed to alter *respite* to *respect*. Hammer has rightly explained it, the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was *respited*. *Wrongs* in this line means *wrongs* done, or injurious practices.—*Johnson.*

<sup>3</sup> *And blame the due of blame.*

This scene should, in my opinion, be added to the foregoing act, so the fourth act will have a more full and striking conclusion, and the fifth act will comprise the business of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancaster. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into acts, and it is probable, that this and many other plays were left by the author in one unbroken continuity, and afterwards distributed by chance, or what seems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgment or caprice of the first editors.—*Johnson.*

In the original copy of this play, 4to. 1597, there is no division into acts and scenes. As several alterations were made in this play, evidently unauthorised by Shakspeare, in the folio copy, it is highly probable that the division of the acts was made merely to suit the convenience of exhibition. The fourth scene of the present act, being, I believe, the largest scene in any of these plays; it was perhaps thought expedient on that account, not to lengthen the act still farther;

and hence the short scene between Shirley and Sir Christopher was thrown into the fourth Act.—*Malone*.

<sup>4</sup> *Oxford, Sir James Blunt.*

John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancastrian, who after a long confinement in Hames Castle in Picardy, escaped from thence in 1484, and joined the Earl of Richmond at Paris. He commanded the archers at the battle of Bosworth. Sir James Blunt had been captain of the Castle of Hames, and assisted the Earl of Oxford in his escape.—*Malone*.

<sup>5</sup> *Oxford, and other Lords.*

The direction in the folio is —“Enter Richmond and Sir William Brandon, Oxford and *Dorset*.” In the quarto only, “Enter Richmond, with the *lordes*.” This is one of numerous proofs that many of the alterations in the folio edition of this play were made by the players, and not by Shakspeare; for Shakspeare had been informed by Holinshed that *Dorset* was not at the battle of Bosworth: Richmond before his leaving Paris having borrowed a sum of money from the French King, Charles the Eighth, and having left the Marquis of Dorset and Sir John Bouchier as hostages for the payment.—*Malone*.

<sup>5</sup> *Give me a watch.*

A *watch* has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place not a sentinel, which would be regularly placed at the king’s tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards *burnt blue*; yet a few lines after, he says:—“Bid my guard watch,”—which leaves it doubtful whether *watch* is not here a sentinel. Lord Bacon mentions a species of light called an *all-night*, which is a wick set in the middle of a large cake of wax.—*Johnson*.

The word *give* shows, I think, that a *watch-light* was intended. A *watch*, i. e. guard, would certainly be placed about a royal tent without any request of the King concerning it. I believe, therefore, that particular kind of candle is here meant which was anciently called a *watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of the more modern instrument by which we measure the hours. I have seen these candles represented with great nicety in some of the pictures of Albert Durer. Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, mentions *watching* lamps or candles. So, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:—“—slept always with a *watching* candle.” Again, in the *Noble Soldier*, 1634:—“Beauty was turn’d into a *watching-candle* that went out stinking.” Again, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:—

Sit now immur’d within their private cells,  
And drink a long lank *watching* candle’s smoke.

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1610:

Sit up all night like a *watching* candle.—*Stevens*.

Coles has in his *Dictionary*, 1679, *Watch-candle*.—*Malone*.

By a *watch* is most probably meant a *watch-light*. The nature of which will appear from the following note of Sir Francis Kinaston upon Chaucer’s *Troilus and Cressida*, in the very curious rhyming Latin Version of that poem which I possess in manuscript. ‘This word [*morter*] doth plainly intimate Jeffery Chaucer to have been an esquire of the body in ordinary to the king, whose office it is, after he had chardged and set the watch of the gard, to carry in the mortar and to set it by the king’s bed-side, for he takes from the cupboard a silver bason, and therein poures a little water, and then sets a round cake of virgin wax in the



middest of the bason, in the middle of which cake is a wicke of bumbast, which being lighted burnes as a *watch-light* all night by the king's bed-side. It hath, as I conceive, the name of *morter* for the likenes it hath when it is nere consumed unto a mortar wherin you bray spices, for the flame first hollowing the middle of the waxe cake, which is next unto it, the waxe by degrees, like the sands in a houre glasse, runs evenly from all sides to the middle to supply the wicke. This royal ceremony Chaucer wittily faines to be in Cresseid's bedchamber, calling this kind of *watch-light* by the name of *morter*, which very few courtiers besides esquires of the body (who only are admitted after *allnight* is served to come into the king's bedchamber), do understand what is meant by it.' Kinaston was himself esquire of the body to King Charles I. Baret mentions '*watching lamps, or candles; lucernæ vigiles:*' and *watching candles* are mentioned in many old plays. Steevens says that he has seen them represented in some of the pictures (qu. prints?) of Albert Durer.—*Singer*.

<sup>7</sup> *Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.*

So, in Holinshed's Chronicle, (copied from Hall's Sig. II. iii. b.) "Then he (invironed with his gard) with a frowning countenance and cruell visage, mounted on a great *white courser*, and followed with his footmen," &c., p. 751.—*Steevens*.

<sup>8</sup> *The melancholy lord Northumberland.*

Richard calls him *melancholy*, because he did not join heartily in his cause. "Henry the fourth earle of Northumberland," says Holinshed, "whether it was by the commandement of King Richarde putting diffidence in him, or he did it for the love and favour he bare unto the earle [of Richmond], stood still with a great company, and intermixed not in the battaile; which was [after the battle] incontinently received into favour, and made of the counsaile."—*Maloue*.

<sup>9</sup> *Much about cock-shut time.*

Ben Jonson uses the same expression in one of his entertainments:—

For you would not yesternight,  
Kiss him in the *cock-shut* light.

Again, in the *Widow*, by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1652:—"Come away then: a fine *cockshut* evening." Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:—"In the twilight, *cock-shut* light."

In the *Treatyse of Fishynge with the Angle*, by dame Julyana Bernes, 1496, among the directions to make a fishing rod is the following: "Take thenne and frette him faste with a *cockeshote corde*," &c. but I cannot interpret the word.—*Steevens*.

"Cock-shut time," i. e. twilight. In Whalley's note upon Ben Jonson, vol. v. p. 204: "A *cockshut* is said to be a net to catch woodcocks; and as the time of taking them in this manner is in the twilight, either after sun-set or before its rising, *cock-shut* light may very properly express the evening or the morning twilight." The particular form of such a net, and the manner of using it, is delineated and described in *Dictionarium Rusticum*, 2 vols. 8vo. 3d edit. 1726, under the word *cock-roads*. It is the custom of the woodcock to lie close all day, and towards evening he takes wing, which act of flight might anciently be termed his *shoot* or *shot*. So, the ballast of a ship is said to *shoot*, when it runs from one side to the other. This etymology gives us, perhaps, the original signification of the word, without any recourse for it to the name of a net, which might receive its denomination from the time of the day, or from the occasion on which it was

used; for I believe there was a net which was called a *cock-shot*. Holinshed's Description of Britain, p. 110, calls a stone which naturally has a hole in it, "an apt *cocke-shot* for the devil to run through;" which, I apprehend, alludes to the resemblance of the hole in the stone to the meshes of a net.—*Tollet*.

Tollet's opinion may be supported by the following passage in a little metrical performance, called, No Whipping nor Trippinge, but a kinde friendly Snippinge, 1601:—

A silly honest creature may do well  
To watch a *cocke-shoote*, or a limed bush.—*Steevens*.

I must support my interpretation against Tollet. He in part admits, and then proceeds to overthrow it. And I will support it by the very instance Steevens adduced in his favour. The ballast of a ship may be said to *shoot*; as we now say, to *shoot* coals, or corn out of a sack; but it was never yet said that a woodcock *shoots*, when he takes his evening flight. *Cocke-shoote*, in the passage Steevens cites, is certainly a substantive, and the accusative case after the verb *watch*, which is confirmed by what follows, *or a limed bush*. And when the *cock-shut net* is fixed, a person always stands by to watch and manage it. A similar expression is in Hall's Satires:—"To watch a sinking cock, upon the shore—."—*Whalley*.

The passage from Hall is misquoted. He alludes to fishing, and says—"Or watch a sinking *corke* upon the shore." Edit. 1602, Virgidemiarum lib. iv. p. 33.—*Steevens*.

That *cockshut time* meant *twilight*, is ascertained by Minsheu's Dictionary, 1617. See the latter word.—*Malone*.

Ogilby, in his Paraphrase of Æsop's Fables, 4to. 1651, p. 6, introduces this expression in a way which perhaps strengthens Mr. Tollet's opinion that *cock-shoot* was taken from the flight of the woodcock. He makes the pine boast:—

— when loud winds make *cock-shoots* thro' the wood,  
Rending down mighty okes, I firme have stood.

Here, I apprehend, Ogilby means to describe hurricanes which, by blowing down the trees, made glades or partial openings in the woods.—*Holt White*.

"Cock-shout, cock-shoot-light, dusk of the evening, when the wood-cocks *shoot* or take their flight in woods," Kennett's Glossary, MS. Lansd. 1033.

<sup>10</sup> *Thy brother tender George.*

So Holinshed after Hall: "When the said lord Stanley would have departed into his country to visit his familie, and to recreate and refreshe his spirits, as he openly said, (but the truth was to the intent to be in a perfite readinesse to join the earle of Richmonde at his first arrival in Englande,) the king in no wise would suffer him to depart before he had left as an hostage in the court, George Stanley, lord Strange, his first begotten son and heir.—The lord Stanley lodged in the same town [Stafford], and hearing that the earle of Richmond was marching thitherward, gave to him place, dislodging him and his,—to avoid all suspicion, being afraide least if he should be seen openly to be a factor or ayder to the earle, his son-in-law, before the day of battayle, that king Richard, which yet not utterly put him in diffidence and mistrust, would put to some evil death his son and heir apparent." The young nobleman whom the poet calls George Stanley, was created Baron Strange, in right of his wife, by King Edward IV. in 1482.—*Malone*.

<sup>11</sup> *The leisure and the fearful time.*

We have still a phrase equivalent to this, however harsh it may seem, "I



would do this, if *leisure* would permit," where *leisure*, as in this passage, stands for *want of leisure*. So again :—

— More than I have said,—  
The *leisure* and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell upon.—*Johnson*.

<sup>12</sup> *Lest leaden slumber peise me down.*

Thus the old copies. The modern editions read—*poize*. To *peise*, i. e. to *weigh down*, from *peser*, French. I meet with this word in the old play of the Raigne of King Edward the Third, 1596 :—

And *peize* their deeds with heavy weight of lead.

Again, in *All for Money*, 1574 :—

Then if you *counterpeaze* me learning with money.

Again, in Christopher Middleton's *Legend of Humphrey Duke of Gloster*, 1600 :—"Nor was her schooles *peis'd* down with golden waights."—*Steevens*.

<sup>13</sup> *The ghost of Prince Edward.*

This circumstance is likewise found in Nichols's *Legend of King Richard III.* (inserted in the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, edit. 1610,) and was apparently imitated from Shakspeare :—

As in my tent on slumbring bed I lie,  
Horrid aspects appear'd unto mine eye :  
I thought that all those murder'd ghosts, whom I  
By death had sent to their untimely grave,  
With baleful noise about my tent did crye,  
And of the heavens, with sad complaint, did crave  
That they on guilty wretch might vengeance have.

His terror on waking is likewise very forcibly described. Drayton, in the 22d Song of his *Polyolbion*, may likewise have borrowed from our author :—

Where to the guilty king, the black forerunning night,  
Appear the dreadful ghosts of *Henry* and his *son*,  
Of his own brother *George*, and his *two nephews*, done  
Most cruelly to death ; and of his *wife*, and *friend*  
Lord *Hastings*, with pale hands prepar'd as they would rend  
Him piece-meal ; at which oft he roareth in his sleep.—*Steevens*.

Steevens has here quoted a passage from Nichols's *Legend of King Richard III.* inserted in the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, and another from the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, both descriptive of the visions supposed to have been seen by Richard the night before the battle of Bosworth. He added the following observation :—"It is not unpleasant to trace the progress of a poetical idea. Some of our oldest historians had informed us that king Richard was much disturbed in his dreams. The author of a metrical legend (Nichols,) who follows next in succession, proceeds to tell us the quality of these ominous visions. A poet (Drayton) who takes up the story, goes further, and acquaints us with the names of those who are supposed to have appeared in them ; and last of all comes the dramattick writer, who brings the phantoms, speaking in their particular characters, on the stage."

The annotations of my ingenious predecessor seldom require animadversion or revision ; but I am here obliged to remark, as I did on a former occasion, where the learned Bishop of Worcester had made a similar attempt to trace a thought from one poet to another, that this supposed progress of a poetical idea is in the present instance merely imaginary, as a few dates will at once demonstrate.



Shakspeare's Richard III. was printed in 1597. Nichols's Legend of King Richard III. first appeared in that edition of the *Mirroure for Magistrates* which was published in 1610, thirteen years after our author's play had appeared; and the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* was not published till twenty-five years after the tragedy of King Richard III. had been printed, that is, in 1622.

Our ancient historians have said *more* than that Richard was *disturbed by dreams*; they have mentioned the nature of them, and particularly of his dream on this night. The account given by Polydore Virgil, which was copied by Hall and Holinshed, is as follows. "The fame went, that he had the same night [the night before the battle of Bosworth] a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it seemed to him being aslepe, that he saw *diverse ymages like terrible devilles*, which pulled and haled him, not sufferynge him to take any quiet or reste. The which straunge vision not so sodaynly strake his heart with a sodayne feare, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many busy and dreadful imaginations. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends, of the morning, his *wonderfull vysion*, and fearefull dreame." I quote from Holinshed, because he was Shakspeare's authority.

Since this note was written, Steevens has suppressed the foregoing remark, but has preserved his citation from the poem of Nichols. Polydore Virgil, as I have already observed, began to write his history about twenty years after Richard's death.—*Malone*.

<sup>14</sup> *That never slept a quiet hour with thee.*

Shakspeare was probably here thinking of Sir Thomas More's animated description of Richard, which Holinshed transcribed: "I have heard (says Sir Thomas) by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberlaine, that after this abominable deed done [the murder of his nephews] he never had quiet in his mind. He never thought himself sure where he went abroad; his eyes whirled about; his body privily fenced; his hand ever upon his dagger; his countenance and manner like onc always readie to strike againe. *He tooke ill rest a-nights; lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch: rather slumbered than slept, troubled with fearfull dreames; sodainely sometime start up, leapt out of bed, and ran about the chamber*; so was his restless heart continually tost and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrances of his abominable deede." With such a companion well might Anne say, that she never *slept one quiet hour*.—*Malone*.

<sup>15</sup> *The lights burn blue.*

So, in Lyly's *Galathea*, 1592: "I thought there was some *spirit* in it because it burnt so *blue*; for my mother would often tell me when the *candle burnt blue*, there was some ill *spirit* in the house." It was anciently supposed that fire was a preservative against evil spirits; "because," says Nash, in Pierce Penniless's *Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, "when any spirit appeareth, the lights by little and little goe out as it were of their own accord, and *the takers* are by degrees extinguished." The *takers* are the spirits who blast or *take*. So, in King Lear:—

— strike her young bones,  
Ye *taking* airs, with lameness!—*Steevens*.

Then presently beganne the tapers to *burne blew*, as though a troupe of gastly spirits did incompass his lodging, which was an evident signe, that some strange and unhappy murther would shortly follow.—*Johnson's Famous History of the Seven Champions of Chr.stendome*, 1608.

<sup>16</sup> *It is now dead midnight.*

So the original quarto 1597. In a subsequent quarto, 1598, this was corruptly printed—“——It is *not* dead midnight;” for which the revisor of the copy printed in folio in 1623, to obtain some sense, gave us—“——*Is it not* dead midnight?” which was followed by all the subsequent editors, including Steevens, till my first edition of this work had appeared. And here we have a decisive proof of the progress of corruption, and of the licentious and arbitrary manner in which emendations were made, even in the first folio, when a passage in the quarto that was printed from appeared corrupt. Some idle conjecture was formed and adopted, instead of resorting to the original copy, where the true reading would have been found; and, in like manner, when errors were found in the first folio, the revisor of the *second* endeavoured to amend them, merely by conjecture, without resorting to the earliest quarto copy of these plays, where that aid might have been obtained; and, in the other plays, where there was no quarto, without attempting to find any other manuscript copy than the one which that copy followed. This I have asserted and proved again and again; and it has again and again been denied.—*Malone.*

The reading of the quarto 1597, could it be supposed to need support, might meet with it in the following observation of Hamlet:—“’*Tis now* the very witching time of *night.*”—*Steevens.*

<sup>17</sup> *God, and Saint George!*

*Saint George* was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Arte of Warre*, printed in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth’s reign, formally enjoins the use of this cry among his military laws, p. 84:—“*Item*, that all souldiers entring into battaile, assault, skirmish, or other faction of armes, shall have for their common cry and word, *Saint George, forward, or upon them, saint George*, whereby the souldiour is much comforted, and the enemy dismaied by calling to minde the ancient valour of England, which with that name has so often been victorious; and therefore he, who upon any *sinister zeale*, shall *maliciously* omit so fortunate a name, shall be *severely punished* for his obstinate *erroneous* heart, and perverse mind.” Hence too the humour of the following lines in Marston’s nervous but neglected satires, entitled the *Scourge of Villanie*, printed in 1599, lib. iii. sat. viii. :—

A pox upon’t that *Bacchis*’ name should be  
The watch-word given to the souldierie.  
Goe troupe to field, mount thy obscured fame,  
Cry out *Saint George*, invoke thy mistress’ name;  
Thy *Mistresse* and *Saint George*, &c.

In Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, that admirable and early ridicule of romance-writing, where the champion Ralph is going to attack the *Barber*, or the huge giant *Barboroso*, the burlesque is heightened, when, with much solemnity, and as if a real heroick encounter had been going forward, he cries out, “*Saint George!* set on before, march squire and page.” Act III. Sc. I. And afterwards, when the engagement begins, Ralph says, “*St. George* for me;” and *Barbaroso*, “*Garagantua* for me.”—*T. Warton.*

<sup>18</sup> *My foreward shall be drawn out all in length.*

So Holinshed: “King Richard havynge all things in a readiness, went forth with the army out of his tentes, and began to set his men in array: first *the forward set forth a marvellous length, both of horsemen and also of footemen*,—and to the foremost part of all the bowmen as a strong fortresse for them that came



after; and over this John duke of Norfolk was head captain. After him followed the king with a mighty sort of men." The words *out all* are only found in the original quarto of 1597.—*Malone*.

<sup>19</sup> *This, and Saint George to boot!*

That is, this is the order of our battle, which promises success; and over and above this, is the protection of our patron saint.—*Johnson*.

To *boot* is (as I conceive) to help, and not *over and above*.—*Hawkins*.

*Hawkins* is certainly right. So, in King Richard II.:—"Mine innocence, and Saint George *to thrive*." The old English phrase was, *Saint George to borrow*. So, in A Dialogue, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564: "Maister and maistres, come into this vallye,—untill this storme be past: *Saincte George to borrowe*, mercifull God, who did ever see the like?" signat. K. 7. b.—*Malone*.

Dr. Johnson is undoubtedly right against both his opponents, one of whom has adduced the phrase "St. George to borrow," unintentionally in support of him. To *borrow* is no more a verb than *to boot*; it means *as a pledge or security*, *borrow* being the Saxon term for a *pledge*. The phrase is an invocation to the saint to act as a protector. "Saint George to thrive" is evidently a misconceived paraphrase of the old mode of expression, by improperly changing the substantive to a verb. Holinshed, in the speech of Richard before the battle, introduces "St. George to borrowe."—*Douce*.

<sup>20</sup> *For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*

*Dickon* is the ancient vulgar familiarization of *Richard*. In Gammer Gurton's Needle, 1575, *Diccon* is the name of the Bedlam.—In the words—*bought and sold*, I believe, there is somewhat proverbial. So, in the Comedy of Errors: "It would make a man as mad as a buck, to be so *bought and sold*." Again, in King John:—"Fly, noble English, you are *bought and sold*."

Again, in Troilus and Cressida, with an addition that throws more light on the phrase:—"Thou art *bought and sold* among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave."—*Steevens*.

<sup>21</sup> *They would restrain the one.*

That is, they would lay *restrictions* on the possession of your lands, impose conditions on the proprietors of them. Dr. Warburton for *restrain* substituted *distrain*, which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. "To *distrain*," says he, "is to *seize upon*;" but to *distrain* is not to *seize generally*, but to seize goods, cattle, &c. for non-payment of rent, or for the purpose of enforcing the process of courts. The *restrictions* likely to be imposed by a conquering enemy on lands, are imposts, contributions, &c. or absolute confiscation.—"And if he [Henry Earl of Richmond] should atchieve his false intent and purpose," (says Richard in his circular letter sent to the Sheriffs of the several counties in England on this occasion; *Paston Letters*, ii. 321.) "every man's life, livelihood, and goods, shall be in his hands, liberty, and disposition."—*Malone*.

<sup>22</sup> *Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost.*

This is spoken by Richard, of Henry Earl of Richmond; but they were far from having any *common* mother, but England: and the Earl of Richmond was not subsisted abroad at the nation's public charge. During the greatest part of his residence abroad, he was watched and restrained almost like a captive; and subsisted by supplies conveyed from the Countess of Richmond, his mother. It seems probable, therefore, that we must read:—"Long kept in Bretagne at *his* mother's cost."—*Theobald*.



In all the other places where Shakspeare had been led into errors by mistakes of the press, or by false translations, his text has been very properly exhibited as he wrote it; for it is not the business of an editor to new-write his author's works. Thus, in Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV. Sc. I. we have—"Let the old ruffian know, *I* have many other ways to die;" though we know the sense of the passage in Plutarch there copied is,—that "*he* (the old ruffian) hath many other ways to die." Again, in Julius Cæsar, Antony is still permitted to say, that Cæsar had left the Roman people his arbours and orchards "on *this* side Tyber," though it ought to be—"on *that* side Tyber:" both which mistakes Shakspeare was led into by the ambiguity and inaccuracy of the old translation of Plutarch.

For all such inaccuracies, the poet, and not his editor, is responsible: and in the passage now under our consideration more particularly the text ought not to be disturbed, because it ascertains a point of some moment; namely, that Holinshed, and not Hall, was the historian that Shakspeare followed. Of how much consequence this is, the reader may ascertain by turning to the Dissertation on the Plays of King Henry VI. where this circumstance, if I do not deceive myself, contributes not a little in addition to the other proofs there adduced, to settle a long-agitated question, and to show that those plays were *re-written* by Shakspeare, and not his *original* composition.—*Malone*.

<sup>23</sup> *The enemy is pass'd the marsh.*

There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies. Henry passed it, and made such a disposition of his forces that it served to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained also another point, that his men should engage with the sun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies: a matter of great consequence when bows and arrows were in use.—*Malone*.

<sup>24</sup> *Advance our standards, set upon our foes.*

So Holinshed after Hall: "—like valiant champions advance forth your standardes, and assay whether your enemies can decide and try the title of battaile by dint of sword; avaunce, I say again, forward, my captaines.—Now Saint George to borrow, let us set forward."—*Malone*.

<sup>25</sup> *A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!*

In the true Tragedie of Richard the Third, 1594, there is this faint adumbration of this line,—“a horse! a horse! a fresh horse!” which is there spoken by Richard after he had been wounded. That Richard Burbage was the original actor of the part Shakspeare's Richard the Third is proved by the following interesting passage in the Poems of Bishop Corbet,—

Mine host was full of ale and history,  
 And in the morn when he brought us nigh  
 Where the two Roses join'd, you would suppose  
 Chaucer ne'er made the romaunt of the Rose.  
 Hear him. See you yon wood? There Richard lay  
 With his whole army. Look the other way,  
 And, lo! while Richmond in a bed of gorse  
 Encamp'd himself all night, and all his force:  
 Upon this hill they met. Why, he could tell  
 The inch where Richmond stood, where Richard fell.  
 Besides what of his knowledge he could say,  
*He had authentic notice from the play;*  
*Which I might guess by marking up the ghosts*  
*And policies not incident to hosts;*

*But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing,  
Where he mistook a player for a king.  
For when he would have said, King Richard died,  
And call'd, a horse! a horse! he, Burbage cried.*

In the Battle of Alcazar, 1594, the Moor calls out in the same manner :—

A horse, a horse, villain a horse!  
That I may take the river straight, and fly!

This passage in Shakspeare appears to have been imitated by several of the old writers, if not stolen. So, Heywood, in the Second Part of his Iron Age, 1632 :—

———a horse, a horse!  
Ten kingdoms for a horse to enter Troy.—*Steevens.*

Marston seems to have imitated this line in his Satires, 1599 :—“A man, a man, a kingdom for a man!”—*Malone.* This line is introduced into Marston's What You Will, Act II. Sc. I. 4to. 1607 :—

Ha! he mounts Chirall on the wings of fame,  
*A horse! a horse! my kingdome for a horse!*  
Looke thee, I speake play scraps, &c.—*Reed.*

<sup>26</sup> *Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.*

Shakspeare had employed this incident with historical propriety in the First Part of King Henry IV.—*Steevens.*

Shakspeare had good ground for this poetical exaggeration; Richard, according to Polydore Virgil, was determined, if possible, to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the Earl was; attacked his stand-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him: then assaulted Sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew: having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that instant Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell; fighting bravely to the last moment.—*Malone.*

<sup>27</sup> *As we have ta'en the sacrament.*

So, in Holinshed, p. 745: “The earle himselfe first tooke a corporall oth on his honor, promising that incontinent after he shuld be possessed of the crowne and dignitie of the realme of England, he would be conjoined in matrimonie with the ladie Elizabeth, daughter to king Edward the Fourth.”—*Steevens.*

<sup>28</sup> *That would reduce these bloody days again.*

*Reduce*, that is, bring back; an obsolete sense of the word. So, in the goodly History of the moste noble and beautiful Ladye Lucre of Scene in Tuskan, and of her louer Eurialus, &c. 1560 :—“The mornynge forsakyng the golden bed of Titan, *reduced* the desyred day—.”—*Steevens.*















