



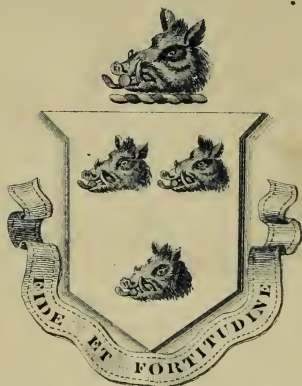
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T H E

P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. V.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

JOHN GARDNER

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS  
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T H E  
P L A Y S  
O F  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FIFTH,

CONTAINING,

The SECOND PART of KING HENRY the SIXTH.  
The THIRD PART of KING HENRY the SIXTH.  
The LIFE and DEATH of RICHARD the THIRD.  
The LIFE of KING HENRY the EIGHTH.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, C. CORBET, H. WOODFALL,  
J. RIVINGTON, R. BALDWIN, L. HAWES, CLARK and  
COLLINS, W. JOHNSTON, T. CASLON, T. LOWNDS,  
and the Executors of B. DODD.

M,DCC,LXV.

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May, 1873

RECORDS

HEWITT

THE  
SECOND PART  
OF  
*HENRY VI.*

## Dramatis Personæ.

- KING Henry the Sixth.*  
*Humphry Duke of Gloucester, Uncle to the King.*  
*Cardinal Beauford, Bishop of Winchester, great Uncle to the King.*  
*Duke of York pretending to the Crown.*  
*Duke of Buckingham,*  
*Duke of Somersfet,* } *Of the King's Party.*  
*Duke of Suffolk,*  
*Earl of Salisbury,* } *Of the York Faction.*  
*Earl of Warwick,*  
*Lord Clifford, of the King's Party.*  
*Lord Say.*  
*Lord Scales, Governor of the Tower.*  
*Sir Humphry Stafford.*  
*Young Stafford, his Brother.*  
*Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.*  
*Young Clifford, Son to the Lord Clifford.*  
*Edward Plantagenet,* } *Sons to the Duke of York.*  
*Richard Plantagenet,*  
*Vaux, a Sea Captain, and Walter Whitmore, Pirates.*  
*A Herald. Hume and Southwel, two Priests.*  
*Bolingbrook, an Astrologer.*  
*A Spirit, attending on Jordan the Witch.*  
*Thomas Horner, an Armourer. Peter, his Man.*  
*Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.*  
*Simpcox, an Impostor.*  
*Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick the Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and several others, Rebels.*  
*Margaret, Queen to King Henry VI. secretly in Love with the Duke of Suffolk.*  
*Dame Eleanor, Wife to the Duke of Gloucester.*  
*Mother Jordan, a Witch employed by the Dutchess of Gloucester.*  
*Wife to Simpcox.*  
*Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff and Officers, Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Messengers, and other Attendants.*  
*The SCENE is laid very dispersedly in several Parts of England.*

The SECOND PART OF

King HENRY VI.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

*Flourish of Trumpets: then, Hautboys. Enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beauford on the one side: The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham on the other.*

SUFFOLK:

AS by your high imperial Majesty<sup>1</sup>  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As procurator for your Excellence,

<sup>1</sup> *The second part, &c.] This and the third part were first written under the title of the Contention of York and Lancaster, printed in 1600, but since vastly improved by the author. POPE.*

*The second Part of K. Henry VI.] This and the Third part of King Henry VI. contain that troublesome Period of this Prince's Reign, which took in the whole Contention betwixt the two Houses of York and Lancaster: And under that title were these two Plays first acted and published. The present Scene opens with K. Henry's Marriage, which was in the 23d Year of his Reign; and closes with the first Battle fought*

at St. Albans, and won by the York Faction, in the 33d Year of his Reign. So that it comprizes the History and Transactions of 10 Years. THEOBALD:

<sup>2</sup> *As by your high, &c.] Vide Hall's Chronicle, Fol. 66. Year 23. Init.*

POPE:  
It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions, of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the second and third parts were not written without dependance on the first, tho' they were printed as containing a complete period of history.



## THE SECOND PART OF

To marry Princess *Marg'ret* for your Grace ;  
 So in the famous ancient city, *Tours*,  
 In presence of the kings of *France* and *Sicil*,  
 The dukes of *Orleans*, *Calaber*, *Bretaigne*, *Alanson*,  
 Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Bishops,  
 I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd :  
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,  
 In sight of *England* and her lordly peers  
 Deliver up my title in the Queen

[Presenting the Queen to the King.

To your most gracious hand ; that are the substance  
 Of that great shadow I did represent ;  
 The happiest gift that ever Marquess gave,  
 The fairest Queen that ever King receiv'd.

*K. Henry. Suffolk*, arise. Welcome, Queen *Margaret* ;

I can express no kinder sign of love,  
 Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lend'st me life,  
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !  
 For thou hast giv'n 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,<sup>3</sup>  
 By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,  
 In courtly company, or at my beads,  
 With you, mine alder-lievest Sovereign,<sup>4</sup>  
 Makes me the bolder to salute my King  
 With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,

<sup>3</sup> *The mutual conference* — ] I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarised you to my imagination.

<sup>4</sup> — mine alder-lievest Sovereign ;] *Alder lievest* is an old *English* word given to him to whom the speaker is supreme-

ly attached : *Lievest* being the superlative of the comparative, *levar*, rather, from *liefs*. So *Hall* in his *Chronicle*, *Henry VI.* Fölio 12. *Ryght lyght and mighty Prince, and my ryght noble, and, after one, levest Lord.*



And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Henry. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in  
speech,  
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
Make me from wondring fall to weeping joys,  
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.  
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my Love.

*All kneel.* Long live Queen Marg'ret, England's hap-  
piness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.]

Suf. My Lord protector, so it please your grace,  
Here are the articles of contracted Peace,  
Between our Sovereign and the French King, Charles,  
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

*Glo. reads.* ] Imprimis, It is agreed between the French  
King, Charles, and William de la Pole Marquess of  
Suffolk, 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 Dutchy of Anjou, and the County of  
Maine, shall be released and delivered to the King her  
father. [Lets fall the Paper.]

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious Lord;  
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item, That the Dutchie of Anjou and Maine  
shall be released and delivered to the King her father, and  
she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost  
and charges, without having any dowry.

K. Henry. They please us well. Lord Marquess,  
kneel you down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,  
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,  
We here discharge your Grace from being Regent

Ith' parts of *France*, till term of eighteen months  
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle *Winchester*,  
*Gloster*, *York*, *Buckingham*, and *Somerset*,  
*Salisbury* and *Warwick*;

We thank you for all 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.*]

S C E N E II.

*Manent the rest.*

*Glo.* Brave peers of *England*, pillars of the state,  
To you Duke *Humphry* must unload his grief,  
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

What! did my brother *Henry* spend his youth,  
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?

Did he so often lodge in open field,  
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,  
To conquer *France*, his true inheritance?

And did my brother *Bedford* toil his wits  
To keep by policy what *Henry* got?

Have you yourselves, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,  
Brave *York*, and *Salisbury*, victorious *Warwick*,  
Receiv'd deep scars in *France* and *Normandy*?

Or hath mine uncle *Beauford*, 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

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 circumstances? <sup>5</sup>  
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 roaft,  
Hath giv'n the dutchy of *Anjou* and *Maine*  
Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whose large stile  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

*Sal.* Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,  
These counties were the keys of *Normandy*.

—But wherefore weeps *Warwick* my valiant son?

*War.* For grief that they are past recovery.  
For were there hope to conquer them again,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.  
*Anjou* and *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? \*

*York.* For *Suffolk's* Duke, may he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!  
*France* should have torn and rent my very heart,  
Before I would have yielded to this league.  
I never read, but *England's* Kings have had  
Large sums of gold, and dowries with their wives:  
And our King *Henry* gives away his own,  
To match with her that brings no vantages.

*Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,  
That *Suffolk* should demand a whole fifteenth,  
For cost and charges in transporting her.

<sup>5</sup> *This peroration with such circumstances?*] This speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation.

\* The indignation of *War-*

*wick* is natural, and I wish it had been better expressed; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*.



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She should have staid in *France*, and starv'd in *France*,  
Before ———

*Car.* My Lord of *Glo'ster*, now ye grow too hot.  
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

*Glo.* My Lord of *Winchester*, I know your mind.  
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,  
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.  
Rancour will out. Proud prelate, in thy face  
I see thy fury; if I longer stay,  
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.  
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,  
I prophesy'd, *France* will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*]

*Car.* So, there goes our protector in a rage.  
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy,  
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,  
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.  
Consider, Lords, he is the next of blood,  
And heir apparent to the *English* crown.  
Had *Henry* got an empire by his marriage,  
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,<sup>6</sup>  
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.  
Look to it, Lords, let not his smoothing words  
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.  
What though the common people favour him,  
Calling him *Humphry*, the good Duke of *Glo'ster*,  
Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice,  
*Jesu maintain your royal excellence!*  
With, *God preserve the good Duke Humphry!*  
I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
He will be found a dangerous protector.

*Buck.* Why should he then protect our sovereign,  
He being of age to govern of himself?  
Cousin of *Somerſet*, join you with me,

<sup>6</sup> *And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,*] in the *West* as well as in the *East*, and the *Western* kingdoms were more likely to be in the thought of the speaker.

WARBURTON.  
There are wealthy kingdoms

And all together with the Duke of *Suffolk*,  
We'll quickly hoist Duke *Humphry* from his seat.

*Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay.  
I'll to the Duke of *Suffolk* presently. [Exit.

*Som.* Cousin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphry's* pride  
And greatness of his place be grieved to us,  
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal:  
His insolence is more intolerable  
Than all the princes in the land beside.

If *Glo'ster* be displac'd, he'll be protector,  
*Buck.* Or *Somerſet*, or I, will be protector.  
Despight Duke *Humphry*, 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 *Humphry* Duke of *Glo'ster*  
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.  
Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal  
More like a soldier, than a man o'th'church,  
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,  
Swear like a 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 *Humphry*.  
And brother *York*, thy acts in *Ireland*,  
In bringing them to civil discipline,  
Thy late exploits done in the heart of *France*,  
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,  
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.  
Join we together for the 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 *Humphry's* deeds,  
While they do tend the profit of the land.

*War.*

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*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.

[*Aside.*

*Sal.* Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.

*War.* Unto the main? Oh 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.*

SCENE III.

*Manet York.*

*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 penn'worths 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 shared, and all is borne away,  
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.  
So *York* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,  
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.  
Methinks, the realms of *England*, *France* and *Ireland*,  
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,  
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,  
Unto the prince's heart of *Calydon*.

*Anjou*





Gazing at that which seems to dim thy sight?  
 What seest thou there? King *Henry's* Diadem,  
 Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?  
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on the 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 dreams this night do make me sad.

*Elean.* What dream'd my Lord; tell me, and I'll  
 requite it  
 With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

*Glo.* Methought, this Staff, mine office-badge in  
 Court,  
 Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot;  
 But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal;  
 And, on the pieces of the broken wand,  
 Were plac'd the heads of *Edmund* Duke of *Somerset*,  
 And *William de la Pole* first Duke of *Suffolk*.  
 This was the dream; what it doth bode, God knows,

*Elean.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument,  
 That he, that breaks a stick of *Glo'ster's* grove,  
 Shall lose his head for his Presumption.  
 But list to me, my *Humphry*, my sweet Duke;  
 Methought, I sat in seat of Majesty,  
 In the Cathedral church of *Westminster*,  
 And in that chair where Kings and Queens were crown'd,  
 Where *Henry* and *Marg'ret* 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.

*Elean.* 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 Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure,  
 You do prepare to ride unto *St. Albans*,  
 Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

*Glo.* I go. Come, *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us?

*Elean.* Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exit Gloucester.*]

Follow I must, I cannot go before,  
 While *Glo'ster* bears this base and humble mind.  
 Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,  
 I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks;  
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks.  
 And being a woman, I will not be slack  
 To play my part in Fortune's pageant.  
 —Where are you there, Sir *John*? Nay, fear not, man,  
 We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

*Enter Hume.*

*Hume.* Jesus preserve your Royal Majesty!

*Elean.* What say'st thou? *Majesty*? I am but *Grace*.

*Hume.* But by the grace of God, and *Hume's* advice,

Your



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Your Grace's title shall be multiply'd.

*Elean.* What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd

With *Margery Jordan*, the cunning witch;  
And *Roger Bolingbrook* the conjurer,  
And will they undertake to do me good?

*Hume.* This they have promised, to shew your Highness

A Spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,  
That shall make answer to such questions,  
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

*Elean.* It is enough, I'll think upon the questions.  
When from *St. Albans* we do make return,  
We'll see those things effected to the full.  
Here, *Hume*, take this reward. Make merry, man,  
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[Exit *Eleanor*.

*Hum.* *Hume* must make merry with the Dutchess' 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 Dutchess;  
And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;  
Yet am I *Suffolk*'s, and the Cardinal's, broker.

—*Hume*, If you take not heed, you shall go near  
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

—Well, so it stands; and thus I fear at last,  
*Hume*'s knavery will be the dutchess' wreck,

And her Attainture will be *Humphry's Fall*:  
 7 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

*Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter the Armourer's man being one.*

1 *Pet.* MY masters, let's stand close; my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications<sup>7</sup> in quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, Jesu bless him!

*Enter Suffolk, and Queen.*

1 *Pet.* Here a'comes, methinks, and the Queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

*Suf.* How now, fellow, wouldst 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. [reading.] 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's some wrong, indeed. What's yours? what's here? [reads.] *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for inclosing the Commons of Long Melford.* How now, Sir Knave?

<sup>7</sup> Sort how it will.] Let the *Hammer's* reading, the rest have in the quill.

<sup>8</sup> In quill.] This is Sir T.

2 *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole Township.

*Suf.* [reads.] *Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the Crown.*

*Q. Mar.* What! did the Duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the Crown?

*Peter.* That my master was? no, forsooth; my master said, that he was; and that the King was an usurper.

*Suf.* Who is there?—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant, presently; we'll hear more of your matter before the King.

[Exit Peter guarded.]

*Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our Protector's Grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[Tears the supplications.]

Away, base cullions.—*Suffolk*, let them go.

*All.* Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt 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 *Glo'ster's* governance?

Am I a Queen in title and in style,

And must be made a Subject to a Duke?

I tell thee, *Pole*, when in the city *Tours*

Thou ran'st a-tilt in honour of my love,

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of *France*;

I thought, King *Henry* had resembled thee

In courage, courtship, and proportion:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number *Ave Marias* on his beads;

His champions are the Prophets and Apostles;

His weapons holy Saws of sacred Writ;

His study is his tilt-yard; and his loves

Are



Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.  
 I would, the College of the Cardinals  
 Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,  
 And set the triple Crown upon his head ;  
 That were a state fit for his holiness !

*Suf.* Madam, be patient ; as I was the cause  
 Your Highness came to *England*, so will I  
 In *England* work your Grace's full content.

*Q. Mar.* Beside the proud Protector, have we  
*Beauford*

Th'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 *Nevills* ;  
*Salisbury* and *Warwick* are no simple Peers.

*Q. Mar.* Not all these Lords do vex me half so  
 much,

As that proud Dame, the Lord Protector's wife ;  
 She sweeps it through the Court with troops of ladies,  
 More like an Empress than Duke *Humphry's* wife.  
 Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen ;  
 She bears a Duke's revenues on her back,  
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty.  
 Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?

Contemptuous, base born, 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 their lays ?  
 And never mount to trouble you again.

So, let her rest ; and, Madam, list to me ;  
 For I am bold to counsel you in this ;  
 Although we fancy not the Cardinal,  
 Yet must we join with him and with the Lords,

Till we have brought Duke *Humphry* in disgrace.  
 As for the Duke of *York*, this late complaint \*  
 Will make but little for his benefit.  
 So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,  
 And you yourself shall steer the happy Realm.

## S C E N E VI.

To them enter King Henry, Duke *Humphry*, Cardinal,  
 Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the  
 Dutchess of Gloucester.

K. Henry. For my part, noble Lords, I care not  
 which.

Or *Somerset*, or *York*. All's one to me.

York. If *York* have ill demean'd himself in *France*,  
 Then let him be deny'd the Regentship.

Som. If *Somerset* be unworthy of the place,  
 Let *York* be Regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,  
 Dispute not that; *York* is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy Betters speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this Presence are thy betters, *Warwick*.

War. *Warwick* may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, Son; and shew some reason, *Buckingham*,  
 Why *Somerset* should be prefer'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 woman's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your  
 Grace

To be Protector of his Excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the Realm;  
 And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

\* That is, the complaint of  
*Peter* the armourer's man against  
 his master, for saying that *York*  
 was the rightful king.

† *His censure.*] Through all  
 these plays *censure* is used in an  
 indifferent sense, simply for judg-  
 ment or opinion.

*Suf.* Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.  
 Since thou wert King, as who is King, but thou?  
 The Common-wealth 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 bond-men to thy sov'reignty.

*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 maïs of publick 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 Glo'ster. The Queen drops her fans*  
 Give me my fan; what, minion? can ye not?

[*Gives the Dutchess a box on the ear*  
 I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

*Elean.* Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *French-*  
*woman*:  
 Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
 I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

*K. Henry.* Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her  
 will.

*Elean.* Against her will?—Good King, look to't in  
 time,  
 She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby.  
 Though in this place most Master wears no breeches,  
 She shall not strike Dame *Eleanor* unreveng'd.

[*Exit Eleanor.*

*Buck.* Lord Cardinal, I'll follow *Eleanor*,  
 And listen after *Humphry*, how he proceeds.  
 She's tickled now, her fume can need no spurs;  
 She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit Buckingham.*



## S C E N E VII.

*Re-enter Duke Humphry.*

*Glo.* Now, Lords, my choler being over-blown  
With walking once about the Quadrangle,  
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.  
As for your spiteful false objections,  
Prove them, and I lie open to the law.  
But God in mercy deal so with my soul,  
As I in duty love my King and Country!  
—But to the matter that we have in hand.  
I say, my Sovereign, *York* is meetest man  
To be your Regent in the Realm of *France*.

*Suf.* Before we make election, give me leave  
To shew some reason of no little force,  
That *York* is most unmeet of any man.

*York.* I'll tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet.  
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;  
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,  
My Lord of *Somerset* will keep me here  
Without discharge, mony 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 I can witness; and a fouler fact  
Did never traitor in the land commit.

*Suf.* Peace, head-strong *Warwick*.

*War.* Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

*Enter Horner the Armourer, and his Man Peter,  
guarded.*

*Suf.* Because here is a man accus'd of treason.  
Pray God, the Duke of *York* excuse himself!

*York.* Doth any one accuse *York* for a traitor?

*K. Henry,*

K. Henry. What mean'st thou, *Suffolk*? tell me,  
what are these?

*Suf.* Please it your Majesty, this is the man,  
That doth accuse his master of high treason.  
His words were these; "that *Richard Duke of York*  
" Was rightful heir unto the *English* Crown;  
" And that your Majesty was an usurper."

K. Henry. Say, man; were these thy words?

*Arm.* An't shall please your Majesty, I never said  
nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am  
falsly accus'd by the villain.

*Peter.* By these ten bones, my Lord, [*holding up his hands*]  
he did speak them to me in the garret one night,  
as we were scow'ring 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.

*Arm.* Alas, my Lord, hang me, if ever I spake the  
words. My accuser is my 'prentice, and when I did  
correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow  
upon his knees he would be even with me. I have  
good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your Ma-  
jesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's  
accusation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what shall we say to this in Law?

*Glo.* This doom, my Lord, if I may judge.  
Let *Somerſet* be Regent o'er the *French*,  
Because in *York* this breeds suspicion.  
And let these have a day appointed them  
For single Combat in convenient place;  
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.  
This is the law, and this Duke *Humphry's* doom.

K. Henry. <sup>9</sup> Then be it so. My Lord of *Somerſet*,

<sup>9</sup> K. Henry. *Then be it so, &c.*] think, very necessarily. For, with-  
out them, the King has not de-  
clared his Assent to *Gloucester's*



We make your Grace Lord Regent over the *French*,

*Som.* I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

*Arm.* And I accept the Combat willingly.

*Peter.* Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight. For God's sake, pity my case; the spight 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. Henry.* 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.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VIII.

*The Witch's Cave.*

*Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbrook.*

*Hume.* COME, my masters; the Dutchess, 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 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 *Jordan*, be prostrate and grovel on the earth; *John Southwel*, read you, and let us to our work.

*Enter Eleanor, above.*

*Elean.* Well said, my masters, and welcome to all, To this geer, the sooner the better.

Opinion: and the Duke of *Somerſet* is made to thank him for the *Regency*, before the King has deputed him to it. THEOBALD  
*Boling,*

*Boling.* Patience, good lady. Wizards know their times.

\* Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,  
The time of night when *Troy* was set on fire,  
The time, when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,  
When 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, and make the circle;  
Bolingbrook or Southwel reads, Conjuro te, &c.  
It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit  
riseth.*

*Spirit. Adsum.*

*M. Ford. Asmuth,* by the eternal God, whose name  
And power thou tremblest at, tell what I ask;  
For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

*Spirit.* Ask what thou wilt. — That I had said, and done!

*Boling.* First, of the King. What shall of him become?

*Spirit.* The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* shall depose,  
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

*[As the Spirit speaks, they write the answer.]*

*Boling.* Tell me, what fates await the Duke of *Suffolk*?

*Spirit.* By water shall he die, and take his end.

*Boling.* What shall befall the Duke of *Somerset*?

*Spirit.* Let him shun Castles.

Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,

\* Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night.] *The silent of the night* is a classical expression: and means an interlunar night. — *Amica silentia Lunæ.* So *Pliny*, *Inter omnes verò convenit, utilissimè in coitu ejus sterni, quem diem alii interlunii,*

*alii silentis Lunæ appellat.* Lib. xvi. cap. 30. In imitation of this language, *Milton* says,  
*The Sun to me is dark  
And silent as the Moon,  
When she deserts the night,  
Hid in her vacant interlunar  
Cave.* WARBURTON.

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 the Duke of York, and the Duke of Buckingham,  
with their Guard, and break in.*

*York.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash,  
—Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.

—What, Madam, are you there? the King and Realm  
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains.

My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,  
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

*Elean.* Not half so bad as thine to *England's* King.  
Injurious Duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

*Buck.* True, Madam, none at all. What call you  
this?

Away with them, let them be clap'd up close,  
And kept apart. You, Madam, shall with us.

*Stafford,* take her to thee.

We'll see your Trinkets here forth-coming all.

[*Exeunt Guards with Jordan, Southwel, &c.*

*York.* <sup>2</sup> Lord *Buckingham,* methinks, you watch'd  
her well.

A pretty Plot, well chose to build upon.

Now, pray, my Lords, let's see the devil's Writ.

What have we here?

[*Reads,*

*The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;*

*But him out-live, and die a violent death.*

Why, this is just, *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere  
posse.*

Well, to the rest.

<sup>2</sup> *Lord Buckingham, methinks,*  
&c.] This repetition of the  
prophecies, which is altogether  
unnecessary, after what the spec-

tators had heard in the Scene im-  
mediately preceding, is not to  
be found in the first edition of  
this Play.



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 on the sandy plains,  
 Than where Castles mounted stand.*

Come, come, my Lords;

<sup>3</sup> These Oracles are hardly attain'd,  
 And hardly understood.

The King is now in progress tow'rds *St. Albans*,  
 With him, the husband of this lovely lady,  
 Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;  
 A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

*Buck.* Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of  
*York*,

To be the Post, in hope of his reward.

*York.* At your pleasure, my good Lord.

Who's within there, ho?

*Enter a Serving-man.*

Invite my Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,  
 To sup with me to-morrow night. Away! [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> *These Oracles are hardly attain'd,*

*And hardly understood.*] Not only the Lameness of the Versification, but the Imperfection of the Sense too, made me suspect this passage to be corrupt. *York*, seizing the Parties and their Papers, says, he'll see the Devil's Writ; and finding the Wizard's Answers intricate and ambiguous, he makes this general Comment

upon such sort of Intelligence, as I have restor'd the Text:

*These Oracles are hardly attain'd,*

*And hardly understood.*

*i. e.* A great Risque and Hazard is run to obtain them; and yet, after these *hardy* Steps taken, the informations are so perplex'd that they are *hardly* to be understood,

THEOBALD.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

At St. ALBANS.

*Enter King Henry, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulknors hallooing.*

Q. MARGARET.

**B**ELIEVE me, lords, <sup>4</sup> for flying at the brook,  
I saw no better sport these seven years' day;  
Yet, by your leave, <sup>5</sup> the wind was very high,  
And, ten to one, old *Joan* had not gone out.

*K. Henry.* But what a point, my lord, your Faulcon made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest.  
To see how God in all his creatures works!—

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

*Suf.* No marvel, an it like your Majesty,  
My lord Protector's hawks do tow'r so well;  
They know, their Master loves to be aloft,  
And bears his thoughts above his Faulcon's pitch.

*Glo.* My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,  
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

*Car.* I thought as much. He'd be above the clouds.

*Glo.* Ay, my lord Card'nal, how think you by that?  
Were it not good, your Grace could fly to heav'n?

*K. Henry.* The treasury of everlasting joy!

*Car.* Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and thoughts  
Bent on a Crown, the treasure of thy heart,

<sup>4</sup> *For flying at the brook.*] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl.

<sup>5</sup> *The wind was very high, 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.

Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,  
That smooth't it so with King and Common-weal!

*Glo.* What, Cardinal! Is your priesthood grown so  
peremptory?

*Tantæne animis Cælestibus iræ?*

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice.

<sup>6</sup> 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 yourself, my Lord;  
An't like your lordly, lord Protectorship.

*Glo.* Why, *Suffolk*, *England* knows thine insolence,

*Q. Mar.* And thy ambition, *Glo'ster*.

*K. Henry.* I pr'ythee, peace, good Queen;  
And whet not on these too too furious Peers,  
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

*Car.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud Protector, with my sword!

*Glo.* Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come  
to that.

*Car.* Marry, when thou dar'st.

*Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the  
matter,

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

*Car.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep; and,  
if thou dar'st,

This Ev'ning on the east-side of the grove.

*Aside.*

<sup>6</sup> *With such Holiness* can you  
do it? ] Do what? the verse  
wants a foot, we should read,  
*With such Holiness can you NOT*  
*do it?*

Spoken ironically. By holiness  
he means hypocrisy: and says,  
have you not hypocrisy enough  
to hide your malice?

WARBURTON.

The verse is lame enough af-  
ter the emendation, nor does the

negative particle improve the  
sense. When words are omitted  
it is not often easy to say what  
they were if there is a per-  
fect sense without them. I read,  
but somewhat at random,

*A Churchman, with such holi-  
ness can you do it?*

The transcriber saw *churchman*  
just above, and therefore omitted  
it in the second line.

*K. Henry.*

K. Henry. How now, my Lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin *Glo'ster*,  
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,  
We'd had more sport——<sup>7</sup> Come with thy two-hand  
sword. [*Aside to Glo'ster.*]

*Glo.* True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the Grove.

*Glo.* Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*]

K. Henry. Why, how now, uncle *Glo'ster*?

*Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my Lord.—  
Now, by God's mother, Priest, I'll shave your crown  
for this,

Or all my Fence shall fail. [*Aside.*]

Car. [*Aside.*] *Medice, teipsum.*

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. Henry. The winds grow high, so do your sto-  
machs, Lords..

How irksome is this musick to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hopes of harmony?

I pray, my Lords, let me compound this strife.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter One, crying, A Miracle!*

*Glo.* What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

*One.* A miracle! a miracle!

*Suf.* Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.

*One.* Forsooth, a blind man at St. *Alban's* shrine,

<sup>7</sup>——*Come with thy two-hand  
Sword.*

*Glo.* True, Uncle, are ye ad-  
vis'd? the East side of the  
Grove.

*Cardinal, I am with You.]*

Thus is the whole Speech plac'd  
to *Glo'ster*, in all the Editions:  
but surely, with great inadver-

tence. It is the *Cardinal*, who  
first appoints the East-side of the  
Grove: and how finely does it  
express Rancour and Impetuosi-  
ty for fear *Gloucester* should mis-  
take, to repeat the Appointment,  
and ask his Antagonist if he takes  
him right! THEOBALD.

Within



Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight,  
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

*K. Henry.* Now God be prais'd, that to believing  
souls,  
Gives light in darknes, comfort in despair.

*Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, and his brethren, bearing Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife following.*

*Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,  
Before your Highness to present the man.

*K. Henry.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,  
Though by his sight his sin be multiply'd.

*Glo.* Stand by, my masters. Bring him near the King,  
His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

*K. Henry.* 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.* Had'st thou been his mother, thou couldst have  
better told.

*K. Henry.* Where wert thou born?

*Simp.* At *Berwick* in the north, an't like your Grace.

*K. Henry.* Poor Soul! God's goodness hath been  
great to thee.

Let never day or night unhallowed pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Queen.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by  
chance,  
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

*Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd  
A hundred times and oftner, in my sleep,



By good St. *Alban*; who said, “*Simpcox*, come;”  
 “Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.”

*Wife*. Most true, forsooth; and many a 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 wouldst climb a tree?

*Simp*. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

*Wife*. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

*Glo*. Mafs, thou lov’dst plums well, that wouldst  
 venture so.

*Simp*. Alas, good Sir, 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’s see thine eyes—wink now—now open them—  
 In my opinion, yet, thou see’st not well.

*Simp*. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and  
 Saint *Alban*.

*Glo*. Say’st thou me so? what colour is this cloak of?

*Simp*. Red, master, red as blood.

*Glo*. Why, that’s well said: what colour is my  
 gown of?

*Simp*. Black, forsooth, coal-black, as jet.

*K. Henry*. Why then thou know’st what colour jet  
 is of?

*Suf*. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

*Glo*. But, cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

\* The former Copies:                   ing this pretended Miracle, tell  
 —who said, Simon, come;           us, that the Impostor, who as-  
 Come offer at my Shrine, and       serted himself to be cur’d of  
 I will help thee.} Why,           Blindness, was called Saunder  
 Simon? The Chronicles, that       *Simpcox*.—Simon was therefore a  
 take Notice of *Gloster*’s detect-   Corruption.                   THEOBALD.

*Wife.* Never before this day, in all his life.

*Glo.* Tell me, Sirrah, what's my name?

*Simp.* Alas, master, I know not.

*Glo.* What's his name?

*Simp.* I know not.

*Glo.* Nor his?

*Simp.* No, indeed, master.

*Glo.* What's thine own name?

*Simp.* Saunder *Simpcox*, an if it please you, master.

*Glo.* Saunder, sit there, the lying'st knave in Christendom.

If thou hadst been born blind,  
Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus  
To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish colours,  
But suddenly to nominate them all,  
It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint *Alban* here hath done a miracle,  
Would ye not think that Cunning to be great,  
That could restore this cripple to his legs?

*Simp.* O master, that you could!

*Glo.* My masters of Saint *Albans*,  
Have you not beades in your town,  
And things call'd whips?

*Mayor.* Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

*Glo.* Then send for one presently.

*Mayor.* Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

*Glo.* Now fetch me a stool hither. 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.

*Enter a Beadle with Whips.*

*Glo.* Well, Sir, we must have you find your legs.  
Sirrah, beadle, whip him till he leap over the same  
stool.

*Bead.*

## THE SECOND PART OF

*Bead.* I will, my Lord. Come on, Sirrah. Off with your doublet quickly.

*Simp.* Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, A miracle!*]

*K. Henry.* O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long!

*Queen.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

*Glo.* Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

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

*Glo.* Let them be whipt through every market town, till they come to *Berwick*, from whence they came.

[*Exit beadle with the woman.*]

*Car.* Duke *Humphry* has done a miracle to day.

*Suf.* True, made the lame to leap, and fly away.

*Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my Lord, whole towns to fly.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Buckingham.*

*K. Henry.* What tidings with our cousin *Buckingham*?

*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.  
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,  
Under the countenance and confederacy  
Of lady *Eleanor*, the Protector's wife,  
The ring-leader and head of all this rout,  
Have practis'd dangerously against your state.  
Dealing with witches and with Conjurers,  
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,  
Raising up wicked Spirits from under ground,  
Demanding of King *Henry's* life and death,  
And other of your Highness' Privy-council,



As more at large your Grace shall understand.

*Car.* And so, my Lord Protector, by this means  
Your Lady is forth-coming yet at *London*.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge.

'Tis like, my Lord; you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to Glo'ster.*]

*Glo.* Ambitious Church-man! leave t' afflict my heart!  
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;  
And vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,  
Or to the meanest groom.

*K. Henry.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked  
ones,

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

*Queen. Glo'ster,* see here the tainture of thy nest,  
And look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

*Glo.* Madam, for myself, to heav'n I do appeal,  
How I have lov'd my King and common-weal;  
And for my wife, I know not how it stands.

Sorry am I to hear what I have heard;

Noble she is; but if she have forgot

Honour and Virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile Nobility,

I banish her my bed and company;

And give her as a prey to law and shame,

That hath dishonour'd *Glo'ster's* honest name.

*K. Henry.* Well, for this night we will repose us  
here;

To morrow toward *London* back again,

To look into this business thoroughly.

And call these foul offenders to their answers;

' And poise the Cause in Justice' equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

[*Your Lady is forth-coming.*] sense will, I think, be mended  
That is, your Lady is in custody. if we read in the optative mood,

And poise the Cause in justice'  
equal scales,

Justice' equal scales,  
Whose beam stand sure, whose  
rightful cause prevail.

Whose beam stands sure, whose  
rightful cause prevail.] The



## SCENE IV.

*Changes to the Duke of York's Palace.*

*Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.*

*York.* **N**OW, 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 thus at full.

*War.* Sweet *York*, begin; and if thy Claim be good,  
The *Nevills* 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 *Edmond* *Langley*, Duke of *York*;  
The sixth was *Thomas* of *Woodstock*, Duke of *Glo'ster*.  
*William* of *Windsor* was the seventh and last.  
*Edward* the black Prince dy'd before his father,  
And left behind him *Richard*, his only son,  
Who, after *Edward* the Third's death, reign'd King;  
Till *Henry* *Bolingbroke*, Duke of *Lancaster*,  
The eldest son and heir of *John* of *Gaunt*,  
Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the Fourth,  
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful King;  
Sent his poor Queen to *France* from whence she came,  
And him to *Pomfret*; where, as all you know,  
Harmless King *Richard* trait'rously was murder'd.

*War.* Father, the Duke hath told the truth;  
Thus got the house of *Lancaster* the Crown.

\* In craving your opinion of my Title, which is infallible, to *England's* crown.] I know not well whether he means the opinion or the title is infallible.

*York.*

*York.* Which now they hold by force, and not by right ;

For *Richard* the first son's heir being dead,  
The Issue of the next son should have reign'd.

*Sal.* But *William* of *Hatfield* dy'd without an heir.

*York.* The third son, duke of *Clarence*, from whose  
Line

I claim the Crown, had issue *Philip*, a daughter,  
Who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.  
*Edmond* had issue, *Roger* Earl of *March* :  
*Roger* had issue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Eleanor*.

*Sal.* This *Edmond*, in the reign of *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 dy'd.  
But, to the rest——

*York.* His eldest sister, *Anne*,  
My mother, being heir unto the Crown,  
Married *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*,  
Who was the 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 *Edmond Mortimer*, who married *Philip*,  
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* here claims it from the third,  
Till *Lionel's* issue fail, his should not reign ;  
It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee  
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.  
Then, father *Salisbury*, kneel we together,  
And in this private Plot be we the first,  
That shall salute our rightful Sovereign  
With honour of his birth-right to the Crown.

*Both.* Long live our Sov'reign *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 dang'rous days,  
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk's* Insolence,  
At *Beauford's* Pride, at *Somerset's* Ambition,  
At *Buckingham*, and all the crew of them;  
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock.  
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humphry*,  
'Tis that they seek; and they in seeking that  
Shall seek their deaths, if *York* can prophesy.

*Sal.* My Lord, here break we off; we know your mind.

*War.* My heart assures me, that the Earl of *Warwick*  
Shall one day make the Duke of *York* a King.

*York.* And, *Nevill*, this I do assure myself,  
*Richard* shall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*  
The greatest man in *England*, but the King. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to a House near Smithfield.*

*Sound Trumpets.* Enter King Henry and Nobles; the  
*Dutchess, Mother Jordan, Southwel, Hume, and*  
*Bolinbrook, under guard.*

*K. Henry.* **S**TAND forth, Dame *Eleanor Cobham*,  
*Glo'ster'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;

[*To the other prisoners.*]

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,



--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*.

*Elean.* Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

*Glo.* The law, thou feest, hath judg'd thee, *Eleanor* ;  
 I cannot justify, whom law condemns.

[*Exeunt Eleanor, and the others, guarded.*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

Ah, *Humphry* ! this dishonour in thine age

Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.

I beseech your Majesty, give me leave to go ;

Sorrow would Solace, and my age would Ease. <sup>2</sup>

*K. Henry.* Stay *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ster* ; ere  
 thou go,

Give up thy staff ; *Henry* will to himself

Protector be, and God shall be my hope,

My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.

And go in peace, *Humphry*, no less belov'd,

Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

*Q. Mar.* I see no reason, why a King of years  
 Should be to be protected like a child :

God and King *Henry* govern *England's* realm : \*

Give up your staff, Sir, and the king his realm.

*Glo.* My staff ? here, noble *Henry*, is my staff ;

As willingly do I the same resign,

As e'er thy father *Henry* made it mine ;

And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,

As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewel, good King ; when I am dead and gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne. [*Exit Glo'ster.*

<sup>2</sup> Sorrow would solace, and my  
 age would Ease.] That is, sor-  
 row would have, sorrow requires  
 solace, and age requires ease.

\* God and King *Henry* govern  
*England's* realm : ] The  
 word *realm* at the end of two

lines together is displeasing ;  
 and when it is considered that  
 much of this scene is written in  
 rhyme, it will not appear impro-  
 bable that the author wrote,  
 govern *England's* helm.



*Q. Mar.* Why, now is *Henry* King, and *Marg'ret* Queen,

And *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ster*, scarce himself,  
That bears so shrew'd a maim; two pulls at once;  
His lady banish'd, and a limb lost off.

This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,  
Where best it fits to be, in *Henry's* hand.

*Suf.* Thus drops this lofty pine, and hangs his  
sprays;

Thus *Eleanor's* pride dies in her younger days.

*York.* Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,  
This is the day appointed for the combat,  
And ready are th' appellant and defendant.

The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,  
So please your Highness to behold the fight.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my Lord; for purposely therefore  
Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

*K. Henry.* A'God's name, see the lists and all things  
fit;

Here let them end it, and God guard the right!

*York.* I never saw a fellow worse bestead,<sup>3</sup>  
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant,  
The servant of the armourer, my Lords.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff*<sup>4</sup> *with a sand-*

<sup>3</sup> — [*worse bestead,*] In a worse plight.

<sup>4</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 *Eben* staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was

fix'd a bag cram'd hard with sand. To this custom *Hudibras* has alluded in these humourous lines,

*Engag'd with money bags, as bold*

*As men with Sand-bags did of old.*      **WARBURTON.**

*bag fastened to it; and at the other door his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.<sup>5</sup>

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

*Arm.* Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for *Peter*.

1 *Pren.* Here, *Peter*, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not thy master; fight for the credit of the 'prentices.

*Peter.* I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, *Robin*: if I die, I give thee my apron; and, *Will*, thou shalt have my hammer; and here, *Tom*, take all the mony that I have. O Lord, blefs me I pray God; for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learn'd so much fence already.

<sup>5</sup> a cup of charneco.] On which the Oxford Editor thus criticises in his Index. This seems to have been a cant word for some strong liquor, which was apt to bring drunken fellows to the stocks, since in Spanish Charniegos is a term used for the stocks. It was no cant word, but a common name for a sort of sweet wine, as appears from a passage in a pamphlet, intitled, *The discovery of a London Monster, called the black dog of Newgate, printed 1612. Some drinking the neat*

*swine of Orleance, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux. There wanted neither sherry, sack nor charneco, maligo nor amber-colour'd candy, nor liquerish ipocras, brown beclwed bastard, fat aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor.*—And as charnecca is, in Spanish, the name of a kind of turpentine tree, I imagine the growth of it was in some district abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour resembling it.

WARBURTON.

*Sal.* Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows, Sirrah, what's thy name?

*Peter.* Peter, forsooth.

*Sal.* Peter? what more?

*Peter.* Thump.

*Sal.* Thump? Then see thou thump thy master well.

*Arm.* Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and 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. As *Bevis of Southampton* fell upon *Ascapart*.<sup>6</sup>

*York.* Dispatch. This knave's tongue begins to double. Sound trumpets; alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*]

*Arm.* Hold, *Peter*, hold; I confess, I confess treason. [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 enemy in this presence?

O *Peter*, thou hast prevail'd in right.

*K. Henry.* Go, take hence that traitor from our sight, For by his death we do perceive his guilt.

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to murder wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Exit.]

<sup>6</sup> as *Bevis of Southampton* fell upon *Ascapart*.] *Ascapart* was the giant of the story. I have added this from the old quarto. WARB.

## S C E N E VII.

*The Street.*

*Enter Duke Humphry and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.*

*Glo.* **T**HUS sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

And, after summer, evermore succeeds  
The barren winter with his nipping cold;  
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.  
Sirs, what's a clock?

*Serv.* Ten, my Lord.

*Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,  
To watch the coming of my punish'd dutchess,  
<sup>7</sup> Unneath may she endure the flinty streets,  
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.  
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy noble mind a-brook  
The abject people gazing on thy face,  
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;  
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,  
When thou didst ride in triumph thro' the streets.  
But soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare  
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the Dutchess in a white Sheet, her feet bare, and  
a Taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley,  
a Sberiff and Officers.*

*Serv.* So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

*Glo.* No, stir not for your lives. Let her pass by.

*Elean.* Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?  
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!  
See, how the giddy multitude do point,

<sup>7</sup> *Unneath*] i. e. scarcely. POPE.

And



And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!  
 Ah, *Glo'ster*, hide thee from their hateful looks;  
 And in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,  
 And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

*Glo.* Be patient, gentle *Nell*; forget this grief.

*Elean.* Ah! *Glo'ster*, teach me to forget myself;  
 For whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,  
 And thou a prince, Protector of this land;  
 Methinks, I should not thus be led along,  
<sup>8</sup> Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;  
 And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice  
 To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans:  
 The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,  
 And when I start, the cruel people laugh,  
 And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah! *Humphry*, can I bear this shameful yolk?  
 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 *Humphry's* wife,  
 And he a Prince, and ruler of the land,  
 Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,  
 That he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn dutchess,  
 Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock  
 To every idle, rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,  
 Nor stir at nothing, till the ax of death  
 Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.  
 For *Suffolk*, he that can do all in all  
 With her, that hateth thee and hates us all,  
 And *York*, and impious *Beauford*, that false priest,  
 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;  
 And fly thou, how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:  
 But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,

<sup>8</sup> *Mail'd up in shame*, ———] grace; alluding to the sheet of  
 Wrapped up; bundled up in dif- penance.

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.

Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away;

But I in danger for the breach of law.

\* Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle *Nell*,

I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience,

These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

*Enter a Herald.*

*Her.* I summon your Grace to his Majesty's parliament holden at *Bury*, the first of this next month.

*Glo.* And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?  
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

*[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 giv'n 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; 9

And I may live to do you kindness, if

You do it her. And so, Sir *John*, farewell.

*Elean.* What gone, my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

\* *Thy greatest help is quiet,—*  
The poet has not endeavoured  
to raise much compassion for the  
dutchess, who indeed suffers but

what she had deserved. ———

9 — *the world may laugh—*

That is, the world may look  
again favourably upon me.

74 THE SECOND PART OF

*Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exit Gloucester.*]

*Elean.* Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!  
For none abides with me; my joy is death;  
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,  
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.

*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.

*Elean.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach.  
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

*Stan.* No; like a Dutchess, and Duke *Humphry's*  
lady,  
According to that state you shall be us'd.

*Elean.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;  
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

*Sher.* It is my office. Madam, pardon me.

*Elean.* Ay, ay. Farewel. 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.

*Elean.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet,  
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,  
And shew itself, attire me how I can.

—Go, lead the way, \* I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*]

\* — *I long to see my prison.*] is desirable in a state of disgrace  
This impatience of a high spirit to be sheltered from the scorn of  
is very natural. It is not so gazers.  
dreadful to be imprison'd, as it

ACT

## ACT III. SCENE I.

At BURY.

*Enter King Henry, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick, to the Parliament.*

K. HENRY.

**I** Muse, my Lord of *Gloster* is not come;  
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,  
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

*Q. Mar.* Can you not see, or will 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 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 ev'ry one will give the time of day,  
He knits his brow and shews an angry eye,  
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,  
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.  
Small curs are not regarded, when they grin,  
But great men tremble when the lion roars,  
And *Humphry* is no little man in *England*.  
First note, that he is near you in descent,  
And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.  
† Me seemeth then, it is no policy,

† *Me seemeth*—] That is, has, I know not how, intruded  
it seemeth to me, a word more into its place.  
grammatical than *methinks*, which



Respecting what a ranc'rous 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 flatt'ry hath he won the common hearts :  
 And when he'll please to make commotion,  
 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.  
 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted,  
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,  
 And choak the herbs for want of husbandry.  
 The reverent care, I bear unto my Lord,  
 Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.  
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear,  
 Which fear if better reasons can supplant  
 I will subscribe, and say, I wrong'd the Duke.  
 My Lords 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. <sup>2</sup>  
 The Dutchess, by his subornation,  
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices,  
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,  
 Yet, by repeating of his high descent,  
 As next the King he was successive heir,  
 And such high vaunts of his nobility,  
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick Dutchess  
 By wicked means to frame our sov'reign's fall.  
 Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;  
 And in his simple shew he harbours treason.  
 The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.  
 No, no, my sov'reign; *Glo'ster* is a man  
 Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

<sup>2</sup> — your Grace's tale.] *Suf-* *jesty* was not the settled title till  
*folk* uses *Highness* and *Grace* pro- the time of king *James* the first.  
 miscuously to the queen. *Ma-*

*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 *Humphry*.

*K. Henry.* My Lords, at once. The care you have  
of us,

To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,  
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?  
Our kinsman *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 dang'rous 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. Henry.* Welcome, Lord *Somerset*; what news  
from *France*?

*Som.* That all your int'rest in those territories  
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

*K. Henry.* Cold news, Lord *Somerset*. But God's  
will be done!

*York.* Cold news for me; for I had hope of *France*,  
As firmly as I hope for fertile *England*.

Thus

Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,  
 And caterpillars eat my leaves away.  
 But I will remedy <sup>3</sup> this gear ere long,  
 Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

[*Aside.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* All happiness unto my Lord the King!  
 Pardon, my Liege, that I have staid so long.

*Suf.* Nay, *Glo'ster*, know that thou art come too soon,  
 Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.  
 I do arrest thee of high treason here.

*Glo.* Well, *Suffolk*, yet thou shalt not see me blush,  
 Nor change my countenance for this Arrest,  
 A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.  
 The purest spring is not so free from mud  
 As I am clear from treason to my Sovereign.  
 Who can accuse me? Wherein am I guilty?

*York.* 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took bribes  
 of *France*,

And, being protector, staid the soldiers' pay;  
 By means whereof his Highness hath lost *France*.

*Glo.* Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?  
 I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,  
 Nor 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 doit that e'er I wrested from the King,  
 Or any groat I hoarded to my use,  
 Be brought against me at my trial day!  
 No; many a pound of my own proper store,  
 Because I would not tax the needy commons,  
 Have I disbursed to the garrisons,  
 And never ask'd for restitution.

<sup>3</sup> —this gear] *Gear* was a general word for *thing* or *matters*.



*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, while 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 further time of trial.

*K. Henry.* My Lord of *Gloster*, 'tis my special hope  
That you will clear yourself from all suspicion;  
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

*Glo.* Ah, gracious Lord, these days are dangerous,  
Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,  
And charity 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;

\* — *these faults are easy,*] *Easy* is *slight*, inconsiderable, as in other passages of this authour.



For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
 Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.  
*Beauford's* red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,  
 And *Suffolk's* cloudy brow his storm'd hate ;  
 Sharp *Buckingham* unburdens with his tongue  
 The envious load that lies upon his heart ;  
 And dogged *York*, that reaches at the moon,  
 Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,  
 By false accuse doth level at my life.

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest ;  
 Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;  
 And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up,  
 My<sup>s</sup> 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 antient proverb will be well effected,  
*A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.*

*Car.* My Liege, his railing is intolerable.  
 If those, that care to keep your royal person  
 From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage  
 Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,  
 And the offender granted scope of speech,  
 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

*Suf.* Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here  
 With ignominious words, though clarkly coucht ?  
 As if 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 play'd me false ;  
 And well such losers may have leave to speak.

*Buck.* He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.  
 — Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

*Liefest is dearest.*

*Car's*

*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 know thee first:  
 Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!  
 For, good King *Henry*; thy decay I fear. [*Exit guarded.*]

## S C E N E III.

*K. Henry.* My Lords, what to your wisdom seemeth  
 best;  
 Do or undo as if ourself were here.

*Q. Mar.* What, will your Highness leave the Par-  
 liament?

*K. Henry.* Ay, *Margaret*, my heart is drown'd with  
 grief,  
 Whose flood begins to flow within my eyes,  
 My body round engirt with misery,  
 For what's more miserable than discontent?  
 Ah, uncle *Humphry*! in thy face I see  
 The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;  
 And yet, good *Humphry*, is the hour to come,  
 That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.  
 What low'ring star now envies thy estate?  
 That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,  
 Do seek subversion of thy harmless life,  
 That never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong.  
 And as the butcher takes away the calf,  
 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,<sup>6</sup>

Bearing

<sup>6</sup> *And as the Butcher takes  
 away the Calf,  
 And binds the wretch, and beats  
 it when it strays.]* But how  
 can it *stray* when it is *bound*?  
 The Poet certainly intended,  
 when it *strives*; i. e. when it

struggles to get loose. And so  
 he elsewhere employs this Word.

THURLEY,

This emendation is admitted  
 by the succeeding editors, and I  
 had once put it in the text.  
 I am, however, inclined to  
 believe

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 bewail good *Glo'ster'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 ? Glo'ster he is none.* [Exit.

*Q. Mar.* <sup>7</sup> Free Lords, cold snow melts with the  
 sun's hot beams ;

*Henry* my Lord is cold in great affairs,  
 Too full of foolish pity. *Glo'ster's* shew  
 Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile  
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;  
 Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowry bank,  
 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child  
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent.  
 Believe me, Lords, were none more wise than I,  
 And yet herein I judge my own wit good,  
 This *Glo'ster* should be quickly rid the world,  
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

*Car.* That he should die, is worthy policy,  
 But yet we want a colour for his death ;  
 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.

*Suf.* But, in my mind, that were no policy ;  
 The King will labour still to save his life,  
 The commons haply rise to save his life,

believe that in this passage, as in many, there is a confusion of ideas, and that the poet had at once before him a butcher carrying a calf bound, and a butcher driving a calf to the slaughter, and beating him when he did not keep the path. Part of the line was suggested by one image and part by ano-

ther, so that *strive* is the best word, but *stray* is the right.

<sup>7</sup> *Free Lords, &c.*—] By this the means, (as may be seen by the sequel) you, who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the King ; but are men of the World, and know how to live. WARBURTON.

And



And yet we have but trivial argument,  
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

*York.* So that by this you would not have him die.

*Suf.* Ah, *York*, no man alive so fain as I.

*York.* \* 'Tis *York*, that hath more reason for his death.

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 *Humphry* for the King's protector ?

*Q. Mar.* So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

*Suf.* Madam, 'tis true ; and wer't not madness, then,

To make the fox surveyor of the fold ?

Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,

His guilt should be but idly posted over,

Because his purpose is not executed.

<sup>2</sup> No ; let him die, in that he is a fox,

By Nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,

Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,

As *Humphry* prov'd by reasons to my Liege ;

And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him,

Be it by ginns, by snares, by subtilty,

Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,

\* 'Tis *York* that hath more reason for his death. ] Why *York* had more reason than the rest for desiring *Humphry*'s death, is not very clear ; he had only decided the deliberation about the regency of *France* in favour of *Somerfet*.

<sup>8</sup> No ; let him die, in that he is a fox

By Nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,

Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,

As *Humphry* prov'd by reasons to my Liege.] The meaning

of the speaker is not hard to be

discovered, but his expression is very much perplexed. He means that the fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them ; so *Humphry* may be properly destroyed, as being proved by arguments to be the king's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime.

Some may be tempted to read *treasons* for *reasons*, but the drift of the argument is to shew that there may be *reason* to kill him before any *treason* has broken out.



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 <sup>o</sup> 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 to the safety of my Liege.

*Suf.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

*Q. Mar.* And so say I.

*York.* And I. And now we three have spoke it,  
† It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter a Post.*

*Post.* Great Lords, from *Ireland* am I come again  
To signify that Rebels there are up,  
And put the *Englishmen* unto the sword.  
Send succours. Lords, and stop the rage betime,  
Before the wound do grow incurable;  
For being green, there is great hope of help.

*Car.* A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop!  
—What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

*York.* That *Somerſet* be sent a Regent thither:  
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;  
Witness the fortune he hath had in *France*. —

<sup>o</sup> *I will be his priest.*] I will  
be the attendant on his last scene,  
I will be the last man whom he  
will see.

\* *And censure well the deed.*]

That is, approve the deed;  
*judge* the deed good.  
† *It skills not.*] It is of no im-  
portance.

*Som.* If *York*, with all his far-fetch'd policy,  
Had been the Regent there instead of me,  
He never would have staid in *France* so long.

*York.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done ;  
I rather would have lost my life betimes  
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,  
By staying there so long till all were lost.  
Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin,  
Men's flesh, preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

*Q. Mar.* Nay then, this spark will prove a raging  
fire,  
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.  
No more, good *York* ; sweet *Somerset*, be still.  
Thy fortune, *York*, hadst thou been Regent there,  
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

*York.* What, worse than nought ? nay, then a shame  
take all !

*Som.* And, in the number, thee that wishest shame !

*Car.* My Lord of *York*, try what your fortune is ;  
Th' uncivil Kerns of *Ireland* are in arms,  
And temper clay with blood of *Englishmen*.  
To *Ireland* will you lead a band of men,  
Collected choicely from each country some,  
And try your hap against the *Irishmen* ?

*York.* I will, my Lord, so please his Majesty.

*Suf.* Why, our Authority is his consent,  
And what we do establish, he confirms ;  
Then, noble *York*, take thou this task in hand.

*York.* I am content. Provide me soldiers, Lords,  
Whilst I take order for mine own affairs.

*Suf.* A charge, Lord *York*, that I will see perform'd,  
But now return we to the false Duke *Humphry*.

*Car.* No more of him ; for I will deal with him,  
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.  
And so break off. The day is almost spent.  
Lord *Suffolk*, you and I must talk of that event.

*York.* My Lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen days  
At *Bristol* I expect my soldiers ;

For there I'll ship them all for *Ireland*.

*Suf.* I'll see it truly done, my Lord of *York*.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*Manet York.*

*York.* Now, *York*, or never steel thy fearful thoughts,  
And change misdoubt to resolution;

Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art.

Resign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying.

Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time show'rs comes thought on  
thought,

And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the lab'ring 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 breast, will sting your hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me;

I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd,

You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.

Whilst I in *Ireland* nourish a mighty band,

I will stir up in *England* some black storm,

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heav'n or hell.

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,

Until the golden circuit on my head,

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,

Do calm the fury of this ' mad-brain'd flaw.

And, for a minister of my intent,

I have seduc'd a headstrong *Kentish* man,

*John Cade of Ashford,*

[*Mad-brain'd flaw.*] *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind.



To make commotion, as full well he can,  
 Under the title of *John Mortimer*.  
 In *Ireland* have I seen this stubborn *Cade*  
 Oppose himself against a troop of *Kerns* ;  
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts  
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine ;  
 And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen  
 Him caper upright like \* a wild *Morisco*,  
 Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.  
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty *Kern*,  
 Hath he conversed with the enemy ;  
 And undiscover'd come to me again,  
 And giv'n me notice of their villainies.  
 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, rack'd and tortured ;  
 I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,  
 Will make him say, I mov'd him to those arms.  
 Say, that he thrive ; as 'tis great like, he will ;  
 Why, then from *Ireland* come I with my strength,  
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd ;  
 For *Humphry* being dead, as he shall be,  
 And *Henry* put a-part, the next for me. [Exit.

## S C E N E VI.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter two or three, running over the Stage, from the murder of Duke Humphry.*

*First.* **R**UN to my Lord of *Suffolk* ; let him know,  
 We have dispatch'd the Duke, as he com-  
 manded.

*Second.* Oh, that it were to do ! what have we done ?

\* *A wild Morisco.*] A Moor in a military dance, now called a *Morris*, that is, a Moorish dance,

Didst



Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

*Enter Suffolk.*

*First.* Here comes my Lord.

*Suf.* Now, Sir, have you dispatch'd this thing ?

*First.* 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 vent'rous 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 ?

*First.* Yes, my good Lord.

*Suf.* Away, be gone.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

*Enter King Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, Somerset, with Attendants.*

*K. Henry.* Go, call our Uncle to our presence strait.  
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,  
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

*Suf.* I'll call him presently, my noble Lord. [*Exit.*]

*K. Henry.* Lords, take your places. And, I pray  
you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle *Glo'ster*,

Than from true evidence, of good esteem,

He be approv'd in practice culpable.

*Q. Mar.* God forbid, any malice should prevail,  
That faultless may condemn a Nobleman !

Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion !

*K. Henry.* I thank thee, Well, these words con-  
tent me much. <sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> In former Editions :

*I thank thee, Nell, these words  
content me much.*]

This is *K. Henry's* Reply to his Wife *Margaret*. There can be no Reason why he should forget his own Wife's Name, and call her

*Nell* instead of *Margaret*. As the Change of a single Letter sets all right, I am willing to suppose it came from his Pen thus ;

*I thank thee : Well, these words  
content me much.*

*Enter Suffolk.*

How now? why look'st thou so pale? why tremblest thou?

Where is our Uncle? what is the matter, *Suffolk*?

*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my Lord; *Glo'ster* 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.

[*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. Oh, *Henry*, open thine eyes.

*Suf.* He doth revive again. Madam, be patient.

*K. Henry.* O heav'nly God!

*Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious Lord?

*Suf.* Comfort, my Sovereign; gracious *Henry*, comfort.

*K. Henry.* What, doth my Lord of *Suffolk* comfort me?

Came he<sup>3</sup> right now to sing a raven's note,  
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital pow'rs;  
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can chase away the first conceived sound?  
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;  
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;  
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.  
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!  
Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny  
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.  
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding!—  
Yet do not go away—come, basilisk,

<sup>3</sup> *Right now.*] Just now; even now.

And

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight ;  
 For in the shade of death I shall find joy,  
 In life but double death now *Glo'ster's* dead.

*Q. Mar.* Why do you rate my Lord of *Suffolk* thus?  
 Although the Duke was enemy to him,  
 Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death.  
 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. Henry.* Ah, woe is me for *Glo'ster*, wretched man !

*Q. Mar.* <sup>4</sup> 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 pois'nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.  
 Is all thy comfort shut in *Glo'ster's* tomb ?  
 Why, then, dame *Margaret* was ne'er thy joy.  
 Erect his statue, and do worship to it,  
 And make my image but an ale-house sign.  
 Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the sea,  
 And twice by adverse winds from *England's* bank  
 Drove back again unto my native clime ?  
 What boaded this ? but well-fore-warning winds  
 Did seem to say, seek not a scorpion's nest,

<sup>4</sup> *Be woe for me.*] That is, let not woe be to thee for *Gloucester*, but for me.



Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.  
 What did I then? but curst the gentle gusts,  
 And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves,  
 And bid them blow towards *England's* blessed shore,  
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.  
 Yet *Æolus* would not be a murderer;  
 But left that hateful office unto thee.  
 The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,  
 Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore  
 With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.  
 ' The splitting rocks cow'r'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 the chalky cliffs,  
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,  
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm;  
 And when the dusky sky began to rob  
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy Land's view,  
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,  
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,  
 And threw it tow'rds thy Land; the sea receiv'd it,  
 And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart.  
 And ev'n 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,

*5 The splitting rocks cow'r'd in  
 the sinking sands,*

*And would not dash me with  
 their ragged sides.] Sinking  
 sands and splitting rocks are the  
 two destroyers of ships, but they  
 are not otherwise allied to one  
 another, and act their mischief  
 by very different powers. I be-  
 lieve here is a transposition, and  
 should read,*

*The sinking sands, the splitting  
 rocks cow'r'd in.*

Our poet mentions them toge-  
 ther, as in *Othello*,

*The gutter'd rocks and congre-  
 gated sands.*

But finding no commodious al-  
 lusion for the sands, he let that  
 idea pass without any correspon-  
 dent, and proceeds to the rocks.

*The splitting rocks cow'r'd in,  
 And would not dash me with  
 their ragged sides,*

*Because thy flinty heart——*



For losing ken of *Albion's* wished Coast.  
 How often have I tempted *Suffolk's* tongue,  
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy,  
 ° To fit and witch me, as *Ascanius* did;  
 When he to madding *Dido* would unfold  
 His father's acts, commene'd in burning *Troy*?  
 Am I not wight 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, Salisbury, and many Commons.*

*War.* It is reported, mighty Sovereign,  
 That good Duke *Humphry* traiterously is murder'd  
 By *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal *Beauford's* means.  
 The Commons, like an angry hive of bees  
 That want their leader, scatter up and down;  
 And care not whom they sting in their revenge.  
 Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
 Until they hear the order of his death.

*K. Henry.* That he is dead, good *Warwick*, 'tis too true;  
 But how he died, God knows, \* not *Henry*.  
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corps,  
 And comment then upon his sudden death.

° To fit and watch me, as *Ascanius* did,  
 When he to madding *Dido*  
 could unfold  
 His Father's Acts, commene'd in  
 burning *Troy*;] The Poet  
 here is unquestionably alluding  
 to *Virgil*, (*Aeneid*. I.) but he  
 strangely blends Fact with Fic-  
 tion. In the first Place, it was  
*Cupid*, in the Semblance of *As-*  
*canius*, who sat in *Dido's* Lap,  
 and was fondled by her. But  
 then it was not *Cupid*, who re-  
 lated to her the Process of *Troy's*  
 destruction, but it was *Aeneas*  
 himself who related this His-

tory. Again, how did the sup-  
 posed *Ascanius* fit and watch  
 her? *Cupid* was ordered, while  
*Dido* mistakenly carested him,  
 to bewitch and infect her with  
 Love. To this Circumstance  
 the Poet certainly alludes; and,  
 unless he had wrote, as I have  
 restored to the Text;

To fit and witch me, —  
 Why should the Queen immedi-  
 ately draw this Inference.

Am I not witch'd like her?

THEOBALD.

\* Not *Henry*.] The poet com-  
 monly uses *Henry* as a word of  
 three syllables.

*War.*

*War.* That I shall do, my Liege.—Stay, *Salisbury*,  
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[*Warwick goes in.*]

*K. Henry.* O thou, that judgest all things, stay my  
thoughts,  
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,  
Some violent hands were laid on *Humphry's* life.  
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God!  
For judgment only doth belong to thee.  
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips  
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain  
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;  
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling.  
But all in vain are these mean obsequies.

[*Bed with Glo'ster's body put forth.*]

And to survey his dead and earthly image,  
What were it, but to make my sorrow greater?

*War.* Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this  
body.

*K. Henry.* That is to see how deep my grave is made,  
For, with his soul fled all my worldly solace;  
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

*War.* As surely as my soul intends to live  
With that dread King, that took our state upon him,  
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,  
I do believe, that violent hands were laid  
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

*Suf.* A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!  
What instance gives Lord *Warwick* for his vow?

<sup>1</sup> For seeing him, I see my life  
in death.] Though, by a  
violent operation, some sense  
may be extracted from this read-  
ing, 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 Sove-  
reign, view this body.

*K. Henry.* That is to see how  
deep my grave is made.

*War.*

*War.* See, how the blood is settled in his face:  
 \* Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,  
 Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless;  
 Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,  
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;  
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth  
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.  
 But see, his face is black and full of blood;  
 His eye-balls further out, than when he liv'd;  
 Staring full-ghastly, like a strangled man;  
 His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling:  
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt  
 And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.  
 Look on the sheets; his hair, you see, is sticking;  
 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,  
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.  
 It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;  
 The least of all these signs were probable.

*Suf.* Why, *Warwick*, who should do the Duke to death?

Myself and *Beauford* had him in protection;  
 And we, I hope, Sirs, are no murderers.

*War.* But both of you have vow'd Duke *Humphry's*  
 death,  
 And you, forsooth, had the good Duke to keep.

\* *Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,  
 Of ashy semblance, meager, pale,  
 and bloodless.]* All that is true of the *body* of a dead man is here said by *Warwick* of the soul. I would read,

*Oft have I seen a timely-parted  
 coarse,*  
 But of two common words how or why was one changed for the other? I believe the transcriber thought that the epithet, *timely-*

*parted* could not be used of the body, but that, as in *Hamlet* there is mention of *peace-parted souls*, so here *timely-parted* must have the same substantive. He removed one imaginary difficulty and made many real. If the soul is parted from the body, the body is likewise parted from the soul.

I cannot but stop a moment to observe that this horrible description is scarcely the work of any pen but *Shakespeare's*.



'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend ;  
And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

*Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these Noblemen,  
As guilty of Duke *Humphry's* timeless death.

*War.* Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,  
And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,  
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter ?  
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,  
But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak ?  
Ev'n so suspicious is this tragedy.

*Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, *Suffolk* ? where's  
your knife ?

Is *Beauford* 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 ranc'rous heart  
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.  
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of *Warwickshire*,  
That I am faulty in Duke *Humphry's* death.

*War.* What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolk* dare  
him ?

*Q. Mar.* He 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 rev'rence may I say ;  
For ev'ry word, you speak in his behalf,  
Is slander to your royal Dignity.

*Suf.* Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanour,  
If ever lady wrong'd her Lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art ;  
And never of the *Nevil's* noble Race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murder buckler's thee,  
And I should rob the death's man of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my Sovereign's presence makes me mild,



I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy knee  
 Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,  
 And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st,  
 That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;  
 And, after all this fearful homage done,  
 Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,  
 Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

*Suf.* Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,  
 If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

*War.* Away ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence;  
 Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee;  
 And do some service to Duke *Humphry's* ghost.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*K. Henry.* What stronger breast-plate than a heart  
 untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;  
 And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

*Q. Mar.* What noise is this?

*Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.*

*K. Henry.* Why, how now, Lords? your wrathful  
 weapons drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

*Suf.* The trait'rous *Warwick* with the men of *Bury*  
 Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

*Noise of a crowd within. Enter Salisbury.*

*Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; the King shall know your  
 mind.

—Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,  
 Unless Lord *Suffolk* strait be done to death,

Cr

Or banished fair *England's* territories,  
 They will by violence tear him from your Palace,  
 And torture him with grievous lingring death.  
 They say, by him the good Duke *Humphry* 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 sily glided tow'rds 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 whether you will or no  
 From such fell serpents as false *Suffolk* is,  
 With whose invenomed and fatal sting  
 Your loving Uncle, twenty times his worth,  
 They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

*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 shew how quaint an orator you are.  
 But all the honour *Salisbury* hath won,  
 Is, that he was the Lord Ambassador  
 Sent from<sup>s</sup> a sort of tinkers to the King.

*Within.* An answer from the King, or we will all  
 break in.

<sup>s</sup> *A sort,* is a company.

*K. Henry.* Go, *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,  
 I thank them for their tender loving care;  
 And had I not been cited so by them,  
 Yet 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.

*Q. Mar.* Oh *Henry* let me plead for gentle *Suffolk*.

*K. Henry.* Ungentle *Queen*, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.  
 No more, I say. If thou dost plead for him,  
 Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.  
 Had I but said, I would have kept my word;  
 But, when I swear, it is irrevocable.  
 —If after three days space thou here be'st found,  
 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 K. Henry, Warwick, &c.*]

### S C E N E VIII.

*Manent Suffolk, and Queen.*

*Q. Mar.* Mischance and Sorrow go along with you!  
 Heart's Discontent and four Affliction  
 Be play-fellows 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.* Fy, 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



' 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,  
 Mine hair be fixt on end like one distract :  
 Ay, ev'ry 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 meat they taste !  
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees !  
 Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks !  
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings !  
 Their musick frightful as the serpent's hiss !  
 And boading 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 over-charged gun, recoil  
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

*Suf.* \* You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave ?  
 Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,

<sup>1</sup> *Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan.*] The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground, it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog,

upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity.

\* *You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave ?*] This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves, but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them, what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.



Though standing naked on a mountain top  
Where biting Cold would never let grass grow,  
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

*Q. Mar.* Oh, let me entreat thee cease, Give me  
thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;  
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
To wash away my woful monuments.

Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,

[*Kissing his hand,*

<sup>2</sup> That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,  
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee,  
—So—Get thee gone, that I may know my grief;  
'Tis but 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——

Oh, go not yet——Ev'n 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 heav'nly company.

For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With ev'ry sev'ral pleasure in the world,

And where thou art not, Desolation.

I can no more——Live thou to joy thy life;

Myself no joy in aught but that thou liv'st.

<sup>2</sup> *That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,*

*Through which a thousand sighs, &c.]* 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.

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter Vaux.*

*Q. Mar.* Whither goes *Vaux* so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

*Vaux.* To signify unto his Majesty,  
That Cardinal *Beauford* 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,  
Sometimes he talks, as if Duke *Humphry's* ghost  
Were by his side; sometimes, he calls the King,  
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,  
The secrets of his over-charged soul;  
And I am sent to tell his Majesty,  
That even now he cries aloud for him.

*Q. Mar.* Go tell this heavy message to the King.

[*Exit Vaux.*]

Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?  
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,\*  
Omitting *Suffolk's* exile, my soul's treasure?  
Why only, *Suffolk*, mourn I not for thee,  
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?  
Theirs for the earth's increase; mine for my sorrows.  
—Now, get thee hence.—The King, thou know'st, is  
coming;

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

*Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live;  
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,  
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
As mild and gentle as the cradle babe  
Dying with mother's dug between its lips,  
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

\* — at an hour's poor loss.] She supply. Or perhaps she may mean, I believe, at a loss which call the sickness of the cardinal any hour spent in contrivance and the loss of an hour, as it may deliberation will enable her to put some stop to her schemes.

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,  
 To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;  
 So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,  
 Or I should breathe it so into thy body,  
 And then it liv'd in sweet *Elysium*.  
 To die by thee were but to die in jest,  
 From thee to die were torture more than death.  
 —Oh! let me stay, befall what may befall.

*Q. Mar.* Away. Though parting be a fretful cor-  
 rosive,

It is applied to a deathful wound.

To *France*, sweet *Suffolk*. Let me hear from thee,  
 For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,  
 \* I'll have an *Iris* that shall find thee out.

*Suf.* I go.

*Q. Mar.* And take my heart with thee.

*Suf.* A jewel lock'd into the woful'st casket  
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.  
 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;  
 This way fall I to death.

*Q. Mar.* This way for me. [Exeunt severally.]

## S C E N E X.

*The Cardinal's Bedchamber.*

*Enter King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the  
 Cardinal in Bed.*

*K. Henry.* **H**OW fares my Lord? speak, *Beauford*,  
 to thy Sovereign.

*Car.* If thou beest Death, I'll give thee *England's*  
 treasure,

Enough to purchase such another Island,  
 So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

*K. Henry.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
 Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

*War.* *Beauford*, it is thy Sovereign speaks to thee.

\* *I'll have an Iris*] *Iris* was the messenger of *Juno*.

*Car.*



*Car.* Bring me unto my Trial when you will.  
 Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?  
 Can I make men live whether they will or no?  
 —Oh, torture me no more, I will confess  
 —Alive again? then shew me where he is,  
 I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.  
 —He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.  
 —Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,  
 Like lime twigs set to catch my winged soul.  
 —Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary  
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

*K. Henry.* O thou eternal Mover of the heav'ns,  
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;  
 Oh, beat away the 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. Henry.* 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. Henry.* <sup>3</sup> Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.  
 Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,  
 And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt.\*

<sup>3</sup> Forbear to judge, &c. — ]  
*Peccantes culpam cave, nam la-*  
*bimur omnes,*  
*Aut sumus, aut fuimus, vel pos-*  
*tumus esse quod hic est.*

(This is one of the scenes  
 which have been applauded by  
 the critics, and which will con-

tinue to be admired when pre-  
 judice shall cease, and bigotry  
 give way to impartial examina-  
 tion. These are beauties that  
 rise out of nature and of truth;  
 the superficial reader cannot miss  
 them, the profound can image  
 nothing beyond them.)

*Beaufort's Death*



THE SECOND PART OF  
ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Coast of Kent.*

*Alarm. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain Whitmore, and other Pirates, with Suffolk, and other Prisoners.*

CAPTAIN.

**T**HE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day<sup>4</sup>  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;  
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades,<sup>5</sup>  
That drag the tragick 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, *Walter Whitmore*, is thy share.

[*Pointing to Suffolk.*

*I Gent.* What is my ransom, master, let me know.

*Mastr.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

*Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

*Whit.* What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

<sup>4</sup> *The gaudy, blabbing,—day]* The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidente of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale* day.

<sup>5</sup> ————— the jades

*That drag the tragick melancholy night,*

*Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,*

*Clip dead men's graves;—]*

The wings of the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is supposed, by *Shakespeare*, to be drawn by dragons.

And

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?  
 —Cut both the villains' throats,—for die you shall,  
 Nor can those lives, which we have lost in fight,  
 Be counter-pois'd with such a petty sum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, Sir, and therefore spare my life.

2. *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

*Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,  
 And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;

[To Suffolk.

And so should these, if I might have my will.

*Cap.* Be not so rash, take ransom, let him live.

*Suf.* <sup>6</sup> 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 af-  
 fright?

*Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.  
 A cunning man did calculate my birth,  
 And told me, that by *Water* I should die,  
 Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,  
 Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly founded.

*Whit.* *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not;  
 Ne'er yet did base Dishonour blur our name,  
 But with our sword, we wip'd away the blot.  
 Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,  
 Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,  
 And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world!

*Suf.* Stay, *Whitmore*, for thy prisoner is a Prince;  
 The Duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole*.

*Whit.* The Duke of *Suffolk* muffled up in rags?

*Suf.* Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke.

7 *Jove* sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?

<sup>6</sup> *Look on my George.*] In the first Edition it is *my ring*. WARB. follows is not sense. The next line also,

7 *Jove sometimes went disguis'd, &c.*] This verse is omitted in all but the first old Edition, without which what *Obsure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,* was falsely put in the captain's mouth. POPE.

*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 stirrop?  
Bare-headed, plodded by my foot-cloth mule,  
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?  
How often hast thou waited at my cup,  
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,  
When I have feasted with Queen *Margaret*?  
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fal'n;  
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.<sup>8</sup>  
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,  
And duly waited for my coming forth?  
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,  
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

*Whit.* Speak, Captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

*Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

*Suf.* Base slave, thy words are blunt; and so art thou.

*Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side  
Strike off his head.

*Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.

*Cap.* *Poole*? *Sir Poole*? *Lord*? \*

Ay, kennel—puddle—sink, whose filth and dirt  
Troubles the silver Spring where *England* drinks;  
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,  
For swallowing up the treasure of the Realm;  
Thy lips, that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the ground,  
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke *Humphry's* death,  
Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,  
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.  
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,

<sup>8</sup> —abortive pride.] Pride that has birth too soon, pride issuing before its time.

\* *Poole*? *Sir Poole*? *Lord*?] The dissonance of this broken line makes it almost certain that

we should read with a kind of ludicrous climax,

*Poole*? *Sir Poole*? *Lord Poole*?  
He then plays upon the name *Poole*, kennel, puddle.



For daring to affie a mighty Lord  
 Unto the daughter of a worthless King,  
 Having nor Subject, Wealth, nor diadem!  
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,  
 And, like ambitious *Sylla*, over-gorg'd  
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.  
 By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were sold to *France*;  
 The false revolting *Normans*, thorough thee,  
 Disdain to call us Lord; and *Picardie*  
 Hath slain their Governors, surpriz'd our Forts,  
 And sent the ragged foldiers wounded home.  
 The princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevills* 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 inroaching tyranny,  
 Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful Colours  
 Advance a half-fac'd Sun striving to shine;  
 Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus*.  
 The Commons here in *Kent* are up in arms;  
 And to conclude, Reproach and Beggary  
 Is crept into the Palace of our King,  
 And all by thee.—Away! convey him hence.—

*Suf.* O, that I were a God, to shoot forth thunder  
 Upon these paultry, 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>9</sup>  
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.  
 It is impossible that I should die!

<sup>9</sup> *Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian Pirate.*] Mr. 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. 2. cap. 11.



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.* *Gelidus timor occupat artus* : it's thee I fear.

*Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now ? now will ye stoop ?

1 *Gent.* My gracious Lord, intreat him ; speak him fair.

*Suf.* *Suffolk's* imperial tongue is stern and rough,  
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it, we should honour such as these

With humble suit ; no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,

Save to the God of heav'n, and to my King ;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True Nobility is exempt from fear :

More can I bear, than you dare execute.

*Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more ;

Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

*Suf.* That this my death may never be forgot !—

Great men oft die by vile *Bezoniens*.

A *Roman* sworder and *Banditto* slave

Murder'd sweet *Tully* ; *Brutus'* bastard hand

Stabb'd *Julius Cæsar* ; savage Islanders

1 *Pompey* the Great : And *Suffolk* dies by Pirates.

[*Exit Walter Whitmore with Suffolk.*]

*Cap.* And as for these, whose ransom we have set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart ;

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exit Captain and the rest.*]

1 The poet seems to have confounded the story of *Pompey* with some other.

*Manet the first Gent. Enter Whitmore with the body.*

*Whit.* There let his head and liveless body lie,  
 Until the Queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit Whit.*  
*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.*

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to Southwark.*

*Enter Bevis and John Holland.*

*Bevis.* COME, and get thee a sword though made  
 of a lath; they have been up these two  
 days.

*Hol.* They have the more need to sleep now then.

*Bevis.* I tell thee, *Jack Cade* the clothier means to  
 dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new  
 nap upon it.

*Hol.* So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I  
 say, it was never merry world in *England* since Gentle-  
 men came up.

*Bevis.* O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in  
 handy-crafts-men.

*Hol.* The Nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

*Bevis.* Nay more, the King's Council are no good  
 workmen.

*Hol.* True, and yet it is said, *Labour in thy vocation*;  
 which is as much as to say, let the magistrates be la-  
 bouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

*Bevis.* Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign  
 of a brave mind than a hard hand.

*Hol.* I see them, I see them. There's *Best's* son, the  
 Tanner of *Wingham*.

*Bevis.*

*Bevis.* He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

*Hol.* And *Dick* the butcher:—

*Bevis.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

*Hol.* And *Smith* the weaver:—

*Bevis.* Argo, their thread of life is spun.

*Hol.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

*Drum.* Enter *Cade*, *Dick the butcher*, *Smith the weaver*, and a *sawyer*, with infinite numbers.

*Cade.* We *John Cade*, so term'd of our supposed father—

*Dick.* Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.<sup>2</sup>

*Cade.* For our enemies shall fall before us,\* inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes.—Command silence.

*Dick.* Silence.

*Cade.* My father was a *Mortimer*—

*Dick.* He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

*Cade.* My mother a *Plantagenet*—

*Dick.* I knew her well, she was a midwife.

*Cade.* My wife descended of the *Lacies*—

*Dick.* She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

*Weav.* But, now of late, not able to travel with her<sup>3</sup> furi'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

*Dick.* Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

*Cade.* Valiant I am.

*Weav.* A' must needs, for beggary is valiant.

<sup>2</sup> ——— a cade of herrings.] name *Cade*, from *cado*, Lat. to fall. He has too much learning for his character.

That is, a barrel of herrings. I suppose the word *keg*, which is now used, is *cade* corrupted.

<sup>3</sup> furred pack,] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward.

\* —our enemies shall fall before us,] He alludes to his



*Cade.* I am able to endure much.

*Dick.* No question of that; for I have seen him whipt three market days together.

*Cade.* I fear neither sword nor fire.

*Weav.* He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

*Dick.* But, methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i'th' hand for stealing of sheep

*Cade.* Be brave then, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in *England* seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in *Cheapside* shall my palfry 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; <sup>4</sup> all shall eat and drink upon my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their Lord.

*Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

*Cade.* Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchment being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who is there?

*Enter a Clerk.*

*Weav.* The clerk of *Chatbam*, he can write and read, and cast account.

<sup>4</sup> *There shall be no money;*] To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the sign or ticket of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise immediately from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life.



*Cade.* O monstrous!

*Weav.* We took him setting boys copies.

*Cade.* Here's a villain!

*Weav.* He's a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

*Cade.* Nay, then he's a conjurer.

*Dick.* Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

*Cade.* I am forry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour, unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, firrah, I must examine thee; what is thy name?

*Clerk.* Emanuel.

*Dick.* They use to write it on the top of letters. 'Twill go hard with you.

*Cade.* Let me alone. — Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to 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 confest; away with him; he's a villain and a traitor.

*Cade.* Away with him, I say; hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exit one with the clerk.*]

*Enter Michael.*

*Mich.* Where is our General?

*Cade.* Here I am, thou particular fellow.

*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly. Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.

*Cade.* Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself. He is but a knight, is a'?

*Mich.* No.

<sup>5</sup> They use to write it on the top of letters:] i. e. of letters missive, and such like publick acts. See *Mabillon's Diplomata.* WARBURTON

*Cade.*

*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*kneels.*] Rise up, Sir *John Mortimer*. Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

*Mich.* Ay, his brother.

*Cade.* Then kneel down, *Dick Butcher*. [*he kneels.*] Rise up, Sir *Dick Butcher*. Now sound up the drum.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Sir Humphry Stafford and young Stafford, with drum and soldiers.*

*Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and skum 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.

*Y. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood If you go forward. Therefore yield or die.

*Cade.* As for these filken-coated slaves, I pass not; It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

*Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plaisterer, And thou thyself a sheerman, art thou not?

*Cade.* And *Adam* was a gardener.

*Y. Staf.* And what of that?

*Cade.* Marry this—*Edmund Mortimer* Earl of *March* married the Duke of *Clarence's* daughter, did he not?

*Staf.* Ay, Sir.

*Cade.* By her he had two children at one birth.

*Y. 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.

*Weav.* Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

*Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words, That speaks he knows not what?

*All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

*Y. Staf.* *Jack Cade*, the Duke of *York* hath taught you this.

*Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, firrah, tell the King from me, that for his father's sake *Henry* the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for *French* crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

*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* maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it a 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 the enemy, be a good counsellor or no?

*All.* No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

*Y. 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, with their Train.*]

*Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.  
Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.

We

We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman,  
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoone,  
For they are thrifty honest men, and such  
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

*Dick.* They are all in order, and march towards us.

*Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are most  
out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt Cade and his party.*]

[*Alarm to fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.*]

*Re-enter Cade and the rest.*

*Cade.* Where's *Dick*, the butcher of *Ashford*?

*Dick.* Here, Sir.

*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and  
thou behaved'st thyself as if thou hadst been in thine  
own slaughter-house; therefore thus I will reward thee.  
The <sup>6</sup> lent shall be as long as it is, and thou shalt have  
a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

*Dick.* I desire no more.

*Cade.* And to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less.  
This monument of the victory will I bear, and the  
bodies shall be dragged at my horse's 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 gaols, and let out the prisoners.

*Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's  
march towards *London*. [Exeunt.]

<sup>6</sup> *lent shall be as long as it is,*  
Methinks it might be read more  
humourously, *Lent shall be as long*  
*again as it is.*

\* *If we mean to thrive and*  
*do good, &c.]* I think it should  
be read thus, *If we meant to thrive,*  
*do good; break open the gaols, &c.*



## S C E N E IV.

*Changes to Black-Heath.*

*Enter King Henry with a supplication, and Queen Margaret with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.*

*Q. Mar.* **O**FT 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. Henry.* I'll send some holy bishop to intreat ;  
For God forbid so many simple souls  
Should perish by the sword. And I myself,  
Rather than bloody war should cut them short,  
Will parly with *Jack Cade* their General.  
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

*Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains ! hath this lovely face  
\* Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,  
And could it not inforce them to relent,  
That were unworthy to behold the same ?

*K. Henry.* Lord *Say*, *Jack Cade* hath sworn to have thy head,

*Say.* Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

*K. Henry.* How now Madam ?  
Lamenting still, and mourning *Suffolk's* death ?  
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,  
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

*Q. Mar.* My love, I should not mourn, but die for thee,

\* *Rul'd like a wandering planet* —] Predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over the lives of those that are born under their influence.

*Enter*

*Enter a Messenger.*

K. Henry. How now? what news? why com'st thou  
in such haste?

*Mef.* 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. Henry. O graceless men! they know not what  
they do.

*Buck.* My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,  
Until a Power be rais'd to put them down.

*Q. Mar.* Ah! were the Duke of *Suffolk* now alive,  
These *Kentish* rebels should be soon appeas'd.

K. Henry. Lord *Say*, the traitors hate thee,  
Therefore away with us to *Killingworth*.

*Say.* So might your Grace's person be in danger.  
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;  
And therefore in this city will I stay,  
And live alone as secret as I may.

*Enter another Messenger.*

2. *Mef.* *Jack Cade* hath gotten *London bridge*,  
The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses,  
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,  
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear  
To spoil the city and your royal court.

*Buck.* Then linger not, my Lord; away, take horse.

K. Henry. Come, *Marg'ret*. God our hope will suc-  
cour us.

*Q. Mar.* [*Aside.*] My hope is gone now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.

*K. Henry.* Farewel, my Lord, trust not to *Kentish* rebels.

*Buck.* Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

*Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to London.*

*Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enter two or three citizens below.*

*Scales.* HOW now? is *Jack Cade* slain?

*1 Cit.* No, my Lord, nor like to be slain, for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them; the Lord Mayor craves aid of your honour from the *Tower* to defend the city from the rebels.

*Scales.* Such aid, as I can spare, you shall command; But I am troubled here with them myself. The rebels have assay'd to win the *Tower*. But get you into *Smithfield*, gather head, And thither will I send you *Matthew Goff*. Fight for your King, your country and your lives, And so farewel, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Cannon-Street.*

*Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-Stone.*

*Cade.* NOW is *Mortimer* Lord of this city, and here sitting upon *London-Stone*. I charge and command that of the city's colt the pissing conduit run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign.  
And

And now hence-forward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord *Mortimer*.

*Enter a soldier running.*

*Sol.* Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

*Cade.* Knock him down there. [They kill him.

*Weav.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

*Dick.* My Lord, there's an army gathered together in *Smithfield*.

*Cade.* Come then, let's go fight with them. But first go and set *London-bridge* on fire, and if you can, burn down the *Tower* too. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE changes to *Smithfield*.

*Alarm.* Matthew Goff is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade with his company.

*Cade.* SO, Sirs. Now go some and pull down the *Savoy*; others to the inns of courts; 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.* Mafs, 'twill be fore law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

*Smith.* Nay, *John*, it will be stinking law, for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

*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.*



*John.* Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

*Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in common.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord, a prize, a prize! Here's the Lord *Say* which sold the town in *France*; he that made us pay one and twenty fiftens and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

*Enter George with the Lord Say.*

*Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.— Ah, thou *Say*, thou *serge*,<sup>7</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 *Bastinecu*, the Dauphin of *France*? Be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused \* printing to be us'd; and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy 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 the peace to call poor men before them, about matters they were not able to answer.

<sup>7</sup> *thou Say, thou serge,*] *Say serge* to buckram.  
 was the old word for *silke*, on \* *Printing to be us'd*] *Shakespeare* is a little too early with this accusation.

Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; <sup>8</sup> when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not \* to let thy horse wear a cloak when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as 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 thou art 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? <sup>9</sup>

Kent.

<sup>8</sup> because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them;] That is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy.

\* To let thy horse wear a cloak.] This is a reproach truly characteristic. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of mankind as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious.

<sup>9</sup> When have I aught exacted at your hands?

Kent to maintain, the King, the realm and you,

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book preferr'd me to the king;] This passage I

know not well how to explain. It is pointed so as to make Say declare that he preferr'd clerks

*Kent* to maintain, the King, the realm and you,  
 Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,  
 Because my book prefer'd me to the King;  
 And seeing, ignorance is the curse of God,  
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,  
 Unless you be possess'd with dev'lish spirits,  
 Ye cannot but forbear to murder me.  
 This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings  
 For your behoof.

*Cade.* Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the  
 field?

*Say.* Great men have reaching hands; oft have I  
 struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

*George.* O monstrous coward! what, to come be-  
 hind folks?

*Say.* These cheeks are pale with watching for your  
 good.

*Cade.* Give him a box o'th' ear, and that will make  
 'em red again.

*Say.* Long sitting to determine poor mens' Causes  
 Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

*Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the  
 help of a hatchet.

*Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?

*Say.* The 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.

to maintain *Kent* and the *King*.  
 This is not very clear; and be-  
 sides, 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* slip-

ped into this passage by chance,  
 and would read,

*When have I aught exacted at  
 your hand,*

*But to maintain the King, the  
 realm, and you?*

Are



Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?  
 Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?  
 Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?  
 These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,  
 This breast from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.  
 O, let me live! ———

*Cade.* I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it; he shall die, and it be 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, Country-men, if when you make your pray'rs,  
 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. The proudest peer of the Realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay me her maiden-head ere they have it; men shall hold of me in *Capite*, and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

*Dick.* My Lord, when shall we go to *Cheapside*, and take up commodities upon our bills?

*Cade.* Marry, presently.

*All.* O brave!

*Enter one with the beads.*

*Cade.* But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in *France*. Soldiers, de-



fer 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 kifs. Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Changes to SOUTHWARK.*

*Alarm, and Retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his Rabblement.*

*Cade.* **U**P *Fish-street*, down *St. Magnus'* Corner, kill and knock down; throw them into *Thames*.  
[*A Parley sounded.*]

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, attended.*

*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, Country-men, 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 'em? will you

needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks ? hath my sword therefore broke through *London*' gates, that you should leave me at the *White-bart* in *South-wark* ? I thought, you never would have given out these arms, till you had recover'd your ancient Freedom, but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the Nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so God's curse 'light upon you all !

*All.* We'll follow *Cade*, we'll follow *Cade*.

*Clif.* Is *Cade* the son of *Henry* the fifth, That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him ? Will he conduct you through the heart of *France*, And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes ? Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to, Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil Unless by robbing of your friends and us. Were't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar, The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquished, Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you ? Methinks, already in this civil broil I see them lording it in *London* streets, Crying, *Villageois* ! unto all they meet. Better, ten thousand base-born *Cades* miscarry ; Than you should stoop unto a *Frenchman*'s mercy : To *France* to *France*, and get what you have lost. Spare *England*, for it is your native Coast. <sup>1</sup> *Henry* hath money, you are strong and manly ; God on our side doubt not of victory.

<sup>1</sup> *Henry bath money.*] Dr. of *French* plunder. He bids *Warburton* reads, *Henry bath* them spare *England*, and go to mercy, but he does not seem to *France*, and encourages them by have attended to the speaker's telling them that all is ready for drift, which is to lure them from their expedition ; that they have their present design by the hope strength, and the king has money.

*All.*

*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 surprize me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying; in despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers base and ignominious treasons, make me betake me to my heels. [Exit.]

*Buck.* What, is he fled? go some, and follow him. And he that brings his head unto the King, Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.]

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean  
To reconcile you all unto the King, [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E VIII.

*The Palace at Killingworth.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerset on the Terras.*

*K. Henry.* **W**AS 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 his Majesty!

*K. Henry.* Why, *Buckingham*, is the traitor *Cade* surpriz'd?



Or is he but retir'd to make him strong ?

*Enter multitudes with haliers about their necks.*

*Clif.* He's fled, my Lord, and all his pow'rs do  
yield,

And humbly thus with halters on their necks  
Expect your highness doom of life or death.

*K. Henry.* Then, heaven set ope thy everlasting  
gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise.  
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,  
And shew'd how well you love your Prince and Country,  
Continue still in this so good a mind,  
And *Henry*, though he be unfortunate,  
Assure 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 Messenger.*

*Mes.* Please it your Grace to be advertis'd,  
The Duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland* ;  
And with a puissant and mighty pow'r  
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,  
Is marching hitherward in proud array ;  
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,  
His arms are only to remove from thee  
The Duke of *Somerset*, whom he terms a traitor.

*K. Henry.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and  
*York* distrest ;

Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,  
<sup>2</sup> Is straitway claim'd and boarded with a pirate:

*But*

<sup>2</sup> *Is straitway claim'd and to York's claim to the crown.*  
*boarded with a pirate.]* So *Cade's head-long tumult was well*  
the Editions read; and one would compared to a *tempest*, as *York's*  
think it plain enough; alluding premeditated rebellion to a *pirate*



But now is *Cade* driv'n back, his men dispers'd,  
And now is *York* in arms to second him.

I pray thee, *Buckingham*, go and meet with him,  
And ask him what's the reason of these arms.

Tell him, I'll send Duke *Edmund* to the *Tower* ;  
And, *Somerset*, we will commit thee thither,  
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

*Som.* My Lord,  
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,  
Or unto death, to do my country good.

*K. Henry.* In any case be not too rough in terms,  
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

*Buck.* I will, my Lord ; and doubt not so to deal,  
As all things shall redound unto your Good.

*K. Henry.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to go-  
vern better,  
For yet may *England* curse my wretched Reign.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IX.

*A Garden in Kent.*

*Enter Jack Cade.*

*Cade.* **F**IE on ambitions ; fy 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 ; where-

*cy.* But see what it is to be cri-  
tical ; Mr. *Theobald* says, *claim'd*  
should be *calm'd*, because a *calm*  
frequently succeeds a *tempest*. It  
may be so ; but not here, if the  
King's word may be taken : who  
expressly says, that no sooner was

*Cade* driven back, but *York* ap-  
pear'd in arms,

*But now is Cade driv'n back,  
his men dispers'd ;*

*And now is York in arms to se-  
cond him* WARBURTON.

fore

fore on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden to see if I can eat grafs, or pick a fallet another while, which is not amifs to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word fallet was born to do me good; for many a time, <sup>3</sup> but for a fallet my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath ferv'd me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word fallet must serve me to feed on

*Enter Iden.*

*Iden.* Lord! who would live turmoiled in the Court,  
And may enjoy fuch quiet walks as thefe?  
This fmall inheritance my father left me,  
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.  
I feek not to wax great by others' waining,  
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;  
Sufficeth that I have maintains my ftate,  
And fends the poor well pleafed from my gate.

*Cade.* Here's the Lord of the foil come to feize me for a ftay, for entring his fee-fimple without leave. Ah villain, thou wilt betray me and get a thousand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an oſtridge, and ſwallow my ſword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

*Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatſoe'r thou be, I know thee not; why then ſhould I betray thee? Is't not enough to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls in ſpight of me the owner, But thou wilt brave me with theſe ſawcy terms?

*Cade.* Brave thee? by the beſt blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no meat theſe five days, yet come thou and

<sup>3</sup> but for a fallet, my brain-pan, *calata*, a helmet, (ſays Skinner) &c.] A fallet by corruption from *quia galeæ calatæ fuerunt*. POPE.

thy five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door nail, I pray God, I may never eat grafs more.

*Idem.* 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 stedfast gazing eyes to mine,  
See, if thou canst out-face me with thy looks;  
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;  
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;  
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon,  
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;  
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,  
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.

\* As for more words, whose greatness answers words,  
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

*Cade.* By my valour, the most compleat champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd Clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech *Jove* on my knees thou mayst be turned into hobnails.

[*Here they fight.*]

O I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me; let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house; because the unconquer'd soul of *Cade* is fled.

\* As for more words, whose greatness answers words,  
Let this my sword report what speech forbears] Sir T. Ham-  
mer, and after him Dr. War-  
burton, read,

As for more words, let this my  
sword report

(Whose greatness answers words)  
What speech forbears.

It seems to be a poor praise of a

sword, that its greatness answers words, whatever be the meaning of the expression. The old reading, though somewhat obscure, seems to me more capable of explanation. For more words, whose pomp and tumour may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them, and refer the rest to my sword.

*Idem.*

*Iden.* Is't *Cade* that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,  
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead.  
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,  
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,  
T<sup>o</sup> emblaze the honour which thy master got.

*Cade.* *Iden*, farewell, and be proud of thy victory.  
Tell *Kent* from me, she hath lost her best man; and  
exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never  
fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour.

*Iden.* 'How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be  
my judge! [Dies.

Die damned wretch, the Curse of her that bare thee;  
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

<sup>6</sup> 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.

<sup>5</sup> *How much thou wrong'st me.*] That is, in supposing that I am proud of my victory.

<sup>6</sup> *So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.*] Not to dwell upon the wickedness of this horrid wish, with which *Iden* debases his character, this whole speech is wild and confused. To

draw a man *by the heels, headlong*, is somewhat difficult; nor can I discover how *the dunghill would be his grave if his trunk were left to be fed upon by crows*. These I conceive not to be the faults of corruption but of negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction.



THE SECOND PART OF  
ACT V. SCENE I.

*In the Fields near London.*

*Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.*

YORK, *at a distance from his followers.*

FROM Ireland thus comes York to claim his Right,  
And pluck the Crown from feeble Henry's head.  
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,  
To entertain great England's lawful King.  
Ah Majesty! who would not buy thee dear?  
Let them obey, that know not how to rule.  
This hand was made to handle nought but gold,  
I cannot give due action to my words,  
Except a sword, or scepter, balance it.\*  
A scepter shall it have, have I a soul, †  
On which I'll toss the Flower de-luce of France,

*Enter Buckingham.*

Whom have we here? *Buckingham* to disturb me?  
The King hath sent him, sure. I must dissemble,  
*Buck.* York, if thou mean'st well, I greet thee well.  
*York.* *Humphry of Buckingham*, I accept thy greeting.  
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?  
*Buck.* A messenger from Henry our dread Liege,  
To know the reason of these Arms in Peace?  
Or why, thou, being a Subject as I am,  
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,

\* —balance it.] That is, balance my hand

† A scepter 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.

Should

Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,  
Or dare to bring thy force so near the Court?

*York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so  
great.

Oh! I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,  
I am so angry at these abject terms.

And now, like *Ajax Telemonius*,

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 giv'n no answer all this while;

My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.

The cause, why I have brought this army hither,

Is to remove proud *Somerſet* from the King,

Seditious to his Grace and to the State.

*Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part;

But if thy arms be to no other end,

The King hath yielded unto thy demand,

The 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 *St. George's* field,

You shall have Pay and every thing you wish.

—And let my Sovereign, virtuous *Henry*,

Command my eldest son; nay, all my sons,

As pledges of my fealty and love,

I'll send them all as willing as I live;

Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have

Is his to use, so *Somerſet* may die.

*Buck.* *York*, I commend this kind submission,

We twain will go into his Highness' tent. [ *Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to the King's Pavilion.*

*Enter King Henry and Attendants. Re-enter Buckingham and York, attended.*

K. Henry. **B**uckingham, doth York intend no Harm  
to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?

*York.* In all submission and humility,

*York* doth present himself unto your Highness.

K. Henry. Then what intend these forces thou dost  
bring ?

*York.* To heave the traitor *Somerſet* from hence,  
And fight againſt that monſtrous Rebel *Cade*,  
Whom, ſince, I heard to be diſcomfited.

*Enter Iden with Cade's head.*

*Iden.* If one ſo rude, and of ſo mean condition,  
May paſs into the preſence of a King,  
Lo, I preſent your Grace a traitor's head ;  
The head of *Cade*, whom I in Combat ſlew.

K. Henry. The head of *Cade* ? Great God ! how  
juſt art thou ?

O, let me view his viſage being dead,  
That, living, wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.  
Tell me, my friend ; art thou the man, that ſlew him ?

*Iden.* I was, an't like your Maſteſty.

K. Henry. How art thou call'd ? and what is thy  
degree ?

*Iden.* *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,  
A poor Eſquire of *Kent*, that loves the King.

*Buck.* So pleaſe it you, my Lord, 'twere not amiſs  
He were created Knight for his good ſervice.

K. Henry. *Iden*, kneel down. [*he kneels*] Riſe up a  
Knight.

We

We give thee for reward a thousand marks,  
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

*Idea.* May *Idea* live to merit such a bounty,  
And never live but true unto his Liege!

*K. Henry.* See, *Buckingham*, *Somerſet* comes with the  
Queen;  
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

[*Exit Buck.*

S C E N E III.

*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 imprifon'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 no King,

Nor fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which durſt not, no, nor canſt not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a Crown,

Thy hand is made to graſp a palmer's ſtaff,

And not to grace an awful princely ſcepter.

That gold muſt round engirt theſe brows of mine,

Whoſe ſmile and frown, like to *Achilles'* ſpear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a ſcepter up,

And with the ſame to act controlling laws.

Give place; by heav'n, thou ſhalt rule no more

O'er him, whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

*Som.* O monſtrous traitor! I arreſt thee *York*,

Of capital treaſon 'gainſt the King and Crown;

Obeſy, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.

*York.*



*York.* Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail ;  
 7 Wouldst have me kneel ? First, let me ask of these,  
 If they can brook I bow a knee to man.  
 I know, ere they will let 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*,  
 Out-cast of *Naples*, *England's* bloody scourge !  
 The sons of *York*, thy Betters in their Birth,  
 8 Shall be their father's bail, and bane to those  
 That for my surety will refuse the boys.

*Enter Edward and Richard.*

See, where they come ; I'll warrant, they'll make it  
 good.

*Enter Clifford.*

*Q. Mar.* And here comes *Clifford*, to deny their  
 bail.

*Clif.* Health and all Happiness to my Lord the  
 King! [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.

7 *Wouldst have me kneel ? First  
 let me ask of these,  
 If they can brook I bow a knee  
 to man.*

*Sirrah, call in my Sons to be my  
 bail.]* As these lines have  
 hitherto stood, I think the Sense  
 perplexed and obscure. I have  
 ventur'd to transpose them.

WARBURTON.

8 *Shall be their Father's Bail,*

*and Bane to those.]* Consider-  
 ing how our Author loves to play  
 on Words similar in their sound, but  
 opposite in their Signification, I  
 make no Doubt but the Author  
 wrote *bail* and *bale*. *Bale*, (from  
 whence our common Adjective,  
*baleful*) signifies, *Detriment, Ruin,*  
*Misfortune* &c. THEOBALD.

\* *Bale* signifies *sorrow*. Either  
 word may serve.

*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. Henry.* Ay, *Clifford*, a *Bedlam* and ambitious  
humour

Makes him oppose himself against his King.

*Clif.* He is a traitor, let him to the *Tower*,  
And crop away that factious pate of his.

*Q. Mar.* He is arrested, but will not obey,  
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

*York.* Will you not, sons?

*E. Plan.* Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

*R. Plan.* And if words will not, then our weapons  
shall.

*Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?

*York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so,  
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart traitor.

—<sup>9</sup> 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.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter the Earl of Warwick and Salisbury.*

*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.

*R. Plan.* Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur  
Run back and bite, because he was withheld,  
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,  
Hath clapt his tail between his legs and cry'd;

<sup>9</sup> Call hither to the stake my  
two brave bears,

— Bid *Salisbury* and *War-*

*wick* come.] *York* calls these

*Lords* his *bears* because they  
had a *bear* for their arms.

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 your-  
selves.

*K. Henry.* Why, *Warwick*, hath thy knee forgot to  
bow?

Old *Salisbury*, shame to thy silver hair,  
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son,  
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,  
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?

Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?

Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

And shame thine honourable age with blood?

Why, art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

For shame, in duty bend thy knee to me,

That bows unto the grave with 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. Henry.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

*Sal.* I have.

*K. Henry.* Canst thou dispense with heav'n 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 murd'rous deed, to rob a man,

To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To 'reave the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her custom'd right,

And have no other reason for his wrong,

But

But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

*Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

*K. Henry.* Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himself.

*York.* Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou hast, I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

*Old Clif.* The first I warrant thee; if dreams prove true.

*War.* You had best go to bed and dream again, To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

*Old Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm Than any thou canst conjure up to day: And that I'll write upon thy <sup>1</sup> Burgonet, Might I but know thee by thy House's badge.

*War.* Now by my father's Badge, old *Nevill's* Crest, The rampant bear chain'd to the rugged staff, This day I'll wear aloft my Burgonet, As on a mountain-top the cedar shews, That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm, Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.

*Old Clif.* And from thy Burgonet I'll rend thy bear, And tread it under foot with all contempt, Despight the bear-ward, that protects the bear.

*Y. Clif.* And so to Arms, victorious noble father, To quell the rebels and their complices.

*R. Plan.* Fy, charity for shame, speak not in spight, For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

*Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou canst tell.

*R. Plan.* If not in heav'n, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Burgonet* is a helmet.



## S C E N E V.

*Changes to a Field of Battle at St. Albans.*

*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 dying 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 Lord? what all a-foot?

*York.* The deadly-handed *Clifford* slew my Steed;  
But match to match I have encountred him,  
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
Ev'n 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  
chace,

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 War.*

*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

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.* <sup>2</sup> A dreadful lay. Address thee instantly.

[*Fight.*

*Clif.* *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*Dies.*

*York.* Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art  
still;

Peace with his soul, heav'n, 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 heav'ns 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; for he, that loves himself,  
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,  
The name of valour.—O let the vile world end,

[*Seeing his dead father.*

<sup>3</sup> And the premised flames of the last day  
Knit earth and heav'n together:  
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,  
Particularities and petty sounds  
To cease! Wast thou ordained, O dear father,  
To lose thy youth in peace, and <sup>4</sup> to atchieve  
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,

<sup>2</sup> *A dreadful lay.*] A dreadful  
wager; a tremendous stake.

<sup>3</sup> *And the premised flames—*]  
*Premised,* for sent before their

time The sense is, let the flames  
reserved for the last day be sent  
now.

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *To atchieve,* to obtain.

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 gobbits 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 I bear thee upon my manly shoulders ;  
 But then *Æneas* bare a living load,  
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit bearing off his Father.

*Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.*

*R. Plan.* <sup>5</sup> So, lie thou there. [Somerset is killed.  
 For underneath an ale-house' paltry Sign,  
 The Castle in *St. Albans*, *Somerset*  
 Hath made the Wizard <sup>6</sup> famous in his death.  
 Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still :  
 Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

[Exit Richard Plantagenet.

<sup>5</sup> So, lie thou there.

For underneath an ale-house'  
 paltry Sign,  
 The Castle in *St. Alban's*, *Som-*  
*erset*

Hath made the Wizard famous.]

The particle *for* in the second line seems to be used without any very apparent inference. We might read,

Fall'n underneath an ale-house'  
 paltry sign, &c.

Yet the alteration is not necessary, for the old reading is sense, though obscure.

<sup>6</sup> Famous in his death.] The death of *Somerset* here accomplishes that equivocal Prediction given by *Jordan*, the Witch, concerning this Duke ; which we met with at the Close of the first *Act* of this Play :

Let him shun Castles ;  
 Safer shall he be upon the sandy  
 Plains,  
 Than where Castles mounted,  
 stand.

*i. e.* the Representation of a Castle, mounted for a Sign.

THEOBALD.

SCENE

## S C E N E VI.

*Fight. Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and others.*

*Q. Mar.* Away, my Lord, you are slow; for shame, away.

*K. Henry.* Can we out-run the heav'ns? Good *Marg'ret*, stay.

*Q. Mar.* What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly.

Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,  
To give the enemy way, and to secure us  
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarm afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then shall see the bottom  
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,  
As well we may, if not through your neglect,  
We shall to *London* get where you are lov'd,  
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,  
May readily be stopt.

*Enter Clifford.*

*Clif.* But that my heart's on future mischief set,  
I would speak blasphemy, ere bid you fly,  
But fly you must; incurable discomfit  
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.  
Away, for your relief; and we will live  
To see their day, and them our fortune give.  
Away, my Lord, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarm. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

*York.* Of *Salisbury*, who can report of him?  
That Winter lion, who in rage forgets



Aged contusions and all <sup>7</sup> brush of time ;  
 And, like a <sup>8</sup> 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.

*R. Plan.* My noble father,  
 Three times to day I help him to his horse,  
 \* Three times bestrid him ; thrice I led him off,  
 Persuaded him from any further act :  
 But still, where danger was, still there I met him ;  
 And, like rich Hangings in a homely house,  
 So was his Will in his old feeble body.  
 But noble as he is, look, where he comes.

*Enter Salisbury.*

*Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-  
 day ;  
 By th' Mafs, so did we all. I thank you, *Richard* ;  
 God knows, how long it is I have to live,  
 And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to day  
 You have defended me from imminent death.  
 — Well, Lords, we have not got That which we have ;  
 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,  
 Being opposites of such repairing nature.

*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.  
 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.

<sup>7</sup> *Brush of time.*] Read *bruise*  
 of time.      WARBURTON,

<sup>8</sup> *Gallant in the brow of youth.*] WARBURTON,  
 The *brow of youth* is an expres-  
 sion not very easily explained.  
 I read *the blow of youth.* The

blossom, the spring.

\* *Three times bestrid him.*] WARBURTON,  
 That is, three times I saw him  
 fallen, and, striding over him,  
 defended him till he recovered.

Now by my hand, Lords, 'twas a glorious day,  
St. Alban's battle won by famous York,  
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.  
Sound drum and trumpets, and to London all,  
And more such days as these to us befall! [Exeunt.

Of this play, and the next, a very imperfect copy was published

- I. By *W. W.* for *Thomas Millington*. Quarto. 1600.
- II. For *T. P.* without date. I have the II.
- III. Folio 1623, which is undoubtedly the genuine copy of all the three parts.



THE  
THIRD PART  
OF  
*HENRY VI.*

With the DEATH of the  
DUKE of *YORK.*



# Dramatis Personæ.

*KING* Henry VI.

Edward, *Son to the King, and Prince of Wales,*

*Duke of Somerset,*

*Earl of Northumberland,*

*Earl of Oxford,*

*Earl of Exeter,*

*Earl of Westmorland,*

*Lord Clifford,*

} *Lords of K. Henry's side,*

*Earl of Richmond, a Youth, afterwards K. Henry VII.*

Richard, *Duke of York:*

Edward, *eldest Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Edward IV.*

George, *Duke of Clarence, second Son to the D. of York.*

Richard, *Duke of Gloucester, third Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Richard III.*

Edmund, *E. of Rutland, youngest Son to the D. of York.*

*Duke of Norfolk,*

*Marquis of Montague,*

*Earl of Warwick,*

*Earl of Salisbury,*

*Earl of Pembroke,*

*Lord Hastings,*

*Lord Stafford,*

} *of the Duke of York's Party.*

*Sir John Mortimer,*

*Sir Hugh Mortimer,*

} *Uncles to the Duke of York.*

*Sir William Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby.*

*Lord Rivers, Brother to the Lady Gray.*

*Sir John Montgomery, Lieutenant of the Tower,*

*Mayor of Coventry.*

*Mayor and Aldermen of York. Somerville.*

*Humphry and Sinklo, two Huntsmen.*

*Lewis King of France. Bourbon, Admiral of France.*

*Queen Margaret. Bona, Sister to the French King.*

*Lady Gray, Widow of Sir John Gray, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*

*Soldiers and other Attendants on K. Henry and K. Edward.*

*In Part of the Third Act, the SCENE is laid in France;  
during all the rest of the Play, in England,*

The THIRD PART of  
King HENRY VI.<sup>2</sup>

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ACT I. SCENE I.

LONDON.

*Alarm. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.*

WARWICK.

**I** Wonder, how the King escap'd our hands! <sup>3</sup>  
*York.* While we pursu'd the horsemen of the  
north,  
He slyly stole away and left his men;

<sup>1</sup> *The third part.*] First printed under the title of *the true tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the sixth, or the second part of the Contention between York and Lancaster*, 1590. POPE.

<sup>2</sup> *The Third Part of K. Henry VI.*] The action of this Play (which was at first printed under this Title, *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good K. Henry VIth: or, the Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster*) opens just after the first Battle at St. Albans,

wherein the *York* Faction carried the day; and closes with the Murder of *K. Henry VI.* and the Birth of Prince *Edward*, afterwards *King Edward V.* So that this History takes in the Space of full sixteen Years. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> *I wonder how the King—*] This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former.

Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland*,  
 Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,  
 Chear'd up the drooping army; and himself,  
 Lord *Clifford*, and Lord *Stafford*, all a-breast,  
 Charg'd our main battles front; and, breaking in,  
 Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

*Edw.* Lord *Stafford's* father, Duke of *Buckingham*,  
 Is either slain or wounded dang'rously.

I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:

That this is true, father, behold his blood.

*Mount.* And, brother, here's the Earl of *Wiltshire's*  
 blood;

Whom I encounter'd, as the battles join'd.

*Rich.* Speak thou for me, and tell them what I  
 did.——

[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's Head.*

*York.* *Richard* hath best deserv'd of all my Sons:  
 Is his 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 heav'n, these eyes shall never close.

This is the Palace of that 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.

[*They go up.*

*War.* And when the King comes, offer him no  
 violence;

Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.



*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 cowardise  
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>4</sup>  
I'll plant *Plantagenet* ; root him up, who dare :  
Resolve thee, *Richard* ; claim the *English* Crown.

[*Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats him.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, and others, at the further end of the stage.*

*K. Henry.* My Lords, look where the sturdy Rebel  
sits,  
Ev'n in the chair of State ; belike, he means  
Back'd by the Power of *Warwick*, that false Peer,  
T'aspire unto the Crown, and reign as King.  
Earl of *Northumberland*, he slew thy father ;  
And thine, Lord *Clifford* ; and you vow'd revenge  
On him, his sons, his fav'rites, and his friends.

*North.* If I be not, heav'n's 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.

<sup>4</sup> ——— if *Warwick* shake his times little bells hung upon them, bells.] The allusion is to perhaps to *dare* the birds ; that is, to fright them from rising.

*K. Henry.*



*K. Henry.* Be patient, gentle Earl of *Westmorland*,

*Clif.* Patience is for poltroons, and such is 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. Henry.* 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. Henry.* 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.

[*They advance to the Duke.*]

Thou factious Duke of *York*, descend my Throne ;  
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet.  
I am thy Sovereign.

*York.* Thou'rt deceiv'd, I'm thine.

*Exe.* For shame come down : he made thee Duke  
of *York*.

*York.* 'Twas my inheritance, as the Kingdom is.

*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*; and that's *Richard* Duke of  
*York*.

*K. Henry.* 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 *Westmorland* 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

March'd through the city to the Palace-gates.

*North.* No, *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 shew our Title to the Crown?  
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

*K. Henry.* What Title hast thou, traitor, to the  
crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of *York*;  
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.

\* I am the son of *Henry* the Fifth,  
Who made the Dauphin and the *French* to stoop,  
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

*War.* Talk not of *France*, sith thou hast lost it all.

*K. Henry.* 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, 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. Henry.* 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.

\* I am the son of *Henry the fifth*.] The military merit of *Henry the fifth* is the sole support of his son. The name of *Henry the fifth* dispersed the followers of *Cade*.

*K. Henry.* 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.* But prove it, *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

*K. Henry.* *Henry* the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

*York.* 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.

*K. Henry.* I know not what to say, my Title's weak:  
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heir?

*York.* What then?

*K. Henry.* And 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. Henry.* Art thou against us, Duke of *Excter*?

*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. Henry.* 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 thee.

\* *Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his Crown?*] The phrase *prejudicial to his Crown*, if it be right, must mean, *detrimental to the general rights of hereditary* royalty; but I rather think that the transcriber's eye caught *crown* from the line below, and that we should read *prejudicial to his* son, *to his next heir*.



*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. Henry.* Oh *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 this House with armed men;  
And, o'er the Chair of State, where now he sits,  
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the soldiers shew themselves.*]

*K. Henry.* My Lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one  
word.

Let me but reign in Quiet while I live.

*York.* Confirm the Crown to me and to mine heirs,  
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

*K. Henry.* 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.* Farewel, faint-hearted and degen'rate 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 Nor. Clif. Westm.*]

SCENE



## SCENE III.

*War.* Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.

*Exe.\** They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

*K. Henry.* Ah, *Exeter*!

*War.* Why should you sigh, my Lord?

*K. Henry.* Not for myself, Lord *Warwick*; but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinheret.

But be it as it may, I here entail

The Crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this Civil War; and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy King and Sovereign,

Neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

*York.* This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

*War.* Long live King *Henry*! *Plantagenet*, embrace him.

*K. Henry.* And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

*York.* Now *York* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.

*Exe.* Accurst be he, that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sonet.* Here they come down.

*York.* Farewel, 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, Warwick, Norfolk and Montague.*

*K. Henry.* And I with grief and sorrow to the Court.

*Enter the Queen and the Prince of Wales.*

*Exe.* Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her anger.

I'll steal away.

*K. Henry.* So, *Exeter*, will I.

[*Going.*

\* *They seek revenge.*] They quered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee—

*K. Henry.* Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

*Queen.* Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! would I had dy'd 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 birth-right thus?  
 Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,  
 Or felt that pain which I did for him once,  
 Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;  
 Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,  
 Rather than made that savage Duke thine heir,  
 And disinherited thine only son.

*Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me:  
 If you be King, why should not I succeed?

*K. Henry.* Pardon me, *Marg'ret*; pardon me, sweet  
 son;

The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc'd me.

*Queen.* Enforc'd thee? art thou King, and wilt be  
 forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, tim'rous 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's 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 *Faulconbridge* commands the narrow Seas;

The Duke is made Protector of the Realm;  
 And yet shalt thou be safe?—such safety finds  
 The trembling lamb, invironed 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.

\* *What is it but to make thy Sepulchre.*] The Queen's re-  
 proach is founded on a position long received among politicians,  
 that the loss of a King's power  
 is soon followed by loss of life.

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 repealed,  
 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 I do leave thee ; come, Son, let's away ;  
 Our army's ready ; come, we'll after them.

*K. Henry*. Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me speak.

*Queen*. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee gone.

*K. Henry*. Gentle son *Edward*, thou wilt stay with me ?

*Queen*. 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.

*Queen*. Come, son, away ; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*]

*K. Henry*. Poor *Queen*, how love to me and to her son  
 Hath made her break out into terms of rage !

Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke,  
 Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,<sup>s</sup>  
 Will coast 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 intreat them fair ;

—Come, Cousin, you shall be the messenger.

*Exe.* And, as I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>s</sup> *Whose haughty spirit, winged  
 with desire,  
 Will coast my crown ; and, like  
 an empty eagle,  
 Tire on the flesh—*—] Read  
 COAST, i. e. hover over it.

To tire is to fasten, to fix the  
 talons, from the French tier.

\* *Those three Lords*] That is,  
 of *Northumberland*, *Westmoreland*,  
 and *Clifford*, who had left him  
 in disgust.



## SCENE IV.

*Changes to Sandal-Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.*

*Enter Richard, Edward, 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 the Duke of York.*

*York.* Why how now sons and brother, at a strife? What is your quarrel? how began it first?

*Edw.* No quarrel, but a sweet contention.<sup>6</sup>

*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 th' House of *Lancaster* leave to breathe, It will out-run 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'd 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 can't not, son; it is impossible.

<sup>6</sup> *No quarrel, but a slight Contention.*] Thus the Players, first, in their edition; who did not understand, I presume, the force of the epithet in the old *Quarto*, which I have restor'd;

— *sweet Contention*, i. e. the Argument of their Dispute was upon a grateful Topick; the Question of their Father's immediate Right to the Crown.



*Rich.* An oath is of no moment,<sup>7</sup> being not took  
Before a true and lawful magistrate;  
That hath authority o'er 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 *Elysum*,

And all that Poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,  
Until the white Rose that I wear be dy'd  
Even in the 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 enterprize.

Thou, *Richard*, shalt to th' Duke of *Norfolk* go,  
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,

Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *An oath is of no moment,—*] The obligation of an oath is here eluded by very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain an usurper, taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself in the foregoing play, was rational and just.

<sup>8</sup> In former Editions :

Witty, courteous, liberal, full  
of Spirit.] What a blessed  
harmonious Line have the Edi-  
tors given us, and what a pro-  
mising Epithet, in *York's* behalf,

from the *Kentishmen* being so  
witty; I can't be so partial,  
however, to my own County, as  
to let this Compliment pass. I  
make no Doubt to read,

————— for they are Soldiers.

Wealthy and courteous, liberal,  
full of Spirit.

Now these five Characteristicks  
answer to Lord *Say's* Description  
of them in the preceding Play.

*Kent* in the commentaries *Cæsar*  
writ,

Is term'd the civil'st Place in all  
this isle;

The people liberal, valiant, active,  
wealthy. THEOBALD.

This is a conjecture of very  
little import.

While

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 Messenger.*

But stay, what news? why com'st thou in such post?

*Gab.* \* 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 Montague.*]

*Enter Sir John Mortimer 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 means 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.

\* *The Queen, with all, &c.*] I know not whether the authour intended any moral instruction, but he that reads this has a striking admonition against that precipitancy by which men often

use unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honestly in their power. Had *York* staid but a few moments he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury.

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 strait.

*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?

[*Alarm. Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.

*A Field of Battle between Sandal-Castle and Wakefield.*

*Enter Rutland and his Tutor.*

*Rut.* **A**H, 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.

*Tutor.* And I, my Lord, will bear him company.

*Clif.* Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.

*Tutor.* Ah! *Clifford*, murder not this innocent child,  
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, dragg'd off.*]

*Clif.* How now? is he dead already? or, is't 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 threatning look.

\* *So looks the pent-up lion.*] That is, the lion that hath been long  
confined without food, and is let out to devour a man condemned.

Sweet



Sweet *Clifford*, hear me speak before I die ;  
I am too mean a Subject of 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 stop't the passage where thy words should enter.

*Rut.* Then let my father's blood open't again ;  
He is a man, and, *Clifford*, cope with him.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine  
Were not Revenge sufficient for me.

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,  
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the House of *York*

Is as a Fury to torment my soul,

And till I root out their accursed Line,

And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore——

[*Lifting his hand.*

*Rut.* O let me pray before I take my death.

—To thee I pray——sweet *Clifford*, pity me.

*Clif.* Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

*Rut.* I never did thee harm ; why wilt thou slay me ?

*Clif.* Thy father hath.

*Rut.* But 'twas, ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me ;

Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days,

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

*Clif.* No cause !

Thy father slew my father, therefore die.

[*Clif. stabs him.*

*Rut.* *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ !* [Dies.

*Clif.* *Plantagenet*, I come, *Plantagenet* !

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,

Congeval'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [Exit.



## S C E N E VI.

*Alarm. Enter Richard Duke of 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 cry'd, Courage, father ! fight it out :  
 And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,  
 With purple falchion painted to the hilt  
 In blood of those, that had encounter'd him :  
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,  
*Richard* cry'd, Charge ! and give no foot of ground ;  
 And cry'd A Crown, or else a glorious tomb,  
 A Scepter or an earthy Sepulchre.  
 With this we charg'd again ; but out ! alas,  
 ° We bodg'd again, as I have seen a Swan  
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,  
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves,  
*[A short alarm within,*
 Ah ! hark, the fatal followers do pursue,  
 And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury,  
 And were I strong I would not shun their fury.  
 The sands are number'd, that make up my life ;  
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

° *We bodg'd again.*—] Of place. I suppose it is only the  
 this word the meaning is plain, word *budged*, perhaps misprint-  
 but I never saw it in any other ed.

*Enter*

*Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, the Prince of Wales, 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 shew'd unto my father.  
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Car,  
And made an evening at the \* noon-tide prick.

*York.* My ashes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth  
A bird that will revenge upon you all,  
And in that Hope I throw mines eyes to heav'n,  
Scorning what'er you can afflict me with.  
Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?

*Clif.* So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;  
So Doves do peck the Faulcon's piercing talons;  
So desp'rate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out investives 'gainst the officers.

*York.* Oh *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 cowardise,  
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. [*Draws.*

*Queen.* Hold, valiant *Clifford*; for a thousand causes  
I would prolong a while the traitor's life.  
—Wrath makes him deaf. Speak thou, *Northumberland*.

*North.* Hold, *Clifford*; do not honour him so much,  
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.  
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?

\* It is war's prize to take all 'vantages;

\* *Noon-tide prick*, or *noon-tide point on the dial*.

<sup>1</sup> *It is war's prize—*] Read  
PRAISE.                      WARBURTON.

I think the old reading right, which means, that *all vantages are in war lawful prize*; that is, *may be lawfully taken and used*.

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 cony struggle in the net.

[York is taken Prisoner.

*York.* So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;  
So true men yield with robbers so o'er-matched.

*North.* What would your Grace have done unto him  
now?

*Queen.* Brave warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,  
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here;  
That raught at mountains with out-stretched arms,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

—What! was it you that would be *England's* King?

Was't you, that revell'd in our Parliament,

And made a preachment of your high Descent?

Where are your messes of sons to back you now,

The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George*!

And where's that valiant crook-back'd 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 stained<sup>2</sup> 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 parcht thine Entrails,

That not a tear can fall for *Rutland's* death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus:

Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou wouldst be feed, I see, to make me sport:

<sup>2</sup> *This napkin.*] A napkin is an handkerchief.



*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 ?  
Oh, '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.

*Cliff.* That is my office, for my father's sake.

*Queen.* Nay, stay, let's hear the Oraisons he makes.

*York.* She-wolf of *France*, but worse than wolves  
of *France*,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth !  
How ill befeeming is it in thy sex  
To triumph, like an *Amazonian* trull,  
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates ?  
But that thy face is vizor-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 verify'd,  
“ That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.”

'Tis



'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*.  
 Oh, tyger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide !  
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
 And yet be seen to wear a woman's face ?  
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;  
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
 Bidst thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish.  
 Wouldst thou have me weep ? why now thou hast thy will.  
 For raging wind blows up incessant show'rs,  
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.  
 These tears are my sweet *Rutland's* obsequies ;  
 And ev'ry drop cries vengeance for his death,  
 'Gainst thee, fell *Clifford*, and thee, false *French* wo-  
 man.

*North.* Beshrew me, but his passions move me so ;  
 That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

*York.* That face of his the hungry Cannibals  
 Would not have touch'd, <sup>4</sup> would not have stain'd  
 with blood :

But

<sup>3</sup> 'Tis government that makes them seem divine] Govern-  
 ment, in the language of that  
 time, signified evenness of tem-  
 per, and decency of manners.

<sup>4</sup> Would not have stain'd the  
 roses just WITH BLOOD ;]  
 So the second folio nonsensically  
 reads the passage ; but the old  
 quarto, and first folio editions of

better authority have it thus,  
 That face of his the hungry cani-  
 bals

Would not have touch'd, would  
 not have stain'd with blood.

And this is sense. Could any  
 one now have believed that an  
 editor of common understanding  
 should reject this, and fasten  
 upon the nonsense of a latter  
 edition

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
 Oh ten times more than tygers of *Hyrkania*.  
 See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears,  
 This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,  
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this ;  
 And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,  
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,  
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,  
 And say, " Alas, it was a piteous deed !"

[*He gives back the handkerchief.*]

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 heav'n, 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.

*Queen.* What, weeping ripe my Lord *Northumber-*  
*land* ?

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.*]

*Queen.* And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.  
 [*Stabs him.*]

*York.* Open the gate of mercy, gracious God !  
 My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

[*Dies.*]

edition only because it afforded  
 matter of conjecture : And yet  
 Mr. *Theobald* will needs correct,  
*roses just with blood, to roses juic'd*  
*with blood,* that is, change one  
 blundering Editor's nonsense for  
 another's. But if there ever was

any meaning in the line it was  
 thus expressed,

*Would not have stain'd the roses*  
*just in bud.*

And this the *Oxford Editor* hath  
 espoused. WARBURTON.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* Off with his head and set it on *York* gates ;  
So *York* may overlook the town of *York*. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Near Mortimer's Cross in Wales.*

*A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their Power.*

EDWARD.

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 fared 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,

<sup>s</sup> *Methinks 'tis PRIZE enough  
to be his son.*] The old quar-  
to reads *FRIDE*, which is right,  
for *ambition*. i. e. We need not  
aim at any higher glory than this.

WARBURTON.

I believe *prize* is the right  
word. *Richard's* sense is, though  
we have missed the *prize* for  
which we fought, we have yet  
an honour left that may con-  
tent us.

And



\* And takes her farewell of the glorious sun ;  
How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
Trim'd like a yonker prancing to his love ?

*Edw.* Dazzle mine eyes ? or do I see three suns ?

*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<sup>7</sup> 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 ?

*Mes.* Ah ! one that was a woful looker on,  
When as the noble Duke of *York* was slain ;  
Your princely father, and my loving Lord.

<sup>6</sup> *And takes her farewell of the glorious sun.] Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course.*      lustrious and shining by the armorial ensigns granted us as meeds of our great exploits.

It might be plausibly read,  
*Blazing by our deeds.*

<sup>7</sup> *Blazing by our meeds.] Il-*



*Edw.* \* Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

*Rich.* Say, how he died; for I will hear it all.

*Mef.* Environed he was with many foes,  
And stood against them as the hope of *Troy*  
Against the *Greeks* that would have entred *Troy*.  
But *Hercules* himself must yield to odds;  
And many strokes, though with a little ax,  
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.  
By many hands your father was subdu'd,  
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm  
Of unrelenting *Clifford* and the Queen;  
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despight;  
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,  
The ruthless Queen gave him to dry his cheek,  
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.  
Oh *Clifford*, boist'rous *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, oh 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,

\* *Oh speak no more!*] The are well distinguished by their generous tenderness of *Edward*, different reception of their father's death, and savage fortitude of *Richard*,

For self-same wind that I should speak withal,  
 Is kindling coals that fire up 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.* If thou be that princely Eagle's bird,  
 Shew thy descent, by gazing 'gainst the sun,  
 For chair and dukedoms throne and kingdom say,  
 Either that's thine, or else thou wert not his.

## S C E N E II.

*March.* Enter Warwick, Marquis of Montague,  
 and 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 deliv'rance  
 Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told ;  
 The words would add more anguish than the wounds.  
 O valiant Lord, the Duke of *York* is slain.

*Edw.* 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 befalln.  
 After the bloody fray at *Wakefield* fought,  
 Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,  
 Tidings as swiftly as the post 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 *St. Albans* t'intercept the Queen,

Bear-

Bearing the King in my behalf along ;  
 For by my scouts I was advertised  
 That she was coming with a full intent  
 To dash our late decree in parliament,  
 Touching King *Henry's* oath, and your succession.  
 Short tale to make, we at *St. 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 hated 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 thresher 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 reward ;  
 But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,  
 And we, in them no hope to win the day ;  
 So that we fled ; the King, unto the Queen ;  
 Lord *George* your brother, *Norfolk* and myself,  
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you ;  
 For in the Marches here we heard you were,  
 Making another head to fight again.

*Edw.* Where is the Duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick* ?

And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England* ?

*War.* Some six miles off the Duke is with his power ;  
 And for your brother, he was lately sent  
 From your kind aunt, Dutchess of *Burgundy*,  
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

*Rich.* 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant *Warwick* fled ;

\* Like the night-owl's lazy flight.] This image is not very congruous to the subject, nor was it necessary to the comparison, which is happily enough completed by the thresher.



Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,  
But ne'er, till now; his scandal of retire.

*War.* Nor now my scandal, *Richard*, dost thou hear,  
For thou shalt know; this strong right hand of mine  
Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henry's* head,  
And wring the awful scepter from his fist,  
Were he as famous and as bold in war,  
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace and prayer.

*Rich.* I know it well, Lord *Warwick*, blame me not;  
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.  
But in this troublous time what's to be done?  
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,  
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
Numb'ring our *Ave Marias* 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 inrolled 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 *Welfomen* 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,

\* —the easy-melting King, like *As red as fire; nay; then her wax*  
*wax.*] So again in this *must melt.*  
play, of the lady *Gray*,



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 sun shine 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 shewn it flinty by thy deeds,  
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

*Edw.* Then strike up, drums; God and St. *George*  
for us!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*War.* How now? what news?

*Mes.* The Duke of *Norfolk* sends you word by me,  
The Queen is coming with a puissant host;  
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

*War.* <sup>s</sup> Why then it forts; brave warriors, let's  
away. [Exeunt omnes.]

<sup>s</sup> *Why then it forts.*] Why then things are as they should be.

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

*Changes to York.*

*Enter King Henry, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, and the Prince of Wales, with Drums and Trumpets.*

*Queen.* **W**Elcome, my Lord, to this brave town of  
*York.*

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,  
That fought to be encompass't with your crown.  
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord?

*K. Henry.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them, that fear  
their wreck.

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.  
—With hold 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 fire,  
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly son,  
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,  
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.  
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
And tho' 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 sometimes 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 birth-right 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 was 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. Henry. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid 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!

Queen. My Lord, cheer up your spirits, our foes  
are nigh;  
And this soft courage makes your followers faint;  
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son,  
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.  
*Edward*, kneel down.

K. Henry. *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,

\* Alluding to a common Proverb.

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

*Clif.* Why, that is spoken like a toward Prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Royal commanders, be in readiness;  
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,  
Comes *Warwick*, backing of the Duke of *York*:  
And in the towns, as they do march along,  
Proclaims him King; and many fly to him.

\* *Darraign* your battle, for they are at hand.

*Clif.* I would your highness would depart the field,  
The Queen hath best success, when you are absent.

*Queen.* Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our  
fortune.

*K. Henry.* 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.  
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *St. George!*

#### S C E N E IV.

*March.* *Enter* Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence,  
Norfolk, Montague, *and Soldiers.*

*Edw.* Now, perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for  
grace,  
And set thy Diadem upon my head;  
Or 'bide the mortal fortune of the field?

*Queen.* Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy.  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms  
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful King?

*Edw.* I am his King, and he should bow his knee;  
I was adopted heir by his consent;  
Since when, his oath is broke, for, as I hear,  
You that are King, though he do wear the crown,

\* *Darraign*] That is, *range* your host, put your hosts in order.



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 fort.

*Rich.* 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it not?

*Clif.* Ay, and old *York*, and yet not satisfy'd.

*Rich.* For God's sake, Lords, give signal to the fight.

*War.* What say'st thou, *Henry*, wilt thou yield the crown?

*Queen.* Why, how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*, dare you speak?

When you and I met at *St. Albans* last,

Your legs did better service than your hands.

*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 parle, 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. Henry.* Have done with words, my Lords, and hear me speak.

*Queen.* Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

*K. Henry.* 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 cur'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 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.

*Queen.* But thou art neither like thy fire nor dam,  
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick,  
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venomous 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 herself.

—*Helen of Greece* was fairer far than thou,  
Although thy husband may be *Menelaus* ;  
And ne'er was *Agamemnon's* brother wrong'd  
By that false woman, as this King by thee.  
His father revell'd in the heart of *France*,  
And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin stoop,

\* — *I am resolv'd*] It is my firm persuasion ; I am no longer in doubt.

† *To let thy tongue detect*] To show thy meanness of birth by the indecency of language with

which thou railest at my deformity.

† *A wisp of straw.*] I suppose for an instrument of correction that might disgrace but not hurt her.

And had he matcht according to his State,  
 He might have kept that glory to this day,  
 But when he took a beggar to his bed,  
 And grac'd thy poor Sire with his bridal day,  
 Even then that sun-shine brew'd a show'r 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 slipt our claim until another age.

*Cl.* But when <sup>1</sup> we saw, our sun-shine made thy  
 spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase,  
 We set the ax to thy usurping root;  
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,  
 Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,  
 We'll never leave 'till we have hewn thee down,  
 Or bath'd thy Growing with our heated bloods.

*Edw.* And in this resolution I defy thee;  
 Not willing any longer conference,  
 Since thou deny'st the gentle King to speak.  
 —Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours wave,  
 And either Victory, or else a Grave.

*Queen.* Stay, *Edward*——

*Edw.* No, wrangling Woman, we'll no longer stay.  
 These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

<sup>1</sup> *We saw our sun-shine made thy spring,*  
*And that thy summer bred us no increase.*] 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 determine to try  
 some other means, though our first efforts have failed.

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to a Field of Battle at Ferribridge in Yorkshire.*

*Alarm. Excursions. Enter Warwick.*

*War.* **F**ORE-spent 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, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

*Enter Edward running.*

*Edw.* Smile, gentle heav'n! 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 Clarence.*

*Cl.* 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 thy-  
self?

\* Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd

\* *Thy Brother's Blood the thirsty  
Earth hath drunk,*] This  
Passage, from the Variation of  
the Copies, gave me no little  
Perplexity. The old 4to applies  
this Description to the Death of

*Salisbury, Warwick's Father.*  
But this was a notorious Devia-  
tion from the Truth of History.  
For the Earl of *Salisbury* in the  
Battle at *Wakefield*, wherein *Rich-*  
*ard Duke of York* lost his Life,

was



Broach'd with the steely point of *Clifford's* lance,  
 And in the very pangs of death he cry'd,  
 (Like to a dismal clangor heard from far)  
*Warwick*, revenge; brother, revenge my death.  
 So underneath the belly of their steeds,  
 That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoaking blood,  
 The noble Gentleman gave up the ghost

*War.* Then let the Earth be drunken with our blood;  
 I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.  
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,  
 And look upon, as if the Tragedy  
 Were plaid 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 give me measure of revenge.

*Edw.* O *Warwick*, I do bend my knee with thine,  
 And in this vow do chain my soul with 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 heav'n may ope,  
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.—  
 Now, Lords, take leave until we meet again;  
 Where-e'er it be, in heaven or on earth.

was taken Prisoner, beheaded at *Porfleet*, and his Head, together with the Duke of *York's*, fix'd over *York-gates*. Then, the only Brother of *Warwick*, introduc'd in this Play, is the Marquess of *Montacute*; (or *Mountague*, as he is call'd by our Author;) but he does not dye, till ten years after, in the Battle at *Barnet*; where *Warwick* likewise was kill'd.

The truth is, the Brother here mention'd, is no Person in the *Drama*: and his Death is only an incidental Piece of History. Consulting the *Chronicles*, upon this Action at *Ferribridge*, I find him to have been a natural Son of *Salisbury*, (in that respect, a Brother to *Warwick*;) and esteem'd a valiant young Gentleman.

THEOBALD.

*Rich.*

*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.

*Cl.* Yet let us all together to our troops,  
And give them leave to fly, that will not stay,  
And call them pillars that will stand to us,  
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards  
As Victors wear at the *Olympian* Games.

This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,  
For yet is hope of life and victory.

—Fore-slow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*]

*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 chase,  
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Alarm.* Enter King Henry alone.

*K. Henry.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing light,

What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.  
 Now sways it this way like a mighty sea  
 Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;  
 Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea  
 Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.  
 Sometime the flood prevails; and then the wind;  
 Now, one the better, then another best,  
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
 Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered,  
 So is the equal poize of this fell war.  
 Here on this mole-hill will I 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<sup>2</sup>  
 To be no better than a homely swain,  
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run,  
 How many make the hour full compleat,  
 How many hours bring about the day,  
 How many days will finish up the year,  
 How many years a mortal man may live.  
 When this is known, then to divide the time;  
 So many hours must I tend my flock;  
 So many hours must I take my rest;  
 So many hours must I contemplate;  
 So many hours must I sport myself;  
 So many days my ewes have been with young;

<sup>2</sup> — *methinks it were a happy life*] This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange,

by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity.



So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeane;  
 So many months ere I shall shear the fleece;  
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years,  
 Past over, to the end they were created,  
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
 Ah! what a life were this! how sweet, how lovely!  
 Gives not the haw-thorn bush a sweeter shade  
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy  
 To Kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?  
 O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.  
 And, to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
 Is far beyond a Prince's delicates,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched on a curious bed,  
 When care, mistrust and treasons wait on him.

## S C E N E VII.

*Alarm. Enter a Son that had kill'd his Father.\**

*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! oh God! it is my father's face,  
 Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd:  
 Oh heavy times, begetting such events!  
 From *London* by the King was I prest forth;  
 My father, being the Earl of *Warwick's* man,  
 Came on the part of *York*, prest by his master:  
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,  
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.

\* These two horrible incidents are selected to show the innumerable calamities of civil war.



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. Henry.* 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,<sup>3</sup>  
 Be blind with tears, and break o'er-charg'd with grief.

*Enter a Father bearing his Son.*

*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 foe-man's face?  
 Ah, no, no, no, it is my only son!  
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,  
 Throw up thine eyes; 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!  
<sup>4</sup> 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,<sup>5</sup>

And

<sup>3</sup> *And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war, Be blind with tears, and break o'er-charg'd with grief.*] The meaning is here inaccurately expressed. The king intends to say that the state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a *civil war*, all shall be destroyed by power formed within themselves.

<sup>4</sup> *What stratagems,—*] *Stratagem*

seems to stand here only for an event of war, or may intend snares and surprises.

<sup>5</sup> *O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,*] Because had he been born later he would not now have been of years to engage in this quarrel.

*and hath bereft thee of thy life too late.*] i. e. he should have done it by not bringing thee into being, to make both father and

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

*K. Henry.* Woe above woe; grief, more than common grief;

O, that my death would stay these rueful deeds!

O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses.

The one his purple blood right well resembles,

The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth.

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

*Son.* How will my mother, for a father's death,  
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

*Fath.* How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,  
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

*K. Henry.* How will the country, for these woful  
chances,

Mis-think the King, and not be satisfy'd?

*Son.* Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?

*Fath.* Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son?

*K. Henry.* 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.

*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, °

Sad

and son thus miserable. This is the sense, such as it is, of the two lines, however an indifferent sense was better than none, as it is brought to by the *Oxford* Editor by reading the lines thus,

O boy! thy father gave thee life  
too late,

And hath bereft thee of thy life

too soon. WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning of the line, *And hath bereft thee of thy life too late*, to be this. Thy father expos'd thee to danger by giving thee life too soon, and hath bereft thee of life by living himself too long.

° And so obsequious will thy father

Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,

\* As *Priam* was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will;

For I have murder'd, where I should not kill. [*Exit.*]

*K. Henry.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,  
Here sits a King more woful than you are.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Alarms. Excursions. Enter the Queen, 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.

*Queen.* Mount you, my Lord, towards *Berwick* post  
again.

*Edward* and *Richard*, like a brace of greyhounds  
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,  
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,  
And bloody steel graspt in their ireful hands,  
Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

*Exe.* Away, for vengeance comes along with them.  
—Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;  
Or else come after, I'll away before.

*K. Henry.* 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.*]

## S C E N E IX.

*A loud Alarm. Enter Clifford wounded.*

*Clif.* Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,  
Which, while it lasted, gave King *Henry* light.

O *Launcester*! I fear thy overthrow,

More than my body's parting with my soul.

*ther be.] Obsequious* is here  
careful of *obsequies*, or of fune-  
ral rites.

having but *one* son, will grieve as  
much for that *one*, as *Priam*, who  
had *many*, could grieve for *many*.

\* As *Priam* was for all] I

My



My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee; [*Falling.*  
 And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,<sup>7</sup>  
 Impairing *Henry*, strengthn'ing mis-proud *York*.  
 The common People swarm like summer flies;  
 And whither fly the gnats, but to the Sun?  
 And who shines now, but *Henry's* enemies?  
 O *Phæbus*! hadst thou never giv'n consent  
 That *Phaeton* should check thy fiery steeds,  
 Thy burning Car had never 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*,  
 They never then had sprung like summer flies.  
 I, and ten thousand in this luckless Realm,  
 Had left no mourning widows for our death;  
 And thou this day hadst kept thy Chair in peace.  
 For what doth cherish Weeds, but gentle air?  
 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 our flight.<sup>8</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 stab'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*

*Alarm and Retreat.* Enter *Edward*, *Warwick*, *Richard*, *Montague*, *Clarence*, and *Soldiers*.

*Edw.* Now breathe we, Lords, good fortune bids us pause;

<sup>7</sup> — thy tough commixtures] Perhaps better, the tough commixtures.

<sup>8</sup> No way to fly, nor strength to hold our 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 fight.



And smoothe 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 Argosie 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 word,  
 Your brother *Richard* mark'd him for the grave:  
 And wherefoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*Clifford groans.*]

*Rich.* Whose soul is that which takes her hearty  
 leave?

A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.<sup>9</sup>  
 See who it is.

*Edw.* 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 sent his murd'ring knife unto the root  
 From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;  
 I mean, our princely father, Duke of *York*.

*War.* From off the gates of *York* fetch down the  
 head,  
 Your father's head, which *Clifford* placed there;  
 Instead whereof, let his supply the room.  
 Measure for Measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatal 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-boading tongue no more shall speak.

*War.* I think, his understanding is bereft.  
 —Speak, *Clifford*, dost thou know who speaks to thee?

<sup>9</sup> — like life and death's departing.] Sir T. Hunmer reads, like life in death departing, which Dr. Warburton has received.

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,  
As in the time of death he gave our father.

*Cl.* 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.

*Cl.* While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

*Rich.* Thou didst love *York*, and I am son to *York*.

*Edw.* Thou pitied'st *Rutland*, I will pity thee.

*Cl.* 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 but 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 unslaked 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 t'offend thine ears.  
First, will I see the Coronation,

\* *Eager words.*] Sour words; words of asperity.

And then to *Britanny* I'll cross the sea,  
T'effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

*Edw.* Ev'n as thou wilt, sweet *Warwick*, let it be ;  
For on thy shoulder do I build my Seat :  
And never will I undertake the thing,  
Wherein thy counsel, and consent, is wanting.

*Richard*, I will create thee Duke of *Glo'ster* ;  
And *George*, of *Clarence* ; *Warwick* as ourself  
Shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best.

*Rich.* Let me be Duke of *Clarence* ; *George*, of *Glo'ster* ;  
For *Glo'ster's* Dukedom is too ominous.

*War.* Tut, that's a foolish observation.

*Richard*, be Duke of *Glo'ster*. Now to *London*,  
To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Wood in Lancashire.*

*Enter Sinklo and Humphry, with cross-bows in their  
bands.*

SINKLO.

**U**NDER this thick-grown brake we'll shroud our-  
selves,  
For through this laund anon the Deer will come,  
And in this covert will we make our Stand,  
Culling the principal of all the Deer.

*Hum.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

*Sink.* That cannot be ; the noise of thy cross-bow.  
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost ;  
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best,  
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,  
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,  
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

*Hum.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.



*Enter King Henry with a prayer-book.*

K. Henry. From *Scotland* am I stol'n ev'n 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 scepter wrung from thee;  
Thy balm wash't 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 to thee;  
For how can I help them, and not myself?

*Sink.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.  
This is the *quondam* King, let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace these four Adversities;  
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

*Hum.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

*Sink.* Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. 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 batt'ry in his breast,  
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart,  
The Tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn,  
And *Nero* would be tainted with remorse,  
To hear, and see her plaints, her brinish tears.  
—Ay, but she's come to beg, *Warwick* to give;

<sup>1</sup> *Thy balm wash't off, ———*] It is common in these Plays to find the same images, whether jocular or serious, frequently recurring.

*I was anointed King.*



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,  
 While *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 *Marg'ret*, thus 'twill be, and thou, poor soul,  
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

*Hum.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of Kings and  
 Queens ?

K. *Henry*. More than I seem, and less than I was  
 born to ;

A man at least, for less I should not be ;  
 And men may talk of Kings, and why not I ?

*Hum.* Ay, but thou talk'st, as if thou wert a King.

K. *Henry*. Why, so I am in mind, and that's enough.

*Hum.* But if thou be a King, where is thy Crown ?

K. *Henry*. My Crown is in my heart, not on my  
 head,

Not deck'd with Diamonds and *Indian* Stones,  
 Not to be seen ; my Crown is call'd *Content*,  
 A Crown it is, that seldom Kings enjoy.

*Hum.* Well, if you be a King crown'd with *Con-*  
*tent*,

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. *Henry*. But did you never swear, and break an  
 oath ?

\* In the former act was the same line,  
*Inferreth arguments of mighty force.*

*Hum.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

*K. Henry.* Where did you dwell when I was king of England?

*Hum.* Here, in this country, where we now remain.

*K. Henry.* 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?

*Sink.* No, we were subjects, but while you were King.

*K. Henry.* 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 intreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,

And be you, Kings, command, and I'll obey.

*Sink.* We are true Subjects to the King, King *Edward*.

*K. Henry.* So would you be again to *Henry*,  
If he were seated as King *Edward* is.

*Sink.* We charge you in God's name, and in the King's,

To go with us unto the officers.

*K. Henry.* 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.

*Changes to the Palace.**Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Gray.*

K. *Edw.* **B**ROTHER of *Glo'ster*, at *St. Alban's*  
field

This lady's husband, <sup>2</sup> *Sir John Gray*, 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.

*Glo.* Yea! is it so? [*Aside.*]

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

*Clar.* He knows the game; how true he keeps the  
wind?

*Glo.* Silence.

K. *Edw.* \* *Widow* we will consider of your suit,  
And come some other time to know our mind.

*Gray.* Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay,  
May't please your Highness to resolve me now,  
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

*Glo.* [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you  
all your lands,

And if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

— Fight closer, or, good faith you'll catch a blow.

*Clar.* [*Aside.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall,

<sup>2</sup> *Sir John Gray,*] Vid. *Hall*,  
3d year of *Edw.* IV. folio 5. It  
was hitherto fairly printed *Rich-*  
*ard.* POPE.

\* *Widow, we will consider.*]

This is a very lively and spritely  
dialogue; the reciprocation is  
quicker than is common in *Shake-*  
*peare.*



*Glo.* [*Aside.*] God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

*K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow?  
tell me.

*Clar.* [*Aside.*] I think, he means to beg a child of her.

*Glo.* [*Aside.*] Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two,

*Gray.* Three, my most gracious Lord.

*Glo.* [*Aside.*] You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him,

*K. Edw.* 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

*Gray.* 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.

[*Gloucester and Clarence retire to the other side.*]

*K. Edw.* Now tell me, Madam, do you love your children?

*Gray.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

*K. Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?

*Gray.* To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

*K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands to do them good.

*Gray.* Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

*K. Edw.* I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

*Gray.* So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

*K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

*Gray.* What you command that rests in me to do.

*K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon?

*Gray.* No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask,

*Gray.* Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.

*Glo.* He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble,

*Clar.*



*Clar.* As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

*Gray.* Why stops my Lord? shall I not hear my task?

*K. Edw.* An easy task, 'tis but to love a King.

*Gray.* That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

*K. Edw.* Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

*Gray.* 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.

*Gray.* 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?

*Gray.* 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.

*Gray.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

*K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

*Gray.* 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.

*Gray.* To tell you plain, I'd rather lie in prison.

*K. Edw.* Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

*Gray.* Why, then my honesty shall be my dower? For by that loss I will not purchase them.

*K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

*Gray.* 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, or with *ay*, or *no*.

*K. Edw.* *Ay*, if thou wilt say, *Ay*, to my request:

*No*;

*No*, if thou dost say, *No*, to my demand.

*Gray*. 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.* [*Aside*.] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty.

Her words do shew her wit incomparable,

All her perfections challenge Sovereignty ;

One way, or other, she is for a King ;

And she shall be my love, or else my Queen.

—Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queen ?

*Gray*. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious Lord ;  
I am a subject fit to jest withal,  
But far unfit to be a Sovereign.

*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.

*Gray*. And that is more than I will yield unto.  
I know I am too mean to be your Queen ;  
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

*K. Edw.* You cavil, Widow ; I did mean, my Queen.

*Gray*. '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, and thou hast some children ;  
And, by God's mother, I, being but a batchelor,  
Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,  
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

*Glo*. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

*Clar*. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shrift.

*K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what Chat we two have had.

*Glo*. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

*K. Edw.* You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

*Clar* :

*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 the wonder lasts.

*Glo.* By so much is the Wonder in extreams.

*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-gates.

*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.*

### S C E N E III.

*Manet Gloucester.*

*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 th' 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 Sov'reignty,  
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 funders him from thence,  
Say-



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,  
 Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible.  
 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.  
 Oh miserable thought ! and more unlikely,  
 Than to accomplish twenty golden Crowns.  
 Why, Love forswore me in my mother's womb ;  
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe  
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;  
 To make an envious mountain on my back,  
 Where sits deformity to mock my body ;  
 To shape my legs of an unequal size ;  
 To disproportion me in every part,  
 Like to a Chaos, or <sup>3</sup> unlick'd bear-whelp,  
 That carries no impresson like the dam.  
 And am I then a man to be belov'd ?  
 Oh, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought ?  
 — Then since this earth affords no joy to me,  
 But to command, to check, <sup>4</sup> to o'erbear such  
 As are of better person than myself ;

P11

<sup>3</sup> *Unlick'd bear-whelp.*] It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of animated flesh, which she licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of the bear are

produced in the same state with those of other creatures.

<sup>4</sup> — *To o'erbear such As are of better person than myself.*] *Richard* speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of envy in



I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the Crown ;  
 And, while I live, t'account this world but Hell,  
 Until the 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 desp'rately 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 ax.  
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;  
 And cry, *Content*, to that which grieves my heart ;  
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
 And frame my face to all occasions.  
 I'll drown more sailors than the Mermaid shall ;  
 I'll slay more gazers, than the Basilisk ;  
 I'll play the orator as well as *Nestor* :  
 Deceive more silyly than *Ulysses* could ;  
 And, like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy*.  
 I can add colours ev'n to the Camelion ;  
 Change Shapes with *Proteus*, for advantages ;  
 ' And set the murd'rous *Machiavel* to school.  
 Can I do this, and cannot get a Crown ?  
 Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

in his mind, and would counter-  
 ballance by some other superio-  
 rity, these advantages which they  
 feel themselves to want. *Bacon*  
 remarks that the deformed are  
 commonly daring, and it is almost  
 proverbially observed that they  
 are ill-natured. The truth is,  
 that the deformed, like all other  
 men, are displeas'd with infe-  
 riority, and endeavour to gain

ground by good or bad means,  
 as they are virtuous or corrupt.

' And set the murth'rous *Ma-*  
*chiavel to school.*] As this  
 is an Anachronism, and the old  
 quarto reads,

*And set th' aspiring Catiline to*  
*school,*

I don't know why it should not  
 be prefer'd. WARBURTON.

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

*Changes to France.*

*Flourish. Enter King Lewis, Lady Bona, Bourbon, Edward Prince of Wales, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.*

K. *Lewis.* **F**AIR Queen of *England*, worthy *Margaret*,

Sit down with us ; it ill befits thy State,  
And Birth, that thou shouldst stand, while *Lewis* sits.

*Queen.* 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 ?

*Queen.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes with  
tears ;  
And stops my tongue, while my heart's drown'd in  
cares.

K. *Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit thou by our side. Yield not thy neck

[*Sits her by him.*]

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, Queen *Margaret*, and tell thy grief ;  
It shall be eas'd, if *France* can yield relief.

*Queen.* Those gracious words revive my drooping  
thoughts,

And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.

Now therefore be it known to noble *Lewis*,

That

That *Henry*, sole possessor of my love,  
 Is, of a King, become a banish'd man,  
 And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a forlorn;  
 While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of *York*,  
 Usurps the regal Title and the Seat  
 Of *England's* true-anointed lawful King.  
 This is the cause, that I, poor *Margaret*,  
 With this my son Prince *Edward*, *Henry's* heir,  
 Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid,  
 And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done.  
*Scotland* hath will to help, but cannot help.  
 Our People and our Peers are both mis led,  
 Our Treasure seiz'd, our 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.

*Queen.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our  
 foe.

*K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

*Queen.* 'O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:  
 And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

'O, but impatience WAITETH  
 ON TRUE SORROW:

*And see where comes the breeder  
 of my sorrow.]* How  
 does *impatience* more particu-  
 larly, *wait on true sorrow!* On  
 the contrary, such sorrow as the  
*Queen's*, which came gradually  
 on, through a long course of  
 misfortunes, is generally less im-  
 patient than that of those who  
 have fallen into sudden miseries.  
 The true reading seems to be,

O, but impatience WAITING,  
 RUES TO MORROW:

*And see, where comes the breed-  
 er of my sorrow.*

*i. e.* When impatience waits and  
 solicits for redress, there is no-

thing she so much dreads as be-  
 ing put off till to *morrow* (a  
 proverbial expression for procras-  
 tination.) This was a very pro-  
 per reply to what the King said  
 last, and is a sentiment worthy  
 of the poet. A rhyme too is ad-  
 ded, as was customary with him,  
 at the closing a scene.

WARBURTON.

It is strange that, when the  
 sense is so clear, any commenta-  
 tor should thus laboriously ob-  
 scure it, to introduce a new read-  
 ing; and yet stranger that he  
 should shew such confidence in  
 his emendation as to insert it in  
 the text.

S C E N E



## S C E N E V.

*Enter Warwick.*

*K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

*Queen.* Our Earl of *Warwick*, *Edward's* greatest friend.

*K. Lew.* Welcome, brave *Warwick*. What brings thee to *France*? [*He descends. She ariseth.*]

*Queen.* 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 Sov'reign, 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.

*Queen.* If that go forward, *Henry's* hope is done!

*War.* And, gracious Madam, in our King's behalf,  
[*Speaking to Bona.*]

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,  
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue  
To tell the passion of my Sov'reign's heart.  
Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,  
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtues.

*Queen.* 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 thee danger and dishonour,  
 For tho' Usurpers sway the Rule a while,  
 Yet heav'ns 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 hath lost  
 All that which *Henry* the fifth had gotten?  
 Methinks, these Peers of *France* should smile at that.  
 But, for the rest; you tell a Pedigree  
 Of threescore and two years, a silly time  
 To make Prescription for a Kingdom's worth.

*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*.

Queen. Heav'n's grant, that *Warwick's* words bewitch him not! [They stand aloof.]

K. Lew. Now, *Warwick*, tell me ev'n upon thy conscience,

Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth  
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 eyes?

*War.* The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further; all dissembling set aside,  
Tell me for truth the measure of his love  
Unto our sister *Bona*.

*War.* Such it seems,

As may beseem a Monarch like himself;  
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,  
7 That this his love was an eternal plant,  
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,

8 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, that often ere this day, [Speaking to *War.*

7 That this his love was an  
EXTERNAL plant.] The old  
quarto reads rightly *eternal*: Al-  
luding to the plants of *Paradise*.

WARBURTON.

8 Exempt from envy, but not  
from disdain,] Envy is al-  
ways supposed to have some fa-  
scinating or blasting power, and  
to be out of the reach of envy  
is therefore a privilege belonging  
only to great excellence. I know

not well why *envy* is mentioned  
here, or whose *envy* can be meant,  
but the meaning is that his love  
is superiour to *envy*, and can feel  
no blast but from the Lady's *dis-  
dain*. Or, that if *Bona* refuse to  
quit or requite his pain, his love  
may turn to *disdain*, though the  
consciousness of his own merit  
will exempt him from the pangs  
of *envy*.

When I have heard your King's desert recounted,  
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, *Warwick*, this. 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 th' *English* King.

*Prince*. To *Edward*, but not to the *English* King.

*Queen*. 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*.

*Queen*. Peace, impudent and shameless *Warwick*,  
peace!

Proud setter-up and puller-down of Kings!  
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,  
Both full of truth, I make King *Lewis* behold  
9 Thy sly conveyance, and thy Lord's false love;

[*Post*, blowing a horn within.

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lew. *Warwick*, this is some *Post* to us, or thee.

\* You have a father able —] 9 Thy sly conveyance.] Con-  
This seems ironical. The po- veyance is juggling, and thence  
verty of *Margaret's* father is a is taken for artifice and fraud.  
very frequent topick of reproach.



## S C E N E VI.

*Enter a Post.*

*Post.* My Lord Ambaffador, thefe letters are for you; [To Warwick.

Sent from your brother, Marquis *Montague*.

—Thefe, from our King unto your Majesty. [To K. Lew.

—And, Madam, thefe for you; from whom I know not.

[To the Queen. *They all read their Letters.*

*Oxf.* I like it well, that our fair Queen and Miftrefs 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 beft.

K. *Lew.* *Warwick*, what are thy news? and yours, fair Queen?

*Queen.* Mine fuch, as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

*War.* Mine full of forrow and heart's difcontent.

K. *Lew.* What! has your King marry'd the lady *Gray*?

And now, to footh your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to perfuade me patience?

Is this th'alliance, that he feeks with *France*?

Dare he presume to fcorn us in this manner?

*Queen.* I told your Majesty as much before;

This proveth *Edward's* love and *Warwick's* honefty.

*War.* King *Lewis*, I here proteft in fight of heav'n,

And by the hope I have of heav'nly blifs,

That I am clear from this misdeed of *Edward's*,

No more my King; for he difhonours me,

But moft himfelf, if he could fee his fhame.

Did I forget, that by the Houfe of *York*,

My father came untimely to his death?



' Did I let pass th' abuse done to my Niece ?  
 Did I impale him with the regal Crown ?  
 Did I put *Henry* from his native Right ?  
 And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame ?  
 Shame on himself, for my desert is honour !  
 And to repair my honour lost for him,  
 I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*.

—My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,  
 And, henceforth, I am thy true servitor ;  
 I will revenge his wrong to lady *Bona*,  
 And replant *Henry* in his former state.

*Queen.* *Warwick*, 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 succour him,  
 And, as for *Clarence*, as my letters tell me,  
 He's very likely now to fall from him,  
 For matching more for wanton lust than honour,  
 Or than for strength and safety of our Country.

*Bona.* Dear brother, how shall *Bona* be reveng'd,  
 But by thy help to this distressed Queen ?

*Queen.* Renowned Prince, how shall poor *Henry* live,  
 Unless thou rescue 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.

! Did I let pass th' abuse done to my Niece ?] Edward attempted in the Earl of *Warwick's* house HOLINGSHEAD.

*Queen.* 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,  
To revel it with him and his new bride.  
Thou seest what's past, <sup>2</sup> go fear thy King withal.

*Eona.* Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower  
shortly,

I wear the willow garland for his sake.

*Queen.* Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside;  
And I am ready to put armour on.

*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me  
wrong;

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

—There's thy reward, be gone.—— [Exit Post.

*K. Lew.* But, *Warwick*,  
Thyself and *Oxford* with five thousand men  
Shall cross the seas, and bid false *Edward* battle.  
And, as occasion serves, this noble Queen  
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.  
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:  
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

*War.* This shall assure my constant loyalty,  
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,  
I'll join my younger daughter and my joy, <sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Go, fear thy King.*] That  
is, *fright* thy King.

<sup>3</sup> In former copies,  
*I'll join my eldest Daughter and  
my Joy,*

*To him forthwith,*——] Surely  
this is a Mistake of the Copyists.  
*Hall*, in the 5th Year of *K. Ed-  
ward IV.* says *Edward* Prince of  
*Wales*, wedded *Anne* SECOND  
Daughter to the Earl of *War-  
wick*. And the Duke of *Clare-  
nce* was in Love with the EL-  
DER, the Lady *Isabel*; and in

reality was married to her five  
Years before Prince *Edward* took  
the Lady *Anne* to Wife.

And in *K. Richard* third, *Glon-  
cester*, who married this Lady  
*Anne* when a Widow, says,

*For then I'll marry Warwick's  
YOUNGEST Daughter.*

*What tho' I kill'd her Husband  
and her Father?*

i. e. Prince *Edward*, and *K. Hen-  
ry VI* her Father-in-Law. See  
likewise *Holingshed* in his *Chro-  
nicle*; p. 671 and 674. THEOB.

To him forthwith, in holy wedlock' bands.

*Queen.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion,  
Son *Edward*, she is fair and virtuous;  
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwick*,  
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,  
That only *Warwick's* daughter shall be thine.

*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  
levy'd,

And thou, Lord *Bourbon*, our High Admiral,  
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.

I long, till *Edward* fall by war's mischance,  
For mocking marriage with a Dame of *France*.

[*Exeunt. Manet Warwick.*]

*War.* I came from *Edward* as ambassador,  
But I return his sworn and mortal foe.  
Matter of marriage was the Charge he gave me,  
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a Stale but me?  
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

I was the chief that rais'd him to the Crown,  
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:

Not that I pity *Henry's* misery,  
But seek revenge on *Edward's* mockery.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Palace in England.*

*Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somersfet and Montague.*

G L O U C E S T E R.

**N**OW tell me, brother *Clarence*, what think you  
Of this new marriage with the lady *Gray*?  
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, Lady Gray as Queen,  
Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings: Four stand on  
one side, and four on the other.*

*Glo.* And his well chosen bride.

*Cl.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*K. Edw.* Now, brother *Clarence*, how like you our  
choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malecontent?

*Clar.* As well as *Lewis* of *France*, or th' 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*, and 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 severed whom God hath join'd together;

Pity



Pity to funder them, that yoke so well.

K. *Edw.* Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,  
Tell me some reason, why the Lady *Gray*  
Should not become my wife, and *England's* Queen?  
And you too, *Somerset* and *Montague*,  
Speak freely what you think.

*Clar.* Then, this is my opinion; that King *Lewis*  
Becomes your enemy for mocking him  
About the marriage of the lady *Bona*.

*Glo.* And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,  
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. *Edw.* What if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be ap-  
peas'd,  
By such invention as I can devise?

*Mont.* Yet to have join'd with *France* in such alliance,  
Would more have strengthen'd this our Commonwealth  
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

*Hast.* Why, knows not *Montague*, that of itself  
*England* is safe, if true within itself?

*Mont.* Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with  
*France*.

*Hast.* 'Tis better using *France*, than trusting *France*.  
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,<sup>4</sup>  
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps alone defend ourselves:  
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

*Clar.* For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well de-  
serves

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*

<sup>4</sup> — with the seas,] This and favoured the interest of  
has been the advice of every *England*.  
man who in any age understood

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  
Of the Lord *Bonvil* 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 chusing for yourself, you shew'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 ty'd unto his brother's will.

*Queen.* 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.* [*aside*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

\* — you would not have bestowed 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.

SCENE

THE THIRD PART OF  
SCENE II.

*Enter a Post*

K. *Edw.* Now, Messenger, what letters or what news  
from *France*?

*Post.* 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.  
So tell their words, as near as thou canst guess them.  
What answer makes King *Lewis* to our letters?

*Post.* 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?

*Post.* 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 so I heard, that she was there in place.

*Post.* Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds are  
done;

And I am ready to put armour on.

K. *Edw.* Belike, she means to play the *Amazon*.  
But what said *Warwick* to these injuries?

*Post.* 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*?

*Post.*



*Post.* Ay, gracious Sov'reign, they're so link'd in  
friendship,

That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwick's* daughter.

[*Exit.*]

*Clar.* Belike the younger; *Clarence* will have the elder.<sup>s</sup>

—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 further matter:  
I stay not for 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 desp'rate case.

*Pembroke* and *Stafford*, you in our behalf  
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;  
They are already, or will soon be landed;  
Myself in person will strait follow you.

[*Exe. 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.

<sup>s</sup> *Belike the Elder; Clarence will have the Younger.*] I have ventured to make *Elder* and *Younger* change Places in this Line against the Authority of All the printed Copies. The Reason of it will be obvious.

*Clarence* should make this speech in the king's hearing is very improbable, yet I do not see how it can be palliated. The king never goes out, nor can *Clarence* be talking to a company apart, for he answers immediately to that which the *Post* says to the king.

THEOBALD.

\* *You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.*] That



*Mon.* 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. [*Exe.*

### S C E N E III.

*In Warwickshire.*

*Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French Soldiers.*

*War.* **T**RUST me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well;  
The common people swarm by numbers 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 cowardise  
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, friend, my daughter shall be thine.  
And now what rests, but in \* night's overture,  
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,  
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,<sup>6</sup>  
And but attended by a simple guard,

\* ——— *night's overture.*] The author must, I think, have written *night's coverture*. For though *overture*, which signifies first an opening, then an offer, may likewise mean an opportunity, yet in an *overture* seems to be an improper phrase.

<sup>6</sup> *His Soldiers lurking in the*

*Town about.*] Dr. Thirlby advised the reading *Towns* here; the Guard in the Scene immediately following says,

————— *but why commands the King,*

*That his chief Followers lodge in Towns about him, &c.*

THEOBALD.

We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?  
 Our scouts have found th'adventure very easy;  
 That as *Ulysses* and stout *Diomede*  
 With slight 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 surprize 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 fort,  
 For *Warwick* and his friends, God and Saint *George!*  
 [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.*

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his  
 Stand:

The King by this has 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 keepeth in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because the more  
 dangerous.

\* So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,] This line may confirm the reading of  
 coverture.

3 *Watch*. Ay, but give me worship and quietness; I like it better than a dang'rous 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 this royal tent,  
But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French Soldiers, silent all.*

*War*. This is his tent; and see, where stands 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, Arms!  
Arms! Warwick and the rest following them.*

*The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding.*

*Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in a gown, sitting in a chair; Glo'ster and Hastings flying over the Stage.*

*Som*. What are they that fly there?

*War*. *Richard* and *Hastings*. Let them go, here is the Duke.

*K. Edw*. The Duke! why, *Warwick*, when we parted, Thou call'dst me King?

*War*. Ay, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrac'd me in my ambassade,  
Then I degraded you from being King;

\* And come now to create you Duke of *York*.  
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,

\* *And come now to create you Duke of York.* *And come to new create you Duke of York.*  
read with a slight alteration?

That



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 throwd yourself from enemies?

*K. Edw.* Brother of *Clarence*, and art thou here too?  
 Nay, then I see, that *Edward* needs must down.

Yet, *Warwick*, in despite of all mischance,  
 Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,  
*Edward* will always bear himself as King;  
 Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
 My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*War.* Then, for his mind, be *Edward* England's  
 King, [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 you what reply  
*Lewis* and Lady *Bona* sent 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.

*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.



## S C E N E V.

*The Palace.**Enter Rivers and the Queen.*

*Riv.* **M**ADAM, what makes you in this sudden change?

*Queen.* Why, brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learn, What late misfortune has befalln King *Edward*?

*Riv.* What! los of some pitcht battle against *Warwick*?

*Queen.* No, but the los of his own royal person.

*Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain?

*Queen.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner, Either betray'd by fallshood of his guard, Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares; And, as I further have to understand, Is now committed to the bishop of *York*, Fell *Warwick*'s brother, and by that our foe.

*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.

*Queen.* Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay. And I the rather wean me from despair, For love of *Edward*'s off-spring in my womb, This is't, that makes me bridle in my passion, And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross; Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear, And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs, Lest with my sighs or tears, I blast or drown King *Edward*'s fruit, true heir to th' *English* crown.

*Riv.* But, Madam, where is *Warwick* then become?

*Queen.* I am informed that he comes tow' rds *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

For trust not him that once hath 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.]

## S C E N E VI.

*A Park near Middleham-Castle in Yorkshire.*

*Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.*

*Glo.* **N**OW, my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
 Into the chiefeft thicket of the park.  
 Thus stands the case. You know, our King, my brother,  
 Is pris'ner to the bishop, 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 his 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 with him.*

*Hunt.* This way, my Lord, for this way lies the game.

*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man; see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother *Glo'ster*, *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 by at the park-corner.

K. *Edw.* But whither shall we then?

*Hast.* To *Lyn*, 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 ha' no more ado.

K. *Edw.* Bishop, farewell; shield thee from *Warwick's* frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to the Tower in London.*

*Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.*

K. *Henry.* **M**R. 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. *Henry.* 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



—But *Warwick*, after God, thou sett'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 spight,  
 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 has 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;<sup>7</sup>  
 Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,  
 For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

*Clar.* No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the sway,  
 To whom the heav'ns in thy nativity  
 Adjudg'd an olive branch and lawrel crown,  
 As likely to be blest in peace and war;  
 And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

*War.* And I chuse *Clarence* only for protector.

*K. Henry.* *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both your  
 hands;  
 Now join your hands and with your hands, your hearts;  
 That no dissention hinder government  
 I make you both protectors of this land,  
 While I myself will lead a private life,  
 And in devotion spend my latter days  
 To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

*War.* What answers *Clarence* to his sov'reign's will?

*Clar.* That he consents, if *Warwick* yield consent;  
 For on thy fortune I repose myself.

*War.* Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:

<sup>7</sup> — few men rightly temper with the stars;] I suppose when finding himself unfortunate he gave the management of publick affairs to more prosperous hands.



We'll yoke together, like a double shadow  
 To *Henry's* body, and supply his place;  
 I mean, in bearing weight of government,  
 While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.  
 And, *Clarence*, now then it is more than needful,  
 Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a traitor;  
 And all his lands and goods confiscated.

*Clar.* What else? and that succession be determin'd,

*War.* Ay, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

*K. Henry.* But with the first of all our chief affairs,  
 Let me intreat, for I command no more,  
 That *Margaret* your Queen and my son *Edward*  
 Be sent for, to return from *France* with speed.  
 For till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
 My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

*Clar.* It shall be done, my sov'reign, with all speed.

*K. Henry.* 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. Henry.* 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 scepter, and himself

Likely in time to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he

Must help you more, than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a Post.*

*War.* What news, my friend?

*Post.* That *Edward* is escaped from your brother,  
 And fled, as he hears since, to *Burgundy*.

\* This pretty lad.] He was afterwards *Henry VII.* A man who put an end to the civil war of the two houses, but not otherwise remarkable for virtue. *Shakespeare* knew his trade. *Henry VII.* was Grandfather to *Queen Elizabeth*, and the King from whom *James* inherited.

*War.*

*War.* Unfavory news; but how made he escape?

*Post.* He was convey'd by *Richard Duke of Glo'ster*,  
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him  
In secret ambush on the forest-side,  
And from the bishops huntsmen rescu'd him;  
For hunting was his daily exercise.

*War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.  
—But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
A salve for any sore that may betide. [Exeunt.

*Manet* Somerfet, Richmond, and Oxford.

*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 befor't be long.  
As *Henry's* late presaging prophesy  
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 *Britany*,  
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

*Oxf.* Ay, for if *Edward* re-possess the crown:  
'Tis like that *Richmond* with the rest shall down.

*Som.* It shall be so; he shall to *Britany*.  
Come therefore let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to York.*

*Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* **N**OW, brother *Richard*, *Hastings*, and the  
rest,

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
And says, that once more I shall interchange  
My wained state for *Henry's* regal crown.

Well have we pass'd, and now repais'd the seas,

And brought desired help from *Burgundy*.  
 What then remains we being thus arriv'd  
 From *Ravensturg*, 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,  
 Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

*K. Edw.* Tush! man, aboadments 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.*

*Mayor.* 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*.

*Mayor.* 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 has 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.

*Mayor.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be  
 open'd. [*He descends.*]

*Glo.* A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

*Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were  
 well,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *The good old man would fain* mayor is willing we should enter  
*that all were well,]* The so he may not be blamed.



So 'twere not 'long of him ; but being entered,  
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade  
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.*

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 ;  
[*Takes his keys.*]  
For *Edward* will defend the town and thee,  
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*March. Enter Montgomery with Drum and Soldiers.*

*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 ?

*Montg.* To help King *Edward* in his time of storm,  
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. *Edw.* Thanks, good *Montgom'ry* ; but we now  
forget  
Our title to the crown, and only claim  
Our Dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

*Montg.* 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.

[*The Drum begins a March.*]

K. *Edw.* Nay, stay, Sir *John*, a while ; and we'll  
debate,

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

*Montg.* 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 shall we fight if you pretend no title ?

*Glo.*



*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 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 Sov'reign speaketh like himself:

And now will I be *Edward's* champion.

*Hast.* Sound, trumpet, *Edward* shall be here proclaimed:

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Flourish.*  
*Sold.* *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*

*Mont.* And whosoe'er gain-says 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 to 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*, 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.*]

S C E N E IX.

*Changes again to London.*

*Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence,  
Oxford, and Somerfer.*

*War.* **W**HAT counsel, Lords? *Edward* from  
*Belgia,*

With hasty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*,  
Hath passed in safety through the narrow seas;  
And with his troops doth march amain to *London*;  
And many giddy people flock to him.

*K. Henry.* <sup>9</sup> Let's levy men and beat him back again.

*Clar.* A little fire is quickly trodden out,  
Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

*War.* In *Warwickshire* I have true hearted friends,  
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war,  
Those will I muster up; and thou, son *Clarence*,  
Shalt stir, in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,  
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.  
Thou, brother *Montague*, in *Buckingham*,  
*Northampton*, and in *Leicestershire*, shalt find  
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st,  
And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,  
In *Oxfordshire* shalt muster up thy friends.  
My Sov'reign, with the loving citizens,  
Like to his island girt with th' ocean,

<sup>9</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.

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.

—Farewel, my Sovereign.

*K. Henry*. Farewel, my *Hector* and my *Troy's* true hope.

*Clar*. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

*K. Henry*. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate !

*Mont*. Comfort, my Lord. And so I take my leave.

*Oxf*. [*Kissing Henry's hand.*] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

*K. Henry*. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Montague*,  
And all at once, once more a happy farewel.

*War*. Farewel, sweet Lords ; let's meet at *Coventry*.

[*Exeunt.*]

*K. Henry*. Here at the palace will I rest a while.  
Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinks your Lordship :  
Methinks, the pow'r, that *Edward* hath in field,  
Should not be able to encounter mine.

*Exe*. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

*K. Henry*. That's not my fear, ' my meed hath got  
me fame ;

I have not stopt 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 dried 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,

\* — My meed hath got me fame :] Meed signifies reward. We should read my DEED, i. e. my manners, conduct in the administration.  
WARBURTON.



The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! a Lancaster!*<sup>2</sup>

*Exe.* Hark, hark, my Lord, what shouts are these?

*Enter King Edward, and his 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.

[*Ex. with King Henry.*

And, Lords, to *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 tow'rds *Coventry*.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *Shout within. A Lancaster!* Surely the shouts that ushered king *Edward* should be a *York*, a *York*. I suppose the authour

did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters.



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Before the Town of Coventry.*

*Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers and others, upon the walls.*

WARWICK.

WHERE is the Post, that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

1 *Mes.* By this at *Dunsmore*, marching hither-ward.

*War.* How far off is our brother *Montague*?

—Where is the Post, that came from *Montague*?

2 *Mes.* By this at *Daintry*, with a puissant troop.

*Enter Somerville.*

*War.* Say, *Somerville*, what says my loving son?  
And by thy guess how nigh is *Clarence* now?

*Somerv.* At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,  
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

*War.* Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his drum.

*Somerv.* 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.

*Somerv.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly  
know.

*March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester,  
and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Go, trumpet to the walls, and sound a  
parle.

*Glo.*

*Glo.* See how the surly *Warwick* mans the wall.

*War.* Oh, unbid spight! 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 fore-cast,  
But while he thought to steal the single ten,  
The King was sily finger'd from the Deck.

You left poor *Henry* at the Bishop's palace,  
And ten to one you'll meet him in the *Tower*.

*K. 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'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And

And with the other fling it at thy face,  
Than bear so low a fail, 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, while 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.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.*

*War.* O chearful colours! see, where *Oxford* comes!

*Oxf.* *Oxford! Oxford! for Lancaster!*

*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 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!*

*Glo.* Thou and thy brother both, shall buy this  
treason

Ev'n 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;*

*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*



*Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.*

*War.* And lo! where *George of Clarence* sweeps  
along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle,  
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails  
More than the nature of a brother's love.

Come *Clarence*; come; thou wilt, if *Warwick* call—

[*A Parley is sounded; Richard and Clarence whisper together; and then Clarence takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwick.*]<sup>3</sup>

*Cla.* Father of *Warwick*, know you what this means?

Look, here, I throw my infamy at thee.

I will not ruinate my father's house,

Who gave his blood \* to lime the stones together,

And set up *Lancaster*. Why, trow'st thou, *Warwick*,

That *Clarence* is so harsh, so † blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother, and his lawful King?

Perhaps; thou wilt object my holy oath;

To keep that oath were more impiety,

Than *Jephthah's*, when he sacrific'd his daughter.

I am so sorry for my trespass made,

That, to deserve well, at my brother's hands,

I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;

With resolution, wherefoe'er I meet thee,

As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,

To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.

And so, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defy thee,

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.

—Pardon me, *Edward*, I will make amends;

<sup>3</sup> *A Parley is sounded, &c.]*

This Note of Direction I restored from the old Quarto. And, without it, it is impossible that any Reader can guess at the Meaning of this Line of *Clarence*;

*Look, here, I throw my Infamy at Thee.* THEOBALD.

\* — to lime the stones] That is, to cement the stones. Lime makes mortar.

† *Blunt.*] Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness.



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; *St. George* and victory! [*Exeunt.*  
*March.* *Warwick* and his Company follow.

### S C E N E III,

*A Field of Battle near Barnet.*

*Alarm and Excursions. Enter Edward, bringing forth  
Warwick wounded.*

*K. Edw.* **S**O, lie thou there: die thou, and die our  
Fear;

+ For *Warwick* was a bug, that scar'd us all.

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.

\* *Passing.*] Eminent, egregi-  
ous; traitorous beyond the com-  
mon track of treason.

+ For *Warwick* was a bug that  
scar'd us all.] Bug is a Bugbear,  
a terrifick being.

Thus yields the Cedar to the ax's edge,  
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;  
 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,  
 Whose top branch over-peer'd *Jove's* spreading tree,  
 And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'ful wind.  
 These eyes, that now are dim'd with death's black veil,  
 Have been as piercing as the mid-day Sun,  
 To search the secret treasons of the world.  
 The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,  
 Were lik'ned 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,  
 Ev'n now forsake me; and of all my lands  
 Is nothing left me, but my body's length.  
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?  
 And live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Enter Oxford and Somerset.*

*Som.* Ah, *Warwick, Warwick*, wert thou as we are,  
 We might recover all our loss again;  
 The Queen from *France* hath brought a puissant Pow'r;  
 Ev'n now we heard the news. Ah, could'st thou fly!

*War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, *Montague*,  
 If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,  
 And with thy lips keep in my soul a while.  
 Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,  
 Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,  
 That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.  
 Come quickly, *Montague*, or I am dead.

*Som.* Ah, *Warwick, Montague* hath breath'd his last,  
 And to the latest gasp cry'd out for *Warwick*,  
 And said, Commend me to my valiant brother.  
 And more he would have said, and more he spoke,

\* *Cedes cæmptis saltibus, et de-* manours diminishes the pathetick  
*mo, Villâque.* HOR. effect of the foregoing lines.

This mention of his parks and

Which founded like a clamour 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.* Sweetly rest his soul!

Fly, Lords, and save yourselves; for *Warwick* bids  
You all farewell, to meet again in heav'n. [Dies.]

*Oxf.* Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.

[They bear away his Body, and Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV.

*Changes to another Part of the Field.*

*Flourish.* Enter King Edward in triumph; with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

*K. Edw.* **T**HUS 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 valued thirty thousand strong,

<sup>s</sup> Which founded like a CAN-  
NON in a vault,] The old  
quarto reads CLAMOUR, which  
is undoubtedly right, i. e. a cla-  
mour of tongues, which, as he  
says, could not be distinguish'd.

This was a pertinent similitude:  
The other absurd, and neither  
agrees with what is predicated of  
it, nor with what it is intended  
to illustrate. WARBURTON.



And *Somerset* with *Oxford*, fled to her.  
If she hath 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 tow'rd *Tewksbury*.  
We having now the best at *Barnet* field,  
Will thither straight; for willingness rids way;  
And as we march, our strength will be augmented  
In every county as we go along.  
Strike up the Drum, cry, — Courage, and away. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to Tewksbury.*

*March.* Enter the *Queen*, *Prince of Wales*, *Somerset*,  
*Oxford*, and *Soldiers*.

*Queen.* GREAT Lords, wise men ne'er fit and wail  
their loss,  
But chearly seek how to redress their arms.  
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 tear-full eyes add water to the sea;  
And give more strength to that which hath too much,  
While 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 tackle; what of these?  
Why, is not *Oxford* here another anchor?  
And *Somerset* another goodly mast?  
The friends of *France* our shrouds and tackling still?  
And though unskilful, why not *Ned* and I



For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?  
 We will not from the helm to sit and weep,  
 But keep our course, though the rough wind say, No,  
 From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.  
 As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair;  
 And what is *Edward*, but a ruthless sea?  
 What *Clarence*, but a quick sand of deceit?  
 And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal rock?  
 All these the enemies to our poor Bark.  
 Say you can swim, alas, 'tis but a while;  
 Tread on the sand, why, there you quickly sink:  
 Bestride the rock, the tide will wash you off,  
 Or else you famish, that's a three-fold death.  
 This speak I, Lords, to let you understand,  
 In case some one of you would fly from us,  
 That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,  
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.  
 Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,  
 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

*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.  
 Oh, 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.

*Queen.* 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.

*Queen.* This cheers my heart, to ſee your forwardneſs,

*Oxf.* Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

## S C E N E VI.

*March.* *Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Clarence, and Soldiers, on the other ſide of the ſtage.*

\* *K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder ſtands the thorny wood,

Which, by the heav'n's 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.

*Queen.* Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,

My tears gainſay, for every word I ſpeak,

Ye ſee, I drink the water of my eye ;

Therefore no more but this : *Henry*, your Sov'reign,

Is priſ'ner to the foe, his State uſurp'd,

His Realm a ſlaughter-houſe, his Subjects ſlain,

His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treafure 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 battle.

\* *K. Edw. Brave followers, &c.]* This ſcene is ill contrived, in which the king and queen appear at once on the ſtage at the head of oppoſite armies. It had been eaſy to make one retire before the other entered.

*Alarm. Retreat. Excursions. Both Parties go out,  
Re Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, &c. The  
Queen, Oxford, and Somersset, Prisoners.*

*K. Edw.* Now here's a period of tumultuous broils.  
Away with *Oxford* to *Hammes-castle* straight;  
For *Somersset*, 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*,

*Queen.* 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 the Prince of Wales.*

*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.

*Queen.* Ah! that thy father had been so resolv'd!

*Glo.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,  
And ne'er have stoln the breech from *Lancaster*.

*Prince.* Let <sup>6</sup> *Æsop* fable in a winter's night,

<sup>6</sup> Let *Æsop*, &c.] The prince  
calls *Richard*, for his crooked-  
ness, *Æsop*; and the poet, fol-

lowing nature, makes *Richard*  
highly incensed at the reproach,



His curriſh riddles ſort not with this place.

*Glo.* By heav'n, Brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

*Queen.* 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.

*Cl.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

*Prince.* I know my duty, you're undutiſul:

Lascivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,

And thou miſ-shapen *Dick*; I tell ye all,

I am your Better, Traitors as ye are,

And thou uſurp'ſt my Father's Right and mine.

*Glo.* Take that, \* thou likenefs of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*]

*K. Edw.* And take thou that, to end thy agony.

[*Edw. ſtabs him.*]

*Cl.* And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*Cl. ſtabs him.*]

*Queen.* Oh, 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 recov'ry.

*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.

*Cl.* What? what?

*Glo.* The *Tower*, man, the *Tower*!— I'll root 'em out.

[*Exit.*]

*Queen.* Oh *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;

\* —*thou likenefs of this railer here.*] 'Thou that reſembleſt thy railing mother.

Did



Did not offend, and 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, and 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 cropt!  
 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 by force.

*Queen.* Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here,  
 Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.

What, wilt thou not? Then, *Clarence*, do it thou.

*Cl.* By heav'n, I will not do thee so much ease.

*Queen.* Good *Clarence*, do; sweet *Clarence*, do thou do it.

*Cl.* Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

*Queen.* Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself.

+ 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What, wilt thou not? <sup>7</sup> where is that Devil's butcher,  
*Richard*? hard-favour'd *Richard*, where art thou?

Thou art not here; Murder is thy Alms-deed,  
 Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

\* — *you have rid this sweet young Prince.*] The condition of this warlike queen would move compassion could it be forgotten that she gave *York*, to wipe his eyes in his captivity, a handkerchief stained with his young child's blood.

+ *'Twas sin.*] She alludes to the desertion of *Clarence*.

7 — *Where is that Devil's Butcher,*  
*Richard?*] Thus all the Editions.  
 But *Devil's Butcher*, in other

Terms, I think, is *Kill-devil*: rare News for the *Free-Thinkers*, if there were any Grounds for depending on it. But the Poet certainly wrote *devil-Butcher*; and the first Part of the Compound is to be taken adjectively, meaning, *execrable, infernal, devilish.*

THEOBALD.

*Devil's butcher* is a butcher set on by the devil. Either reading may serve, without so long a note.

*K. Edw.*

K. *Edw.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.  
*Queen.* So come to you and yours, as to this Prince,  
 [Exit *Queen.*

K. *Edw.* Where's *Richard* gone?

*Cl.* 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. [Exit,

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to the Tower of London.*

*Enter King Henry with a book, and Gloucester, with  
 the Lieutenant on the Tower Walls.*

*Glo.* GOOD day, my Lord; what at your book  
 so hard?

K. *Henry.* 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 prepost'rous, therefore not good Lord.

*Glo.* Sir, leave us to ourselves, we must confer.

[Exit *Lieutenant.*

K. *Henry.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the  
 wolf.

So first the harmless flock doth yield his fleece,  
 And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath *Roscious* now to act?

<sup>s</sup> *What scene of death hath Roscius and of Rome; but did  
 Roscius now to act?* not know that he was an Actor  
*Roscious* was certainly put for in Comedy, not in Tragedy.  
*Richard* by some simple conceit-  
 ed player, who had heard of

WARBURTON.

*Glo.*

*Glo.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;  
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*K. Henry.* The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,  
With trembling wings mis-doubteth ev'ry 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 <sup>9</sup> 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. Henry.* I, *Dædalus*, my poor boy, *Icarus* ;  
Thy father, *Mînos* that deny'd our course ;  
The Sun, that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy,  
Thy brother *Edward* ; and thyself, the sea,  
Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.  
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words ;  
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,  
Than can my ears that tragick history.

—But wherefore dost thou come ? Is't for my life ?

*Glo.* Think'st thou I am an executioner ?

*K. Henry.* A persecutor, I am sure thou art ;  
If murd'ring innocents be executing,  
Why then thou art an executioner.

*Glo.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

*K. Henry.* 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,

<sup>1</sup> Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,

And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,

Men for their sons, wives for their husbands fate,

And orphans for their parents' timeless death.

<sup>9</sup> *Peevish fool* ] As *psevish-*  
*ness* is the quality of children,  
*peevish* seems to signify *childish*,  
and by consequence *silly*. *Peevish*  
is explained by *childish*, in a for-

mer note of Dr. Warburton.

<sup>1</sup> *Which now mistrust no parcel*  
*of my fear.* ] Who suspect  
no part of what my fears pre-  
sage.



Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born,  
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign,  
 The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckless Tune,  
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees,  
<sup>2</sup> The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
 And chattering pyes in dismal discord sung:  
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope.  
 To wit, an indigested deform'd 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:

<sup>3</sup> And, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
 Thou cam'st into the World with thy Legs forward.

*Glo.* I'll hear no more: die Prophet in thy speech;  
 [Stabs him.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

*K. Henry.* Ay, and for much more slaughter after  
 this.

—O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [Dies.]

<sup>2</sup> *The raven ROOK'D HER.]*  
 What is rook'd her? Read,  
 CROAK'D HOARSE. WARBURT.

The true reading seems to be  
 at no great distance.

—the tempest shook down trees,  
 The raven rock'd her on the  
 chimney's top;

on the top of the chimney shaken  
 by the tempest.

<sup>3</sup> *And, if the rest be true which  
 I have heard,*

*Thou cam'st —*] Had  
 our Editors had but a Grain of  
 Sagacity, or due Diligence, there  
 could have been no Room for  
 this absurd Break, since they  
 might have ventured to fill it up  
 with Certainty too. The old  
 Quarto would have led them part  
 of the way,

*Thou cam'st into the world —*

And that the Verse is to be com-  
 pleted in the manner I have  
 given it, is incontestible; for  
 unless we suppose King Henry  
 actually reproaches him with this  
 his preposterous Birth, how can  
 Richard in his very next Solilo-  
 quy say?

*Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry  
 told me of,*

*For I have often heard my Mo-  
 ther say,*

*I came into the World with  
 my Legs forward.*

I can easily see, that this Blank  
 was caus'd by the Nicety of the  
 Players, to suppress an indecent  
 Idea. But with Submission, this  
 was making but half a Cure, un-  
 less they had expung'd the Re-  
 petition of it out of Richard's  
 Speech too

*THEOBALD.*

*Glo.*



*Glo.* What! will th' 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 who wish the Downfall of our House.  
If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell, and say, I sent thee thither;

[*Stabs him again.*]

I, that have neither pity, love nor fear.—

Indeed, 'tis true, that *Henry* told me of:

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward.

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,

O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!

And so I was; which plainly signify'd

That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dog.

Then, since the heav'ns have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I had no father, I am like no father.

I have no brother, I am like no brother;

And this word *Love*, which grey-beards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me: I am myself alone.—

*Clarence*, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;

But I will fort a pitchy day for thee;

For I will buz abroad such Prophecies,

That *Edward* shall be fearful of his life,

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

King *Henry*, and the Prince his son, are gone;

*Clarence*, thy Turn is next, and then the rest;

Counting myself but bad, till I be best.

I'll throw thy body in another room;

And triumph, *Henry!* in the day of doom. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.

*The Palace in London.*

*Enter King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, Nurse with the young Prince and Attendants.*

K. Edw. **O**NCE more we set on 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 top of all their pride ?  
 Three Dukes of *Somerset*, three-fold 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.

*[Taking the child.]*

Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Uncles and myself  
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter-night ;  
 Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat ;  
 That thou mightst 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 ? } *Aside.*  
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my  
 back ;

Work thou the way, and that shall execute. \* }

\* *Work thou the way, and that shall execute.]* I believe we should read,

— and this shall execute.

*Richard* laying his hand on his forehead says,

*Work thou the way,* — then bringing down his hand and beholding it,

— and this shall execute.

Though *that* may stand, the arm being included in the shoulder.

K. Edw.

*[Exit.]*

ENE

K. *Edw. Clarence* and *Glo'ster*, love my lovely Queen;

And kiss your princely Nephew, Brothers both.

*Clar.* The Duty, that I owe your Majesty,  
I seal upon the lips of this sweet Babe.

*Queen.* <sup>4</sup> Thanks, noble *Clarence*; worthy brother,  
thanks.

*Glo.* And that I love the tree, from whence thou  
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit. ———

To say the truth, so *Judas* kiss'd his master; }  
And cry'd, all hail! when as he meant all } *Aside.*  
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 Comick Shows,  
Such as besit the pleasure of the Court?

Sound, drums and trumpets. Farewel, sour Annoy!  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting Joy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

<sup>4</sup> *Thanks noble Clarence; worthy Brother, thanks.*] This Line has been given to King *Edward*; but I have, with the old *Quarto*, restored it to the Queen.

THEOBALD.

*Theobald's* suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of our authour's stile, and single words, of which however I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

THE three parts of *Henry VI.* are suspected, by Mr. *Theobald*, of being supposititious, and are declared, by Dr. *Warburton*, to be certainly not *Shakespeare's*. Mr.

Dr. *Warburton* gives no reason, but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general ef-

fect



feel and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of *Titian* or *Reynolds*.

Dissemblance of style and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are *Shakespeare's*. These plays, considered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived and more accurately finished than those of king *John*, *Richard II.* or the tragick scenes of *Henry IV.* and *V.* If we take these plays from *Shakespeare*, to whom shall they be given? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?

Having considered the evidence given by the plays themselves, and found it in their favour, let us now enquire what corroboration can be gained from other testimony. They are ascribed to *Shakespeare* by the first editors, whose attestation may be received in questions of fact, however unskillfully they superintended their edition. They seem to be declared

genuine by the voice of *Shakespeare* himself, who refers to the second play in his epilogue to *Henry V.* and apparently connects the first acts of *Richard III.* with the last of the third part of *Henry VI.* If it be objected that the plays were popular, and therefore he alluded to them as well known; it may be answered, with equal probability, that the natural passions of a poet would have disposed him: to separate his own works from those of an inferior hand. And indeed if an author's own testimony is to be overthrown by speculative criticism, no man can be any longer secure of literary reputation.

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King *Henry*, and his queen, king *Edward*, the duke of *Gloucester*, and the earl of *Warwick*, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of *Henry VI.* and of *Henry V.* are so apparently imperfect and mutilated, that there is no reason for supposing them the first draughts of *Shakespeare*. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by some auditor who wrote down, during the representation, what the time would permit, then perhaps filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer.

THE

LIFE OF

RICHARD III

By

W. G.

THE]  
LIFE and DEATH  
OF  
*RICHARD III.*



## Dramatis Personæ.

*KING* Edward IV.

Edward, *Prince of Wales, afterwards* Edward V. } *Sons to Edward IV.*

Richard, *Duke of York,*

George, *Duke of Clarence, Brother to Edward IV.*

Richard, *Duke of Gloucester, Brother to Edward IV, afterwards King Richard III.*

Cardinal, *Archbishop of York.*

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk. *Earl of Surrey.*

Marquis of Dorset, *Son to Queen Elizabeth.*

Earl Rivers, *Brother to the Queen.*

Lord Gray, *Son to Queen Elizabeth.*

Earl of Richmond, *afterwards King Henry VII.*

Bishop of Ely.

Lord Hastings.

Sir Thomas Vaughan.

Sir Richard Ratcliff.

Lord Lovel.

Catesby.

Sir James Tyrrel.

Thomas, *Lord Stanley.*

Earl of Oxford.

Blount.

Herbert.

Sir Will. Brandon.

Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

Two Children of the Duke of Clarence.

Sir Christopher Urswick, *a Priest.*

Lord Mayor.

Elizabeth, *Queen of Edward IV.*

Queen Margaret, *Widow of Henry VI.*

Anne, *Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Henry VI. afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.*

Dutchess of York, *Mother to Edward IV. Clarence, and Richard III.*

Sheriff, Pursuivant, Citizens, Ghosts of those murder'd by Richard III. with Soldiers, and other Attendants.

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;  
 For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
 From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.  
 Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural  
 Provoke this deluge most unnatural,  
 O God! which this blood mad'ft, revenge his death,  
 O earth! which this blood drink'ft, revenge his death,  
 Or Heav'n with lightning strike the murth'rer dead,  
 Or Earth gape open wide, and eat him quick;  
 As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,  
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

*Glo.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
 Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

*Anne.* Villain, thou know'ft nor law of God nor  
 man;

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

*Glo.* But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

*Anne.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

*Glo.* More wonderful, when angels are so angry.  
 Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
 Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,  
 By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

*Anne.* Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,  
 For these known evils, but to give me leave,  
 By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

*Glo.* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have  
 Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

*Anne.* Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst  
 make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

*Glo.* By such despair I should accuse myself.

*Anne.* And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,  
 For doing worthy vengeance on thyself;

This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby that he has endeavoured to explain the reason.

[*Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,*] I believe dis-

*fused* in this place signifies *irregular, uncouth*; such is its meaning in other passages of *Shakespeare*.

That

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* hands.

*Anne.* In thy foul throat thou ly'st. *Queen Marg'ret*  
saw

Thy murd'rous faulchion smoaking 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 stand'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 heav'n, that hath  
him.

*Anne.* He is in heav'n, where thou shalt never come.

*Glo.* Let him thank me, that help'd 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 lyest !

*Glo.* So will it, Madam, till I lie with you.

\* That laid their guilt——] lady *Anne's* husband upon *Ed-*  
The crime of my brothers. He ward.  
has just charged the murder of



THE LIFE and DEATH of

King *RICHARD III.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The COURT.*

*Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.*

**N**OW is the Winter of our Discontent  
Made glorious Summer by this Sun of *York*,  
And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our  
House,

In the deep bosom of the Ocean bury'd.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,  
Our stern Alarums chang'd to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful Marches to delightful measures.  
Grim visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;  
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,

*The Life and Death of King Richard III.] This Tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this Prince, comprizes, at most, but the last eight Years of his Time: For it opens with George Duke of Clarence being*

clap'd up in the Tower, which happen'd in the beginning of the Year 1477; and closes with the Death of *Richard* at *Bosworth-field*, which Battle was fought on the 22d of *August* in the Year 1485.

THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
 Nor made to court an am'rous 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,  
<sup>3</sup> Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up;  
 And that so lamely and unfashionably,  
 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 spy my shadow in the Sun,  
 And descant on mine own deformity.  
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,<sup>4</sup>  
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,  
 And \* hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
 Plots have I laid, † inductions dangerous,  
 To set my brother *Clarence* and the King  
 In deadly hate, the one against the other:  
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,

<sup>2</sup> *He capers*—] War capers.  
 This is poetical, though a little  
 harsh; if it be *York* that capers,  
 the antecedent is at such a dis-  
 tance that it is almost forgotten.

<sup>3</sup> *Cheated of feature by dis-*  
*sembling nature,*] By *dis-*  
*sembling* 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, deceit-*  
*ful.*

<sup>4</sup> *And therefore, since I cannot*  
*prove a lover,*] *Shakespeare*  
 very diligently inculcates, that  
 the wickedness of *Richard* pro-  
 ceeded from his deformity, from  
 the envy that rose at the com-  
 parison of his own person with  
 others, and which incited him  
 to disturb the pleasures that he  
 could not partake.

\* *And hate the idle pleasures.*]

Perhaps we might read,

*And bate the idle pleasures.*

† *Inductions dangerous.*] Pre-  
 parations for mischief. The *In-*  
*duction* is preparatory to the ac-  
 tion of the play.

And

And, if King <sup>s</sup> *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 Murtherer 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 Grace?

*Clar.* His Majesty,  
 Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed  
 This conduct to convey me to the *Tower*.

*Glo.* Upon what cause?

*Clar.* Because my name is *George*.

*Glo.* Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;  
 He should for That commit your godfathers.  
 Belike, his Majesty hath some intent,  
 That you should be new christened in the *Tower*;  
 But what's the matter, *Clarence*, may I know?

*Clar.* Yea, *Richard*, when I know; for, 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*;  
 And says, a wizard told him, that by *G*  
 His Issue disinherited should be.

And, for my name of *George* begins with *G*,  
 It follows in his thought, that I am he.  
 These, as I learn, and such like \* toys as these,  
 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 *Gray* his wife, *Clarence*, 'tis she,  
 That tempts him to this harsh extremity.

<sup>s</sup> —*Edward* be as true and *Edward* keeps his word.  
 just,] *i. e.* as open hearted \* *Toys.*] Fancies, freaks of  
 and free from deceit. WARB. imagination.  
 The meaning is only this; if



Was it not she, and that good man of worship,  
*Anthony Woodvil* her brother there,

That made him send lord *Hastings* to the *Tower*?  
 From whence this day he is delivered.

We are not safe, *Clarence*, we are not safe.

*Clar.* By heav'n, I think, there is no man secure  
 But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds,  
 That trudge between the King and mistress *Shore*.

Heard you not, what an humble suppliant  
 Lord *Hastings* was to her for his delivery?

*Glo.* <sup>6</sup> 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'erworn widow, and herself,  
 Since that our Brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
 Are mighty gossips in this Monarchy.

*Brak.* I beg your Graces both to pardon me:  
 His Majesty has straitly giv'n in charge,  
 That no man shall have private conference,  
 Of what degree soever, with your brother.

*Glo.* Ev'n so, an't 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 strook in years; fair, and not jealous——  
 We say, that *Shore's* wife hath a pretty foot,  
 A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue;  
 That the Queen's kindred are made gentle-folk.  
 How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

*Brak.* With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

*Glo.* What, fellow? nought to do with mistress  
*Shore*?

I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,

<sup>6</sup> Humbly complaining, &c.] I      \* The jealous o'erworn widow.]  
 think these two lines might be      That is, the Queen and Shore.  
 better given to *Clarence*.

Excepting

Excepting one, were best to do it secretly.

*Brak.* What one, my Lord?

*Glo.* Her husband, knave—wouldst thou betray me?

*Brak.* I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,  
And to forbear your conf'ence with the Duke.

*Clar.* We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

*Glo.* We are the <sup>7</sup> Queen's abjects, and must obey.  
Brother, farewell; I will unto the King,  
And whatsoever you will employ me in,  
Were it to call King *Edward's* widow sister, <sup>8</sup>  
I will perform it to infranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace of 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 lye for you:  
Mean time have patience.

*Clar.* I must perforce; farewell. [*Exe. Brak. Clar.*]

*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 heav'n,  
If heav'n will take the Present at our hands.  
—But who comes here? the new-deliver'd *Hastings?*

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Hast.* Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

*Glo.* As much unto my good lord Chamberlain:

<sup>7</sup> — the *Queen's abjects*, —] That is, not the *Queen's subjects*, whom she might protect, but her *abjects*, whom she drives away.

<sup>8</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 expense of so much degradation and constraint, as to own the lowborn 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.

Well are you welcome to the open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

*Hast.* With patience, noble lord, as pris'ners 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 Eagle 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 *St. Paul*, that 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 post-horse up to heav'n.  
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*



Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still lives and reigns;  
When they are gone, then must I count my Gains.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

*Changes to a Street.*

*Enter the Coarse of Henry the Sixth, with Halberds  
to guard it, Lady Anne being the mourner.*

*Anne.* SET down, set down your honourable load,  
If honour may be shrouded in a herse;  
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament  
Th' untimely Fall of virtuous *Lancaster*.  
—Poor key-cold figure of a holy King!  
Pale ashes of the House of *Lancaster*!  
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!  
Be't 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.  
Curs'd be the hand, that made these fatal holes!  
Curs'd be the heart, that had the heart to do it!  
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 tow'rds *Chertsey* with your holy load,  
Taken

Taken from *Paul's* to be interred there.  
 And still, as you are weary of this weight,  
 Rest you, while I lament King *Henry's* Coarse.

*Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.*

*Glo.* Stay you, that bear the Coarse, and set it down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,  
 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

*Glo.* Villains, set down the Coarse; or, by *St. Paul*,  
 I'll make a Coarse of him that disobeys.<sup>9</sup>

*Gen.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

*Glo.* Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I com-  
 mand;

Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,  
 Or, by *St. Paul*, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*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 had'st but power over his mortal body,  
 His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

*Glo.* Sweet Saint, for charity, be not so curst.

*Anne.* Foul Dev'l! for God's sake hence, trouble  
 us not,

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
 Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.  
 If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
 Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.<sup>1</sup>

Oh, gentlemen, see! see dead *Henry's* wounds  
 Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.<sup>2</sup>

Blush,

<sup>9</sup> *I'll make a coarse of him that disobeys.*] So in *Hamlet*;

*I'll make a ghost of him that holds me.*

<sup>1</sup> — *pattern of thy butcheries.*] *Pattern* is instance, or examples.

<sup>2</sup> — *see, dead Henry's wounds Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh.*] It is a tradition

very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer.

This

*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.* <sup>5</sup>Thou wast the cause, and most accurst 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, homicide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks:

*Glo.* These eyes could not endure sweet 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.* Black night o'erthade 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,

<sup>5</sup> *Thou wast the cause, and most accurst 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 accurst th' 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.



Did it to help thee to a better husband.

*Anne.* His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

*Glo.* He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

*Anne.* Name him.

*Glo.* *Plantagenet.*

*Anne.* Why, that was he.

*Glo.* The self-same name, but one of better nature.

*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 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>6</sup>

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears;

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops,

<sup>7</sup> These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,

Not when my father *York*, and *Edward* wept,

To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made;

When black-fac'd *Clifford* shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

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,

<sup>6</sup> ——— they kill me with a living death.] In imitation of this passage, and I suppose of a thousand more;

——— a living death I bear,  
Says *Dapperwit*, and sunk beside  
his chair,

<sup>7</sup> These eyes, which never, &c.] The twelve following beautiful lines added after the first editions.  
POPE.

They were added with many more.

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping;  
 I never sued to friend, nor enemy;  
 My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;  
 But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,  
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made  
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
 If thy revengeful heart can not 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 adareth 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;

<sup>2</sup> But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now dispatch: '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 thy 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 accessary.

*Anne.* I would I knew thy heart.

*Glo.* 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

*Anne.* I fear me, both are false.

<sup>2</sup> But 'twas thy beauty——] ever be offended with the mention of her beauty.  
*Shakespeare* countenances the observation, that no woman can

*Glo.* Then never man was true.

*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. [*She puts on the ring.*]

Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Ev'n so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted suppliant 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 more cause to be a Mourner;

And presently repair to *Crosby-place* :<sup>9</sup>

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd

At *Chertsey-monast'ry* 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.

*Trassel* and *Barkley*, 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.

[*Exeunt two with Anne.*]

*Glo.* Sirs, take up the coarſe.

*Gent.* Towards *Chertsey*, noble Lord?

*Glo.* No, to *White-Fryars*, there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt with the Coarſe.*]

<sup>9</sup> — *Crosby-place* :] A house near *Bishopsgate-street* belonging to the Duke of *Gloucester*.



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 extreamest hate,  
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
 The bleeding witness of her hatred by:  
 With 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,  
 Stab'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury*?  
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,  
 'Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,  
 Young, wise, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal,<sup>2</sup>  
 The spacious world cannot again afford:——  
 And will she yet debase her eyes on me,  
 That cropt 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:

<sup>1</sup> Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,] i. e. when nature was in a prodigal or lavish mood.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</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.

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
 Myself to be a marv'rous proper man.  
 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,  
 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.]

## S C E N E III.

*Changes to the Palace.**Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.*

Riv. **H**AVE patience, Madam, there's no doubt  
 his Majesty  
 Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Gray. 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 eyes.

Queen. If he were dead what would betide of me ?

Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.

Queen. The loss of such a Lord includes all harms.

Gray. The heav'ns have blest you with a goodly son,  
 To be your comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah ! he is young, and his minority  
 Is put into the trust of *Richard Glo'ster*,  
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector ?

Queen. 'Tis determin'd, not concluded yet :

¶ *It is determin'd, not concluded yet.* | *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be

alter'd by reason of some act consequent on the final judgment.

WARBURTON.

But

But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

*Enter Buckingham and Stanley.*

*Gray.* Here come the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Stanley*.<sup>4</sup>

*Buck.* Good time of day unto your royal Grace!

*Stanley.* God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!

*Queen.* The Countess *Richmond*, good my Lord of *Stanley*,

To your good pray'r 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.

*Stanley.* I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers:  
Or, if she be accused on true report,  
Bear with her weakness; which, I think, proceeds  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

*Queen.* Saw you the King to day, my Lord of *Stanley*?

*Stanley.* But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I  
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

*Queen.* What likelihood of his amendment, Lords?

*Buck.* Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks cheerfully.

*Queen.* God grant him health! did you confer with him?

<sup>4</sup> Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Derby.] This is a Blunder of Inadvertence, which has run thro' the whole Chain of Impressions. It could not well be original in *Shakespeare*, 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 IV<sup>th</sup>'s Household. But this *Thomas Lord Stanley* was not created Earl of *Derby* till after the Accession of *Henry VII*; and, accordingly, afterwards in the Fourth and Fifth *AEs* of this Play, before the Battle of *Besworth-field*, he is every where call'd *Lord Stanley*. This sufficiently justifies the Change I have made in his Title.

THEOBALD.



*Buck.* Madam, we did ; he seeks to make atonement  
Between the Duke of *Glo'ster* and your brothers,  
And between them and my Lord chamberlain ;  
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

*Queen.* 'Would all were well—but that will never  
be——

I fear, our happiness is at the height.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*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 look fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,  
Duck with *French* nods, and apish courtesy,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy.  
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd  
By filken, sly, insinuating *Jacks* ?

*Gray.* 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 person,  
Whom God preserve better than you would wish,  
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,  
But you must trouble him with lew'd complaints.

*Queen.* Brother of *Glo'ster*, you mistake the matter :  
The King of his own royal disposition,  
And not provok'd by any suitor else,  
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
That in your outward action shews itself  
Against my children, brothers, and myself ;  
Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground

Of

Of your ill will, and thereby to 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*.

*Queen.* Come, come, we know your meaning, brother *Glo'ster*.

You envy my advancement and my friends:  
God grant we never may have need of you!

*Glo.* Mean time, God grant that we have need of you!

Our Brother is imprison'd by your means;  
Myself disgrac'd; and the nobility  
Held in contempt; while many fair promotions  
Are daily given to enoble those,  
That scarce some two days since were worth a noble.

*Queen.* 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,  
Falsly to draw me in these wild suspects.

*Glo.* You may deny that you were not the cause  
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 deserts.

What may she not? she may——ay, marry, may  
she——

*Riv.* What, marry, may she?

[*Of your ill will, &c.*] This line is restored from the first edition. POPE.

*Glo.* What, marry, may she? marry with a King;  
A batchelor, a handsome stripling too:  
I wis, your grandam had a worser match. —

*Queen.* My Lord of *Glo'ster*, I have too long borne  
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs;  
By heav'n, I will acquaint his Majesty,  
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.  
I had rather be a country servant-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.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Queen Margaret.*

*Q. Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech  
thee!

Thy honour, state, and feat is due to me.

*Glo.* What! threat you me with telling of the King?

<sup>6</sup> Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said.

I will avouch in presence of the King:

'Tis time to speak, <sup>7</sup> my pains are quite forgot.

*Q. Mar.* <sup>8</sup> Out, Devil! I remember thee 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 spilt mine own.

<sup>6</sup> *Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said.* NO. . . . . WARBURTON.  
This Verse I have restored from the old *Quarto's*. THEOBALD.  
<sup>7</sup> *My pains.*] My labours; my toils.

<sup>8</sup> *Out, Devil!* —] Read



*Q. Mar.* Ay, and much better blood than his, or  
thine.

*Glo.* In all which time you and your husband *Gray*  
Were factious for the house of *Lancaster*;  
And, *Rivers*, so were you;—<sup>9</sup> was not your husband,  
In *Marg'ret's* battle, at *St. Albans* slain?  
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,  
What you have been ere now, and what you are?  
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

*Q. Mar.* A 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 *Glo'ster*, in those busy days,  
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,  
We follow'd then our Lord, our lawful King,  
So should we you, if you should be our King.

*Glo.* If I should be!—I had rather be a pedlar:  
Far be it from my heart the thought thereof.

*Queen.* 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,

<sup>9</sup> ——— Was not your husband, said in *Henry VI.* that he died in  
In *Marg'ret's* battle,] It is quarrel of the house of *York.*

1 Hear me, ye 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?

2 Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

*Glo.* Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my  
 sight?

*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,  
 That will I make, before I let thee go.

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me; [To *Glo.*  
 And thou, a kingdom; [To the *Queen.*] all of you  
 allegiance;

The 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 now fall'n upon thee,  
 And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

3 *Queen.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

*Hast. Q.* 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,  
 And the most mercilefs, that e'er was heard of.

1 *Hear me, ye wrangling pi- rates, &c.*] This scene of *Margaret's* imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another *Cassandra*, for the following tragic revolutions. WARBURTON.

2 *Ah, gentle villain,—*] We should read, UNGENTLE villain.

WARBURTON.

The meaning of *gentle* is not, as the commentator imagines,

tender or courteous, but high-born. An opposition is meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a wicked and a low-born wretch. So before,

*Since ev'ry Jack is made a gentleman,*

*There's many a gentle person made a Jack.*

3 *Q. Mar. So just is God, &c.*] This line should be given to *Edward IVth's Queen.* WARB.

*Riv.*

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

*Dorf.* No man but prophesy'd 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 heav'n,

That *Henry's* death, my lovely *Edward's* death,

Their Kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,

Could all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n?

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!

If 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,

Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self;

Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's loss,

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 length'ned 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! [hag.

*Glo.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heav'ns have any grievous plague in store,

\* *By surfeit die your King.*] Alluding to his luxurious life.



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, thou 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-markt abortive, <sup>5</sup> rooting hog!  
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
<sup>6</sup> The slave of nature, and the son of hell!  
 Thou slander of thy mother's womb!  
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!  
<sup>7</sup> Thou rag of honour, thou detested——

<sup>5</sup>———*rooting hog*!] 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. WARB.

She calls him *hog* as an appellation more contemptuous than *bear*, as he is elsewhere termed from his ensigns armorial. There is no such heap of allusion as the commentator imagines.

<sup>6</sup> *The slave of nature*,—] The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the antient custom of masters' branding their profligate slaves: by which it is insinuated that his mis-shapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions. *Shakespeare* expresses the same thought in *The Comedy of Errors*.

*He is deformed, crooked, &c.*

*Stigmatical in making*——

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 upon 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. WARB.

<sup>7</sup> *Thou RAG of honour, &c.*] We should certainly read,

*Thou WRACK of honour*——  
*i. e.* the ruin and destruction of honour; which I suppose was first writ *rack*, and then further corrupted to *rag*. WARB.

*Rag* is, in my opinion, right, and intimates that much of his honour is torn away.

*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 had'st call'd me all these bitter names.*

*Q. Mar. Why so I did; but look'd for no reply.  
Oh, let me make the period to my curse.*

*Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.*

*Queen. 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 <sup>3</sup> bottled spider,  
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?  
Fool, fool, thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself:  
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me  
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

*Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse;  
Left 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.

*Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.*

*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!*

<sup>3</sup> *Bottled Spider.*] A spider is slender and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom make her liken him to a spider.

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, Marquis.

*Dorf.* It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

*Glo.* Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,  
Our Airy 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, now in the shade of death;  
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath  
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your Airy buildeth in our Airy's nest;

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it:

As it was won with blood, so be it lost!

*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 my shame still live my sorrows 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'll not believe but they ascend the sky,  
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.  
O *Buckingham*, beware 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 upon him;  
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 *Marg'ret* was a Prophetess.

Live each of you the subject to his hate,

And he to you, and all of you to God's!

[*Exit.*

*Buck.* My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

*Riv.* And so doth mine: I wonder 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.

*Dorf.* 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, for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd;

° He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains,

God pardon them, that are the cause thereof!

*Riv.* A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,  
To pray for them, that have done scathe to us.

*Glo.* So do I ever, being well advis'd;

For had I curst now, I had curst myself.

[*Aside.*

*Enter Catesby.*

*Catesb.* Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,  
And for your Grace, and you, my noble Lord.

° He is frank'd up to fatting relate those famous old verses on  
for his pains.] A Frank is *Richard III.*  
an old English word for a hog-fly. *The cat, the rat, and Lovel the*  
'Tis possible he uses this meta- *dog*  
phor to *Clarence*, in allusion to *Rule all England under a hog.*  
the crest of the family of *York*. He uses the same metaphor in  
which was a *Boar*. Whereeto the last scenc of act 4. *POPE.*

*Queen.*

*Queen. Catesby,* we come ; Lords, will you go with us ?

*Riv.* Madam, we will attend your Grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

*Glo.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
The secret mischiefs, that I set a-broach,  
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.  
*Clarence*, whom I indeed have laid 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, Dorset, Gray*.  
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 villany  
With old odd 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 handy, stout, resolved mates,  
Are you now going to dispatch this deed ?

*1 Vil.* 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 :  
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.

*Vil.* Fear not, 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.*

*Glo.* Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears.

I like you, lads—about your business—go. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*Changes to the Tower.*

*Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.*

*Brak.* **W**HY looks your Grace so heavily to day?  
*Clar.* O, I have past a miserable night,  
 So full of ugly fights, of ghastly dreams,  
 That, as I am a christian <sup>1</sup> 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*,  
 And in my company my brother *Glo'ster*,  
 Who from my Cabin tempted me to walk  
 Upon the Hatches: Thence we look'd tow'rd *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 *Glo'ster* stumbled; and in falling  
 Struck me; that sought to stay him, over-board,  
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
 Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!  
 What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!  
 What fights of ugly death within mine eyes!  
 I thought, 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>1</sup> *Faithful man.*] Not an infidel.



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;  
<sup>2</sup> 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 the Secrets of the Deep?

*Clar.* Methought, I had; and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

*Clar.* No, no, my dream was length'ned after life;  
O then began the tempest to my soul.

I past, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferry-man, 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 cry'd aloud—What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark Monarchy afford false *Clarence*?

And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—

*Clarence* is come, false, <sup>3</sup> fleeting, perjur'd *Clarence*,  
That stabb'd me in the field by *Tewksbury*;

Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!—

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends

Inviron'd me, 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, that it affrighted you;

<sup>2</sup> That woo'd the slimy bottom.]

<sup>3</sup> Fleeting is the same as changing sides.

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* Ah! *Brakenbury*, I have done those things,  
That now give evidence against my soul,  
For *Edward's* sake; and, see, how he requites me!

4 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,  
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:

O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!

—I pr'ythee, *Brakenbury*, stay by me;

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my Lord; God give your Grace good  
rest! [Clarence sleeps.]

5 Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,  
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night,

6 Princes have but their titles for their glories,

An outward honour, for an inward toil;

And, 7 for unfeelt 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.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

1 *Vil.* Ho, who's there?

*Brak.* In God's name, what art thou? how cam'st  
thou hither?

4 O God! if my deep prayers,  
&c.] The four following lines  
have been added since the first  
edition. POPE.

5 Sorrow breaks seasons, &c.]  
In the common editions the keep-  
er is made to hold the dialogue  
with *Clarence* till this line. And  
here *Brakenbury* enters, pronoun-  
cing these words: which seem  
to me a reflection naturally re-  
sulting from the foregoing con-  
versation, and therefore contin-  
ued to be spoken by the same  
person, as it is accordingly in  
the first edition. POPE.

6 Princes have but their titles

for their glories,  
An outward honour, for an in-  
ward toil.] The first line  
may be understood in this sense.

The glories of princes are nothing  
more than empty titles: but it  
would more impress the purpose  
of the speaker, and correspond  
better with the following lines, if  
it were read,

*Princes have but their titles for  
their troubles.*

7 —For unfeelt imaginations,

They often feel a world of rest-  
less cares.] They often suf-  
fer real miseries for imaginary and  
unreal gratifications.

2 *Vil.* I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my legs.

*Brak.* What, so brief?

1 *Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious.—Let him see our Commission, and talk no more.

*Brak.* [*Reads.*] 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. [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wisdom. Fare you well. [*Exit Brakenbury.*

2 *Vil.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Vil.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* When he wakes? why, Fool, he shall never wake until the great Judgment-day.

1 *Vil.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word, *Judgment*, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a Warrant for it: But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no Warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of *Gloster*, and tell him so.

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Vil.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Vil.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come, he dies. I had forgot the reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Vil.*



2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of *Glo'ster's* purse.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* 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 sham'd-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom: it fills one 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 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 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* \* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Vil.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* \* Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him over the costard, with the hilt of thy sword; and then throw him into the malmsie-butt, in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent device, and make a sop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I strike?

\* *Take the Devil in thy mind, and believe HIM not: HE would insinuate with thee, &c.*] 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. *WARB.*  
\* *Spoke like a tall fellow.*] The meaning of *tall*, in old *English*, is *stout, daring, fearless* and *strong*.

2 *Vil.* No, <sup>9</sup> we'll reason with him.

*Clar.* Where art thou, Keeper? give me a cup of wine.

2 *Vil.* You shall have wine enough my Lord, anon.

*Clar.* In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.

*Clar.* But not, as I am, royal.

2 *Vil.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

*Clar.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Vil.* 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.* To, to, to——

*Clar.* To murder me?

*Both.* Ay, ay.

*Clar.* Ye 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 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

*Clar.* I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never, my Lord, therefore prepare to die.

*Clar.* Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,  
To slay the innocent? what's my offence?

Where is the evidence, that doth accuse me?

What lawful <sup>2</sup> Quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd

The bitter Sentence of poor *Clarence*' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have Redemption,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me:

<sup>9</sup> *We'll reason.*] We'll talk. it may be better read,

<sup>1</sup> *Are you call'd forth from our* *Are ye call'd forth.*

*world of men.*] I think <sup>2</sup> *Quest* is *inquest* or jury.

The deed, you undertake, is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon Command.

2 *Vil.* 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 *Vil.* 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 *Vil.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,  
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade,  
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy Sovereign's son.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful Law to us,  
When thou hast broke it in such high 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 publickly;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect, nor lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,  
When gallant, <sup>3</sup> springing, brave *Plantagenet*,  
That Princely \* novice, was struck dead by thee?

*Clar.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Vil.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,  
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

*Clar.* If you do love my brother, hate not me:  
I am his brother, and I love him well.

<sup>3</sup> *Springing* *Plantagenet*. ] \* *Novice*. ] Youth; one yet  
Blooming *Plantagenet*; a prince new to the world.  
in the *spring* of life.



If you are hir'd for Meed, go back again,  
 And I will send you to my brother *Glo'ster*,  
 Who will reward you better for my life,  
 Than *Edward* will for tidings of my death.

2 *Vil.* You are deceiv'd, your brother *Glo'ster* hates you.

*Clar.* Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.  
 Go you to him from me.

*Both.* Ay, so we will.

*Clar.* Tell him, when that our Princely father *York*  
 Blest 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 *Glo'ster* think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Vil.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

*Clar.* O do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Vil.* As snow in harvest:—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 *Vil.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you  
 From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heav'n.

2 *Vil.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my  
 Lord.

*Clar.* Have you that holy feeling in your soul,  
 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 murd'ring me?  
 O Sirs, consider, they that set you on  
 To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Vil.* What shall we do?

*Clar.* Relent, and save your souls.  
 Which of you, if you were a Prince's son,

4 — and save your souls, &c.]  
 The six following lines are not  
 in the old edition. POPE:

They are not necessary, but so

forced in, that something seems  
 omitted to which these lines are  
 the answer.

TDA

Being

Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
If two such murderers, as yourselves, came to you,  
Would not intreat for life? ah! you would beg,  
Were you in my distress ———

1 *Vil.* Relent? '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 intreat for me.  
A begging Prince what Beggar pities not? \*

2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my Lord.

1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,  
[Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsie-butt within. [Exit.

2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and desp'rately dispatch'd.  
—How fain, like *Pilate*, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

*Re-enter first Villain.*

1. *Vil.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou  
help'st me not?  
By heav'n, the Duke shall know how slack you've  
been.

2 *Vil.* I would he knew, that I had fav'd his brother!  
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;  
For I repent me, that the Duke is slain. [Exit.

1 *Vil.* 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 must away;  
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.

\* *What beggar pities not.*] I cannot but suspect that the lines, which Mr. *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.

ACT

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The COURT.*

*Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, and Woodville.*

K. EDWARD.

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.

*Hastings and Rivers*, take each other's hand;  
Dissemble not your hatred; 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 supream King of kings,  
Confound your hidden falshood, 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 is not exempt from this;  
Nor your 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.

*Queen.* There, *Hastings*.—I will never more re-  
member

Our former hatred; so thrive I and mine;

*K. Edw.* *Dorset*, embrace him.—*Hastings*, love Lord  
Marquis.

*Dor.*



*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.* When ever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate  
Upon your Grace, and not with duteous love

[*To the Queen,*

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 to me! This do I beg of heaven,  
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*

*K. Edw.* A pleasing cordial, Princely *Buckingham*,  
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.  
There wanteth now our brother *Glo'ster* here,  
To make the blessed period of this peace.

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the noble  
Duke.

*Enter Gloucester, with Ratcliff.*

*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;  
Brother, 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 Liege.  
Among this Princely heap, if any here  
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,  
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly

Have

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 intreat true peace of you,  
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;  
Of you, my noble cousin *Buckingham*.

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,  
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.

*Queen*. 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 flouted in this royal presence?

Who knows not, that the gentle Duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corpse.

*K. Edw.* Who knows not, he is dead! who knows,  
he is?

*Queen*. 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 had the countermand,  
That came too lag to see him buried.

God

God grant, that some less noble, and less loyal,  
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,  
Deserve no worse than wretched *Clarence* did,  
And yet go current from suspicion!

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

*Stanl.* A boon, my Sov'reign, for my service done.

*K. Edw.* I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

*Stanl.* I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

*K. Edw.* Then say at once, what is it thou requestest.

*Stanl.* <sup>5</sup> The forfeit, Sov'reign, of my servant's life;  
Who slew to day a riotous gentleman,  
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk*.

*K. Edw.* <sup>6</sup> Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?  
My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought;  
And yet his Punishment was bitter death.  
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,  
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid 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  
Ev'n in his garments, and did give himself  
All thin, and naked, to the numb cold night?  
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

<sup>5</sup> *The forfeit.*] He means the remission of the forfeit.

<sup>6</sup> *Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?*] This lamentation is very tender and pa-

thetic. 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.

Had



Had so much grace to put it in my mind.  
 But when your carters, or your waiting vassals  
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd  
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer;  
 You strait 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, spake unto myself  
 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all  
 Have been beholden to him in his life,  
 Yet none of you would once plead 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 closet. Ah!  
 Poor *Clarence*! [*Exeunt some with the King and Queen.*  
*Glo.* These are the fruits of rashness. Mark'd you  
 not,

How that the guilty kindred of the Queen  
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence*' death?  
 O! they did urge it still unto the King.  
 God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go  
 To comfort *Edward* with our company? [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter the Dutchess of York, with the two children of  
 Clarence.*

*Son.* Good Grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

*Dutch.* 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 be alive?

*Dutch.* My pretty Cousins, you mistake me both.

I do

I do lament the sickness of the King,  
As loth 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 this.  
God will revenge it, whom I will importune  
With daily earnest payers.

*Daugh.* And so will I.

*Dutch.* Peace, children, peace! the King doth love  
you well.

Incapable and shallow Innocents!  
You cannot guess, who caus'd your father's death.

*Son.* Grandam, we can; for my good uncle *Glo'ster*.  
Told me, the King, provok'd to't by the Queen,  
Devis'd Impeachments to imprison him;  
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
And pitied me, and kindly kist my cheek,  
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,  
And he would love me dearly as his child.

*Dutch.* Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape;  
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!  
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame;  
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

*Son.* Think you, my uncle did dissemble, Grandam?

*Dutch.* Ay, boy.

*Son.* I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this?

*Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers  
and Dorset after her.*

*Queen.* 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.—

*Dutch.* What means this scene of rude impatience?

*Queen.* To make an act of tragick violence.

*Edward,* my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.  
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?

Why

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 perpetual rest.

*Dutch.* Ah! so much int'rest have I in thy sorrow,  
 As I had title to thy noble husband.  
 I have bewept a worthy husband's death;  
 And liv'd by looking on<sup>7</sup> 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 pluckt two crutches from my feeble hands;  
*Clarence and Edward.* O, what cause have I,  
 Thine being but a moiety of my grief  
 To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries.

*Son.* Ah, Aunt! [*To the Queen*] 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 dolours likewise be unwept!

*Queen.* Give me no help in Lamentation,  
 I am not barren to bring forth complaints:  
 All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
 That I,<sup>8</sup> being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,  
 May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.  
 Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord *Edward*!

*Chil.* Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord *Clarence*!

*Dutch.* Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* and  
*Clarence*!

<sup>7</sup> *His images.*] The children  
 by whom he was represented.

<sup>8</sup> *Being governed by the watry  
 moon.*] That I may live here-  
 after under the influence of the

moon, which governs the tides,  
 and, by the help of that influ-  
 ence, drown the world. The  
 introduction of the moon is not  
 very natural.



*Queen.* What stay had I, but *Edward*? and he's gone.

*Cbil.* What stay had we, but *Clarence*? and he's gone.

*Dutch.* What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

*Queen.* Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

*Cbil.* Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

*Dutch.* 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;

Alas! you three, on me threefold-distrest

Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

*Dor.* Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,

That with unthankfulness you take his doing.

In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful

With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent,

Much more to be thus oppositie 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 strait for him,

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.

Drown desp'rate sorrow in dead *Edward's* grave,

And plant your joys in living *Edward's* Throne.

S C E N E III.

*Enter* Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings,  
and Ratcliff.

*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 you.— Humbly on my knee  
I crave your Blessing.

*Dutch.* God bless thee, and put meekness in thy  
breast,  
Love, charity, obédience, and true duty.

*Glo.* Amen, 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-forrowing  
Peers,

That bear this mutual heavy 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 hearts,  
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,  
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd and kept:  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fetch'd,  
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 yet ungovern'd.  
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,

<sup>1</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 In-

tention 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, *Holinghead, &c.* THEOBALD.

And

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 strait shall post to *Ludlow*.  
—Madam, and you my sister, will you go,  
To give your censures in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt.*

[*Manent Buckingham and Gloucester.*

*Buck.* My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,  
For God's sake, let not us Two stay at home;  
For by the way, I'll fort occasion,  
As index to the story we late talk'd of,  
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

*Glo.* My other self, my counsellor's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet;—My dear cousin,  
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.  
Tow'rd *Ludlow* then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

#### S C E N E IV.

*Changes to a Street near the Court.*

*Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.*

1 *Cit.* **G**OOD morrow, neighbour, whither away  
so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I hardly know myself:

T 2

Hear



Hear you the news abroad?

1. *Cit.* Yes, the King's dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill News, by'r lady; seldom comes a better:  
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.* Wo to that Land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,

\* Which in his nonage, council under him,  
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 politick 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 *Glo'ster*;  
And the Queen's sons and brothers haughty, proud;  
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,

\* *Which in his nonage.*] The I believe a line to be lost in which  
word *which* has no antecedent, some mention was made of the  
nor can the sense or connection Land or the *People*.  
be easily restored by any change.

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;  
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see,  
The waters swell before a boist'rous 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.*]

S C E N E V.

*Changes to the Court.*

*Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,  
the Queen, and the Dutchess of York.*

*Arch.* I Heard, they lay the last night at *Northampton,*

At *Stony Stratford* they do rest to night;  
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Dutch.* I long with all my heart to see the Prince;  
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

*Queen.* But I hear, not; they say, my son of *York*  
Has almost over-ta'en him in his growth.

*York.* Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

*Dutch.* 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 *Glo'ster*,  
 Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.  
 And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,  
 Because sweet flow'rs are slow, and weeds make haste.

*Dutch.* Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

In him, that did object the same to thee.  
 He was <sup>2</sup> 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.

*York.* And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious Madam.

*Dutch.* I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

*York.* Now, by my troth, if I had <sup>3</sup> been re-  
 member'd

I could have giv'n my Uncle's Grace a flout  
 To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

*Dutch.* 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;  
 'I was full two years ere I could get a tooth.

*Grandam*, this would have been a biting jest.

*Dutch.* I pr'ythee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?

*York.* *Grandam*, his nurse.

*Dutch.* His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

*York.* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

*Queen.* A per'lous boy—go to, you are too shrewd.

*Dutch.* Good Madam, be not angry with a child.

*Queen.* Pitchers have ears.

<sup>2</sup> — the wretched'st thing.] *Wretched* is here used in a sense yet retained in familiar language, for paltry, pitiful, being below expectation.

<sup>3</sup> Been remembered.] *To be remembered* is in *Shakespeare*, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one.



*Enter a Messenger.*

*Arch.* Here comes a Messenger: what news?

*Mes.* Such news, my Lord, as grieves me to report.

*Queen.* How doth the Prince?

*Mes.* Well, Madam, and in health.

*Dutch.* What is thy news?

*Mes.* Lord *Rivers* and Lord *Gray* are sent to *Pomfret*,  
With them, Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, prisoners.

*Dutch.* Who hath committed them?

*Mes.* The mighty Dukes,  
*Gloster* and *Buckingham*.

*Queen.* \* For what offence?

*Mes.* 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.

*Queen.* Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;  
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.  
Insulting tyranny begins to jut  
Upon the innocent and <sup>+</sup>awless throne?  
Welcome, destruction, blood and massacre!  
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

*Dutch.* 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 domestick broils  
Clean over-blown, themselves the Conquerors  
Make war upon themselves, blood against blood,  
Self against self; O most preposterous  
And frantick outrage; end thy damned spleen;  
<sup>5</sup> Or let me die, to look on death no more.

*Queen.*

\* For what offence?] This awe, not revered. To jut  
question is given to the Arch- upon, is to encroach.

bishop in former copies, but the <sup>5</sup> Or let me die, to look on Earth  
messenger plainly speaks to the no more.] This is the Read-

Queen or Dutche's. ing of all the Copies, from the  
<sup>+</sup> Awless. ] Not producing first Edition put out by the Players,  
T 4 down-

*Queen.* Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.  
—Madam, farewell.

*Dutch.* Stay, I will go with you.

*Queen.* You have no cause.

*Arch.* My gracious lady, go,  
And thither bear your treasure and your goods,  
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace  
The Seal I keep; and so betide it me,  
As well I tender you and all of yours!  
—Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary. [Exeunt,

## ACT III. SCENE I.

In LONDON.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, the  
Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Archbishop,  
with others.*

BUCKINGHAM,

WELCOME, sweet Prince, to London, <sup>6</sup> to  
your chamber.

*Glo.* Welcome, dear Cousin, my thought's 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, th'untainted virtue of your years

downwards. But I have restored  
the reading of the old *Quarto* in  
1597, which is copied by all the  
other authentic *Quarto's*, by  
which the Thought is finely and  
properly improved.

*Or let me die, to look on Death  
no more.*

THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> — to your Chamber] Lon-  
don was anciently called *Camera  
regia.* POPE.

Hath

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit,  
 Nor more can you distinguish of a man,  
 Than of his outward shew, 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 Loudon* comes to greet  
 you.

*Enter Lord Mayor.*

*Mayor.* God bless your Grace with health and hap-  
 py days !

*Prince.* I thank you, good my Lord, and thank  
 you all :

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 Lord Hastings.*

*Buck.* And in good time here comes the sweating  
 lord.

*Prince.* Welcome, my lord, what will our mo-  
 ther 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 with-held.

*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



If she deny, lord *Hastings*, you go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Arch.* 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 entreaties, God forbid,  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of Sanctuary! not for all this land  
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

*Buck.* You are too senseless-obstinate, my Lord;  
Too ceremonious and traditional.  
Weigh it but with the Grossness of this age,  
You break not Sanctuary, in seizing him;  
The benefit thereof is always granted  
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;  
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it;  
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,

7 *Too ceremonious and traditional.*] *Ceremonious* for superstitious; *traditional* for adherent to old customs. WARBURTON.

\* *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.

You

You break no Privilege nor Charter there.  
 Oft have I heard of Sanctuary-men,  
 But Sanctuary-children ne'er till now.

*Arch.* 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 Archbishop 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-edify'd.

*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;  
 Even to the general all-ending day.

*Glo.* So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.  
 [*Aside.*]

*Prince.* What say you, Uncle?

*Glo.* I say, without characters Fame lives long.

*As 'twere RETAIL'D to all Posterity;*] And so it is: And by that means, like most other retail'd 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.

Thus

Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,  
I moralize: Two Meanings in one word.

} *Aside.*

*Prince.*

*Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity, I moralize two Meanings in one Word.]* 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 *Arlequin*) 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 encreased 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 perfonated vicious *Quality*, which he occasionally supported; as, *Iniquity*, in general, *Hypocrisy*, *Usury*, *Vanity*, *Prodigality*, *Gluttony*, &c. Now as the *Fiend*, (or *Vice*,) who perfonated *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 Charac-

ter; 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.

*Thus like the formal VICE, INIQUITY,*

*I moralize two meanings in one word.]* 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 personage of these sins, is a fancy of Mr. *Theobald's*, who knew nothing of the matter. 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 this 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 *Johnson's Staple of News*, second intermeane.

*M. How like you the Vice in the play?*

*T. Here is never a fiend to car-*



Prince. That *Julius Cæsar* was a famous man;  
With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His

ry 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 gather'd, that the text, where *Richard* compares himself to the formal Vice Iniquity, must be corrupt: And the interpolation of some foolish player. The Vice or Iniquity being not a formal, but a merry, buffoon character. Besides, *Shakespear* 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 *Shakespear* wrote and pointed the lines in this manner,

Thus like the FORMAL-WISE Antiquity

I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

Alluding to the Mythologic learning of the antients, 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 allwise 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, Διχόμυθος or 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 antients did. And how was that? the having two meanings to one word. A ridicule on the morality of the antients, which he insinuates was no better than equivocating. WARBURTON.

This alteration Mr. Upton very justly censures. Dr. Warburton has, in my opinion, done nothing but correct the punctuation, if indeed any alteration be really necessary. See the dissertation on the old Vice at the end of this play.

To this long collection of notes may be added a question, to what equivocation *Richard*

re-

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 summer <sup>2</sup> lightly has a forward spring.

[*Aside.*

*Enter York, Hastings, and Archbishop.*

*Buck.* Now in good time here comes the duke of  
*York*.

*Prince.* *Richard* of *York*, how fares our noble  
 brother ?

*York.* Well, my <sup>3</sup> dread Lord, so must I call you  
 now.

*Prince.* Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours ;  
<sup>4</sup> Too late he dy'd 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.

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 did  
 ne'er live long,*  
 in which he conceals under a proverb, his design of hastening the Prince's death.

<sup>2</sup> *Lightly*, commonly, in ordinary course.

<sup>3</sup> *Dread Lord.*] The original of this epithet applied to Kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes the King is called *Rex metuendissimus*.

<sup>4</sup> *Too late he died*—] *i. e.* too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. But, the *Oxford Editor* makes him say,

*Too soon he died*— WARB.

*York.*

*York.* And therefore is he idle?

*Glo.* Oh, my fair Cousin, I must not say so.

*York.* Then is he more beholden to you than I.

*Glo.* He may command me as my Sovereign,

But you have pow'r in me, as in a kinsman.

*York.* I pray you, Uncle, give me this your dagger.

*Glo.* My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

*Prince.* A beggar, brother?

*York.* Of my kind Uncle, that I know will give;

<sup>5</sup> And being but a toy, which is no gift to give.

*Glo.* A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

*York.* A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.

*Glo.* Ay, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

*York.* O, then I see, you'll part but with light gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

*Glo.* It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

*York.* <sup>6</sup> I weigh it lightly, 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.

<sup>7</sup> Because that I am little like an ape,

<sup>5</sup> *And being but a toy which is no gift to give.*] This is the reading of the quartos; 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.

<sup>6</sup> *I weigh it lightly, &c.*] *i. e.* I should still esteem it but a trifling gift were it heavier. But

the *Oxford Editor* reads,

*I'd weigh it lightly,*  
*i. e.* I could manage it, tho' it were heavier. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>7</sup> *Because that I am little like an ape.*] The reproach seems

to consist in this: at country shews 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*.



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 murther'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*.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings and Dorset.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Manent Gloucester, Buckingham, and Catesby.*

*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. Oh, 'tis a per'lous boy,  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;  
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest. Come, *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

What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter  
To make Lord *William Hastings* of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble Duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

*Cates.* 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?

*Cates.* He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.

*Buck.* Well then, no more than 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 <sup>3</sup> divided councils,  
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 friend, for joy of this good news,  
Give mistress *Shore* one gentle kiss the more.

*Buck.* Good *Catesby*, go, effect this business soundly.

*Cates.* My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

*Glo.* Shall we hear from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleep?

*Cates.* You shall, my Lord.

*Glo.* At *Crosby*-place, there you shall find us both.

[Exit *Catesby*.]

*Buck.* My Lord, what shall we do, if we perceive,

<sup>3</sup> *Divided counsels.*] That is, council. So, in the next scene,  
a private consultation, separate *Hastings* says, Bid him not fear  
from the known and publick the separated councils.

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 the moveables  
Whereof, the King, my brother, stood 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.]

## S C E N E III.

*Before Lord Hastings's House.*

*Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.*

*Mes.* MY Lord, my Lord,——

*Hast.* [within.] Who knocks?

*Mes.* One from Lord *Stanley*.

*Hast.* What is't o'clock?

*Mes.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Hast.* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

*Mes.* So it appears, by what I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self.

*Hast.* What then?

*Mes.* Then certifies your Lordship, that this night  
He dreamt, the Boar had ras'd off his helm.

Besides, he says, there are two councils held;

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 tow'nds the north;

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

*Hast.* Go, fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,

Bid



Bid him not fear the separated Councils :  
 His honour, and myself, are at the one ;  
 And, at the other, is my good friend *Catesby* ;  
 Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,  
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.  
 Tell him, his fears are shallow, <sup>9</sup> wanting instance ;  
 And for his dreams, I wonder, he's so fond  
 To trust the mock'ry 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.

*Mef.* I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you  
 say. [*Exit.*

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cates.* Many good morrows to my noble Lord !

*Hast.* Good morrow, *Catesby*. You are early stirring ;  
 What news, what news, in this our tott'ring State ?

*Cates.* 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 ?

*Cates.* 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 ?

*Cates.* Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you for-  
 ward

<sup>9</sup> *Wanting instance.*] That is, is nearer to the true meaning,  
 wanting some example or act of malevolence, by which they may  
 be justified ; or which, perhaps, or reason.

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.

*Cates.* God keep your Lordship in that gracious  
 mind !

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,  
 That they, who 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.

*Cates.* '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*, *Gray* ; 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*.

*Cates.* The princes both make high account of  
 you——

For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*]

*Hast.* I know, they do ; and I have well deserv'd it.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man ?  
 Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided ?

*Stanl.* My Lord, good morrow ; and, good mor-  
 row, *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 you do yours.

And

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?

*Stanl.* 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 rancor I misdoubt;  
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!  
What, shall we tow'rd the *Tower*? the day is spent.

*Hast.* Come, come, ' have with you.—Wot ye  
what, my Lord?

To day the Lords, you talk of, are beheaded.

*Stanl.* <sup>2</sup> They, for their truth, might better wear  
their heads,

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.  
—But come, my Lord, away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

*Hast.* Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.  
[*Exeunt Lord Stanley and Catesby.*

Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

*Pursf.* 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 I was 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 e'er I was.

*Pursf.* God \* hold it to your Honour's good content!

<sup>1</sup> *Have with you.*] A familiar phrase in parting, as much as, *take something along with you, or I have something to say to you.*

<sup>2</sup> *They, for their truth.*] That is, with respect to their *honesty*.

\* *Hold it*, that is, *continue it.*



*Hast.* Gramercy, fellow; there, drink that for me.

[*Throws him his purse.*]

*Purs.* I thank your Honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*]

*Enter a Priest.*

*Priest.* Well met, my Lord, I'm glad to see your Honour.

*Hast.* I thank thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart.

I'm in your debt for your last \* exercise:

Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

[*He whispers,*

*Enter Buckingham.*

*Buck.* What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain?

Your friends at *Pomfret* they do need a Priest,  
Your Honour hath no <sup>3</sup> thriving 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 tow'rd the *Tower*?

*Buck.* I do, my Lord, but long I shall not stay;  
I shall return before your Lordship thence.

*Hast.* Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buck.* And supper too, altho' thou know'st it not.  
[*Aside,*

Come, will you go?

*Hast.* I'll wait upon your Lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

\* *Exercise.*] Performance of <sup>3</sup> *Shriving work* is *Confession*,  
divine service.

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

*Changes to Pomfret-Castle.*

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying Lord Rivers, Lord Richard Gray, and Sir Thomas Vaughan to Death.*

*Rat.* COME, bring forth the prisoners.  
*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this;

To day shalt thou behold a subject die  
 For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

*Gray.* God keep 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 here-  
 after.

*Rat.* Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,  
 Fatal and ominous to noble Peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

*Richard* the Second, here, was hack'd to death:

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

*Gray.* Now, *Marg'ret's* curse is fall'n upon our  
 heads,

When she exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,

For standing by when *Richard* stab'd her son.

*Riv.* Then curs'd she *Richard*, curs'd she *Buck-*  
*ingham*,

Then curs'd she *Hastings*. O remember, God!

To hear her prayer for them, as now for us.

As for my sister and her princely sons,

Be satisfy'd, dear God, with our true blood;

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

*Rat.* Make hast, the hour of death is now expired.

*Riv.* Come, *Gray*; come, *Vaughan*; let us all embrace.  
 Farewel, until we meet again in heav'n. [They embrace. Exeunt.]

## S C E N E V.

*The Tower.*

*Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Catesby, Lovel, with others, at a table.*

*Hast.* **N**OW, noble Peers, the cause why we are met,

Is to determine of the coronation.

In God's name speak, when is the royal day?

*Buck.* Are all things ready for that royal time?

*Stanl.* 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 founded him, nor he deliver'd His gracious pleasure any way therein; But you, my noble Lord, 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 Gloucester.*

*Ely.* In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

*Glo.*



*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.*<sup>4</sup> Had not you come upon your cue, my Lord,  
*William Lord Hastings* had pronounced 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 *Holbourn*,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;  
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

*Ely.* Marry, and will, my Lord, with all my heart.  
[Exit *Ely*.

*Glo.* Cousin of *Buckingham*, a word with you.

—*Catesby* hath sounded *Hastings* in our business,  
And finds the tefty gentleman so hot,  
That he will lose his head, ere give Consent  
His Master's Son, as worshipfully he terms it,  
Shall lose the Royalty of *England's* Throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go with you.  
[Exe. *Glo.* and *Buck*.

*Stanl.* 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 *Gloucester*?  
I have sent for these strawberries.

<sup>4</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.

*Hast.* His Grace looks chearfully 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 ne'er a man in Christendom  
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he,  
For by his face strait shall you know his heart.

*Stanl.* What of his heart perceive you in his face,  
By any <sup>s</sup> likelihood he shew'd to day?

*Hast.* Marry, that with no man here he is offended:  
For were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

*Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.*

*Glo.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned Witchcraft; and that have prevail'd  
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 witnesses 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 *St. Paul* I swear,  
I will not dine until I see the same;

<sup>6</sup> *Lovel*, and *Catesby*, look, that it be done:

The rest, that love me, rise and follow me. [*Exeunt.*  
*Manent*

<sup>5</sup> *Likelihood*.] Semblance; appearance.

<sup>6</sup> In former copies:  
*Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it*  
be

*Manent Lovel and Catesby, with the Lord Hastings.*

*Hast.* Woe, woe, for *England*, not a whit for me!  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.

*Stanley* did dream, the boar did raise our helms;  
But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly.

Three times to day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
And started when he look'd upon the *Tower*;  
As loth 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.

Oh, *Marg'ret*, *Marg'ret*, now thy heavy Curse  
Is lighted on poor *Hastings'* wretched head.

*Cates.* Come, come, dispatch. The Duke would be  
at dinner,

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

*Hast.* O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the Grace of God!

Who builds his hope in air of your fair 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, dispatch; 'tis bootless to ex-  
claim,

*be done.*] The Scene is here in the *Tower*: and Lord *Hastings* was cut off on that very day, when *Rivers*, *Gray* 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 *Quar-*

*to*, 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.

<sup>7</sup> So *Horace*,

*Nescius auræ fallacis.*

*Hast.*



*Hast.* Oh, bloody *Richard!* miserable *England!*  
 I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,  
 That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon.  
 Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;  
 They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Changes to the Tower-walls.*

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty armour,  
 marvellous ill-favour'd.*

*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.

*Glo.* Here comes the Mayor.

*Buck.* Let me alone to entertain him.  
 Lord Mayor,——

*Enter Lord Mayor, attended.*

*Glo.* Look to the draw-bridge there.

*Buck.* Hark, a drum!

*Glo.* *Catsby,* o'erlook the walls.

*Buck.* Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent——

*Glo.* Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

*Buck.* God and our innocence defend and guard us!

*Enter*

*Enter Lovel and Catesby with Hastings's head.*

*Glo.* Be patient, they are friends; *Catesby* 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 shew 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——

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 *Glo'ster*?

*Mayor.* What?——Had he so?

*Glo.* What! think you, we are *Turks* or *Infidels*?  
Or that we would, against the form of law,  
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,  
But that the extreme peril of the case,  
The peace of *England*, and our person's safety,  
Enforc'd us to this execution?

*Mayor.* 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.  
I never look'd for better at his hands,  
After he once fell in with mistress *Shore*.

*Buck.* Yet had not we 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 meaning, hath prevented;

Be-

Because, my Lord, we would have had you heard  
 The traitor speak; and tim'rously confess  
 The manner and the purpose of his treasons,  
 That you might well have signify'd the same  
 Unto the Citizens, who, haply, may  
 Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

*Mayor.* But, my good Lord, your Grace's word  
 shall serve,

As well as I had seen and heard him speak;  
 And do not doubt, right-noble Princes both,  
 But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens,  
 With all your just proceedings in this case.

*Glo.* And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,  
 T'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 Mayor.*]

*Glo.* Go after, after, Cousin *Buckingham*.  
 The Mayor towards *Guild-Hall* hies him in all post;  
 There, at your meetest vantage of the time,  
 Infer the bastardy of *Edward's* children.  
 Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,  
 Only for saying, he would make his son  
 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,  
 Ev'n where his ranging eye or savage heart  
 Without controul, 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 just computation of the time,  
 Found that the Issue was not his begot,  
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,

Being



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 *Guild-Hall* affords.

[*Exit Buck.*]

*Glo.* Go, *Lovel*, with all speed to Doctor *Shaw*.  
Go thou to Friar *Peuker*; bid them both  
Meet me within this Hour at *Baynard's* Castle.

[*Exeunt Lov. and Catef. severally.*]

Now will I go to take some privy order  
To draw the brats of *Clarence* out of fight;  
And to give order, that no sort of person  
Have, any time, recourse unto the Princes. [*Exit.*]

*Enter a Scrivener.*

*Scriv.* Here is th' Indictment of the good Lord  
*Hastings*.

Which in a set hand fairly is ingross'd;  
That it may be to day read o'er in *Pauls*.  
And, mark, how well the sequel hangs together;  
Eleven hours I've 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

Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,  
When such ill dealings must be<sup>s</sup> seen in thought. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to Baynard's Castle.*

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.*

*Glo.* **H**OW 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*,  
And his Contract by Deputy in *France*;  
Th' unsatiate 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*,  
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 the purpose  
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse.  
And when my Oratory grew tow'rd end,  
I bid 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;

<sup>s</sup> *Seen in thought.*] That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection.

But

But like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,  
 Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale;  
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them,  
 And ask'd the May'r, what meant this wilful silence?  
 His Answer was, the People were not us'd  
 To be spoke to, except 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 o'th'Hall, hurl'd up their caps,  
 And some ten voices cry'd, God save kind *Richard!*  
 And thus I took the vantage of those few.

*Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I,*

*This general applause and chearful 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; <sup>9</sup>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 build 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;

No doubt, we'll bring it to a happy issue. [*Exit Glo.*]

*Buck.* Go, go up to the leads, the Lord Mayor  
 knocks.

<sup>9</sup> *Intend some fear.*] Perhaps  
*pretend*; though *intend* will stand  
 in the sense of giving attention.

\* *As I can say, nay to thee.*] I  
 think it must be read,

— *If you plead as well for  
 them*

*As I must say nay to them for  
 myself.*



*Enter Lord Mayor, and Citizens.*

—Welcome, my Lord. I dance attendance here;  
I think, the Duke will not be spoke withal.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Buck.* *Catesby*, what says your Lord to my request?

*Cates.* He doth intreat 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 suits 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 gen'ral Good,  
Are come to have some conf'rence with his Grace.

*Cates.* I'll signify so much unto him strait. [*Exit.*]

*Buck.* Ah, ah! 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 Curtezans,  
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 Sov'reignty thereof;  
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

*Mayor.* Marry, God shield, his Grace should say  
us, nay!

*Buck.* I fear, he will; here *Catesby* comes again.

<sup>1</sup> *To engross.*] To fatten; to pamper.

*Enter*

*Enter Catesby.*

*Catesby*, what says his Grace?

*Cates.* 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 heav'n, 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 hard to draw them thence,  
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

*Enter Gloucester above, between two Bishops.  
Catesby returns.*

*Mayor.* 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 ornaments 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.* Ev'n 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 seem disgracious in the City's eye;

And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buck.* You have, my Lord; would it might please your Grace,

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 supream Seat, the Throne majestical,  
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,  
While in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,  
Which here we waken to our Country's Good,  
The noble Isle doth want her proper limbs;  
Her face defac'd with scars of Infamy,  
Her royal Stock graft with ignoble plants,  
<sup>2</sup> And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph  
Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion;  
Which to re-cure, we heartily sollicit  
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 suit come I to move your Grace.

*Glo.* I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,

<sup>2</sup> *And almost shoulder'd in the  
swallowing gulph*

*Of dark forgetfulness.]* What  
it is to be *shoulder'd in a gulph*,  
*Hammer* is the only Editor who  
seems not to have known: for  
the rest let it pass without obser-  
vation. He reads,

*Almost shoulder'd into th' swal-  
lowing gulph.*

I believe we should read,

*And almost smoulder'd in the  
swallowing gulph.*

That is, almost *smother'd*, cover-  
ed and lost.



Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
 Best fitteth my degree, or your condition.  
 For not to answer, you might, haply, think,  
 Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded  
 To bear the golden yoke of Sov'reignty,  
 Which fondly you would here impose on me.  
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
 So 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 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,  
<sup>3</sup> 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 us, doubtless, happy by his Reign.  
 On him I lay what 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.

<sup>3</sup> *And much I need to help you.]* requisite to give you help, if  
 And I want much of the ability help were needed.

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 that 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 of a many children,  
 A beauty-waining, and distressed Widow,  
 Ev'n in the afternoon of her best days,  
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye;  
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts  
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy.  
 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 of some alive,  
 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 time,  
 Unto a lineal, true-derived course.

*Mayor.* Do, good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you,

*Buck.* Refuse not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.

*Cates.* O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

*Glo.* Alas, why would you heap these cares 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,  
 Loth 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

And equally, indeed, to all estates)  
 Yet know, whether you accept our suit or no,  
 Your brother's son shall never reign our King;  
 But we will plant some other in the Throne,  
 To the disgrace and downfall of your House;  
 And in this resolution here we leave you.

—Come, Citizens, we will intreat no more. [*Exeunt.*  
*Cates.* Call them again, sweet Prince, accept their  
 suit;

If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

*Glo.* Will you inforce 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, whether 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 meer 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.

*Mayor.* God blefs 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.* Ev'n when you please, for you will have it so.

*Buck.* To morrow then we will attend your Grace,  
 And so most joyfully we take our leave.



*Glo.* [*To the Clergymen.*] Come let us to our holy Work again.

—Farewel, my Cousin; farewel, gentle friends. <sup>4</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Before the TOWER.*

*Enter the Queen, Dutchess of York, and Marquis of Dorset, at one Door; Anne, Dutchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young Daughter, at the other.*

DUTCHESS,

**W**HO meets us here?—my niece *Plantagenet*,  
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of *Glo'ster*?  
Now, for my life she's wandring 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.

*Queen.* Sister, well met; whither away so fast?

*Anne.* No further than the *Tower*; and, as I gues,

<sup>4</sup> To this act should, perhaps, be added the next scene, so will the coronation pass between the acts; and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the Conclusion will be more forcible.

<sup>5</sup> *Who meets us here? my Niece Plantagenet,*

*Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Glo'ster?*] Here is manifest intimation, that the

*Dutchess of Glo'ster* leads in somebody in her hand; but there is no direction mark'd in any of the Copies, from which we can learn who it is. I have ventur'd to gues, it must be *Clarence's* young Daughter. The old *Dutchess of York* calls her *Niece*, i. e. Grand daughter; as Grand children are frequently called *Nephews*. THEOBALD.

Upon

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.  
*Queen.* Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together,

*Enter the Lieutenant.*

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*?

*Lieu.* Right well. —Dear Madam; by your patience  
I may not suffer you to visit them;  
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

*Queen.* The King? who's that?

*Lieu.* I mean, the Lord Protector.

*Queen.* 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?

*Dutch.* 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 fights, I'll bear thy blame,  
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

*Lieu.* No, madam, no, \* I may not leave it so.  
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit Lieu.*]

*Enter Stanley.*

*Stanl.* Let me but meet you, Ladies, one hour hence,  
And I'll salute your Grace of *York* as mother  
And rev'rend looker on of two fair Queens.

—Come, Madam, you must strait to *Westminster*,  
[*To the Dutchess of Gloucester.*]  
There to be crowned *Richard's* royal Queen.

*Queen.* Ah, cut my lace afunder,  
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,  
Or else I swoon with this dead killing news!

*Anne.* Despightful tidings, O unpleasing news!

\* *I must not leave it so.*] That which you offer to take on you  
is, *I may not so resign my office,* at your peril.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* Be of good chear. Mother how fares your Grace!

*Queen.* O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee hence,  
Death and destruction dog thee at thy 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 *Marg'ret's* curse;  
Nor mother, wife, nor *England's* counted Queen.

*Stanl.* Full of wise care is this your counsel, Madam.

—Take all the swift advantage of the time;  
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.

*Dutch.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—  
O my accursed womb, the bed of death,  
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

*Stanl.* Come, Madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

*Anne.* And I with all unwillingness will go.  
O, 'would to God, that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,  
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,  
And die, ere men can say, *God save the Queen!*

*Queen.* 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* coarse,  
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



“ For making me so young, so old a widow !  
 “ And when thou wed’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 ever since hath held mine eyes from rest.  
 For never yet one hour in his bed  
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
<sup>6</sup> But with his tim’rous dreams was still awak’d.  
 Beside, he hates me for my father *Warwick* ;  
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Queen.* Poor heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.

*Anne.* No more than with my soul I mourn for  
 yours.

*Dor.* Farewel, thou woful welcomer of Glory !

*Anne.* Adieu, poor soul, that tak’st thy leave of it !

*Dutch.* 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, good thoughts possess thee !  
 [To the Queen.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,  
 And each hour’s joy wreck’d with a week of teen.

*Queen.* 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 !

<sup>6</sup> *But with his tim’rous dreams.]* turbed by terrible dreams: this  
 ’Tis recorded by *Polydore Virgil*, is therefore no fiction.  
 that *Richard* was frequently dis-

\* Rude ragged nurse! old fullen play fellow,  
For tender Princes; use my babies well!  
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.* †

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to the Court.*

*Flourish of Trumpets. Enter Gloucester as King,  
Buckingham, Catesby.*

K. Rich. **S**TAND 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,  
To try if thou be current gold, indeed.  
Young *Edward* lives—think now, what I would speak.

*Buck.* Say on, my loving Lord.

K. Rich. Why, *Buckingham*, I say, I would be King.

*Buck.* Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned Liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so—but *Edward*  
lives—

*Buck.* True, noble Prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence!

That *Edward* still should live—true, noble Prince?—  
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.

—Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

\* To call the *Tower nurse*  
and *playfellow* is very harsh: per-  
haps part of this speech is ad-  
dressed to the *Tower*, and part to  
the Lieutenant.

† Hither the third act should  
be extended, and here it very pro-  
perly ends with a pause of action.

‡ *Ab!* *Buckingham*, *now do*  
*I play the Touch.*] The  
technical term is requisite here.

The poet wrote,

—*now do I ply the touch,*

i. e. apply the *touchstone*: for  
that is meant by what he calls  
*touch*. So, again, in *Timon of*  
*Athens*, speaking of Gold, he  
says;

—*O, thou touch of hearts!*

i. e. thou trial, *touchstone*.

WARBURTON.

And

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 breath, some little pause, dear  
 Lord,

Before I positively speak in this;

I will resolve your Grace immediately. [*Exit Buck.*]

*Cates.* The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

*K. Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools,  
 And unrespective boys; none are for me,  
 That look into me with confid'rate eyes.

High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect.

Boy,——

*Page.* My Lord.

*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold  
 Would 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 *Tirrel*.

*K. Rich.* I partly know the man; go call him hi-  
 ther. [*Exit Boy.*]

—The deep-revolving witty *Buckingham*  
 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?

*Stanl.* My Lord,  
 The Marquis *Dorset*, as I hear, is fled  
 To *Richmond*, in the parts where he abides.

\* *Close exploit*, is secret act.

*K. Rich.*



K. *Rich.* Come hither, *Catesby*; rumour is abroad,  
 That *Anne* my wife is sick, and like to die.  
 I will take order for her keeping close.  
 Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,  
 Whom I will marry strait to *Clarence*' daughter.—  
 The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—  
 Look, how thou dream'st — I say again, give out,  
 That *Anne* my Queen is sick, and like to die.  
 About it; for it stands me much upon  
 To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage 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.

Enter *Tirrel*.

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.  
 Is thy name *Tirrel*?

*Tir.* *James Tirrel*, and your most obedient subject.

K. *Rich.* Art thou, indeed? [He takes him aside.

*Tir.* Prove me, my gracious Lord. [He kneels.

K. *Rich.* Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of  
 mine?

*Tir.* Please you, I'd 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;

*Tirrel*, I mean those bastards in the *Tower*.

*Tir.* 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 musick. Hark, come  
 hither, *Tirrel* —

Go, by this token — rise, and lend thine ear —  
 [Whispers.

There is no more but so — say, it is done,

And

And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

*Tir.* I will dispatch it strait. [Exit.]

*Re-enter Buckingham.*

*Buck.* My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
That late demand, that you did found me in.

*K. Rich.* Well, let that rest. *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

*Buck.* I hear the news, my Lord.

*K. Rich.* *Stanley*, he is your wife's son. Well, look to it.

*Buck.* My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour, and your faith is pawn'd;  
Th'Earldom of *Hereford*, and the moveables,  
Which you have promised I shall possess.

*K. Rich.* *Stanley*, look to your wife; if she convey  
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

*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.

<sup>s</sup> A King, perhaps——

*Buck.* My Lord.

*K. Rich.* How chance, the Prophet could not at  
that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

*Buck.* My Lord, your promise for the Earldom——

*K. Rich.* *Richmond*? when I was last at *Exeter*,  
The Mayor in curtesy shewed me the castle,  
And call'd it *Rouge-mont*, at which name I started;  
Because a bard of *Ireland* told me once,

<sup>s</sup> A King, perhaps——] From hence to the words, *Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein*— have been left out ever since the first editions, but I like them well enough to replace them. POPE. The allusions to the plays of *Henry VI.* are no weak proofs of the authenticity of these disputed pieces.

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.* But what's a clock?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

*Buck.* Why, let it strike?

*K. Rich.* \* Because, that, like a Jack, thou keep'st  
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to day.

*Buck.* Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.

*K. Rich.* Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein.

[*Exit.*]

*Buck.* Is it ev'n so? repays he my deep service  
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.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Tirrel.*

*Tir.* The tyrannous and bloody act is done;  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,  
That ever yet this land was guilty of!

*Dighton* and *Forrest*, whom I did suborn  
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,

Albeit they were flesht villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,

Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.

O thus, (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle babes; —

Thus, thus, (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another  
Within their innocent alabaster arms.

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,

And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.

\* This passage, though I do not believe it corrupted, I do not understand.



A book of prayers on their pillow lay,  
 Which once, (quoth *Forrest*,) almost chang'd my mind,  
 But, oh! the Devil—there the villain stopt,  
 When *Dighton* thus told on—we smother'd  
 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 these tidings to the bloody King.

*Enter King Richard.*

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign Lord!

*K. Rich.* Kind *Tirrel*—am I happy in thy news?

*Tir.* If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
 Beget your happiness, be happy then?  
 For it is done.

*K. Rich.* But didst thou see them dead?

*Tir.* I did, my Lord.

*K. Rich.* And, buried gentle *Tirrel*?

*Tir.* The Chaplain of the *Tower* hath buried them,  
 But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

*K. Rich.* Come to me, *Tirrel*, soon, soon after  
 supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
 Mean time, but think, how I may do thee good,  
 And be inheritor of thy desire.  
 Farewel, till then.

*Tir.* I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

*K. Rich.* The son of *Clarence* have I pent up close;  
 His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;  
 The sons of *Edward* sleep in *Abraham's* bosom;  
 And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.  
 Now, for I know the *Briton Richmond* 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.*

*Cates.* My Lord,——

*K. Rich.* Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

*Cates.* 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 army.

Come, I have learn'd, that <sup>o</sup> 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 Council is my shield,

We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exit.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

*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 <sup>o</sup> dire induction am I witness to,

And will to *France*; hoping the consequence  
Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.

Withdraw thee, wretched *Mar'garet*! who comes here?

*Enter the Dutchess of York, and Queen.*

*Queen.* Ah, my poor Princes! ah, my tender  
babes;

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!

<sup>o</sup> ——fearful commenting  
Is leaden servitor.] Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay.

<sup>o</sup> Dire induction.] Induction is preface, introduction, first part. It is so used by *Sackville* in our author's time.

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
 And be not fixt in doom perpetual,  
 Hover about me with your airy wings,  
 And hear your mother's lamentation.

*Q. Mar.* Hover about her; <sup>2</sup> say, that right for  
 right

Hath dimm'd your infant-morn to aged night.

*Dutch.* So many miseries have craz'd my voice,  
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.  
*Edward Plantagenet*, why art thou dead!

*Q. Mar.* *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,  
*Edward* for *Edward* pays a dying debt.

*Queen.* Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle  
 lambs,  
 And throw them in the intrails of the wolf?  
 Why didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

*Q. Mar.* When holy *Henry* dy'd, and my sweet son,

*Dutch.* Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living  
 ghost,  
 Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due, by life,  
 usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
 Rest thy unrest on *England's* lawful earth,  
 Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

*Queen.* Ah, that thou wouldst 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?

*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

<sup>2</sup> — *say, that right for*  
 RIGHT]. It's plain *Shake-*  
*peare* wrote WRONG for WRONG;  
 but the players thought that a  
 little rhyme was better than all  
 reason. *WARBURTON.*

It is so unlikely that words so  
 plain, and so proper, as *wrong*  
 for *wrong* would have been either  
 ignorantly or officiously changed,  
 that I believe *right for right* is

the true though not the best  
 reading. This is one of these  
 conceits which our authour 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.*



Give mine the benefit of <sup>3</sup> Signiory ;  
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society,

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.

I had an *Edward* till a *Richard* kill'd him :

I had a husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him :

Thou had'st an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him :

Thou had'st a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.

*Dutch.* I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st 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

Thy womb let loose, to chace us to our graves.

O upright, just, and true-disposing God,

How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body ;

And makes her <sup>4</sup> Pue-fellow with others' moan !

*Dutch.* Oh, *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*,

<sup>5</sup> 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* ;

<sup>3</sup> *Seignory* for *Seniority*.

<sup>4</sup> *Pue-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.

<sup>5</sup> *Young York he is but boot.* *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase.

And

And the beholders of this tragic play,  
 6 Th' adulterate *Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,*  
 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,  
 Infues his piteous and unpitied end;  
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, for  
 vengeance

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
 That I may live to say, the dog is dead!

*Queen.* Oh! thou didst prophesy, the time would  
 come,  
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse  
 That bottl'd 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;  
 7 The flatt'ring index of a direful Page;  
 One heav'd on 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 ev'ry dang'rous 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 children? 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;

6 *Tb' ADULTERATE Hastings,*— I believe *Shake-*  
*speare* wrote.

7 *The flatt'ring index of a*  
*direful PAGEANT.*] Without  
 doubt *Shakespeare* wrote

*Tb' ADULTERER Hastings,*—  
 WARBURTON.

—*direful PAGE.*  
 WARBURTON.

For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;  
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;  
 For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues ;  
 For Queen, a very 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.  
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,  
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;  
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,  
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.  
 Thou dost 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.  
 Farewel, *York's* wife, and Queen of sad mischance,  
 These *English* woes shall make me smile in *France*.

*Queen.* 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 sweeter than they were,  
 And he, that slew them, fouler than he is ;  
 Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse,  
 Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

*Queen.* My words are dull, O ! quicken them with  
 thine.

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and  
 pierce like mine. [Exit Margaret.

*Dutch.* Why should calamity be full of words ?

*Queen.* \* Windy attorneys to their client-woes,  
 Airy succeeders of intestate joys,

Poor

\* In former editions this line The emendation is Sir Thomas  
 was read thus : Hammer's.

*Windy-attorneys to your client's*      *Airy Succeeders of intestate*  
 woes.      joys,] I cannot understand  
 this



Poor breathing orators of miseries !  
 Let them have scope, tho' what they do impart  
 Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

*Dutch.* 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.  
 [Drum, within.  
 I hear his drum, be copious in exclams.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter King Richard, and his Train.*

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

*Dutch.* O, she, that might have intercepted thee  
 By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
 From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

*Queen.* 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 ?

*Dutch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother  
 Clarence ?

And little *Ned Plantagenet*, his son ?

*Queen.* Where is kind *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*,  
*Gray* ?

*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum,  
 drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

this Reading. I have adopted  
 another from the *Quarto* in 1597.  
*Airy Successors of* interlate  
 joys,  
 succeed Joys that are dead; and  
 unbequeath'd to them, to whom  
 they should properly descend.

*i. e.* Words, tun'd to Complaints,

THEOBALD.

Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say.

[Flourish. Alarums.

—Either be patient, and intreat me fair,  
Or with the clamorous report of war  
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

*Dutch.* Art thou my son?

*K. Rich.* Ay, I thank God, my father, and your-  
self.

*Dutch.* Then patiently hear my impatience.

*K. Rich.* Madam, I have<sup>9</sup> a touch of your con-  
dition,

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Dutch.* I will be mild and gentle in my words.

*K. Rich.* And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

*Dutch.* Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,  
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you?

*Dutch.* 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, desp'rate, wild and furious;

Thy prime of manhood, daring bold, and venturous;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly and bloody.

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me in thy company?

*K. Rich.* Faith none but *Humphry Houre*, that  
call'd your Grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend your Grace.

—Strike up the drum.

*Dutch.* I pry'thee, hear me speak.

[A touch of your condition.] grace seems here to mean the  
same as to *buy*, to make happy.  
A spice or particle of your temper  
So gracious is kind, and graces  
or disposition.  
[That ever grac'd me.] To are favours.

K. *Rich.* You speak too bitterly.

*Dutch.* Hear me a word,  
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. *Rich.* So?—

*Dutch.* Either thou'lt die by God's just ordinance,  
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;  
Or I with grief and extream age shall perish,  
And never look upon thy face again.  
Therefore take with thee my most heavy Curse ;  
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,  
Than all the compleat 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 !  
<sup>2</sup> Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*

*Queen.* Tho' far more cause, yet much less spirit to  
curse

Abides in me, I say Amen to her. [*Going.*

K. *Rich.* <sup>3</sup> Stay, Madam, I must speak a word  
with you.

*Queen.* 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.

*Queen.* 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 ;

<sup>2</sup> *Shame serves thy life.*] To dialogue, 'tis not necessary to bestow much criticism : part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable.

<sup>3</sup> *Stay, Madam.*] On this



So she may live unscarr'd from bleeding slaughter,  
I will confess she was not *Edward's* daughter.

*K. Rich.* Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

*Queen.* To save her life, I'll say, she is not so.

*K. Rich.* Her life is safest only in her birth.

*Queen.* And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

*K. Rich.* No, at their births good stars were opposite.

*Queen.* No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

*K. Rich.* All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

*Queen.* True; when avoided grace makes destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

*K. Rich.* You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins?

*Queen.* 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 murd'rous knife was dull and blunt

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart

To revel in the intrails 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 desp'rate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling rest,

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.

*Queen.* What good is cover'd with the face of heav'n,

To be discover'd, that can do me good?

*K. Rich.* Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

*Queen.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

*K. Rich.*

K. *Rich.* No, to the dignity and height of fortune,  
 4 The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

*Queen.* Flatter my sorrows with report of it.  
 Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,  
 5 Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. *Rich.* Ev'n 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.

*Queen.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness  
 Last longer telling than thy kindness do.

K. *Rich.* Then know, that from my soul I love thy  
 daughter.

*Queen.* My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. *Rich.* What do you think?

*Queen.* 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*.

*Queen.* Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her  
 King?

K. *Rich.* Ev'n he that makes her Queen; who else  
 should be?

*Queen.* What, thou?

K. *Rich.* Even so; how think you of it?

*Queen.* How canst thou woo her?

K. *Rich.* I would learn of you,  
 As one being best acquainted with her humour.

4 The high imperial type ]  
 Type is exhibition, mew, display.

5 Canst thou demise—] The  
 sense of the word *demise* is evi-

dent, but I do not remember it  
 any where so used: perhaps it  
 should be *devise*, which the law-  
 yers use, for to transfer, or make  
 over.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* And wilt thou learn of me?

*K. Rich.* With all my heart.

*Queen.* 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, <sup>6</sup> as sometime *Marg'ret*  
 Did to thy father, steep in *Rutland's* blood,  
 A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain  
 The purple tide from her sweet brothers bodies,  
 And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.  
 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.

*Queen.* There's no other way,  
 Unless thou could'st 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.

*Queen.* Nay then, indeed, she cannot chuse but  
 hate thee;

Having bought love with such a <sup>7</sup> bloody spoil.

*K. Rich.* Look, what is done, cannot be now  
 amended;

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
 Which after-hours give leisure to repent of.

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

<sup>6</sup> *As sometime Marg'ret*] Here is another reference to the plays of *Henry VI.*

<sup>7</sup> *Bloody spoil.*] *Spoil* is waste, havock.



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 metal, of your very blood:  
 Of all one pain, save for a night of groans  
 Endur'd of her, for whom you<sup>s</sup> 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;  
<sup>9</sup> Advantaging their lone with interest  
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.  
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;

<sup>8</sup> *Bid* is the past tense from *bids*.

<sup>9</sup> *Advantaging their Love with Int'rest*.

Oftentimes double Gain of Happiness.] My easy Emendation will convince every Reader *Love* and *Lone* are made out of one another, by a Letter turned upside down. *Osten-*

*times* is a stupid Concretion of three Words. My Emendation gives this apt and easy Sense. *The Tears, that you have lent to your Afflictions, shall be turn'd into Gems; and requite you by way of Interest, with Happiness twenty times as great as your Sorrows have been.* THEOBALD.

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,  
 And she shall be sole victress, *Cæsar's Cæsar* .

*Queen*. 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.

*Queen*. Which she shall purchase with still lasting  
 war.

*K. Rich*. Tell her, the King, that may command,  
 intreats——

*Queen*. That at her hands, which the king's King  
 forbids.

*K. Rich*. Say, she shall be a high and mighty  
 Queen——

*Queen*. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

*K. Rich*. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

*Queen*. But how long shall that title, ever, last ?

*K. Rich*. Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.

*Queen*. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last ?

*K. Rich*. As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.

*Queen*. As long as hell and *Richard* like of it.

*K. Rich*. Say, I, her Sov'reign, am her Subject now.

*Queen*. But she, your Subject, loaths such Sov'reignty.

*K. Rich*. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

*Queen*. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

*K. Rich*.

*K. Rich.* Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

*Queen.* Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a stile.

*K. Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick.

*Queen.* O no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;  
Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave ;  
Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, Madam ; that is past.

Now by my *George*, my Garter, and my Crown——

*Queen.* Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

*K. Rich.* I swear.

*Queen.* By nothing, for this is no oath.

The *George*, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour ;  
The Garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;  
The Crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.  
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,  
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

*K. Rich.* Now by the world——

*Queen.* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*K. Rich.* My father's death——

*Queen.* Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

*K. Rich.* Then by myself.

*Queen.* Thyself thyself misuseth.

*K. Rich.* Why then, by heav'n——

*Queen.* Heav'n's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with heav'n,  
The unity the King my husband made  
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.  
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath with heav'n,  
Th' 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 to worms.  
What canst thou swear by now ?

*K. Rich.* By time to come.

*Queen.*



*Queen.* 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 wither'd plants, to wail it in their age.  
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast  
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.

*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 christian 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 found in great designs.

*Queen.* Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if the Devil tempt thee to do good.

*Queen.* Shall I forget myself to be myself?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong  
yourself.

*Queen.* But thou didst kill my children.

*K. Rich.* But in your daughter's womb I bury them;  
Where

Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed  
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

*Queen.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

*K. Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

*Queen.* I go, write to me shortly.

*K. Rich.* Bear her my true love's kifs, and so fare-  
wel. *[Kissing her. Exit Queen.]*

—Relenting fool, and shallow, changing, woman!

SCENE VI.

*Enter Ratcliff.*

*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?

*Cates.* Here, my good Lord.

*K. Rich.* *Catesby*, fly to the Duke.

*Cates.* 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 Cates.]*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

*Cates.* 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 strait

<sup>1</sup> Some light-foot friend post to the Duke.] *Richard's* precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion.

The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.

*Cates.* 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.

*K. Rich.* My mind is chang'd——

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

*Stanley,* what news with you?

*Stanl.* 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: Why dost thou run so many miles about, When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way; Once more, what news?

*Stanl.* *Richmond* is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him! White-liver'd *Runnagate*, what doth he there?

*Stanl.* I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by guess.

*K. Rich.* Well, as you guess.

*Stanl.* 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* is there alive, but We?

And who is *England's* King, but great *York's* heir?

Then tell me, what makes he upon the sea?

*Stanl.* Unless for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.

*K. Rich.* Unless for that he comes to be your Liege, You cannot guess wherefore the *Welsh-man* comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

*Stanl.* No, mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.

*K. Rich.*



K. *Rich.* Where is thy Power then to beat him back?

Where are thy Tenants, and thy Followers?  
Are they not now upon the western shore,  
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their ships?

*Stanl.* 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 Sov'reign in the West?

*Stanl.* They have not been commanded, mighty King?

Please it 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 fain be gone, to join  
with *Richmond*,  
But I'll not trust thee.

*Stanl.* 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.

*Stanl.* So deal with him, as I prove true to you!  
[Exit Stanley.]

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My gracious Sov'reign, now in *Devonshire*,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir *Edmund Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,  
Bishop of *Exeter*, his elder brother,  
With many more confed'rates, are in arms.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mef.* In Kent, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in arms,  
And every hour <sup>2</sup> more competitors  
Flock to the Rebels, and their Power grows strong.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mef.* My Lord, the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*——

*K. Rich.* Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?  
[*He strikes him.*]

There, take thou that, 'till thou bring better news..

*Mef.* 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.* Oh! I cry thee mercy.  
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.  
Hath any well-advifed friend proclaim'd  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

*Mef.* Such Proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mef.* Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and Lord Marquis *Dorset*,  
'Tis said, my Liege, in *Yorkshire* are in arms;  
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,  
The *Bretagne* Navy is disperfed, 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 fail, and made his course for *Bretagney*.

<sup>2</sup> *More competitors.*] That is, more opponents.

*K. Rich*

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.*

*Cates.* My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,  
 That is the best news. That the Earl of *Richmond*  
 Is with a mighty Pow'r landed at *Milford*,  
 Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

K. *Rich.* Away tow'rds *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.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Changes to the Lord Stanley's House.*

*Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswick.*

*Stanl.* <sup>3</sup> SIR *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me;  
 That in the sty of this most bloody Boar,  
 My son *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold;  
 If I revolt, off goes young *George's* head;  
 The fear of that holds off my present aid.

<sup>3</sup> *Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me;*] The Person, who is call'd *Sir Christopher* here, and who has been stil'd 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, the 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,



So, get thee gone; commend me to thy Lord,  
 Say too, the Queen hath heartily consented  
 He should espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter.  
 But tell me, where is princely *Richmend* now?

*Cbri.* At *Pembroke*, or at *Harford-west* in *Wales*,

*Stanl.* What men of name resort to him?

*Cbri.* Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned foldier,  
 Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, and Sir *William Stanley*,  
*Oxford*, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *James Blunt*,  
 And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant crew,  
 And many others of great name and worth;  
 And towards *London* do they bend their Power,  
 If by the way they be not fought withal.

*Stanl.* Well, hie thee to thy Lord, I kifs his hand,  
 My Letter will resolve him of my mind.

Farewel,

[*Exeunt*,

## ACT V. SCENE I.

### SALISBURY.

*Enter the Sberiff, and Buckingham, with halberds,  
 led to Execution.*

#### BUCKINGHAM.

WILL not King *Richard* let me speak with him?  
*Sber.* No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.

*Buck.* *Hastings*, and *Edward's* children, *Gray* and  
*Rivers*,

Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair son *Edward*,  
*Yaugban*, and all that have miscarried  
 By under-hand, corrupted, foul injustice;  
 If that your moody, discontented, souls  
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,

†

Ev'n

Ev'n for revenge mock my destruction.  
This is *All-Souls* day, fellows, is it not?

*Sher.* It is, my Lord.

*Buck.* Why, then *All-Souls* day is my body's  
Doomsday.

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,

<sup>4</sup> Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.

That high All-feer, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,

And giv'n 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 *Marg'ret's* Curse falls heavy on my head.

When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,

Remember, *Marg'ret* was a Prophetess.

Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of shame;

Wrong hath but wrong, and <sup>5</sup> blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt* Buckingham, *Sheriff* and *Officers*.]

<sup>4</sup> *Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.*] This is nonsense, we should read RESPECT of my wrongs, *i. e.* requital.

WARBURTON.

*Hammer* had rightly explained it, the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was respited.

*Wrongs* in this line means wrongs done, or injurious practices.

<sup>5</sup> *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 authour 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.

## S C E N E II.

Tamworth, *on the Borders of Leicester-Shire.*  
A Camp.

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others,*  
*with Drum and Colours.*

*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 <sup>o</sup> embowell'd bosoms; this foul swine  
Lies now ev'n 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.* Ev'ry man's conscience is a thousand swords,  
To fight against that bloody homicide.

*Herb.* I doubt not, but his friends will fly to us.

*Blunt.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for  
fear,  
Which in his dearest Need will fly from him.

<sup>o</sup> *Embowell'd bosoms.*] Exenterated; ripped up; alluding, perhaps, to the *Promethean* vulture; or, more probably, to the sentence pronounced in the *Eng-*

*lish* courts against traitors, by which they are condemned to be hanged, drawn, that is, *embowell'd*, and quartered.

*Richm.*



*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.*]

S C E N E III.

*Changes to Bosworth Field.*

*Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, Surrey, Ratcliff, Catesby, and others.*

*K. Rich.* **H**ERE pitch our Tents, even here in  
*Bosworth field.*

My Lord of *Surrey*, why look you so sad?

*Surr.* 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 gracious Lord.

*K. Rich.* Up with my tent, here will I lie to night;  
But where to morrow?—well, all's one for that.

—Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

*Nor.* Sir, or sev'n thousand is their utmost Power.

*K. Rich.* Why, our Battalion 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 <sup>7</sup> sound direction;

Let's want no discipline, make no delay,

For, Lords, to morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> *Sound direction.*] True judgment; tried military skill.

SCENE *changes to another Part of Bosworth field.*

*Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.*

*Richm.* THE weary Sun hath made a golden Set,  
And, by the bright tract of his fiery car,  
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

—*Sir William Brandon*, you shall bear my standard ;

The Earl of *Pembroke* keep 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 *Blunt*, before thou goest ;  
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, dost thou know ?

*Blunt.* Unless I have mista'en his quarters 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.

*Richm.* \* 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 strength.

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business.

—Into our tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

\* *Give me some ink and paper ;* ]  
I have plac'd these lines here as  
they stand in the first editions :  
the best place them three speeches  
before, after the words *Sir*  
*William Brandon*, *you shall bear*  
*my standard* ; interrupting what

there follows : *The Earl of Pem-*  
*broke, &c.* I think them more  
naturally introduced here, when  
he is retiring to his tent ; and  
considering what he has to do  
that night. POPE.

S C E N E

SCENE *changes back to King Richard's Tent.*

*Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.*

K. Rich. WHAT is't o'clock?

Catesf. 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 eafier than it was,  
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Catesf. It is, my Liege, and all things are in readi-  
ness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,  
Use careful watch, chuse trusty centinels.

Nor. I go, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle  
Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my Lord. [Exit.

K. Rich. Catesby——

Catesf. 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——<sup>9</sup> give me a watch——

[To Ratcliff.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

<sup>9</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*.

Look,



' Look, that my staves be found, and not too heavy.

*Ratcliff*——

*Rat.* My Lord?

*K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord *Nor-*  
*thumberland?*

*Rat.* *Thomas* the Earl of *Surrey*, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,  
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

*K. Rich.* I am satisfy'd; give me a bowl of wine.  
I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

—There, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat.* It is, my Lord.

*K. Rich.* Bid my Guard watch, and leave me.  
About the mid of night come to my tent,  
And help to arm me.—Leave me now, I say.

[*Exit Ratcliff.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

*Changes back to Richmond's Tent.*

*Enter Stanley to Richmond, Lords, &c.*

*Stanl.* 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?

*Stanl.* I, <sup>2</sup> 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,

<sup>1</sup> *Look that my staves be found.*] <sup>2</sup> *By attorney.*] By deputation.  
*Staves* are the wood of the lan-  
ces.

Prepare thy battle early in the morning;  
 And put thy fortune to th' Arbitrement  
 Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.

<sup>3</sup> 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*,  
 Be executed in his father's Sight.

Farewel. <sup>4</sup> The leisure, and the fearful time  
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,  
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,  
 Which so-long-sundred 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;  
 Lest leaden slumber poize me down to-morrow,  
 When I should mount with wings of victory.

—Once more, good night, kind Lords, and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt. Manet Richmond.*]

—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.

<sup>3</sup> I, as I may——  
 [With best advantage will deceive the time.] I will take  
 the best opportunity to elude the  
 dangers of this conjuncture.

<sup>4</sup> —The leisure, and the fearful time,  
 [Cuts off the ceremonious vows  
 of love.] We have still a  
 phrase equivalent to this, howe-

ver 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.

To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes ;  
 Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still ! [Sleeps.

## S C E N E V.

*Between the Tents of Richard and Richmond:  
 They sleeping.*

*Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry  
 the Sixth.*

*Ghost.* **L**ET me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !  
 [To K. Rich.  
 Think, how thou stab'st me in the prime of youth  
 At *Tewksbury* ; therefore despair and die.  
 —Be cheerful, *Richmond* ; for the wronged souls  
 [To Richm.  
 Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf ;  
 King *Henry's* issue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.*

*Ghost.* When I was mortal, my anointed body  
 [To K. Rich.  
 By thee was punched full of deadly holes ;  
 Think on the *Tower*, and me ; despair, and die.  
*Henry* the Sixth bids thee despair, and die.  
 —Virtuous and holy, be thou Conqueror. [To Richm.  
*Harry* \* that prophesy'd thou shouldst be King,  
 Doth comfort thee in sleep ; live thou and flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Clarence.*

*Ghost.* Let me set heavy on thy soul to-morrow !  
 [To K. Rich.  
 I, that was wash'd to death in fulsom wine,  
 Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death.  
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,

\* This prophecy, to which in one of the parts of *Henry* the  
 this allusion is made, was uttered sixth.

And



And fall thy edgeless sword; despair and die.

—Thou offspring of the House of *Lancaster*,

[*To Richm.*

The wronged heirs of *York* do pray for thee;

Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish.

*Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.*

*Riv.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To K. Rich.*

*Rivers*, that dy'd at *Pomfret*. Despair, and die.

*Gray.* Think upon *Gray*, and let thy soul despair.

[*To K. Rich.*

*Vaugh.* Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear  
Let fall thy lance! *Richard*, despair and die.

[*To K. Rich.*

*All.* Awake! and think, our wrongs in *Richard's*  
bosom

Will conquer him,—Awake, and win the day.

[*To Richm.*

*Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.*

*Ghost.* Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

[*To K. Rich.*

And in a bloody battle end thy days.

Think on Lord *Hastings*; and despair and die.

—Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake! [*To Richm.*

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *England's* sake.

*Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.*

*Ghosts.* Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the  
*Tower*.

<sup>5</sup> Let us be lead within thy bosom, *Richard*,

[*To K. Rich.*

And

<sup>5</sup> Let us be laid within thy Bosom, Richard.] This is a poor feeble Reading, I have restored from the elder Quarto, pu-

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.  
[To Richm.]

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.

*Enter the Ghost of Anne, his wife.*

*Ghost.* *Richard*, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy  
wife, [To K. Rich.]

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,  
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair and die.  
—Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep,

[To Richm.]

Dream of success and happy victory,  
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.*

*Ghost.* The first was I, that help'd thee to the Crown,  
[To K. Rich.]

The last was I, that felt thy tyranny.  
O, in the battle think of *Buckingham*,  
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.  
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;  
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.  
—<sup>6</sup> I dy'd for hope, ere I could lend thee aid;

[To Richm.]

But

published in 1597, which Mr. Pope does not pretend to have seen;

*Let us be Lead within thy Bosom, Richard.*

This corresponds with what is

said in the Line immediately following,

*And weigh thee down to Ruin,  
Shame, and Death!*

THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> *I dy'd for Hope*] i. e. I died for

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd;  
 God and good angels fight on *Richmond's* side,  
 And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

[*K. Richard starts out of his dream.*

K. *Rich.* <sup>7</sup> Give me another horse——bind up my  
 wounds——

Have mercy, *Jesu*——soft, I did but dream.

<sup>8</sup> O coward Conscience, how dost thou afflict me?  
 The lights burn blue——is it not dead midnight?  
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear myself? there's none else by;  
*Richard* loves *Richard*; that is, I am I.

Is there a murd'rer here? no——yes, I am.

Then fly——what, from myself? Great reason; why?

for wishing well to you. But Mr. *Theobald*, with great sagacity, conjectured *holpe* or *aid*; which gave the line this fine sense, *I died for giving the aid before I could give thee aid.*

WARBURTON.

*Hanmer* reads, *I did forsake*, and supports his conjecture thus.

This, as appears from history, was the case of the Duke of *Buckingham*: that being stopt with his army upon the banks of *Severn* by great deluges of rain he was deserted by his soldiers, who being in great distreis, half famished for want of victuals, and destitute of pay, disbanded themselves and fled. HANMER.

<sup>7</sup> *Give me another horse.*] There is in this, as in many of our author's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. *Richard's* debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued, but the subsequent exaggeration of his crime is truly tragical.

<sup>8</sup> O coward Conscience!] This is extremely fine. The speaker had entirely got the better of his Conscience, and banished it from all his waking thoughts. But it takes advantage of his sleep, and frights him in his dreams. With greater elegance therefore he is made to call it *coward Conscience*, which dares not encounter him while he is himself awake, and his faculties entire; but takes advantage of reason being off its guard, and the powers of the soul dissolved in sleep. But the Players, amongst their other innumerable absurdities in the representation of this Tragedy, make *Richard* say, instead of *O coward Conscience*, *O tyrant Conscience!* whereby not only a great beauty is lost, but a great blunder committed. For *Richard* had entirely got the better of his Conscience; which could on no account, therefore, be said to play the tyrant with him.

WARBURTON.



Left I revenge. What? myself on myself?  
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 my Self.

I am a villain; yet I lye, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well——Fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand sev'ral tongues,

And every tongue brings in a sev'ral Tale,

And ev'ry Tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury in high'st degree,

Murder, stern murder in the dir'st degree,

All several sins, all us'd in each degree,

Throng to the bar, all crying, *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. The early village-cock  
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

*K. Rich. 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.

\* *Methought, the souls, &c.*] These lines stand with so little propriety at the end of this speech, that I cannot but suspect them to be misplaced. Where then shall they be inserted? Perhaps after these words,  
*Fool do not flatter.*

Armed

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 K. Richard and Ratcliff.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his Tent.*

*Lords.* Good morrow, *Richmond*.

*Richm.* 'Cry mercy, Lords 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 drowfy head,  
 Have I since your departure had, my Lords.

Methought, their souls, whose bodies *Richard* murder'd,  
 Came to my tent, and cry'd—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.

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 Pray'rs 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 <sup>9</sup> 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 safe guard of your wives,  
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors.  
 If you do free your children from the sword,  
 Your childrens' 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, <sup>1</sup> the ransom of my bold attempt  
 Shall be this cold corps 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, cheerfully ;  
 God, and Saint *George!* *Richmond,* and Victory ;

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter King Richard, Ratcliff and Catesby.*

*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 simil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

<sup>9</sup> ———— *By the foil*  
 Of *England's* Chair.] It is  
 plain that *foil* cannot here mean  
 that of which the obscurity re-  
 commends the brightness of the  
 diamond. It must mean the

leaf (*feuille*) or thin plate of  
 metal in which the stone is set.

<sup>1</sup> *The ransom of my bold at-  
 tempt.*] The *fine* paid by  
 me in atonement for my rashness  
 shall be my dead corps.

*K. Rich.*



K. *Rich.* He was i'th'right, and so, indeed, it is.  
—Tell the clock there—give me a Kalendar.

[*Clock strikes.*]

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 some body,

*Ratcliff.*

*Rat.* My Lord?

K. *Rich.* The Sun will not be seen to day;  
The sky doth frown and lowre 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 heav'n  
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 ordered.  
My Forward shall be drawn out all in length,  
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 ourself will follow  
In the main battle, which on either side  
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

<sup>2</sup> This, and *St. George* to boot?—What think'st thou,  
*Norfolk*?

<sup>2</sup> *This and St. George to boot.*] *That is, this is the* this, is the protection of our order of our battle, which pro- patron Saint.

Nor. A good direction, warlike Sovereign.  
—This paper found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a scrawl.

Jocky of Norfolk, *be not so bold,* [Reads.  
*For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*

K. Rich. A thing devised by the enemy.  
—Go, gentlemen, go, each man to his Charge.  
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;  
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:  
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law,  
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell,  
If not to heav'n, 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, of rascals, runaways,  
A scum of Britons, and base lackey-peasants,  
Whom their o'er-cloyed Country vomits forth  
To desperate adventures and destruction.  
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest:  
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,  
<sup>3</sup> They would distrain the one, distain the other.  
<sup>4</sup> And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,  
Long kept in *Bretagne* at his mother's cost?

\* *A sort*, that is, a company,  
a collection.

<sup>3</sup> *They would RESTRAIN the one, distain the other.* The one means the Lands; the other their wives. It is plain then we should read.

*They would* DISTRAIN,  
i. e. seize upon. WARB.

<sup>4</sup> *And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,*

*Long kept in Britain 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 publick Charge. During the greatest part of his Residence abroad, he was watch'd and restrain'd almost like a Captive; and subsisted by Supplies convey'd 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.

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 *Britons*, 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 Messenger.*

What says Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his Power?

*Mes.* My Lord, he doth deny to come.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son *George's* head.

*Nor.* My Lord, the enemy hath past the marsh;  
 After the battle let *George Stanley* die.

*K. Rich.* A thousand hearts are great within my  
 bosom.

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;  
 Our ancient word of courage, fair *St. George*,  
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons.  
 Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [Exit.

That is, fright the skies with the shivers of your Lances.



## SCENE VIII.

*Alarm. Excursions. Enter Catesby.*

*Cates.* 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.

*Alarm. Enter King Richard.*

*K. Rich.* A horse! a horse! my Kingdom for a horse!

*Cates.* 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 Dye.

—I think there be six *Richmonds* in the field;  
Five have I slain to day instead of him.

—A horse! a horse! my Kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarms. Enter King Richard and Richmond; they fight, Richard is slain.*

*Retreat and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the Crown, with divers others Lords.*

*Rich.* God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,

The day is ours! the bloody dog is dead.

*Stanl.* Courageous *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit thee;

Lo, here these long-usurped royalties,  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,  
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy brows withal.

Wear it, enjoy it, <sup>6</sup> and make use of it.

*Richm.* Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all!  
But tell me first, is young *George Stanley* living?

*Stanl.* He is my Lord, and safe in *Leicester* town;  
Whither if you so please, we may withdraw us.

*Richm.* What men of Name are slain on either side?

*Stanl.* *John Duke of Norfolk*, *Walter the Lord Ferris*,  
Sir *Robert Brakenbury*, 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,

We will unite the white Rose and the red;

Smile heav'n 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 sons, compell'd, been butchers to their fire:

\* 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!

<sup>6</sup> — and make use of it.]  
Some old books read, *make*  
MUCH of it: and therefore Mr.  
*Theobald* reads so too: but very  
foolishly. Without doubt *Shake-*  
*spear* himself thus corrected it,  
to *make use of it*. Which signi-  
fies don't *abuse* it like the Tyrant  
you have destroyed; whereas  
the other reading *make much of*  
*it*, signifies *be fond of it*; a very  
ridiculous moral for the conclu-  
sion of the Play. WARB.

\* All this divided *York* and  
*Lancaster*,

*Divided in their dire division.*]  
I think the passage will be some-  
what improved by a slight alte-  
ration.

All that divided *York* and *Lan-*  
*caster*,

*Divided in their dire division*,

O now let *Richmond* and *Eli-*  
*zabeth*,

The true Succeeders of each royal  
house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin  
together.

Let them unite all that *York* and  
*Lancaster* divided.

And

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 prosp'rous days.  
 Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord!  
 That would reduce these bloody days again,  
 And make poor *England* weep in streams of blood.  
 Let them not live to taste this land's encrease,  
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.  
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives agen;  
 That she may long live here, God say, Amen! [*Exeunt*].

<sup>7</sup> This is one of the most celebrated of our authour's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most when praise is not most deserved.

That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable.

I shall here subjoin two Dissertations, one by Dr *Warburton*, and one by Mr. *Upton*, upon the *Vice*.

ACT III. SCENE I. Page 281.

*THUS* like the formal *Vice*, INIQUITY, &c.] As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occasioned our saying something of the barbarities of theatrical representations amongst us before the tinte of *Shakspear*, it may not be improper, for a better apprehension of this whole matter, to give the reader some general account of the rise and progress of the modern Stage.

The first form, in which the *Drama* appeared in the West of *Europe*, after the destruction of learned *Greece* and *Rome*, and that a calm of Dulness had finish'd upon letters what the rage of barbarism had begun, was that of the *Mysterics*. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of all Ranks of people both in *France*, *Spain*, and *England*. In which last place, as we learn by *Siow*, they

were in use about the time of *Richard* the Second and *Henry* the Fourth. As to *Italy*, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their stage, with regard to the matter, were prophane subjects, and, with regard to the form, a corruption of the ancient *Mimes* and *Attellanes*: By which means they got sooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the fifteenth Century.

As to these *Mysterics*, they were, as their name speaks them, a representation of some scripture-story, to the life: as may be seen from the following passage in an old *French* history, intitled, *La Chronique de vieux compoſée par le curé de St. Eustaire*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprizing absurdity of these strange representations.

“ L'an



“ L’an 1437 le 3 Juillet (*says the*  
 “ *bonest Chronicler*) fut fait le  
 “ Jeu de la Passion de N.S. en le  
 “ plaine de Veximiel. Et fut  
 “ Dieu un fire appellé Seigneur  
 “ Nicolle Dom Neuschafel, le-  
 “ quel estoit Curé de St. Victour  
 “ de Metz, lequel fut presque  
 “ mort en la Croix, s’il ne fût  
 “ été secourus; & convient qu’un  
 “ autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix  
 “ pour parfaire le Personnage du  
 “ Crucifement pour ce jour;  
 “ & le lendemain le dit Curé de  
 “ St. Victour parfit la Resur-  
 “ rection, et fit très hautement  
 “ son personage; & dura le dit  
 “ Jeu ———— Et autre Prêtre  
 “ qui s’appelloit Mre. Jean de  
 “ Nicey, qui estoit Chapelain  
 “ de Metrange, fut Judas; le-  
 “ quel fut presque mort en pen-  
 “ dant, car le cuer li faillit, &  
 “ fut bien hâtivement dependu  
 “ & porté en Voye. Et estoit la  
 “ bouche d’Enfer tres-bien faite;  
 “ carelle ouvroit & clooit, quand  
 “ les Diables y vouloient entrer  
 “ et isser; & avoit deux gros  
 “ Culs d’Acier, &c.” Allud-  
 “ ing to this kind of representa-  
 “ tions Archbishop *Harsnet*, in his  
 “ *Declaration of Popish Impositions*,  
 “ p. 71. says, “ The little Chil-  
 “ dren were never so afraid of  
 “ Hell-mouth in the old plays,  
 “ painted with great gang teeth,  
 “ staring eyes, and foul bottle  
 “ nose.” *Carew* in his *Survey*  
 “ of *Cornwall*, gives a fuller de-  
 “ scription of them in these words,  
 “ The *Guary Miracle*, in *Eng-  
 “ lish a Miracle-Play*, is a kind  
 “ of interlude compiled in *Cor-  
 “ nish* out of some Scripture-  
 “ history. For representing it,  
 “ they raise an earthen Amphi-  
 “ theatre in some open Field,

“ having the diameter of an  
 “ inclosed Playne, some 40 or  
 “ 50 foot. The country peo-  
 “ ple flock from all sides many  
 “ miles off, to hear and see it.  
 “ For they have therein Devils  
 “ and Devices, to delight as  
 “ well the eye as the ear. The  
 “ Players conne not their parts  
 “ without book, but are promp-  
 “ ted by one called the *Ordina-  
 “ ry*, who followeth at their  
 “ back with the book in his  
 “ hand, &c. &c.” There was  
 “ always a Droll or Buffoon in  
 “ these *Mysteries*, to make the Peo-  
 “ ple mirth with his sufferings or  
 “ absurdities: and they could think  
 “ of no better a personage to sus-  
 “ tain this part than the *Devil* him-  
 “ sel. Even in the *Mystery* of the  
 “ *Passion* mentioned above, it was  
 “ contrived to make him ridicu-  
 “ lous. Which circumstance is  
 “ hinted at by *Shakespear* (who has  
 “ frequent allusions to these things)  
 “ in the *Taming of the Shrew*,  
 “ where one of the Players asks for  
 “ a little vinegar (as a *Property*) to  
 “ make their *Devil* roar. For after  
 “ the sponge with the Gall and  
 “ Vinegar had been employed in  
 “ the representation, they used to  
 “ clap it to the nose of the *Devil*;  
 “ which making him roar, as if it  
 “ had been *holy-water*, afforded in-  
 “ finite diversion to the People. So  
 “ that *Vinegar* in the old Farces,  
 “ was always afterwards in use to  
 “ torment their *Devil*. We have  
 “ divers old *English* Proverbs, in  
 “ which the *Devil* is represented  
 “ as acting or suffering ridiculously  
 “ and absurdly, which all arose  
 “ from the part he bore in these  
 “ *Mysteries*, as in that, for in-  
 “ stance, of—*Great cry and lit-  
 “ tle wool, as the Devil said when*

be sheared his hogs. For the sheep shearing of *Nabal* being represented in the *Mystery* of *David* and *Abigail*, and the Devil always attending *Nabal*, was made to imitate it by shearing a Hog. This kind of absurdity, as it is the properest to create laughter, was the subject of the ridiculous, in the ancient mimes, as we learn from these words of *St. Austin*: *Ne faciamus ut Mimi solent, et optemus a Libero Aquam, à Lymphis Vinum* \*.

These *Mysteries*, we see, were given in *France* at first, as well as in *England*, *sub dio*, and only in the *Provinces*. Afterwards we find them got into *Paris*, and a Company established in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to represent them. But good Letters and Religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of *Francis* the First, the stupidity and prophaneness of the *Mysteries* made the Courtiers and Clergy join their interest for their suppression. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the *Procureur General*, in the name of the King, presented a *Request* against the Company to the Parliament. The three principle branches of his charge against them were, that the representation of the Old-Testament-Stories inclined the people to *Judaism*; That the New-Testament-Stories encouraged libertinism and infidelity; and that both of them lessened the Charities to the Poor: It seems that this prosecution succeeded: for in 1548, the Parliament of *Paris* confirmed the company in the possession of the

*Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the representation of the *Mysteries*. But in *Spain*, we find by *Cervantes*, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good Comedy came in amongst them: As appears from the excellent Critique of the Canon, in the fourth book, where he shows how the old extravagant *Romances* might be made the foundation of a regular *Epic* (which, he says, *tambien puede escribirse en prosa como en verso*; †) as the *Mystery-Plays* might be improved into artful Comedy. His words are, *Pues que si venimos à las Comedias divinas, que de milagros falsos fingen en ellas, que de cosas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, atribuyendo a un Santo los milagros de otro* ‡; which made them so fond of Miracles that they introduced them into *las Comedias humanas*, as he calls them. To return;

Upon this prohibition, the *French* poets turned themselves from Religious to Moral Farces. And in this we soon followed them: The public taste not suffering any greater alteration at first, tho' the *Italians* at this time afforded many just compositions for better Models. These Farces they called *Moralities*. *Pierre Gringore*, one of their old Poets, printed one of these *Moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l'Homme obstiné*. The persons of the Drama are *l'Homme Obstiné*—*Punition Divine*—*Simonie*—*Hypocrisie*—and *Demerites-Communes*. The *Homme Obstiné* is the Atheist, and

\* Civ. D. l. 4.

† B. 4. c. 20.

‡ Ib. 21

comes in blaspheming, and determined to persist in his impieties. Then *Punition Divine* appears sitting on a throne in the Air, and menacing the Atheist with Punishment. After this Scene, *Simonie*, *Hypocrisie*, and *Demerites Communes*, appear and play their parts. In conclusion, *Punition Divine* returns, preaches to them, upbraids them with their Crimes, and, in short, draws them all to repentance, all but the *Homme Obsiné*, who persists in his impiety, and is destroyed for an example. To this sad serious subject they added, tho' in a separate representation, a merry kind of Farce called *Sottie*, in which there was *un Payfan* [the *Clown*] under the name of *Sot Commun* [or *Fool*.] But we, who borrowed all these delicacies from the *French*, blended the *Moralité* and *Sottie* together; So that the *Payfan* or *Sot-commun*, the *Clown* or *Fool*, got a place in our serious *Moralities*: Whose business we may understand in the frequent allusions our *Shakespeare* makes to them: As in that fine speech in the beginning of the third Act of *Measure for Measure*, where we have this obscure passage,

—meerly thou art Death's  
Fool,  
For him thou labour'st by thy  
flight to shun,  
And yet runn'st tow'rd him still.

For, in these *Moralities*, the Fool of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of *Death* (another of the *Dramatis Personæ*) is made to em-

ploy all his Stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very Jaws of his enemy: So that a representation of these Scenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together. The very same thing is again alluded to in these lines of *Love's Labour lost*.

So Portent-like I would o'er rule  
his State,  
That he should be my Fool, and  
I his Fate.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

But the *French*, as we say, keeping these two sorts of Farces distinct, they became, in time, the Parents of *Tragedy* and *Comedy*; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mungrel Species, unknown to Nature and Antiquity, called *Tragi-Comedy*.

WARBURTON.

TO this, when Mr. *Upton's* Dissertation is subjoined, there will, perhaps, be no need of any other account of the *Vice*:

LIKE the old *Vice*.] The allusion here is to THE *VICE*, a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a dagger of lath. *Shakespeare* alludes to his buffoon appearance in *Twelfth Night*, Act IV.

In a trice, like to the old *Vice*;  
Who with dagger of lath, in  
his rage, and his wrath  
Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil.



In the second part of K. Henry IV. Act III. Falstaff compares Shallow to VICE's dagger of lath. In Hamlet, Act III. Hamlet calls his uncle, *A VICE of Kings: i. e.* a ridiculous representation of majesty. These passages the editors have very rightly expounded. I will now mention some others, which seem to have escaped their notice, the allusions being not quite so obvious.

THE INIQUITY was often the VICE in our old Moralities; and is introduced in B. Johnson's play call'd *the Devil's an ass*: and likewise mentioned in his Epigr. CXV.

*Being no vitious person, but the  
Vice*

*About the town.*

*As old Iniquity, and in the  
fit*

*Of miming, gets th'o' union of a  
wit.*

But a passage cited from his play will make the following observations more plain. Act I. Pug asks the Devil "to lend him a Vice.

"Satan. What Vice?"

"What kind would thou have it of?"

"Pug. Why, any Fraud,

"Or *Covetousness*, or Lady *Vanity*,

"Or old *Iniquity*: I'll call him hither."

Thus the passage should be ordered.

"Pug. Why any: *Fraud*,

"Or *Covetousness*, or Lady *Vanity*,

"Or old *INIQUITY*.

"Satan. I'll call him hither.

"Enter *Iniquity*, the Vice.

"*Ini*. What is he calls upon

"me, and would seem to

"lack a *Vice*?"

"Ere his words be half

"spoken, I am with him

"in a trice."

And in his *Staple of News*, Act II. "Mirth. How like you the *Vice* i' the play? *Expectation*. "Which is he? Mirth. Three "or four, old *Covetousness*, the "sordid *Peniboy*, the *Money-bawd*, who is a flesh-bawd "too, they say. *Tattle*. But "here is never a *fiend* to carry "him away, Besides, he has "never a wooden-dagger! I'd "not give a rush for a *Vice*, "that has not a wooden-dagger "to snap at every body he "meets. Mirth. That was the "old way, Gossip, when *Iniquity* "came in like hokos pokos, "in a jugler's jerkin, &c." He alludes to the VICE in the *Alchymist*, Act I. Sc. III.

"Subt. And on your stall, a "puppet, with a *Vice*."

Some places of Shakespeare will from hence appear more easy: as in the 1st part of Henry IV. Act II. where Hal. humorously characterizing Falstaff, calls him, *That reverend VICE, that grey INIQUITY, that father RUFFIAN, that VANITY in years*, in allusion to this buffoon character. In K. Richard III. Act III.

*Thus*

*Thus, like the formal Vice,  
Iniquity,  
I moralize two meanings in one  
word.*

INIQUITY is the formal Vice.  
Some correct the passage,

*Thus, like the formal wise An-  
tiquity  
I moralize two meanings in one  
word.*

Which correction is out of all rule of criticism. In Hamlet, Act I. there is an allusion, still more distant, to THE VICE; which will not be obvious at first, and therefore is to be introduced with a short explanation. This buffoon character was used to make fun with the Devil; and he had several trite expressions, as, *I'll be with you in a trice: Ab, ha, boy, are you there, &c.* And this was great entertainment to the audience, to see their old enemy so belabour'd in effigy. In K. Henry V. Act IV. a boy characterizing Pistol, says *Bardolph and Nim had ten times more valour than this roaring Devil i' th' old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.* Now Hamlet, having been instructed by his father's ghost, is resolv'd to break the subject of the discourse to none but Horatio; and to all others his intention is to appear as a sort of madman: when therefore the oath of secrecy is given to the centinels, and the Ghost unseen calls out *swear*; Hamlet speaks to it as *THE VICE*, does to the Devil. *Ab, ha, boys, swi-  
f, thou art a villain. Swi-  
truppen?* not Hamlet had a mind that the centinels should ima-  
gine this was a shape that the

Devil had put on; and in Act III. he is somewhat of this opinion himself,

*The Spirit that I have seen  
May be the Devil.*

This manner of speech therefore to the Devil was what all the audience were well acquainted with; and it takes off in some measure from the horror of the scene. Perhaps too the poet was willing to inculcate, that good humour is the best weapon to deal with the Devil. *True penny* either by way of irony, or literally from the Greek, *τρούπαν*, veterator. Which word the Scholiast on Aristophanes' Clouds ver 447. explains, *τρούπαν, ὁ περιτετραμένος ἐν τοῖς τραγῳμασιν. ἢ ἡμεῖς ΤΡΥΠΑΝΟΝ καλοῦμεν.* Several have tried to find a derivation of THE VICE; if I should not hit on the right, I should only err with others. THE VICE is either a quality personalized as *BIH* and *ΚΑΡΤΟΣ* in Hesiod and Aeschylus. *SIN* and *DEATH* in Milton; and indeed *VICE* itself is a person. B. XI. 517.

*And took HIS image whom they  
serv'd, a brutish VICE.*

*his image*, i. e. a brutish *VICE's* image: the *Vice* Gluttony; not without some allusion to the *vices* of the old plays; but rather, I think, 'tis an abbreviation of *Vice-Devil*, as *Vice-roy*, *Vice-doges*, &c. and therefore properly called *THE VICE*. He makes very free with his master, like most other *Vice-roys*, or *prime-ministers*. So that he is the *Devil's Vice*, and *prime minister* to *faucy*. UPTON.

Mr. *Upton's* learning only supplies him with absurdities. His derivation of *vice* is too ridiculous to be answered.

I have nothing to add to the observations of these learned critics, but that some traces of

this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the rustick puppet plays, in which I have seen the *Devil* very lustily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old *Vice*.



THE  
L I F E  
O F  
H E N R Y VIII.

Vol. V

B b



## Dramatis Personæ.

*King Henry the Eighth.*  
*Cardinal Wolsey.*  
*Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.*  
*Duke of Norfolk.*  
*Duke of Buckingham.*  
*Duke of Suffolk.*  
*Earl of Surrey.*  
*Lord Chamberlain.*  
*Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legate.*  
*Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.*  
*Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Keeper.*  
*Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.*  
*Bishop of Lincoln.*  
*Lord Abergavenny.*  
*Lord Sands.*  
*Sir Henry Guildford.*  
*Sir Thomas Lovell.*  
*Sir Anthony Denny.*  
*Sir Nicholas Vaux.*  
*Sir William Sands.*  
*Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.*  
*Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.*  
*Three Gentlemen.*  
*Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.*  
*Garner, King at Arms.*  
*Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.*  
*Brandon.*  
*Serjeant at Arms.*  
*Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber.*  
*Porter, and his Man.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Queen Catharine.

Anne Bullen.

*An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.*

Patience, *Woman to Queen Catharine.*

*Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE lies mostly in *London* and *Westminster*; once, at *Kimbolton*.

There is no enumeration of the persons in the old Edition: such as the late editions have exhibited was added by Rowe.

Of this play there is no edition before that of 1623, in folio.

# P R O L O G U E.

*I* Come no more to make you laugh; things now,  
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe;  
 Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,  
 We shall present. Those, that can pity, here  
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;  
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give,  
 Their money out of hope they may believe,  
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see  
 Only a show or two, and so agree,  
 The Play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling  
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,  
 That come to bear a merry, bawdy play;  
 A noise of targets; <sup>1</sup> or to see a fellow  
 In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;  
 Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle bearers, know,  
 To rank our chosen truth with <sup>2</sup> such a show  
 As fool and fight is, besides forfeiting  
 Our own brains, and <sup>3</sup> th' opinion that we bring

<sup>1</sup> ———— or to see a Fellow  
 In a long motley Coat.] Alluding to the *Fools* and *Buffoons*, introduced for the generality in the plays a little before our Author's Time: and of whom he has left us a small Taste in his own.

THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> ———— such a show  
 As fool and fight is.] This is not the only passage in which *Shak speare* has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, give a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he al-

lows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend. *Magnis ingeniis et multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio.* Yet I know not whether the coronation shewn in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle.

<sup>3</sup> ———— th' opinion that we bring  
 To make that only true we now intend.] These lines I do not understand, and suspect them of corruption. I believe we may better read thus:

——— th' opinion which we bring  
 Or make; that only truth we now intend,

P R O L O G U E.

To make that only true, we now intend,  
 Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.  
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, as you are known  
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
 Be sad, as we would make ye. \* Think ye see  
 The very persons of our noble story,  
 As they were living; think, you see them great,  
 And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and sweat  
 Of thousand friends; Then, in a moment, see  
 How soon this mightiness meets misery!  
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,  
 A man may weep upon his wedding day.

\* ———— Think ye see  
 The very Persons of our noble  
 Story,] Why the Rhyme  
 should have been interrupted  
 here, when it was so easily to be  
 supplied, I cannot conceive. It  
 can only be accounted for from  
 the Negligence of the Prefs, or

the Transcribers; and therefore  
 I have made no Scruple to re-  
 place it thus; *Think before ye.*

THEOBALD:

This is specious, but the laxity  
 of the verification in this pro-  
 logue, and in the following epi-  
 logue, makes it not necessary.

The



The LIFE of  
King HENRY VIII.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other  
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aber-  
gavenny.*

BUCKINGHAM.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have  
you done,  
Since last we saw in *France*?

*Nor.* I thank your Grace,  
Healthful, and ever since \* a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of *Arde*.

*Nor.* 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Arde* :  
I was then present, saw 'em salute on horse-back,  
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement, as they grew together ;

\* ——— a fresh admirer.] An still feeling the impression as if  
admirer untired; an admirer it were hourly renewed.

Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd

Such a compounded one ?

*Buck.* All the whole time,  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory ; men might say,  
'Till this time Pomp was single, but now marry'd  
To one above itself. <sup>2</sup> Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders, it's. To day the *French*,  
<sup>3</sup> All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the *English* ; and to-morrow they  
Made *Britain*, *India*, every man that stood,  
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As Cherubins, all gilt ; the Madams too,  
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them ; that their very labour  
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask  
Was cry'd, incomparable ; and th'ensuing night  
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,  
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,

<sup>1</sup> *Till this Time Pomp was single, but now marry'd To one above itself—*] The thought is odd and whimsical ; and obscure enough to need an explanation — 'Till this time (says the speaker) Pomp led a single life, as not finding a husband able to support her according to her dignity : but she has now got one in *Henry VIII.* who could support her even above her condition of finery.

WARBURTON.

*Dr. Warburton* has here discovered more beauty than the author intended, who meant only to say in a noisy periphrase, that *pomp was increased on this occasion to more than twice as*

*much as it had ever been before.* Pomp is no more married to the *English* than to the *French* king, for to neither is any preference given by the speaker. Pomp is only married to pomp, but the new pomp is greater than the old.

<sup>2</sup> ————— *Each following day Became the next day's master, &c.] Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendour of all the former shews.

<sup>3</sup> *All clinquant, all glittering, all shining.* *Clarendon* uses this word in his description of the *Spanish Jugo de Toros.*

As

As presence did present them ; <sup>4</sup> him in eye,  
 Still him in praise ; and being present both,  
 'Twas said, they saw but one ; and no discerners  
<sup>5</sup> Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns,  
 For so they phrase 'em, by their heralds challeng'd  
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
 Beyond thought's compass ; that old fabulous story,  
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit ;  
 That <sup>6</sup> *Bevis* was believ'd,

*Buck.* Oh, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
 In honour, honesty, <sup>7</sup> the tract of every thing  
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
 Which Action's self was tongue to. <sup>8</sup> All was royal,  
 To the disposing of it ; nought rebell'd,  
 Order gave each thing view ; <sup>9</sup> The office did  
 Distinctly his full function.

*Buck.* Who did guide,  
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
 Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

<sup>4</sup> ———— *Him in eye,  
 Still him in praise ;* ] So *Dryden*,

————— <sup>5</sup> *Two chiefs  
 So match'd as each seem'd wor-  
 thiest when alone.*

<sup>5</sup> *Durst wag his tongue in cen-  
 sure* ——— ] *Censure* for de-  
 termination, of which had the  
 noblest appearance.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *The old romantic legend of  
 Bevis of Southampton.* ]  
 This *Bevis* (or *Beavois*) a Sax-  
 on, was for his Prowess, created  
 by *William* the Conqueror Earl  
 of *Southampton* : Of whom, *Camden*  
 in his *Britannia*.

THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> ———— *the tract of every thing,*  
 &c. ] The course of these tri-

umphs and pleasures, however  
 well related, must lose in the  
 description part of that spirit  
 and energy which were expressed  
 in the real action.

<sup>8</sup> ———— *All was royal, &c.* ]

This speech was given in all the  
 editions to *Buckingham* ; but im-  
 properly. For he wanted infor-  
 mation, having kept his cham-  
 ber during the solemnity. I  
 have therefore given it to *Nor-*  
*folk*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> ———— *The office did  
 Distinctly his full function.* ]  
 The commission for regulating  
 this festivity was well executed,  
 and gave exactly to every particu-  
 lar person and action the proper  
 place.

*Nor.*



*Nor.* One, certes, that premises no<sup>1</sup> element  
In such a business.

*Buck.* Pray you, who, my Lord?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discretion  
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The devil speed him! no man's pye is freed  
From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these<sup>2</sup> fierce vanities? I wonder,  
<sup>3</sup> That such a keech can with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o'th'beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.* Yet, surely, Sir,  
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends,  
For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace  
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon  
For high feats done to th' Crown; neither ally'd  
To eminent assistants; but spider-like  
<sup>4</sup> Out of his self drawing web;—this gives us note,  
The force of his own merit makes his way;  
<sup>5</sup> A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys

<sup>1</sup> *Element.*] No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied not without a *catachresis*, to a person.

<sup>2</sup> *Fierce vanities.*] *Fierce* is here, I think, used like the *French fier* for *proud*, unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt.

<sup>3</sup> *That such a keech*——] *Ketch*, from the *Italian Caicchio*, signifying a tub, barrel, or hoghead. *Skinner.* POPE.

The word in the folio is *keech*, which not being understood, is changed into *ketch*.

A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed

in a mould is called yet in some places a *keech*.

<sup>4</sup> *Out of his self drawing web.*] Thus it stands in the first edition. The later Editors, by injudicious correction, have printed,

*Out of his self-drawn web.*

<sup>5</sup> *A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys*

*A place next to the King.*] It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and that we should read,

*A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him*

*A place next to the King*——

WARBURTON.

It is full as likely that *Shakespeare* wrote, *gives to him*, which will save any greater alteration.

A place next to the King.

*Aber.* I cannot tell

What heav'n hath given him ; let some graver eye  
Pierce into that : but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him ; whence has he that ?  
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,  
Or has giv'n all before ; and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*Buck.* Why the devil,

Upon this *French* Going out took he upon him,  
Without the privity o'th' King, t'appoint  
Who should attend him ? he makes up<sup>6</sup> the file  
Of all the gentry ; for the most part such,  
To whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon ; And his own letter,  
The honourable board of \* council out,  
Must fetch in him he papers.

*Aber.* I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.* O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manours on 'em  
For this great journey. <sup>8</sup> What did this vanity  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue ?

*Nor.* Grievingly, I think,

The peace between the *French* and us not values  
The cost, that did conclude it.

<sup>6</sup> —the file, that is, the list.

\* —council out,] Council  
not then sitting.

<sup>7</sup> Must fetch in him he papers.]  
He papers, a verb ; his own letter,  
and without the concurrence of  
the council, must fetch in him

whom he papers down.—I don't  
understand it, unless this be the  
meaning.

POPE.

<sup>8</sup> —What did this vanity

But —] What effect has this  
pompous shew, but the produc-  
tion of a wretched conclusion.

*Buck.* <sup>9</sup> Every man,  
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
A thing inspir'd; and not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy, that this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on't.

*Nor.* Which is budded out;  
For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at *Bourdeaux*.

*Aber.* Is it therefore  
<sup>9</sup> Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

*Nor.* Marry, is't.

*Aber.* <sup>1</sup> A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate!

*Buck.* Why, all this business  
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

*Nor.* Like it your Grace,  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you,  
And take it from a heart, that wishes tow'rds you  
Honour and plenteous safety, that you read  
The Cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together; to consider further, that  
What his high hatred would effect, wants not  
A minister in his pow'r. You know his nature,

<sup>1</sup> —Every man,  
After the hideous storm that fol-  
low'd, &c.] His author,  
*Hall*, says, Monday, 18th day  
of June, there blew such storms  
of wind and weather that mar-  
vel was to bear; for which hi-  
deous tempest some said it was a  
very prognostication of trouble and  
hatred to come between princes.  
In *Henry VIII.* p. 80.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> Th' ambassador is silenc'd?] *Silenc'd* for recall'd. This be-

ing proper to be said of an *Ora-  
tor*; and an ambassador or pub-  
lick minister being called an *Ora-  
tor*, he applies *silenc'd* to am-  
bassador. WARBURTON.

I understand it rather of the  
*French* ambassador residing in  
*England*, who by being refused  
an audience, may without any  
remote meaning, be said to be  
*silenc'd*.

<sup>2</sup> A proper title of a peace.] A  
fine name of a peace. Ironical-  
ly.

That



That he's revengeful ; and, I know, his sword  
Hath a sharp edge, its long, and, 't may be said,  
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where\* comes that rock,  
That I advise your shunning.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the guard, and two secretaries with papers ; the Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

*Wol.* The Duke of *Buckingham's* surveyor ? ha ?  
Where's his examination ?

*Secr.* Here, so please you.

*Wol.* Is he in person ready ?

*Secr.* Ay, an't please your Grace.

*Wol.* Well, we shall then know more ;  
And *Buckingham* shall lessen this big look.

*[Exeunt Cardinal and his train.]*

*Buck.* This butcher's cur is venom-mouthed, and I  
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him ; therefore best  
Not wake him in his slumber. <sup>3</sup> A beggar's book  
Out-worths a noble's blood.

*Nor.* What, are you chaf'd ?  
Ask God for temp'rance ; that's th' appliance only,  
Which your disease requires.

*Buck.* I read in's look  
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd  
Me as his abject object ; at this instant

\* —comes that rock.] To make  
the rock come is not very just.

<sup>3</sup> ————— A beggar's book  
Out-worths a noble's blood.]  
That is the literary qualifica-  
tions of a bookish beggar are

more prized than the high de-  
scend of hereditary greatness.  
This is a contemptuous excla-  
mation very naturally put into  
the mouth of one of the ancient,  
unlettered, martial nobility.

<sup>4</sup> He bores me with some trick. He's gone to th' King;  
I'll follow and out-stare him.

*Nor.* Stay, my Lord;

And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,  
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in *England*  
Can advise me, like you; be to yourself,  
As you would to your friend.

*Buck.* I'll to the King,

And ' from a mouth of honour quite cry down  
This *Ipswich* fellow's insolence; or proclaim,  
There's diff'rence in no persons.

*Nor.* Be advis'd;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot,  
That it do singe yourself. We may out-run  
By violent swiftness that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running; know you not,  
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,  
Seeming t'augment it, wastes it? be advis'd;  
I say again, there is no *English* Soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buck.* Sir,

I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along  
By your prescription; but this top proud fellow,  
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
From <sup>6</sup> sincere motions) by intelligence

<sup>4</sup> *He bores me with some trick.*] He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction.

<sup>5</sup> *—From a mouth of honour.*] I will crush this baseborn fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction of per-

sons is at an end.

<sup>6</sup> *—Sincere motions.*] Honest indignation; warmth of integrity. Perhaps name not, should be blame not.

*Whom from the flow of gall I blame not.*

And proofs as clear as founts in *July* when  
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.* Say not, treasonous.

*Buck.* To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as  
 strong

As shore of rock.—Attend. This holy fox,  
 Or wolf, or both, for he is equal rav'nous,  
 As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,  
 As able to perform't, <sup>7</sup> his mind and place  
 Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,  
 Only to shew his pomp, as well in *France*  
 As here at home, <sup>8</sup> suggests the King our master  
 To this last costly treaty, th' interview,  
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
 Did break i'th' rinsing.

*Nor.* 'Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray, give me favour, Sir.—This cunning  
 Cardinal

The articles o'th' combination drew,  
 As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd.  
 As he cry'd, *let it be*—to as much end,  
 As give a crutch to th' dead. But our Court Cardinal  
 Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy *Wolfsey*,  
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,  
 Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
 To th' old dam, treason; *Charles* the Emperor,  
 Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,  
 (For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came  
 To whisper *Wolfsey*) here makes a visitation:  
 His fears were, that the interview betwixt  
*England* and *France* might through their amity

<sup>7</sup> —his mind and place  
*Infecting one another*;] This is  
 very satirical. His mind he re-  
 presents as highly corrupt; and  
 yet he supposes the contagion of  
 the place of first minister as ad-

ding an infection to it.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> —suggests the King our  
*master*] *Suggests*, for excites.

WARBURTON.



Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league  
Peep'd harms, that menaced him. He privily  
Deals with our Cardinal, and, as I trow,  
Which I do well, for I am sure, the Emperor  
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted,  
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,  
And pay'd with gold ; the Emp'ror thus desir'd,  
That he would please to alter the King's course,  
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know,  
As soon he shall by me, that thus the Cardinal  
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleaseth,  
And for his own advantage.

*Nor.* I am sorry  
To hear this of him ; and could wish, you were  
Something mistaken in't.

*Buck.* No, not a syllable :  
I do pronounce him in that very shape  
He shall appear in proof.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at arms before him, and two  
or three of the guard.*

*Bran.* Your office, Serjeant ; execute it.

*Serj.* Sir,  
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl  
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I  
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most Sov'reign King.

*Buck.* Lo you, my Lord,  
The net has fall'n upon me ; I shall perisht  
Under device and practice.

*Bran.* <sup>8</sup> I am sorry

<sup>9</sup> *I am sorry  
To see you ta'en from liberty to  
look on  
The business present.]* I am for-

ry that I am obliged to be pre-  
sent and an eye-witness of your  
loss of liberty.

To

To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present. 'Tis his Highness pleasure  
You shall to th' Tower.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,  
Which makes my whit'ft part black. The will of heav'n  
Be done in this and all things. I obey.  
O my Lord *Aberga'ny*, fare ye well.

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company. The  
King [To *Aberga*  
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

*Aber.* As the Duke said,  
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's pleasure  
By me obey'd.

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
The King, t'attach Lord *Montague*; and the bodies  
Of the Duke's Confessor, *John de la Court*,  
And *Gilbert Peck* his chancellor.

*Buck.* So, so;  
These are the limbs o'th' plot. No more, I hope?

*Bran.* A monk o'th' *Chartreux*.

*Buck.* <sup>2</sup> *Nicholas Hopkins*.

*Bran.* He.

*Buck.* My surveyor is false, the o'er great Cardinal  
Hath shew'd him gold; \* my life is spann'd already.

<sup>1</sup> One *Gilbert Peck*, his Counsellor.] So the old Copies have it, but I, from the Authorities of *Hall* and *Holingshead*, chang'd it to *Chancellor*. And our Poet himself, in the Beginning of the second Act, vouches for this Correction.

At which; appear'd against him his Surveyor,  
Sir *Gilbert Peck* his Chancellor.

<sup>2</sup> *Michael Hopkins*? ] So all the old Copies had it; and so

*Mr. Rowe* and *Mr. Pope* from them. But here again by the help of the *Chronicles*, I have given the true Reading. ТНЕОВ.

\* — my life is spann'd already.] To *span* is to gripe or inclose in the hand; to *span* is also to measure by the palm and the fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that hold is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of my enemies; or, that my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined.

<sup>3</sup> I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,  
Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts on,  
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My Lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to the Council-Chamber.*

*Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell; the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right-side.*

*King.* MY life itself, <sup>4</sup> and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care. <sup>5</sup> I stood  
i'th' level  
Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks  
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us

<sup>3</sup> *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,*

*Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts on,*

*By dark'ning my clear sun.]*

These lines have passed all the Editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our authour's time could allow *figure* to be taken, as now, for *dignity* or *importance*, we might read,

*Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts out.*

But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

<sup>4</sup> ——— and the best heart of it,] The expression is monstrous. The heart is supposed the seat of life: But, as if he had many lives, and to each of

them, a heart, he says, *his best heart*. A way of speaking that would have become a cat rather than a King. WARBURTON.

This expression is not more monstrous than many others. Heart is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our authour, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *cut of heart*. The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*.

<sup>5</sup> ——— Stood i' th' level

[*Of a full-charg'd confed'racy.*] To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a *line* with its *mouth*, so as to be hit by the shot.

That



That gentleman of *Buckingham's*; in person  
 I'll hear him his confessions justify,  
 And point by point the treasons of his master  
 He shall again relate.

*A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.*

*Queen.* Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.  
*King.* Arise, and take your place by us; half your  
 suit

Never name to us, you have half our power,  
 The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;  
 Repeat your will, and take it.

*Queen.* Thank your Majesty.

—That you would love yourself, and in that love  
 Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
 The dignity of your office, is the point  
 Of my petition.

*King.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Queen.* I am sollicit, not by a few,  
 And those of true condition, that your subjects  
 Are in great grievance. There have been commissions  
 Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart  
 Of all their loyalties; wherein although, [*To Wolsey.*  
 My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches  
 Most bitterly on you, as putter on  
 Of these exactions; yet the King our master,  
 Whose honour heav'n shield from foil, ev'n he 'scapes  
 not

Language unmannerly; yea such, which breaks  
 The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
 In loud rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appears,  
 It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,  
 The clothiers all, not able to maintain

<sup>6</sup> The many to them 'longing, have put off  
 The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers; who,  
 Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
<sup>7</sup> And lack of other means, in desp'rate manner  
 Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,  
<sup>8</sup> And danger serves among them.

*King.* Taxation?

Wherein? and what taxation? My Lord Cardinal,  
 You, that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
 Know you of this taxation?

*Wol.* Please you, Sir,

I know but of a single part in aught  
 Pertains to th' state, <sup>9</sup> and front but in that file  
 Where others tell steps with me.

*Queen.* No, my Lord.

You know no more than others, but you frame

<sup>6</sup> *The many to them 'longing.*] The *many* is the *mainy*, the train, the people. *Dryden* is, perhaps, the last that used this word.

*The Kings before their many rode.*

<sup>7</sup> *And lack of other means,—*] *Means* does not signify methods of livelihood; for that was said immediately before—*unfit for other life*; but it signifies, *necessaries—compelled*, says the speaker, *for want of bread and other necessaries*.—But the poet using, for the thing, [*want of bread*] the effect of it, [*hunger*] the passage is become doubly obscure; first, by using a term in a licentious sense, and then by putting it to a vicious construction. The not apprehending that this is one of the distinguishing peculiarities in *Shakespeare's* style, has been the occasion of so much ridiculous correction of him.

WARBURTON.

I have inserted this note rather because it seems to have been the writer's favourite, than because it is of much value. It explains what no reader has found difficult, and, I think, explains it wrong.

<sup>8</sup> *And Danger serves among them.*] Could one easily believe, that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, *Danger* is personalized as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> ——*front but in that file.*] I am but *primus inter pares*. I am but first in the row of counsellors.

Things

Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome  
 To those which would not know them, and yet must  
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
 Whereof my Sovereign would have note, they are  
 Most pestilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,  
 The back is sacrifice to th' load. They say,  
 They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer  
 Too hard an exclamation.

*King.* Still, exaction!

The nature of it? In what kind let's know  
 Is this exaction?

*Queen.* I am much too vent'rous  
 In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd  
 Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief  
 Comes through commissions, which compel from each  
 The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd  
 Without delay; and the pretence for this  
 Is nam'd, your wars in *France*. This makes bold  
 mouths;

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
 Allegiance in them; all their curses now  
 Live where their pray'rs did; and its come to pass,  
 That tractable obedience is a slave  
 To each incens'd will. I would, your Highness  
 Would give it quick consideration, for  
 ' There is no primer business.

*King.* By my life,  
 This is against our pleasure,

<sup>1</sup> In the old edition :

*There is no primer BASENESS.]*  
 The Queen is here complaining  
 of the suffering of the Com-  
 mons; which, she suspects, a-  
 rose from the abuse of power in  
 some great men. But she is ve-  
 ry reserved in speaking her  
 thoughts concerning the quality  
 of it. We may be assured then,  
 that she did not, in conclusion

call it the highest *baseness*; but  
 rather made use of a word that  
 could not offend the Cardinal,  
 and yet would incline the King  
 to give it a speedy hearing. I  
 read therefore,

*There is no primer BUSINESS.*  
*i. e.* no matter of state that more  
 earnestly presses a dispatch.

WARBURTON.



*Wol.* And for me,  
 I have no further gone in this, than by  
 A single voice; and that not past me, but  
 By learned approbation of the judges.  
 If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know  
 My faculties, nor person; yet will be  
 The chronicles of my doing; let me say,  
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
 Our necessary actions, in the fear  
<sup>2</sup> To cope malicious censurers; which ever,  
 As rav'nous fishes do a vessel follow  
 That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further  
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
<sup>3</sup> By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is  
 Not ours, or not allow'd; <sup>4</sup> what worst, as oft  
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up  
 For our best act. If we stand still, in fear  
 Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,  
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
 State-statues only.

*King.* Things done well,  
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;  
 Things done without example, in their issue  
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.  
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!  
 A trembling contribution!—why, we take

<sup>2</sup> *To cope*; to engage with; to encounter. The word is still used in some counties.

<sup>3</sup> *By sick, &c.*] The old edition reads,

*By sick interpreters (once weak ones) is*

*Not ours.*————

I do not know that the old read-

ing ought to be restored, but it may be noted.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *What worst, as oft hitting a grosser quality.*] The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions.

From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o'th' timber;  
 And though we leave it with a root, thus hackt,  
 The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry county,  
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with  
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd  
 The force of this commission. Pray, look to't;  
 I put it to your care.

*Wol.* A word with you. [To the Secretary.

Let there be letters writ to ev'ry shire,  
 Of the King's grace and pardon. The griev'd  
 commons

Hardly conceive of me, let it be nois'd,  
 That, through our intercession, this revokement  
 And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you  
 Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Queen.* I'm sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham  
 Is run in your displeasure.

*King.* It grieves many.  
 The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,  
 To nature none more bound; his training such,  
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
 And never seek for aid <sup>6</sup> out of himself.  
 Yet see, when <sup>7</sup> noble benefits shall prove  
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,  
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
 Than ever they were fair. <sup>8</sup> This man so compleat,  
 Who

<sup>5</sup> From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' th' timber:] *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the branches. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>6</sup> —out of himself.] Beyond the treasures of his own mind.

<sup>7</sup> Noble benefits—*not well disposed.*] Great gifts of nature and education, not joined with good dispositions.

<sup>8</sup> —This man so compleat, Who was enroll'd amongst wonders, and when we,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we  
 Almost with list'ning ravish'd, could not find  
 His hour of speech, a minute; he, my lady,  
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
 That once were his; and is become as black,  
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us, you shall hear  
 (This was his gentleman in trust) of him  
 Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount  
 The fore-recited practices, whereof  
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate, what you,  
 Most like a careful subject, have collected  
 Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

*King.* Speak freely.

*Surv.* First; it was usual with him, ev'ry day  
 It would infect his speech, that if the King  
 Should without issue die, he'd carry it so  
 To make the scepter his. These very words  
 I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
 Lord *Aberga'ny*, to whom by oath he menac'd  
 Revenge upon the Cardinal.

*Wol.* Please your Highness, note  
 ' This dangerous conception in this point.

*Almost with list'ning ravish'd,  
 could not find*

*His hour of speech, a minute;  
 he, my lady, &c.]* This  
 sentence is broken and con-  
 fused, though, with the allow-  
 ances always to be made to  
 our authour, it may be under-  
 stood. Yet it may be proper to  
 examine the old edition, which  
 gives it thus:

— and when we,

*Almost with ravish'd list'ning—*  
 I know not whether we may not  
 read,

— this man

*Who was enroll'd with wonder,  
 and whom we*

*Almost were ravish'd listening,  
 could not find*

*His hour of speech a minute.*

To listen a man, for, to hearken  
 to him, is commonly used by our  
 authour. So by *Milton*,

*I listen'd them a while.*

I do not rate my conjecture at  
 much; but as the common read-  
 ing is without authority, some-  
 thing may be tried. Perhaps  
 the passage is best as it was ori-  
 ginally published.

' *This dangerous conception in  
 this point.]* Note this partic-  
 ular part of this dangerous de-  
 sign.



Not friended by his wish to your high person,  
His will is most malignant, and it stretches  
Beyond you to your friends.

*Queen.* My learn'd Lord Cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*King.* Speak on.

How grounded he his title to the crown,  
Upon our fail? To this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak aught?

*Surv.* He was brought to this,

'By a vain prophesy of *Nicholas Hopkins*.

*King.* What was that *Hopkins*?

*Surv.* Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,

His confessor, who fed him every minute  
With words of Sov'reignty.

*King.* How know'st thou this?

*Surv.* Not long before your highness sped to *France*,  
The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the parish  
St. *Lawrence Poultney*, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the *Londoners*  
Concerning the *French* journey? I reply'd,  
Men fear'd, the *French* would prove perfidious,  
To the King's danger. Presently the Duke  
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,  
'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy Monk; that oft, says he,  
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
*John de la Court*, my Chaplain, a choice hour

' In former editions :

By a vain Prophecy of *Nicholas HENTON*.] We heard before, from *Brandon*, of one *Nicholas Hopkins*; and now his Name is changed into *Henton*; so that *Brandon* and the Surveyor seem to be n two Stories. There is, however, but one and the same Person meant, *Hopkins*; as I have restored it in the Text, for Perspicuity's Sake: yet will it

not be any Difficulty to account for the other Name, when we come to consider, that he was a Monk of the Convent, call'd *Henton*, near *Bristol*. So both *Hall* and *Holinghead* acquaint us. And he might, according to the Custom of those Times, be call'd *Nicholas of Henton*, from the Place; as *Hopkins*, from his Family.

THEOBALD.

To

To hear from him a matter of some moment;  
Whom after <sup>2</sup> under the Confession's seal  
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,  
My Chaplain to no creature living, but  
To me, should utter; with demure confidence,  
Thus pausingly ensu'd;—Neither the King, nor's heirs  
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper; bid him strive  
To gain the love o' th' commonalty; the Duke  
Shall govern *England*. —

*Queen*. If I know you well,  
You were the Duke's Surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o' th' tenants. Take good heed,  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;  
Yes, heartily I beseech you.

*King*. Let him on.  
—Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' devil's illusions  
The Monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous  
For him to ruminat on this, until  
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,  
It was much like to do: he answer'd, *Tush*,  
*It can do me no damage*. Adding further,  
That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,  
The Cardinal's and Sir *Thomas Lovell's* heads  
Should have gone off.

<sup>2</sup> — under the Commission's  
Seal

*He solemnly had sworn.*] So  
all the Editions down from the  
very Beginning. But, what *Com-  
mission's Seal*? That is a Que-  
stion, I dare say, none of our di-  
ligent Editors ever ask'd them-  
selves. The Text must be re-  
stored, as I have corrected it;  
and honest *Holinghead*, from

whom our Author took the Sub-  
stance of this Passage, may be  
call'd in as a Testimony.—  
“The Duke in Talk told the  
“*Monk*, that he had done very  
“well to bind his Chaplain,  
“*John de la Court*, under the  
“Seal of *Confession*, to keep se-  
“cret such Matter.” *Vid. Life*  
of *Henry VIII.* p. 863.

THEOBALD.  
*King*.

*King.* Ha! what <sup>3</sup> so rank? ah, ha——  
There's mischief in this man. Canst thou say further?

*Surv.* I can, my Liege,

*King.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at *Greenwich*,

After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke  
About Sir *William Blomer*——

*King.* I remember  
Of such a time. He being my sworn servant,  
The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

*Surv.* If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,  
As to the *Tower*, I thought; I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
Th' usurper *Richard*, who, being at *Salisbury*,  
Made suit to come in's presence; which, if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him.

*King.* A giant traitor!

*Wol.* Now, Madam, may his Highness live in  
freedom,  
And this man out of prison?

*Queen.* God mend all!

*King.* There's something more would out of thee;  
what say'st?

*Surv.* After the Duke his father with the knife,—  
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour  
Was, were he evil-us'd, he would out-go  
His father, by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

*King.* There's his period,  
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;  
Call him to present trial; if he may

<sup>3</sup> —so rank.] Rank weeds, says the King, was he advanced  
are weeds that are grown up to to this pitch?  
great height and strength. What,



Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,  
Let him not seek't of us. By day and night,  
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.*

*Cham.* <sup>4</sup> **I** S't possible, the spells of France should  
juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?

*Sands.* New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

<sup>4</sup> *Is't possible, the spells of France should juggle*

*Men into such strange MYSTERIES?*]

These *mysteries* were the fantastic court-fashions. He says they were occasioned by the spells of France. Now it was the opinion of the common people, that conjurers, jugglers, &c. with spells and charms could force men to commit idle fantastic actions; and change even their shapes to something ridiculous and grotesque. To this superstition the poet alludes, who, therefore, we must think, wrote the second line thus,

*Men into such strange MOCKERIES:*

A word well expressive of the whimsical fashions here complained of. Sir Thomas More, speaking of this very matter at the same time, says,

*Ut more SIMILÆ laboret fingere*

*Et æmulari Gallicas ineptias.*

But the Oxford Editor, with-

out regard to the metaphor, but in order to improve on the emendation, reads *mimick'ries*; not considering neither that whatsoever any thing is changed or juggled into by spells, must have a passive signification, as *mockeries*, [i. e. visible figures] not an active, as *mimick'ries*.

WARBURTON.

I do not deny this note to be plausible, but am in doubt whether it be right. I believe the explanation of the word *mysteries* will spare us the trouble of trying experiments of emendation. *Mysteries* were allegorical shews, which the *munners* of those times exhibited in odd and fantastic habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries*; and the sense is only, that the travelled *Englishmen* were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, into such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *munners* in a mystery.

*Cham.*

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our *English*  
 Have got by the last voyage, is but merely  
 \* A fit or two o'th'face, but they are shrewd ones,  
 For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly  
 Their very noses had been counsellors  
 To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep state so.

*Sands.* They've all new legs, and lame ones; one  
 would take it,  
 That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin  
 And spring-halt reign'd among 'em.

*Cham.* Death! my Lord.  
 Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,  
 That, sure, they've worn out christendom. How now?  
 What news, Sir *Thomas Lovell*?

*Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.*

*Lov.* Faith, my Lord,  
 I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
 That's clap'd upon the court-gate.

*Cham.* What is't for?

*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
 That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*Cham.* I'm glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our  
 Monfieurs  
 To think an *English* courtier may be wise,  
 And never see the *Louvre*.

*Lov.* They must either  
 (For so run the conditions) leave those remnants  
 Of fool and feather, that they got in *France*,  
 With all their honourable points of ignorance  
 Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works,  
 Abusing better men than they can be,  
 Out of a foreign wisdom, clean renouncing  
 The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
 Short bolster'd breeches, and those types of travel;  
 And understand again like honest men,

\* *A fit or two o'th'face*,—] A we now term a *grimace*, an arti-  
 ficial cast of the countenance.

Or pack to their old play-fellows; there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*Sands.* 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases  
Are grown so catching.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities?

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, Lords; the fly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down Ladies.

A *French* song and a fiddle has no fellow.

*Sands.* The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad, they're  
going,

For, sure, there's no converting 'em. Now, Sirs,  
An honest country Lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,  
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,  
Held current musick too.

*Cham.* Well said; Lord *Sands*;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?

*Sands.* No, my Lord,  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir *Thomas*,  
Whither are you going?

*Lov.* To the Cardinal's;  
Your Lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* O, 'tis true;  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be  
The beauty of this Kingdom, I'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind in-  
deed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,  
His dew falls ev'ry where.

*Cham.* No doubt he's noble;  
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

*Sands.* He may, my Lord, h'as wherewithal; in  
him,



Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine.  
Men of his way should be most liberal,  
They're set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so;

But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;  
Your Lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else, which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.* I'am your Lordship's. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to York-House.*

*Hautboys.* A small table under a state for the Cardinal,  
a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen,  
and divers other ladies and gentlewomen, as guests, at  
one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.

*Guil.* Ladies, a gen'ral welcome from his Grace  
L Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates  
To fair content and you; none here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her  
One care abroad; he would have all as merry  
As first, good company, then good wine, good wel-  
come,  
Can make good people.

<sup>5</sup> — noble bevy.] Milton  
has copied this word:

*A bevy of fair dames.*

<sup>6</sup> As, first, good Company, good  
wine, &c.] As this Passage  
has been all along pointed, Sir  
Henry Guilford is made to include  
all these under the first Article;  
and then gives us the Drop as to  
what should follow. The Poet,  
I am persuaded, wrote;

*As first-good Company, good  
Wine, good Welcome, &c.*

i. e. he wou'd have you as merry  
as these three Things can make  
you, the best Company in the  
Land, of the best Rank, good  
Wine, &c. THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hawmer has mended it  
more commodiously:

*As first, good company, then,  
good wine, &c.*

*Enter*

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.*

O my Lord, y'are tardy ;  
The very thoughts of this fair company  
Clap'd wings to me.

*Cham.* You're young, Sir *Harry Guilford*.

*Sands.* Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinal  
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet, ere they rested,  
I think, would better please 'em. By my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

*Lov.* O, that your Lordship were but now confessor  
To one or two of these.

*Sands.* I would, I were ;  
They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* 'Faith, how easy ?

*Sands.* As easy, as a down-bed would afford it.

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? Sir *Harry*,  
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this.  
His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze,  
Two women, placed together, make cold weather.  
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em waking ;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,  
And thank your Lordship. By your leave, sweet la-  
dies—— [Sits.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me,  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, Sir ?

*Sands.* O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too ;  
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,  
He'd kiss you twenty with a breath. [Kisses her.

*Cham.* Well said, my Lord.  
So, now y'are fairly seated. Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.*

*Sands.* For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

*Wol.* Y'are welcome, my fair guefts. That noble lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend. This, to confirm me welcome;  
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*]

*Sands.* Your Grace is noble.  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My Lord *Sands*,  
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour.  
—Ladies, you are not merry.—Gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my Lord, then we shall have 'em  
Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You're a merry gamester,  
My Lord *Sands*.

*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play.  
Here's to your Ladyship, and pledge it, Madam,  
For 'tis to such a thing —

*Anne.* You cannot shew me.

*Sands.* I told your Grace, that they would talk anon.  
[*Drum and trumpets, chambers discharg'd.*]

*Wol.* What's that?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of ye.

*Wol.* What warlike voice,  
And to what end is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;  
By all the laws of war y'are privileg'd.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Cham.* How now? What is't?

*Serv.* A noble troop of strangers,

VOL. V.

D d

For



For so they seem; they have left their barge and  
landed,

And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign Princes.

*Wol.* Good Lord Chamberlain,

Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the *French*  
tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em  
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him,

[*All arise, and tables removed.*]

—You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all; and, once more,  
I show'r a welcome on ye. Welcome all.

*Hautboys.* Enter King and others as Maskers, habited  
like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain.  
They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully  
salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

*Cham.* Because they speak no *English*, thus they  
pray'd

To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with 'em.

*Wol.* Say, Lord Chamberlain,

They've done my poor house grace, for which I  
pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*Chuses ladies, King and Anne Bullen.*]

*King.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,  
'Till now I never knew thee.

[*Musick. Dance.*]

*Wol.* My Lord, ———

*Wol.*

*Wol.* [To *Cham.* *aside.*] Pray tell 'em thus much from me:

There should be one amongst 'em by his person  
More worthy this place than myself, to whom;  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty,  
I would surrender it.

*Cham.* I will, my Lord.

[*Cham.* goes to the company and returns.

*Wol.* What say they?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is, indeed; which they would have your Grace  
Find out, and he will <sup>7</sup> take it.

*Wol.* Let me see then.

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make  
My royal choice.

*King.* You've found him, Cardinal,  
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, Lord,  
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,  
I should judge now <sup>8</sup> unhappily.

*Wol.* I'm glad,  
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

*King.* My Lord Chamberlain,  
Pry'thee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

*Cham.* An't please your Grace, Sir *Thomas Bullen's*  
daughter,  
The Viscount *Rochford*, one of her Highness' women.

*King.* By heaven, she's a dainty one. Sweet heart,  
I were unmannerly to take you out, [To *Anne Bullen.*  
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen —  
Let it go round.

*Wol.* Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the banquet ready  
I'th' privy chamber?

*ov.* Yes, my Lord.

*Wol.* Your Grace,  
I fear with dancing is a little heated.

<sup>7</sup> Take it, that is take the chief place.      <sup>8</sup> Unhappily, that is, unluckily; mischievously.

*King.* I fear, too much.

*Wol.* There's fresher air, my Lord,  
In the next chamber.

*King.* Lead in your ladies every one. Sweet partner,  
I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry;  
Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead them once again; and then let's dream  
Who's best in favour. Let the musick knock it.

[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

### A STREET.

*Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.*

I GENTLEMAN.

**W**HITHER away so fast?

*2 Gen.* O Sir, God save ye:  
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great Duke of *Buckingham*.

*1 Gen.* I'll save you  
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the Ceremony  
Of bringing back the pris'ner.

*2 Gen.* Were you there?

*1 Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I.

*2 Gen.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

*1 Gen.* You may guess quickly, what.

*2 Gen.* Is he found guilty?

*1 Gen.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

*2 Gen.* I'm sorry for't.

*1 Gen.* So are a number more.

*2 Gen.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

*1 Gen.*



1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke  
 Came to the Bar; where, to his Accusations,  
 He pleaded still not guilty; and alleg'd  
 Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
 The King's Attorney, on the contrary,  
 Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confessions  
 Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd  
 To have brought *vivâ voce* to his Face;  
 At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor,  
 Sir *Gilbert Peck* his chancellor, and *John Court*  
 Confessor to him, with that devil-Monk  
*Hopkins*, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he,  
 That fed him with his prophecies.

1 Gen. The same.  
 All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain  
 Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could  
 not:

And so his Peers upon this evidence  
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
 He spoke, and learnedly for life; but all  
 Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to th' bar, to  
 hear  
 His knell rung out, his Judgment, he was stirr'd  
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely;  
 And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty;  
 But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
 In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think, he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure, he does not,  
 He never was so womanish; the cause  
 He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,  
 The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,  
 By all conjectures. First, *Kildare's* attainder,

Then Deputy of *Ireland*; who remov'd,  
Earl *Surrey* was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gen.* That trick of state  
Was a deep, envious one.

1 *Gen.* At his return,  
No doubt, he will requite it; this is noted,  
And, gen'rally, who-ever the King favours,  
The Cardinal instantly will find employment for,  
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gen.* All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o'my conscience,  
Wish him ten fathom deep; this Duke as much  
They love and doat on, call him bounteous *Buckingham*,  
The Mirror of all courtesy.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, (Tipstaves  
before him, the Axe with the edge toward him. Hal-  
berds on each side) accompanied with Sir Thomas  
Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands,  
and common People, &c.*

1 *Gen.* Stay there, Sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd Man you speak of.

2 *Gen.* Let's stand close and behold him.

*Buck.* All good People,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me:  
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die; yet, heav'n bear witness,  
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.  
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,  
'T has done, upon the premises, but Justice:  
But those that fought it, I could wish more Christians;  
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;

Yet

Yet let 'em look, they glory not in mischief ;  
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;  
 For then, my guiltless blood must cry 'gainst 'em.  
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
 Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies  
 More than I dare make faults. ' Ye few, that lov'd me,  
 And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,  
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave  
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
 Go with me, like good Angels, to my end :  
 And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
 And lift my soul to heav'n—Lead on, o'God's name.

*Lov.* I do beseech your Grace for charity,  
 If ever any malice in your heart  
 Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you,  
 As I would be forgiven ; I forgive all.

There cannot be those numberless offences  
 'Gainst me, I can't take peace with : ' no black envy  
 Shall

<sup>9</sup> *Ye few, that loved me, &c.]*  
 These lines are remarkably tender and pathetick

<sup>1</sup> —no black envy

*Shall* MAKE my grave.—— ]  
 The sense of this is, that envy should not procure or advance his death. But this is not what he would say ; he believed the Cardinal's envy did procure his death. He is speaking not of another's envy, but his own. And his thought is, that he would not be remembered for an implacable unforgiving temper. We should read therefore,

——no black envy

*Shall* MARK my grave.——  
 alluding to the old custom of marking good or ill, by a white

or black stone. *WARBURTON.*

*Dr. Warburton* has with good judgment observed the error, but has not, I think, very happily corrected it. I do not see how the envy of those that are buried can mark the grave. In reading the lines I cannot but suspect that two words, as it may naturally happen, have changed places.

*There cannot be those numberless offences*

'Gainst me, I can't take peace with : no black envy

*Shall* make my grave.——  
 I would read thus :

*There cannot be those numberless offences*

D d 4

'Gainst



Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his Grace ;  
 And, if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,  
 You met him half in heav'n ; my vows and pray'rs  
 Yet are the King's ; and, 'till my soul forsake me,  
 Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live  
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !  
 Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be !  
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
 Goodness, and he fill up one monument !

*Lov.* To th'water-side I must conduct your Grace,  
 Then give my charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,  
 Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there,  
 The Duke is coming. See, the barge be ready,  
 And fit it with such furniture as suits  
 The greatness of his Person.

*Buck.* Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,  
 Let it alone ; my state now but will mock me.  
 When I came hither, I was Lord high Constable,  
 And Duke of *Buckingham* ; now, poor *Edward Bobun* ;  
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
 That never knew what truth meant ; \* I now seal it ;  
 And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan  
 for't.

My noble father, *Henry of Buckingham*,  
 Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard*,  
 Flying for succour to his servant *Banister*,  
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
 And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !  
*Henry the Seventh* succeeding, truly pitying  
 My father's loss, like a most royal Prince

'Gainst me, I can't make peace  
 with, no black envy  
 Shall take my grave.  
 To take in this place is to blast,  
 to strike with malignant influence.  
 So in *Lear*,

—Strike her young limbs  
 Ye taking airs with lameness.

So in *Hamlet*,  
 ———No spirit dares walk a  
 broad,

No planet takes. ———  
 \* I now seal it, &c.] I now  
 seal my truth, my loyalty, with  
 blood, which blood shall one  
 day make them groan.

Restor'd to me my honours; and, from ruins,  
 Made my name, once more, noble. Now his son,  
*Henry* the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And must needs say, a noble one, which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father;  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most.  
 A most unnatural and faithless service!  
 Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain;  
 Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,  
 Be sure, you be not loose; those you make friends,  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again,  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me! I must leave ye; the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
 Farewel; and when you would say something sad,  
 Speak, how I fell—I've done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,  
 That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the Duke be guiltless,  
 'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling  
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
 Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!  
 What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
 \* A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;  
 I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;

\* *Strong faith* is great fidelity.

You shall, Sir: Did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing of a separation  
Between the King and *Cath'rine*?

1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not;  
For when the King once heard it, out of anger  
He sent command to the Lord Mayor strait  
To stop the rumour; and allay those tongues,  
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gen.* But that slander, Sir,  
Is found a truth now; for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain,  
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
To the good Queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her; to confirm this too,  
Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,  
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the Cardinal;  
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The Arch-bishoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gen.* I think, you've hit the mark; but is't not  
cruel,  
That she should feel the smart of this? The Cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis woful.  
We are too open here to argue this:  
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain reading a letter.

*MY* Lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all  
the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and  
furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the  
best



*best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power took 'em from me, with this reason; his master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the King, which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.*

I fear, he will, indeed. Well, let him have them; He will have all, I think.

*Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.*

*Nor.* Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good day to both your Graces.

*Suf.* How is the King employ'd?

*Cham.* I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.* What's the cause?

*Cham.* It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.

*Suf.* No, his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.

*Nor.* 'Tis so;  
This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal!  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he lists. The King will know him one  
day.

*Suf.* Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his businés,  
And with what zeal? for now he has crackt the league  
'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,  
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters  
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage;  
And out of all these, to restore the King,  
He counsels a divorce; a loss of Her,  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

Of her, that loves him with that excellence,  
That angels love good men with; even of her,  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the King. And is not this course pious?

*Cham.* Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis  
most true,

These news are ev'ry where; ev'ry tongue speaks 'em,  
And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All, that dare  
Look into these affairs, see his main end,  
The *French King's* sister. Heav'n will one day open  
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold, bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray, and heartily, for de-  
liv'rance;

Or this imperious man will work us all

<sup>2</sup> From princes into pages; all men's honours  
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd

<sup>3</sup> Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my Lords,

I love him not, nor fear him, there's my Creed;  
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
If the King please; his curses and his blessings  
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.  
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him  
To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

*Nor.* Let's in.

And with some other business put the King

<sup>2</sup> *From princes into pages.*] This may allude to the retinue of the Cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants.

<sup>3</sup> *Into what PITCH he please.*] Here is a strange dissonance in the metaphor, which is taken from unbaked dough. I read,

*Into what PINCH he please.*

*i. e.* into what shape he please.

WARBURTON.

I do not think this emendation necessary, let the allusion be to what it will. The mass must be fashioned into *pitch*, or height as well as into particular form. The meaning is, that the Cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low.

From

From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon  
him ;

—My Lord, you'll bear us company ?

*Cham.* Excuse me,

The King hath sent me other-where ; besides

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.

Health to your Lordships. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*Nor.* Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

S C E N E IV.

*The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively.*

*Suf.* How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

*King.* Who's there ? ha ?

*Nor.* Pray God, he be not angry.

*King.* Who's there, I say ? how dare you thrust  
yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

*Nor.* A gracious King, that pardons all offences,  
Malice ne'er meant. Our breach of duty this way,  
Is business of estate ; in which we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*King.* Ye are too bold ;

Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business.

Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha ?

*Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legate, with  
a Commission.*

Who's there ? my good Lord Cardinal ?—O my  
*Wolsey,*

The quiet of my wounded conscience !

Thou art a cure fit for a King.—You're welcome,

[*To Campeius.*]

Most learned rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom ;

Use



Use us, and it. My good Lord, <sup>4</sup> have great care  
I be not found a talker. [To Wolsey.]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your Grace would give us but an hour  
Of private Conf'rence.

King. We are busy; go. [To Norf. and Suff.]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him!

Suf. Not to speak of:

I would not be <sup>\*</sup> so sick though, for his place.  
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,  
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.]

Wol. Your Grace has giv'n a precedent of wisdom  
Above all Princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:  
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?  
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,  
Must now confess, if he have any goodness,  
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,  
Have their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgment,  
Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,  
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;  
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him wel-  
come,

And thank the holy Conclave for their loves;  
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers'  
loves,

You are so noble. To your Highness' hand  
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,

<sup>4</sup> ——— have great care that my professors of welcome be  
I be not found a talker.] I take not found empty talk.  
the meaning to be, Let care be <sup>\*</sup> —so sick though.] That is,  
taken that my promise be performed, so sick as he is proud.

The court of *Rome* commanding, you, my Lord  
Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me, their servant,  
In the impartial judging of this business.

*King.* Two equal men. The Queen shall be ac-  
quainted  
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?

*Wol.* I know, your Majesty has always lov'd her  
So dear in heart, not to deny her what  
A woman of less place might ask by law;  
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

*King.* Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my  
favour  
To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Pr'ythee, call *Gardiner* to me, my new secretary,  
I find him a fit fellow.

*Cardinal goes out, and re-enters with Gardiner.*

*Wol.* Give me your hand; much joy and favour to  
you;  
You are the King's now.

*Gard.* But to be commanded  
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

*King.* Come hither, *Gardiner*. [*Walks and whispers.*]

*Cam.* My Lord of *York*, was not one Doctor *Pace*  
In this man's place before him?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man?

*Wol.* Yes surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then  
Ev'n of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

*Wol.* How! of me?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;  
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
'Kept him a foreign man still, which so griev'd him,  
That he ran mad and dy'd.

<sup>5</sup> Kept him a foreign man still.] fence, employed in foreign em-  
bassies. Kept him out of the King's pre-

*Wol.*

*Wol.* Heav'n's peace be with him !  
That's christian care enough. For living murmurers,  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,  
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment ;  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*King.* Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*

The most convenient place that I can think of,  
For such receipt of learning, is *Black-Friars* ;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.  
My *Wolfsey*, see it furnish'd. O my Lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow ? but, conscience ! conscience !  
O, 'tis a tender place, and must I leave her. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E V.

[*An Antechamber of the Queen's Apartments.*

*Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady*

*Anne.* NOT for that neither—here's the pang that  
pinches.

His Highness having liv'd so long with her, and she  
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her, (by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing) oh, now after  
So many courses of the sun, enthron'd,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,  
The which to leave 's a thousand-fold more bitter  
Than sweet at first t'acquire ; after this process,  
To give her the avant ! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

<sup>6</sup> *To give her the avant !]* To to pronounce against her a sen-  
send her away contemptuously ; tence of ejection.



*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* In God's will; better  
She ne'er had known pomp; though 't be temporal,  
' Yet if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging  
As soul and body's sev'ring.

*Old L.* Ah! poor lady,  
She's \* stranger now again.

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her; verily,  
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old L.* Our content  
Is <sup>s</sup> our best Having.

*Anne.* By my troth and maidenhead,  
I would not be a Queen.

*Old L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypoc'ry;  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty,  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts,

*Yet if that quarrel, Fortune,—*] He calls Fortune a  
*quarrel* or arrow, from her strik-  
ing so deep and suddenly. *Quar-*  
*rel* was a large arrow so called.  
Thus *Fairfax*

*—T'rang'd the string, out flew  
the quarrel long.*

WARBURTON.

Such is Dr. *Warburton's* inter-  
pretation. Sir *Thomas Hamner*  
reads,

*That quarreller Fortune.*

I think the poet may be easily

supposed to use *quarrel* for *quar-*  
*reller*, as *murder* for *murderer*, the  
act for the agent.

\* *—stranger now again.*] A-  
gain an alien; not only no long-  
er Queen, but no longer an Eng-  
lishwoman.

<sup>s</sup> *—our best Having.*] That  
is, our best *possession*. So in *Mac-*  
*beth*,

*—Promises  
Of noble having and of royal hope.  
In Spanish, hacienda.*

Saving your mincing, the capacity  
Of your soft \* cheveril conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth——

*Old L.* Yes, troth and troth, you would not be a Queen?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

*Old L.* 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would  
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it. But I pray you,  
What think you of a Dutchess? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made; † pluck off a little.  
I would not be a young Count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to. If your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How do you talk!

I swear again, I would not be a Queen  
For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little *England*  
° You'd venture an emballing: I myself  
Would for *Carnarvonshire*, though there belong'd  
No more to th' Crown but that. Lo, who comes  
here?

*Enter Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, ladies; what were't worth to  
know

The secret of your conf'rence?

*Anne.* My good Lord,  
Not your demand; it values not your asking:  
Our mistrefs' sorrows we were pitying.

\* *Cheveril*, is kid's skin, soft  
leather.

† *Pluck off a little.* ] What  
must she pluck off? I think we  
may better read,

——*pluck up a little.*

*Pluck up!* is an idiomatical ex-  
pression for *take courage*.

° *You'd venture in emballing.* ]  
You would venture to be distin-  
guished by the *ball*, the ensign  
of royalty.

*Cham.*

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women: there is hope,  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now I pray God, amen!

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, an high note's  
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majesty  
Commends his good opinion to you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of *Pembroke*; to which title  
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know  
What kind of my obedience I should tender.  
<sup>1</sup> More than my all, is nothing; nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wishes  
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your Lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness;  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,  
<sup>2</sup> I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit,  
The King hath of you.—I've perus'd her well;  
Beauty and honour are in her so mingled, [*Aside.*  
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,  
But from this lady may proceed <sup>3</sup> a Gem,

<sup>1</sup> *More than my all, is nothing:* ]  
No figure can free this expression  
from nonsense. In spite of the  
exactness of measure, we should  
read,

*More than my all, WHICH IS  
nothing,*

i. e. which all is nothing.

WARBURTON.

It is not nonsense, but only  
an hyperbole. Not only my *all*  
*is nothing*, but if my all were more

than it is, it were still nothing.

<sup>2</sup> *I shall not fail, &c.]* I shall  
not omit to strengthen, by my  
commendation, the opinion which  
the King has formed.

<sup>3</sup> ————— a Gem

*To lighten all this isle?—]*

Perhaps alluding to the *carbuncle*,  
a gem supposed to have intrinsic  
light, and to shine in the dark;  
any other gem may reflect light,  
but cannot give it.



To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the King,  
And say, I spoke with you. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*Anne.* My honour'd Lord.

*Old L.* Why, this it is: see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could  
Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,  
For any suit of pounds; and you, oh fate!  
A very fresh fish here; fy, fy upon  
This compell'd fortune, have your mouth fill'd up,  
Before you open it.

*Anne.* This is strange to me.

*Old L.* How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.  
There was a lady once ('tis an old story)  
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in *Egypt*. Have you heard it?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.* With your theme, I could  
O'er-mount the lark. The Marchioness of *Pembroke*!  
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!  
No other Obligation! By my life,  
That promises more thousands; honour's train  
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,  
I know, your back will bear a Dutches. Say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.* Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me  
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence; pray, do not deliver  
What here y'ave heard, to her.

*Old L.* What do you think me?— [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

## S C E N E VI.

*Changes to Black-Fryars.*

*Trumpets, \* Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver Wands; next them, two Scribes in the habits of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver Cross; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a serjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two gentlemen, bearing two great silver <sup>4</sup>pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court, in manner of a Consistory; below them, the scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

*Wol.* **W** Hilft our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*King.* What's the need?

It hath already publickly been read,  
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;  
You may then spare that time.

*Wol.* Be't so; proceed.

\* *Sennet.*] I know not the meaning of this word, which is in all the editions, except that *Hammer*, not understanding it, has left it out. It should probably be *Seneschals*.

<sup>4</sup> Pillars were some of the en-

signs of dignity carried before cardinals. *Sir Thomas More*, when he was speaker to the Commons, advised them to admit *Wolsey* into the house with his maces and his pillars.

*More's Life of Sir T. More*

*Scribe.* Say, *Henry King of England*, come into the Court.

*Crier.* *Henry King of England*, &c.

*King.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, *Catharine Queen of England*, Come into the Court.

*Crier.* *Catharine, Queen of England*, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the Court; comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

*Queen.* Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;  
And to bestow your pity on me; for  
I am a most poor Woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions; having here  
No judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,  
In what have I offended you? what cause  
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,  
I've been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable,  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike;  
Yea, subject to your count'nance, glad or sorry,  
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,  
I ever contradicted your desire?  
Or made it not mine too? which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,  
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? <sup>5</sup> nay, gave not notice  
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind,  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,

<sup>5</sup> In former editions :  
—*nay, gave notice*] Which,  
though the authour's common  
liberties of speech might justify,  
yet I cannot but think that *not*

was dropped before *notice*, having  
the same letters, and have there-  
fore followed Sir *Thomas Han-*  
*mer's* correction.



Upward of twenty years; and have been blest  
 With many children by you; if in the course  
 And process of this time you can report,  
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
 My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,  
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
 Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt  
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
 To th' sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,  
 The King your father was reputed for  
 A Prince most prudent, of an excellent  
 And unmatched wit and judgment. *Ferdinand*  
 My father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one  
 The wisest Prince that there had reign'd by many  
 A year before. It is not to be question'd,  
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them,  
 Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this business,  
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,  
 Sir, I beseech you, spare me, 'till I may  
 Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counsel  
 I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God,  
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

*Wol.* You have here, lady,  
 And of your choice, these rev'rend fathers, men  
 Of singular integrity and learning:  
 Yea, the elect o'th'land, who are assembled  
 To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,  
 That longer you defer the Court, as well  
 For your own quiet, as to rectify  
 What is unsettled in the King.

*Cam.* His Grace  
 Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, Madam,  
 It's fit this royal Session do proceed;  
 And that without delay their arguments  
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

*Queen.* Lord Cardinal,  
 To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, Madam?

*Queen.* Sir,

I am about to weep; but thinking that  
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so; certain,  
The daughter of a King; my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet——

*Queen.* I will, when you are humble: nay, before.—  
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy, <sup>6</sup> and make my challenge,  
You shall not be my judge. For it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my Lord and me,  
Which God's dew quench! therefore, I say again,  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.* I do profess,

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.  
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice  
For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,  
Or how far further shall, is warranted  
By a Commission from the Consistory,  
Yea, the whole Consist'ry of *Rome*. You charge me,  
That I have blown this coal; I do deny it;  
The King is present; if't be known to him  
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much  
As you have done my truth. But if he know  
That I am free of your report, he knows,

<sup>6</sup> ——and make my challenge,  
*You shall not be my judge.* ]  
Challenge is here a *verbum juris*,  
a law term. The criminal, when  
he refuses a juryman, says, *I*  
challenge *him*. I think there is  
a slight error which destroys the

connection, and would read,  
*Induc'd by potent circumstances,*  
*that*  
*You are mine enemy, I make my*  
*challenge.*  
—*You shall not be my judge.*

I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to  
Remove these thoughts from you. The which before  
His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking;  
And to say so no more.

*Queen.* My Lord, my Lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
T'oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-  
mouth'd;

<sup>7</sup> You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
With meekness and humility; but your heart  
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
You have by fortune, and his Highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now<sup>8</sup> are mounted,  
Where Pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,  
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your person's honour, than  
Your high profession spiritual; that again  
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,  
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness;  
And to be judg'd by him.

*[She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.]*

*Cam.* The Queen is obstinate,  
Stubborn to justice, apt t'accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.  
She's going away.

<sup>7</sup> You sign your place and calling,— ] Sign, for answer.

WARBURTON.  
I think, to sign must here be  
to show, to denote. By your out-  
ward meekness and humility you  
show that you are of an holy order  
but, &c.

<sup>8</sup> — You are mounted,  
Where Pow'rs are your retain-  
ers; and your words,

*Domesticks to you, serve your will.]* You have now got  
power at your back, following  
in your retinue; and words there-  
fore are degraded to the servile  
state of performing any office  
which you shall give them. In  
humbler and more common  
terms; Having now got power  
you do not regard your word.

*King.*



*King.* Call her again.

*Crier.* *Catharine*, Queen of *England*, come into the Court.

*Usher.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Queen.* What need you note it? Pray you, keep your way.

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,  
They vex me past my patience!—Pray you, pass on.  
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more  
Upon this business my appearance make  
In any of their Courts.

[*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*]

S C E N E V I I.

*King.* Go thy ways, *Kate*;  
That man i'th' world who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,  
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
Sov'reign and pious else, <sup>9</sup> could speak thee out,  
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born;  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself tow'rds me.

*Wol.* Most gracious Sir,  
In humblest manner I require your Highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears, (for where I'm robb'd and bound,  
There must I be unloos'd; <sup>1</sup> although not there

At

<sup>9</sup>— could speak thee out] If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise.

<sup>1</sup>—although not there

AT ONCE, and fully satisfied:—] What he aims

at is this; where I am robbed and bound, there must I be unloosed, though the injurers be not there to make me satisfaction: as much as to say, I owe so much to my own innocence,

At once, and fully satisfy'd) if I  
 Did broach this business to your Highness, or  
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
 Induce you to the question on't, or ever  
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
 A royal lady, spake one the least word,  
 That might be prejudice of her present state,  
 Or touch of her good person?

*King.* My Lord Cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,  
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught,  
 That you have many enemies, that know not  
 Why they are so; but, like the village curs,  
 Bark when their fellows do; by some of these  
 The Queen is put in anger. Y'are excus'd;  
 But will you be more justify'd? you ever  
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never  
 Desir'd it to be stir'd, but oft have hindred  
 The passages made tow'rds it.—<sup>2</sup> On my honour,  
 I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point;  
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't—  
 I will be bold with time and your attention.—  
 Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came—give  
 heed to't—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,  
<sup>3</sup> Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd

as to clear up my character, tho'  
 I do not expect my wrongers will  
 do me justice. It seems then  
 that *Shakespeare* wrote,

ATON'D, and fully satisfy'd.—

WARBURTON.

I do not see what is gained by  
 this alteration. The sense, which  
 is incumbered with words in ei-  
 ther reading, is no more than  
 this. I must be *loosed*, though  
 when so *loosed* I shall not be *sa-*  
*tisfy'd* fully and *at once*; that is,  
 I shall not be *immediately* satisfied.

<sup>2</sup> ———on my Honour,

*I speak my good Lord Cardinal  
 to this Point]* The *King*,

having first addressed to *Wolsey*,  
 breaks off: and declares upon  
 his Honour to the whole Court,  
 that he speaks the *Cardinal's* Sen-  
 timents upon the Point in ques-  
 tion; and clears him from any  
 Attempt, or Wish, to stir that  
 Business.

THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> *Scruple, and prick,*] Prick  
 of conscience was the term in  
 confession.

By th'bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* ambaffador ;  
 Who had been hither sent on the debating  
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and  
 Our daughter *Mary* ; I'th' progress of this business,  
 Ere a determinate resolution, he  
 (I mean the bishop) did require a respite ;  
 Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise,  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,  
 Sometime our brother's wife. <sup>4</sup> This respite shook  
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
 The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,  
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,  
 And prest in with this caution. First, methought,  
 I stood not in the smile of heav'n, which had  
 Commanded nature, that my Lady's womb,  
 If it conceiv'd a male-child by me, should  
 Do no more offices of life to't, than  
 The grave does to the dead ; for her male-issure  
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
 This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,  
 This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,  
 Well worthy the best heir o'th'world, should not  
 Be gladdened in't by me. Then follows, that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me  
 Many a groaning throe. Thus <sup>5</sup> hulling in

<sup>4</sup> ——— *This Respite shok*  
*The Bosom of my Conscience,]*  
 Tho' this Reading be Sense, yet,  
 I verily believe, the Poet wrote ;  
*The Bottom of my Conscience,—*  
*Shakespeare*, in all his historic I  
 Plays, was a most diligent Ob-  
 server of *Holling shed's* Chronicle. Now *Holling shed*, in the  
 Speech which he has given to  
 King *Henry* upon this Subject,  
 makes him deliver himself thus :

“ Which Words, once conceiv'd  
 “ within the secret Bottom of my  
 “ Conscience, ingendred such a  
 “ scrupulous Doubt, that my Con-  
 “ science was incontinently ac-  
 “ combred, vex'd, and disquiet-  
 “ ed.” *Vid. Life of Henry VIII.*  
 p. 907. THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *hulling in*  
*The wild sea—]* That is,  
 Floating without guidance ; tost  
 here and there.

The



The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present here together: that's to say,  
I mean to rectify my conscience, which  
I then did feel full-sick, and yet not well,  
By all the rev'rend fathers of the land  
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private  
With you, my Lord of *Lincoln*; you remember,  
How under my oppression I did reek,  
When I first mov'd you.

*Lin.* Very well, my Liege.

*King.* I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say  
How far you satisfi'd me.

*Lin.* Please your Highness,  
The question did at first so stagger me,  
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,  
And consequence of dread, that I committed  
The daring'st counsel, which I had, to doubt,  
And did intreat your Highness to this course,  
Which you are running here.

*King.* <sup>o</sup> I then mov'd you,  
My Lord of *Canterbury*; and got your leave  
To make this present summons. Unsollicited  
I left no rev'rend person in this Court,  
But by particular consent proceeded  
Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on;  
For no dislike i'th' world against the person  
Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points  
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.

<sup>o</sup> I have rescued the Text from  
*Hollingshead*.—“ I mov'd it in  
“ Confession to You, my Lord  
“ of *Lincoln*, then ghostly Fa-  
“ ther. And forasmuch as then  
“ you yourself were in some  
“ Doubt, you mov'd me to ask  
“ the Counsel of all these my  
“ Lords. Whereupon I mov'd

“ you, my Lord of *Canterbury*,  
“ first to have your *Licence*, in  
“ as much as you were Metro-  
“ politan, to put this Matter in  
“ question; and so I did of all  
“ you, my Lords.” *Hollings-*  
*head*, *ibid.* p. 923.

THEOBALD.

Prove

Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
 And kingly dignity, we are contented  
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,  
*Catharine* our Queen, before the primest creature  
 \* That's paragon'd i'th' world.

*Cam.* So please your Highness,  
 The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
 That we adjourn this Court to further day;  
 Mean while must be an earnest motion  
 Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal  
 She intends to his Holiness.

[*They rise to depart. The King speaks to Cranmer.*]

*King.* I may perceive,  
 These Cardinals trifle with me; I abhor  
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of *Rome*.  
 My learn'd and well beloved servant *Cranmer*,  
 Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,  
 My comfort comes along.—Break up the Court.  
 —I say, set on. [Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.]

\* *That's paragon'd i'th' world.*] — *The primest creature*  
*Hammer* reads, I think, better, *That's paragon o'th' world.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Queen's Apartment.**The Queen and her Women, as at Work.*

QUEEN.

TAKE thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad with troubles :  
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst : leave working.

S O N G.

ORpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing.  
To his musick, plants and flowers  
Ever sprung, as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.  
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,  
Ev'n the billows of the sea,  
Hung their Heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet musick is such art,  
Killing care, and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

*Enter a Gentleman.**Queen.* How now ?*Gent.* An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals

Wait in the presence.

*Queen.* Would they speak with me ?*Gent.* They will'd me say so, Madam.*Queen.* Pray their Graces

To come near. What can be their business

With



With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?

[Exit Messenger.

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,  
 ' They should be good men, their affairs are righteous,  
 But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter the Cardinals Wolfey and Campeius.*

*Wol.* Peace to your Highness!

*Queen.* Your Graces find me here part of a house-  
 wife,

I would be all against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend Lords?

*Wol.* May't please you, noble Madam, to with-  
 draw

Into your private chamber; we shall give you  
 The full cause of our coming.

*Queen.* Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,

Deserves a corner; 'would, all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My Lords, I care not, so much I am happy

Above a number, if my actions

Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,

<sup>2</sup> Envy and base opinion set against 'em;

I know my life so even. If your business

<sup>1</sup> *They should be good men, their affairs are righteous,*] Affairs for *professions*; and then the sense is clear and pertinent. The *proposition* is, they are priests. The *illation*, therefore they are good men; *for* being understood: But if *affairs* be interpreted in its common signification, the sentence is absurd.

WARBURTON.

The sentence has no great difficulty; *affairs* means not their *present errand*, but the *business of their calling*.

<sup>2</sup> *Envy and base opinion set against 'em.*] I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial confronted with my enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me.

Do

' Do seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
Out with it boldly. Truth loves open dealing.

*Wol. Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima,——*

*Queen.* O, good my Lord, no *Latin* ;  
I am not such a truant, since my coming,  
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, sus-  
picious.

Pray, speak in *English* ; here are some will thank you,  
If you speak truth, for their poor mistres' sake.  
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,  
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,  
May be absolv'd in *English*.

*Wol.* Noble lady,  
I'm sorry my integrity should breed,  
And service to his Majesty and you,  
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
We come not by the way of accusation  
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,  
(You have too much, good lady) but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
Between the King and you ; and to deliver,  
Like free and honest men, our just opinions  
And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* Most honour'd Madam,  
My Lord of *York*, out of his noble nature  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,  
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,

<sup>3</sup> ——and that way I am wife  
in.] That is, if you come  
to examine the title by which I  
am the king's wife ; or, if you  
come to know how I have be-  
haved as a wife. The meaning,  
whatever it be, is so coarsely

and unskilfully expressed, that  
the latter Editors have liked non-  
sense better, and, contrarily to  
the antient and only copy, have  
published,

*And that way I am wife in.*

Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace  
His service and his counsel.—

*Queen.* To betray me.

My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,  
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!  
But how to make ye suddenly an answer  
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,  
More near my life I fear, with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth I know not. I was set at work  
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking  
Either for such men, or such business.  
For her sake that I have been, for I feel  
The last fit of my greatness, good your Graces,  
Let me have time and council for my cause.  
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the King's love with  
those fears,  
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Queen.* In England

But little for my profit; can you think, Lords,  
That any *English* man dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,  
4 Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest,  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must 5 weigh out my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;  
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,  
In my own country, Lords.

4 *Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest.*] Do you think that any *Englishman* dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live?

5 —*weigh out my afflictions.*] This phrase is obscure. To *weigh out*, is, in modern language, to

*deliver by weight*; but this sense cannot be here admitted. To *weigh* is likewise to *deliberate upon, to consider with due attention*. This may, perhaps, be meant. Or the phrase, to *weigh out*, may signify to *counterbalance, to counteract* with equal force.



*Cam.* I would your Grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Queen.* How, Sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the King's protection;

He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much  
Both for your honour better, and your cause;  
For if the trial of the law o'er-take you,  
You'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

*Queen.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin.  
Is this your christian counsel? Out upon you!  
Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a judge,  
That no King can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Queen.* <sup>6</sup> The more shame for you; holy men I  
thought you,

Upon my soul, two rev'rend Cardinal virtues,  
But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear you;  
Mend 'em for shame, my Lords. Is this your comfort?

The Cordial that you bring a wretched lady?  
A woman lost among you, laugh'd at, scorn'd?  
I will not wish you half my miseries,  
I have more charity. But say, I warn'd ye;  
Take heed, take heed, for heav'n's sake, lest at once  
The burden of my sorrows fall upon you.

*Wol.* Madam; this is a meer distraction;

Ye turn the good we offer into envy.

*Queen.* Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon you  
And all such false professors! would ye have me,  
If ye have any justice, any pity,  
If ye be any thing but churchmens' habits,

<sup>6</sup> *The more shame for you.*] If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good. The distress of *Catharine* might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word *Cardinal*.

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?  
 Alas! h'as banish'd me his bed already ;  
 His love, too long ago. I'm old, my Lords ;  
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
 Is only my obedience. What can happen  
 To me, above this wretchedness ? all your studies  
 Make me a curse, like this !

*Cam.* Your fears are worse——

*Queen.* Have I liv'd thus long — let me speak myself,  
 Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one ?  
 A woman, I dare say, without vain-glory,  
 Never yet branded with suspicion ?  
 Have I, with all my full affections  
 Still met the King ? lov'd him next heav'n ? obey'd  
 him ?

Been, out of fondness, <sup>7</sup> superstitious to him ?  
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?  
 And am I thus rewarded ? 'Tis not well, Lords.  
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
 One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;  
 And to that woman, when she has done most,  
 Yet will I add an honour ; a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Queen.* My Lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
 To give up willingly that noble title  
 Your master wed me to ; nothing but death  
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* Pray, hear me——

*Queen.* 'Would I had never trod this *English* earth,  
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !

<sup>8</sup> Ye've angels' faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.  
 What shall become of me now ! wretched lady !  
 I am the most unhappy woman living.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *superstitious to him.* ]  
 That is, served him with super-  
 fluous attention ; done more than  
 was required.

<sup>8</sup> *Ye've angels' faces.* ] She may  
 perhaps allude to the old juggle  
 of *Engli* and *Angeli*.

—Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[To her women.

Ship-wreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,  
Almost, no grave allow'd me. Like the lilly,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head, and perish.

*Wol.* If your Grace

Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest;  
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we good lady,  
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,  
The way of our profession is against it,  
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.  
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;  
How you may hurt yourself, nay, utterly  
Grow from the King's acquaintance by this carriage.  
The hearts of Princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,  
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.  
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,  
A soul as even as a calm; pray, think us  
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your  
virtues

With these weak womens' fears. A noble spirit,  
As yours was put into you, ever casts  
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves  
you;

Beware, you lose it not; for us, if you please  
To trust us in your business, we are ready  
To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Queen.* Do what you will, my Lords; and, pray,  
forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly.  
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit  
To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
Pray, do my service to his Majesty,  
He has my heart yet; and shall have my pray'rs,



While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers;  
Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,  
That little thought, when she set footing here,  
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Antechamber to the King's Apartments.*

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey,  
and Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* **I**F you will now unite in your complaints,  
And<sup>9</sup> force them with a constancy, the Car-  
dinal

Cannot stand under them. If you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,  
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion that may give me  
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,  
To be reveng'd on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, <sup>1</sup> or at least  
Strangely neglected? when did he regard

The

<sup>9</sup> Force is enforce, urge.

<sup>1</sup> ——— or at least

STRANGELY neglected? ———]  
The plain sense requires us to  
read, STOOD NOT neglected.

WARBURTON.

*Dr. Warburton's* alteration  
makes a more correct sentence,  
but in our authour's licentious  
*English*, the passage, as it stands,  
means the same as, *which of the  
peers has not gone by him con-  
temned or neglected.*

<sup>2</sup> ——— when did he regard

*The stamp of nobleness in any  
person*

*Out of himself?*] The ex-  
pression is bad, and the thought  
false. For it supposes *Wolsey* to  
be noble, which was not so: we  
should read and point,

————— when did he regard

*The stamp of nobleness in any  
person;*

*Out of't himself?*

*i. e.* when did he regard noble-  
ness

The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

*Cham.* My Lords, you speak your pleasures.  
What he deserves of you and me, I know ;  
What we can do to him, though now the time  
Give way to us, I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to the King, never attempt  
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the King in's tongue.

*Nor.* O, fear him not,  
His spell in that is out ; the King hath found  
Matter against him, that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
Not to come off, in his most high displeasure.

*Sur.* I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true.  
In the Divorce, his <sup>3</sup> contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,  
As I would wish mine enemy.

*Sur.* How came  
His practices to light ?

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* How ?

*Suf.* The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried,  
And came to th' eye o'th' King ; wherein was read,  
How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness  
To stay the Judgment o'th' Divorce ; for if  
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive  
My King is 'tangled in affection to  
A creature of the Queen's, lady *Anne Bullen*.

*ness* of blood in another ; hav-  
ing none of his own to value  
himself upon. *WARBURTON.*

I do not think this correction  
proper. The meaning of the  
present reading is easy. *When*  
*did he*, however careful to carry

his own dignity to its utmost  
height, regard any dignity of ano-  
ther.

<sup>3</sup> *Contrary proceedings.*] Pri-  
vate practices opposite to his pub-  
lick procedure.

*Sur.* Has the King this ?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work ?

*Cham.* The King in this perceives him, how he coasts  
 4 And hedges his own way. But in this point  
 All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick  
 After his patients death ; the King already  
 Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* 'Would he had !

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my Lord,  
 For, I profess, you have it.

*Sur.* Now all joy

5 Trace the conjunction !

*Suf.* My Amen to't !

*Nor.* All mens' !

*Suf.* There's order given for her Coronation.  
 Marry, this is yet but young ; and may be left  
 To some ears unrecounted ; but, my Lords,  
 She is a gallant creature, and compleat  
 In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her  
 Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
 In it be memoriz'd.

*Sur.* But will the King  
 Digest this letter of the Cardinal's ?  
 The Lord forbid !

*Nor.* Marry, Amen.

*Suf.* No, no :

There be more wasps, that buz about his nose,  
 Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal *Campeius*  
 Is stoln away to *Rome*, has ta'en no leave,  
 Hath left the cause o'th' King unhandled ; and

4 *And HEDGES his own way.*] It is not said, that the King perceives how he *obstructs* his own way ; but how *obliquely* he pursues it : we should read therefore, *EDGES his own way.*

WARBURTON.

To *hedge*, is, to creep along by the hedge ; not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions.

5 To *trace*, is, to follow.



Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you,  
The King cry'd, *Ha!* at this.

*Cham.* Now, God incense him;  
And let him cry, ha, louder!

*Nor.* But, my Lord,  
When returns *Cranmer*?

*Suf.* He is return'd with his opinions, which  
Have satisfy'd the King for his Divorce,  
Gather'd from all the famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom; shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her Coronation. *Catharine* no more  
Shall be call'd Queen; but Princess dowager,  
And widow to Prince *Arthur*.

*Nor.* This same *Cranmer's*  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the King's business.

*Suf.* He has, and we shall see him  
For it an Archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so.

*Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.*

The Cardinal——

*Nor.* Observe, observe, he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, *Cromwell*,  
Gave it you the King?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o'th'inside of the paper?

*Crom.* Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,  
He did it with a serious mind; a heed  
Was in his countenance. You he bade  
Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready  
To come abroad?

*Crom.* I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me a while.

[*Exit Cromwell.*]

It shall be to the Dutchess of *Alanfon*,

The *French King's* sifter; he shall marry her.

*Anne Bullen!* no, I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him,—

There's more in't than fair visage—*Bullen!*—

No, we'll no *Bullens!*—speedily, I wish

To hear from *Rome*—The marchioness of *Pembroke?*—

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the King  
Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,  
Lord, for thy justice!

*Wol.* [*Aside.*] The late Queen's gentlewoman, a  
Knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress? the Queen's Queen?—

This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,

Then out it goes—what though I know her virtuous,

And well deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny *Lutheran*; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i'th' bosom of

Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is sprung up

An heretick, an arch one, *Cranmer*; one,

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,

And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He's vex'd at something.

### S C E N E III.

*Enter King, reading of a schedule; and Lovell.*

*Sur.* I would, 'twere something 'that would fret the  
string,  
The master cord of's heart!

*Suf.* The King, the King.

*King.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour  
Seems to flow from him! how, i'th' name of thrift,

Does

Does he take this together!—Now, my Lords;  
Saw you the Cardinal?

*Nor.* My Lord, we have.

Stood here observing him; some strange Commotion  
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts,  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple; strait,  
Springs out into fast gait, then stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts  
His eye against the moon; in most strange postures  
We've seen him set himself.

*King.* It may well be,

There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found  
There, on my conscience put unwittingly?  
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which  
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
Possession of a subject.

*Nor.* It's heav'n's will;

Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

*King.* If we did think,

His contemplations were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still  
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,  
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth  
His serious considering.

*[He takes his seat, whispers Lovell, who goes to  
Wolfey.]*

*Wol.* Heav'n forgive me——

Ever God bless your Highness!——

*King.* Good my Lord,

You are full of heav'nly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind, the which  
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time

To



To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,  
 To keep your earthly audit; sure, in that  
 I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
 To have you therein my companion.

*Wol.* Sir,

For holy offices I have a time;  
 A time, to think upon the part of business  
 I bear i'th' state; and nature does require  
 Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
 I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
 Must give my tendance to.

*King.* You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your Highness yoke together,  
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
 With my well saying!

*King.* 'Tis well said again;  
 And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well,  
 And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;  
 He said, he did, and with his deed did crown  
 His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
 I've kept you next my heart; have not alone  
 Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
 But par'd my present havings, to bestow  
 My bounties upon you.

*Wol.* What should this mean?

[*Aside.*

*Sur.* The Lord increase this business!

[*Aside.*

*King.* Have I not made you  
 The prime man of the state? I pray, tell me,  
 If what I now pronounce, you have found true;  
 And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
 If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

*Wol.* My Sovereign, I confess your royal graces  
 Show'd on me daily have been more than could  
 My studied purposes requite, which went  
 'Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours

Have

\* *Beyond all man's endeavours.* —] *Endeavours* for *endeavours*. But the *Oxford Editor*, not knowing the sense in which the

Have ever come too short of my desires,  
 7 Yet, fill'd with my abilities; mine own Ends  
 Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
 To th' good of your most sacred person, and  
 The profit of the state. For your great graces  
 Heap'd upon me, poor un-deserver, I  
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,  
 My prayers to heav'n for you; my loyalty,  
 Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
 'Till death, that winter, kill it.

*King.* Fairly answer'd;  
 A loyal and obedient subject is  
 Therein illustrated; the honour of it  
 Does pay the act of it, as <sup>s</sup> o'th' contrary,  
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume,  
 That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
 My heart dropp'd love, my pow'r rain'd honour more  
 On you, than any; so your hand and heart,  
 Your brain, and every function of your power,  
 Should <sup>9</sup> notwithstanding that your bond of Duty,  
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
 To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.* I profess,  
 That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd,  
 More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be:

the word is here used, alters it to ambition. WARBURTON.

To put *ambition* in the place of *endeavours* is certainly wrong; and to explain *endeavours* by *deserts* is not right. The sense, and that not very difficult, is, my purposes went beyond all human *endeavour*. I purposed for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt.

7 *Yet, fill'd with my abilities.*] My endeavours, though less than my desires, have fill'd; that is,

gone an equal pace with my abilities.

<sup>s</sup> —o'th' contrary

*The foulness is the punishment.*] So *Hammer*. The rest read, *i'th'* contrary.

<sup>9</sup> —notwithstanding that your bond of duty.] Besides the general bond of duty by which you are obliged to be a loyal and obedient subject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to me, as your particular benefactor.

Though

Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
 And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
 Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,  
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
 Should the approach of this wild river break,  
 And stand unshaken yours.

*King.* 'Tis nobly spoken;  
 Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal breast,  
 For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,  
[Giving him papers.]
 And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with  
 What appetite you may.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey; the Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Wol.* What should this mean?  
 What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?  
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
 Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion  
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,  
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:  
 I fear, the story of his anger—'tis so—  
 This paper has undone me—'tis th'account  
 Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together  
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Poppedom,  
 And see my friends in *Rome*. O negligence,  
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil  
 Made me put this main secret in the packet  
 I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?  
 No new device to beat this from his brains?  
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know  
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*  
 The letter, as I live, with all the business  
 I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell;

I've



I've touch'd the highest point of all my Greatness,  
 And from that full meridian of my glory  
 I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,  
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening;  
 And no man see me more.

S C E N E V.

*Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk,  
 the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who  
 commands you  
 To render up the Great Seal presently  
 Into our hands, and to confine yourself  
 To *Asber-house*, my Lord of *Winchester's*,  
 'Till you hear further from his Highness.

*Wol.* Stay.

Where's your commission, Lords? words cannot carry  
 Authority so mighty.

*Suf.* Who dare cross 'em,

Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

*Wol.* 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,  
 (I mean, your malice;) know, officious Lords,

I

<sup>1</sup> 'Till I find more than will, or  
 words to do it,  
 (I mean your malice;) know—  
 I dare—deny it.] They bid  
 him render up his seal. He an-  
 swers, *where's your commission?*  
 They say, *we bear the King's*  
*will from his mouth.* He re-  
 plies, 'Till I find, &c. *i. e.* all  
 the will or words I yet discover  
 proceed from your malice; and,  
 'till I find more than that, I  
 shall not comply with your de-  
 mand. One would think this  
 plain enough; yet the *Oxford*

*Editor*, in the rage of emenda-  
 tion, alters the line thus,

*Whilſt I find more than his will,*  
 or words to do it,

*I mean your malice, &c.*

which bears this noble sense,  
 worthy a wise Lord Chancellor:  
 Whilst I find your malice joined  
 to the King's will and pleasure,  
 I shall not obey that will and  
 pleasure.

WARBURTON.

*Wolsey* had said,

—words cannot carry

*Authority so mighty.*

to which they reply, *Who dare*  
*cross*

I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel  
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,——Envy.  
 How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,  
 As if it fed ye; and how sleek, and wanton,  
 Y'appear in every thing may bring my ruin.  
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
 You've christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,  
 In time will find their fit rewards. That Seal,  
 You ask with such a violence, the King,  
 Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me,  
 Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,  
 Ty'd it by letters patent. Now, who'll take it?

*Sur.* The King, that gave it.

*Wol.* It must be himself then.

*Sur.* Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud Lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours *Surrey* durst better  
 Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
 Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law.  
 The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,  
 With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,  
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague on your policy!  
 You sent me Deputy for *Ireland*,  
 Far from his succour, from the King, from all,  
 That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'st him,  
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
 Absolv'd him with an ax.

*Wol.* This, and all else

This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,  
 I answer, is most false. The Duke by law

*cross 'em, &c. Wolsey, answering them, continues his own speech. 'Till I find more than will or words (I mean more than your malicious*

*will and words) to do it; that is, to carry authority so mighty; I will deny to return what the King has given me.*

Found

Found his deserts. How innocent I was  
 From any private malice in his end,  
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
 If I lov'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,  
 You have as little honesty as honour;  
 That I, i'th' way of loyalty and truth  
 Toward the King, my ever royal master,  
 Dare mate a founder man than *Surrey* can be,  
 And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
 Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st  
 feel

My sword i'th' life blood of thee else. My Lords,  
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
 And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,  
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
 Farewel, nobility; let his Grace go forward,  
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

*Wol.* All goodness  
 Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
 Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion;  
 The goodness of your intercepted packets  
 You writ to th' Pope, against the King; your goodness,  
 Since you provoke me shall be most notorious.  
 My Lord of *Norfolk*, as you're truly noble,  
 As you respect the common good, the state  
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,  
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen;  
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
 Collected from his life. I'll startle you,

<sup>2</sup> Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench

<sup>2</sup> *Worse than the sacring Bell,*]  
 The little bell which is rung  
 to give notice of the *Host* ap-  
 proaching when it is carried in  
 Procession, as also in other of-

lices of the *Romish* Church, is cal-  
 led the *Sacring*, or *Consecration*  
*Bell*; from the *French* Word,  
*Sacrer*. THEOBALD.



Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise this man,

But that I'm bound in charity against it!

*Nor.* Those articles, my Lord, are in th' King's hand:

But thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.* So much fairer,  
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,  
When the King knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you:  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles, and out they shall.  
Now, if you can, blush, and cry *guilty*, Cardinal:  
You'll shew a little honesty.

*Wol.* Speak on, Sir,  
I dare your worst objections. If I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I'd rather want those than my head; have at you.

First, that without the King's assent, or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a legate; by which power  
You maimed the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*Nor.* Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*  
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King  
To be your servant.

*Suf.* That without the knowledge  
Either of King or Council, when you went  
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold  
To carry into *Flanders* the great Seal.

*Sur.* *Item.* You sent a large commission  
To *Gregory de Cassado*, to conclude,  
Without the King's will or the state's allowance,  
A league between his Highness and *Ferrara*.

*Suf.* That out of meer ambition, you have made  
Your holy hat be stamp't on the King's coin.

*Sur.*

*Sur.* Then, that you have sent innumerable substance

(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)  
To furnish *Rome*; and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities, to th' meer undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.* O, my Lord,  
Purs not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:  
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,  
Because all those things you have done of late,  
By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
Fall in the compass of a *Præmunire*,  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you,  
To forfeit all you goods, lands, tenements,  
<sup>3</sup> Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
About the giving back the great Seal to us,  
The King shall know it; and, no doubt, shall thank  
you.

So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

<sup>3</sup> In former Editions :

Castles, and whatsoever.] I  
have ventur'd to substitute *Chat-*  
*tels* here, as the Author's genu-  
ine Word, because the Judgment  
in a Writ of *Præmunire* is, that  
the Defendant shall be out of the  
*King's Protection*; and his *Lands*

and *Tenements, Goods* and *CHAT-*  
*TELS* forfeited to the King; and  
that his Body shall remain in pri-  
son at the King's pleasure. This  
very Description of the *Præmu-*  
*nire* is set out by *Holingshead* in  
his *Life* of K. Henry VIII. p.  
909. THEOBALD.

## S C E N E VI.

*Wol.* So farewell to the little good you bear me,  
 Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatness!  
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him,  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a ripening, <sup>4</sup> nips his root;  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,  
 These many summers in a sea of glory,  
 But far beyond my depth; my high blown pride  
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;  
 I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched  
 Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes' favours!  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of Princes, and our ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than war or women have;

<sup>4</sup> —Nips his root;] As spring frosts are not injurious to the roots of fruit trees, I should imagine the poet wrote SHOOT, *i. e.* that tender shoot on which are the young leaves and blossoms. The comparison as well as expression of nips is juster too in this reading. He has the same thought in *Love's Labour Lost*.

Byron is like an envious sneaping frost

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

So Milton in *Sampson Agonistes*,

*Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring,*

*Nip'd with the lagging rear of winter's frost*

which seems to be taken from the place in question.

WARBURTON.

Here is a long note. But at last we may as well continue the ancient reading. Vernal frosts indeed do not kill the root, but then to nip the shoots does not kill the tree or make it fall. The metaphor will not in either reading correspond exactly with nature.

And,



And, when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,  
Never to hope again.

*Enter Cromwell, standing amaz'd.*

Why, how now, *Cromwell*?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, Sir.

*Wol.* What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,  
A great man should decline? nay, if you weep,  
I'm fall'n indeed

*Crom.* How does your Grace?

*Wol.* Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*.  
I know myself now, and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities;  
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,  
I humbly thank his Grace; and, from these shoulders,  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken  
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.  
O, 'tis a burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.

*Crom.* I'm glad your Grace has made that right  
use of it.

*Wol.* I hope, I have. I'm able now methinks,  
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
T'endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the King.

*Wol.* God bless him!

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir *Thomas More* is chosen  
Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden ——

But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,

When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
 May have <sup>s</sup> a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!  
 What more?

*Crom.* That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;  
 Install'd Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

*Wol.* That's news, indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the lady *Anne*,  
 Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,  
 This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,  
 Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
 Only about her Coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pulled me down,

O *Cromwell*,

The King has gone beyond me; all my glories  
 In that one woman I have lost for ever.

No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,  
 Or gild again the noble troops, that waited  
 Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me, *Cromwell*;

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
 To be thy Lord and master. Seek the King;  
 That sun, I pray, may never set; I've told him  
 What and how true thou art; he will advance thee;  
 Some little memory of me will stir him,

I know his noble nature, not to let  
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,  
 Neglect him not; make use now, and provide  
 For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O my Lord,

Must I then leave you? must I needs forego  
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?

Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
 With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his Lord.

The King shall have my service; but my prayers  
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

<sup>s</sup> *A tomb of orphans' tears* orphans. *A tomb of tears* is ve-  
*wept on him.* } The Chan- ry harsh.  
 cellor is the general guardian of

*Wol. Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, *Cromwell* ;  
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee,  
 Say, <sup>6</sup> *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in,  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me ;  
*Cromwell*, I charge thee, fling away ambition,  
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?  
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts, that hate thee ;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.

<sup>6</sup> — *Wolsey, that once TROD*  
*the ways of glory.*] As the  
 words, *founded, depths, shoals,*  
*wreck*, follow ; the uniformity  
 of metaphor would dispose *Shake-*  
*spear* methinks to write here

— *RODE the WAVES of glory.*  
 So in *Troilus and Cressida*.

*As if the passage and whole*  
*carriage of this action RODE on*  
*his TIDE.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> — *cherish those hearts, that*  
*HATE thee :*] Though this be  
 good divinity ; and an admir-  
 able precept for our conduct in  
 private life ; it was never calcu-  
 lated or designed for the magis-  
 trate or publick minister. Nor  
 could this be the direction of a  
 man experienced in affairs to his  
 pupil. It would make a good  
 christian, but a very ill and very  
 unjust statesman. And we have

nothing so infamous in tradition,  
 as the supposed advice given to  
 one of our kings, *to cherish his*  
*enemies and be in no pain for his*  
*friends.* I am of opinion the  
 Poet wrote

— *cherish those hearts that*  
*WAIT thee.*

i. e. thy dependents. For the  
 contrary practice had contribut-  
 ed to *Wolsey's* ruin. He was not  
 careful enough in making depen-  
 dents by his bounty, while in-  
 tent in amassing wealth to him-  
 self. The following line seems  
 to confirm this correction,

*Corruption wins not more than*  
*honesty.*

i. e. you will never find men  
 won over to your temporary oc-  
 casions by bribery so useful to  
 you as friends made by a just  
 and generous munificence.

WARBURTON.



Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.  
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'st, O

*Cromwell,*

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;  
 And -Pr'ythee, lead me in;  
 There, take an inventory of all I have;  
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,  
 And my integrity to heav'n, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell, Cromwell,*  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good Sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewel

The hopes of Court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Street in Westminster.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.*

I GENTLEMAN.

YOU'RE well met<sup>1</sup> once again.

<sup>2</sup> *Gen.* And so are you.

<sup>1</sup> *Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and behold

The lady *Anne* pass from her Coronation.

<sup>3</sup> This sentence was really uttered by *Wolsey*.

<sup>1</sup> - *once again.*] alluding to

their former meeting in the second act.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,  
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his trial.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd for-  
row;

This, general joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well; the citizens,  
I'm sure, have shewn at full their loyal minds,  
And, let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward  
In celebration of <sup>2</sup> this day with shows,  
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,  
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, Sir.

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gen.* Yes, 'tis the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day,  
By custom of the Coronation.  
The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims  
To be High Steward; next, the Duke of *Norfolk*,  
To be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, Sir; had I not known those  
customs,  
I should have been beholden to your paper.  
But, I beseech you what's become of *Catharine*,  
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too; the Archbishop  
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other  
Learn'd and rev'rend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at *Dunstable*, six miles  
From *Amptbil*, where the princess lay; to which  
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not;  
And, to be short, for not appearance and  
The King's late scruple, by the main assent

<sup>2</sup> — *this day*—] *Hanmer* reads, om, which our author com-  
*these days*, but *Shakespeare* meant monly prefers to grammatical  
*such a day as this*, a coronation nicety.  
day. And such is the *English* idi-

Of all these learned men she was divorce'd,  
 And the late marriage made of none effect;  
 Since which, she was removed to *Kimbolton*,  
 Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen. Alas, good lady! —

The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is coming.  
 [Hautboys,

### The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
  2. *Then, two Judges.*
  3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
  4. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.
  5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
  6. *Marquis of Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's Coronet. Collars of SS.*
  7. *Duke of Suffolk in his robe of state, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
  8. *A canopy born by four of the Cinque ports, under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the bishops of London and Winchester.*
  9. *The old Dutchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
  10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*
- They pass over the stage in order and state, and then Exeunt, with a great flourish of trumpets.*



2 Gen. A royal train, believe me—these I know—  
Who's that, who bears the Scepter?

1 Gen. Marquis *Dorset*.

And that the Earl of *Surrey*, with the rod,

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That should be  
The Duke of *Suffolk*.

1 Gen. 'Tis the same: High Steward.

2 Gen. And that my Lord of *Norfolk*,

1 Gen. Yes.

2. Gen. Heav'n blefs thee! [*Looking on the Queen.*  
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.  
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;  
Our King has all the *Indies* in his arms,  
And more and richer, when he strains that lady;  
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gen. They, that bear  
The cloth of state above her, are four barons  
Of the *Cinque-ports*.

2 Gen. Those men are happy; so are all, are near  
her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,  
Is that old noble lady, the dutchess of *Norfolk*.

1 Gen. It is, and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars in-  
deed,

And sometimes falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

God save you, Sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the crowd i' th' Abbey, where a  
finger

Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled,  
With the meer rankness of their joy.

2 Gen. You saw the ceremony?

3 Gen. I did.

1 Gen. How was it?

3 Gen.

3 *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen  
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down  
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,  
In a rich chair of state; opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people,  
(Believe me, Sir; she is the goodliest woman,  
That ever lay by man;) which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,  
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,  
That had not half a week to go, <sup>3</sup> like rams  
In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living  
Could say, *this is my wife there*, all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But, pray, what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her Grace rose, and with modest  
paces

Came to the altar, where she kneel'd; and, faint-like,  
Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly.  
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people;  
When by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*,  
Sh' had all the royal makings of a Queen;  
As holy oil, *Edward Confessor's Crown*,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,  
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,  
And with the same full state pac'd back again

<sup>3</sup> —like rams.] That is, like battering rams.

To *York-Place*, where the feaft is held.

1 *Gen.* You muft no more call it *York-Place*, that's paft.

For fince the Cardinal fell, that title's loft,  
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whiteball*.

3 *Gen.* I know it;

But 'tis fo lately alter'd, that the old name  
Is freſh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend biſhops

Were thoſe that went on each ſide of the Queen?

3 *Gen.* *Stokeſly* and *Gardiner*; the one of *Wincheſter*,  
Newly prefer'd from the King's Secretary;  
The other, *London*.

2 *Gen.* He of *Wincheſter*

Is held no great good lover of th' Archbiſhop,  
The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that;

However, yet there's no great breach; when 't comes,  
*Cranmer* will find a friend will not ſhrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* *Thomas Cromwell*,

A man in much eſteem with th' King, and, truly,  
A worthy friend. The King has made him  
Maſter o'th' jewel-houſe,

And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deſerve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, you ſhall go my way,  
Which is to th' Court, and there ſhall be my gueſts;  
Something I can command; as I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E.



## 4 S C E N E II.

*Changes to Kimbolton.*

*Enter Catharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her gentleman usher, and Patience her woman.*

*Grif.* HOW does your Grace?

*Cath.* O *Griffith*, sick to death;  
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to th' earth,  
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair——  
So—Now methinks, I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*]  
Didst thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou led'st me,  
That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolsey*,  
Was dead?

*Grif.* Yes, Madam; but I think, your Grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

*Cath.* Pr'ythee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd;  
If well, he stept before me happily,  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, Madam.  
For after the stout Earl of *Northumberland*  
Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward,  
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill  
He could not sit his mule.

*Cath.* Alas, poor man!

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads he came to *Lei'ster*;  
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the rev'rend Abbot,  
With all his Convent, honourably receiv'd him;  
To whom he gave these words, "O father Abbot,  
"An old man, broken with the storms of state,

\* This scene is above any other part of *Shakespeare's* tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of a y other poet, tender and pathetic, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices,

without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable fallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery.

“ Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
 “ Give him a little earth for charity !”  
 So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness  
 Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,  
 About the hour of eight, which he himself  
 Foretold, should be his last, full of repentance,  
 Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,  
 He gave his honours to the world again,  
 His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

*Cath.* So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him !  
 Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,  
 And yet with charity ; he was a man  
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
 Himself with Princes ; ' one that by suggestion  
 Ty'd all the kingdom. Simony was fair play.  
 His own opinion was his law. I' th' Presence  
 He would say untruths, and be ever double  
 Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.  
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;  
 But his performance, as he now is, nothing.  
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
 The Clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
 Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues  
 We write in water. May it please your Highness  
 To hear me speak his good now ?

<sup>5</sup> —one, that by suggestion  
 Ty'd all the kingdom ; ] i. e.  
 by giving the King pernicious  
 counsel, he ty'd or enslaved the  
 kingdom. He uses the word  
 here with great propriety, and  
 seeming knowledge of the *Latin*  
 tongue. For the late *Roman*  
 writers and their glossers, agree  
 to give this sense to it ; *SUG-*  
*GESTIO est cum magistratus qui-*  
*libet principi salubre consilium sug-*

*gerit.* So that nothing could be  
 severer than this reflexion, that  
 that wholesome counsel, which it  
 is the minister's duty to give his  
 prince, was so empoisoned by  
 him, as to produce slavery to his  
 country. Yet all this fine sense  
 vanishes instantaneously before  
 the touch of the *Oxford* Editor,  
 by his happy thought of chang-  
 ing *Ty'd* into *Tyth'd*.

WARBURTON.

*Cath.*

*Cath.* Yes, good *Griffith*,  
I were malicious else.

*Griff.* This Cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, uudoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle ;  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading ;  
Lofty and sour to them, that lov'd him not,  
But to those men, that sought him, sweet as summer.  
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,  
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, Madam,  
He was most princely : Ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,  
*Ipswich* and *Oxford* ! one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it ;  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little :  
And to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

*Cath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as *Griffith*.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him !  
—*Patience*, be near me still, and set me lower.  
I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,  
Cause the musicians play me that sad note,  
I nam'd my knell ; whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to.



*Sad and solemn musick.*

*Grif.* She is asleep. Good wench, let's fit down quiet,  
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

*The vision.* Enter solemnly one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend courtesies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two; who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head; which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order; at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven; and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

*Cath.* Spirits of peace; where are ye? are ye gone?  
And leave me heie in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we're here.

*Cath.* It is not you I call for;  
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

*Grif.* None, Madam.

*Cath.* No? saw you not e'en now a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
They promised me eternal happiness,  
And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyfull, Madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy.

*Cath.* Bid the musick leave,  
'Tis harsh and heavy to me. [Musick ceases.]

*Pat.* Do you note,  
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,  
And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.

*Grif.* She is going, wench. Pray, pray——

*Pat.* Heav'n comfort her.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* An't like your Grace——

*Cath.* You are a sawcy fellow,  
Deserve we no more rev'ence?

*Grif.* You're to blame,  
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

*Mes.* [*Kneeling.*] I humbly do intreat your High-  
ness' pardon;  
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the King, to see you.

*Cath.* Admit him entrance, *Griffith.* But this  
fellow  
Let me ne'er see again. [Exit Messenger.]

*Enter Lord Capucius.*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be Lord ambassador from the Emperor,  
My royal nephew; and your name *Capucius.*

*Cap.* Madam, the same, your servant.

*Cath.* O my Lord,  
The times and titles are now alter'd strangely  
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your Grace; the next,  
The King's request that I would visit you,  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me

Sends

Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

*Cath.* O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late ;

'Tis like a pardon after execution ;  
That gentle physick, giv'n in time, had cur'd me ;  
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his Highness ?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Cath.* So may he ever do, and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom !—*Patience*, is that letter,  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

*Pat.* No, Madam.

*Cath.* Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my Lord the King.

*Cap.* Most willing, Madam.

*Cath.* In which I have commended to his goodneis  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter ;  
The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her !  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,  
(She's young, and of a noble modest nature ;  
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,  
Heav'n knows, how dearly. My next poor petition  
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully ;  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
And now I should not lie, but well deserves,  
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be a noble ;  
And, sure, those men are happy, that shall have 'em.  
The last is for my men ; they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;  
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,  
And something over to remember me.



If heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life  
 And able means, we had not parted thus.  
 These are the whole contents. And, good my Lord,  
 By that you love the dearest in this world,  
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,  
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King  
 To do me this last right.

*Cap.* By heav'n, I will;  
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

*Cath.* I thank you, honest Lord. Remember me  
 In all humility unto his Highness;  
 And tell him, his long trouble now is passing  
 Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him;  
 For so I will—Mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,  
 My Lord—*Griffith*, farewel—*Nay*, *Patience*,  
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed—  
 Call in more women—When I'm dead, good wench,  
 Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over  
 With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife to my grave; embalm me,  
 Then lay me forth. Although unqueen'd, yet like  
 A Queen, and daughter to a King, interr me.  
 I can no more— [ *Exeunt, leading Catharine.* ]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Before the Palace.**Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.*

GARDINER.

IT's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

*Boy.* It hath struck.*Gard.* These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights; time, to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir  
*Thomas?*

Whither so late?

*Lov.* Came you from the King, my Lord?*Gard.* I did, Sir *Thomas*, and left him at *Primero*  
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.*Lov.* I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.*Gard.* Not yet, Sir *Thomas Lovell*; what's the  
matter?It seems you're in haste; and if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business. Affairs, that walk,  
As they say, spirits do, at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature, than the business  
That seeks dispatch by day.*Lov.* My Lord, I love you.

<sup>1</sup> *Not for delights*] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, seems to be the King's diversion, which keeps him in attendance.

<sup>2</sup> *Some touch of your late business*.] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late.

And durst commend a secret to your ear  
 Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in  
 labour,

They say, in great extremity ; 'tis fear'd,  
 She'll with the labour end.

*Gard.* The fruit she goes with  
 I pray for heartily, that it may find  
 Good time, and live ; but for the stock, Sir *Thomas*,  
 I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks, I could  
 Cry the Amen ; and yet my conscience says,  
 She's a good creature, and sweet lady, does  
 Deserve our better wishes.

*Gard.* But, Sir, Sir——  
 Hear me, Sir *Thomas*——You're a gentleman  
<sup>3</sup>Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;  
 And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,  
 'Twill not, Sir *Thomas Lovell*, take't of me, <sup>3</sup>  
 'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two hands, and she,  
 Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, Sir, you speak of two  
 The most remark'd 'th' kingdom. As for *Cromwell*,  
 Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master  
 O'th'Rolls, and the King's Secretary ; further,  
<sup>4</sup>Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,  
 With which the time will load him. Th'Archbishop  
 Is the King's hand, and tongue ; and who dare speak  
 One syllable against him ?

*Gard.* Yes, Sir *Thomas*,  
 There are that dare ; and I myself have ventur'd  
 To speak my mind of him. Indeed, this day,  
 Sir, I may tell it you, I think ; I have  
 Incens'd the Lords o'th' Council, that he is,

—<sup>3</sup> mine own way.] Mine own should read TREAD, i. e. road  
 opinion in religion. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> stands in the gap and TRADE Trade is the practised method,  
 for more preferments.] We the general course.



For so I know he is, they know he is,  
 A most arch heretick, a pestilence  
 That does infect the land; with which they mov'd,  
 Have<sup>s</sup> broken with the King; who hath so far  
 Giv'n ear to our complaint, of his great Grace  
 And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
 Our reasons laid before him; he hath commanded,  
 To morrow-morning at the council-board  
 He be convened. He's a rank weed, Sir *Thomas*,  
 And we must root him out. From your affairs  
 I hinder you too long: good night, Sir *Thomas*.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord; I rest your ser-  
 vant. [Exit *Lovell*.]

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter King and Suffolk.*

*King.* CHARLES, I will play no more to-  
 night;

My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I never did win of you before.

*King.* But little, *Charles*;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.

*Re-enter Lovell.*

Now, *Lovell*, from the Queen, what's the news?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
 What you commanded me, but by her woman  
 I sent your message; who return'd her thanks  
 In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness  
 Most heartily to pray for her.

<sup>s</sup> ——— [*Broken with the king.*] They have broken silence; told  
 their minds to the King.

H h 4

*King.*

*King.* What say'st thou! ha!  
To pray for her! what, is she crying out?

*Lov.* So said her woman, and that her suff'rance  
made

Almost each pang a death.

*King.* Alas, good lady!

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burden, and  
With gentle travel, to the gladding of  
Your Highness with an heir!

*King.* 'Tis midnight, *Charles*;  
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy pray'rs remember  
Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone;  
For I must think of that which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your Highness  
A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*King.* *Charles*, a good night. [Exit Suffolk.]

*Enter Sir Anthony Denny.*

Well, Sir, what follows?

*Denny.* Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-  
bishop,

As you commanded me.

*King.* Ha, *Canterbury*? —

*Denny.* Yea, my good Lord.

*King.* 'Tis true — Where is he, *Denny*?

*Denny.* He attends your Highness' pleasure.

*King.* Bring him to us. [Exit Denny.]

*Lov.* This is about that, which the Bishop spake;  
I am happily come hither. [Aside.]

*Enter Cranmer and Denny.*

*King.* Avoid the Gallery. [Lovell seemeth to stay.  
Ha! — I have said — be gone.

What! — [Exit Lovell and Denny.]

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

*Cran.* I am fearful. Wherefore frowns he thus?  
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

*King.* How now, my Lord? you do desire to know,  
Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cran.* [*kneeling.*] It is my duty  
T'attend your Highness' pleasure.

*King.* Pray you, rise!  
My good and gracious Lord of *Canterbury*.  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;  
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.  
Ah, my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak;  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my Lord,  
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,  
Have mov'd us and our Council, that you shall  
This morning come before us; where I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till further trial, in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our *Tower*.<sup>6</sup> You a brother of us,  
It fits we thus proceed; or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] I humbly thank your Highness,  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,  
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues  
Than I myself, poor man.

*King.* Stand up, good *Canterbury*;

<sup>6</sup> — *You a brother of us.*] that the witnesses against you  
You being one of the council, may not be deterr'd.  
it is necessary to imprison you,



Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted  
 In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up;  
 Pr'ythee, let's walk. [*Cranmer rises.*] Now, by my  
 holy dame,

What manner of man are you? my Lord, I look'd,  
 You would have given me your petition, that  
 I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
 Yourself and your accusers, and have heard you  
 Without indurance further.

*Cran.* Most dread Liege,

\* The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :  
 If they shall fall, I with mine enemies  
 Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,  
 Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
 Which can be said against me.

*King.* Know you not

How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?  
 Your foes are many, and not small; their practices  
 Must bear the same proportion; and not ever  
 The justice and the truth o'th' question carries  
 The due o'th' verdict with it. At what ease  
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
 To swear against you? Such things have been done.  
 You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice  
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
 I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,  
 Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd  
 Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to,  
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
 And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* God and your Majesty  
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
 The trap is laid for me!

*King.* Be of good cheer;  
 They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.

\* *The good I stand on.*] Though good may be taken for advantage or superiority, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say, *The ground I stand on.*

Keep comfort to you, and this morning see  
 You do appear before them; if they chance,  
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
 The best persuasions to the contrary  
 Fail not to use; and with what vehemency  
 Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties  
 Will render you no remedy, this King  
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
 There make before them. Look, the good man  
 weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!  
 I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul  
 None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,  
 And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]  
 H'as strangled all his language in his tears.

*Enter an old Lady.*

*Gen. Within.* Come back; what mean you?

*Lady.* I'll not come back, the tidings that I bring  
 Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels  
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
 Under their blessed wings!

*King.* Now, by thy looks  
 I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?  
 Say, ay; and of a boy.

*Lady.* Ay, ay, my Liege;  
 And of a lovely boy; the god of heav'n  
 Both now and ever<sup>7</sup> blefs her!—'tis a girl,  
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen  
 Desires your visitation; and to be  
 Acquainted with this stranger; tis as like you,  
 As cherry is to cherry.

*King.* Lovell,——

*Lov.* Sir.

*King.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.  
 [*Exit King.*]

<sup>7</sup> ——blefs her!] It is doubtful whether *her* is referred to the Queen or the girl.

*Lady.*

*Lady.* An hundred marks! by this light, I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll  
Have more, or else unsay't. Now, while 'tis hot,  
I'll put it to the issue. [*Exit Lady.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Before the Council-chamber.*

*Enter Cranmer*

*Cran.* I Hope, I'm not too late; and yet the gentleman,  
That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—  
hoa!  
Who waits there?—

*Enter Door-keeper.*

Sure, you know me?

*D. Keep.* Yes, my Lord;  
But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.* Why?

*D. Keep.* Your Grace must wait, 'till you be call'd for.

*Enter Doctor Butts.*

*Cran.* So.—

*Butts.* This is a piece of malice. I am glad,  
I came this way so happily. The King  
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit Butts.*]

*Cran.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,  
The King's physician. As he pass along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!  
Pray heav'n, he found not my disgrace! For certain,



This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,  
 God turn their hearts! I never fought their malice,  
 To quench mine honour; they would shame to make me  
 Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,  
 'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their pleasures  
 Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King and Butts, at a window above.*

*Butts.* I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight——

*King.* What's that, *Butts*?

*Butts.* I think, your Highness saw this many a day.

*King.* Body o'me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my Lord;

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,  
 Who holds his state at door 'mongst pursevants,  
 Pages, and foot-boys.

*King.* Ha! 'tis he, indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I thought,  
 They'd parted so much Honesty among 'em,  
 At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer  
 A man of his place, and so near our favour,  
 To dance attendance on their Lordships' pleasures,  
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.  
 By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's knavery.  
 Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close,  
 We shall hear more anon.——

SCENE

## S C E N E V.

## The COUNCIL.

*A council table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Arch-bishop of Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.*

*Chan.* **S**PEAK to the business, Mr. Secretary.

Why are we met in Council?

*Cromwell.* Please your Honours,

The cause concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.

*Gard.* Has he had knowledge of it?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there?

*D. Keep.* Without, my noble Lords?

*Gard.* Yes.

*D. Keep.* My Lord Arch-bishop?

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*Chan. Speak to the Business.]* This Lord Chancellor, tho' a Character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. In the last Scene of the fourth Act, we heard, that Sir *Thomas More* was appointed Lord Chancellor: but it is not he whom the poet here introduces. *W. I. Jey*, by Command, deliver'd up the Seals on the 18th of *November*, 1529; on the 25th of the

same Month, they were deliver'd to Sir *Thomas More*, who surrender'd them on the 16th of *May*, 1532. Now the conclusion of this Scene taking Notice of Queen *Elizabeth's* Birth, (which brings it down to the Year 1534) Sir *Thomas Audley* must necessarily be our Poet's Chancellor; who succeeded Sir *Thomas More*, and held the Seals many years.

THEOBALD.

*D. Keep.*

D. *Keep.* Your Grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer approaches the council-table.*]

*Ckan.* My good Lord Arch-bishop, I'm very sorry  
To sit here at this present, and behold  
That chair stand empty; but ' we are all men  
In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little;  
Toward the King first, then his Laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,  
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions  
Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gard.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble Lords; for those, that tame wild horses,  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,  
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,  
Out of our easiness and childish pity  
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,  
Farewel all physick; and what follows then?  
Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint  
Of the whole state, as of late days our neighbours  
The upper *Germany* can dearly witness,

9 ———— *we are all men*  
*In our own natures frail, and*  
*capable*

*Of frailty, ————*] If all  
men were actually frail, they  
were more than capable of frail-  
ty; to understand this therefore,  
as only said of the natural weak-  
ness of humanity, it is absurdly  
expressed; but this was not our  
authour's sense: By, *in our own*  
*natures frail*, he alludes to the  
doctrine of original sin: So that  
the sentiment is this, We are  
sinners by imputation, and liable

to become actually so.

WARBURTON.

This sentence I think needed  
no commentary. The meaning,  
and the plain meaning, is, *we*  
*are men frail by nature, and there-*  
*fore liable to acts of frailty*, to  
deviations from the right. I wish  
everycommentator, before he suf-  
fers his confidence to kindle,  
would repeat,

————— *We are all men*

*In our own natures frail, and*  
*capable*

*Of frailty; few are angels.*

Yet



Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good Lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching,  
And the strong course of my Authority,  
Might go one way, and safely; and the end  
Was ever to do well: nor is there living  
(I speak it with a single heart, my Lords)  
A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
Both in his private conscience and his place,  
Defacers of the publick peace, than I do.  
Pray heav'n, the King may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it! Men that make  
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my Lord,  
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,  
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

*Gard.* My Lord, because we've business of more  
moment,  
We will be short w'you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,  
And our consent, for better trial of you,  
From hence you be committed to the *Tower*;  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know, many dare accuse you boldly,  
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ay, my good Lord of *Winchester*, I thank  
you,  
You're always my good friend; if your will pass,  
I shall both find your Lordship judge and juror,  
You are so merciful. I see your end,  
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, I ord,  
Become a churchman better than ambition.  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,

Lay

Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your Calling makes me modest.

*Gard.* My Lord, my Lord, you are a sectary,  
That's the plain truth; ' your painted gloss discovers,  
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

*Crom.* My Lord of *Winchester*, you are a little,  
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been; 'tis a cruelty  
To load a falling man.

*Gard.* Good Mr. Secretary,  
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my Lord?

*Gard.* Do not I know you for a favour  
Of this new sect? Ye are not found.

*Crom.* Not found?

*Gard.* Not found, I say.

*Crom.* 'Would you were half so honest!  
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

*Gard.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Do.

Remember your bold life too.

*Cham.* This is too much;  
Forbear for shame, my Lords.

*Gard.* I've done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Cham.* Then thus for you, my Lord. It stands  
agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to th' *Tower* a prisoner;  
There to remain, 'till the King's further pleasure

<sup>1</sup> ——— *Your painted gloss, &c.]* outside, discover your empty talk  
Those that understand you, under  
this *painted gloss*, this fair  
and your false reasoning.

Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords?

*All.* We are.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to th' *Tower*, my Lords?

*Gard.* What other

Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome.  
—Let some o'th' *Guard* be ready there.

*Enter the Guard.*

*Cran.* For me?

Must I go like a traitor then?

*Gard.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i'th' *Tower*.

*Cran.* Stay, good my Lords,  
I have a little yet to say. Look there, Lords;  
By virtue of that Ring, I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it  
To a most noble judge, the King my master.

*Cham.* This is the King's Ring.

*Sur.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'Tis his right Ring, by heav'n. I told ye all;  
When we first put this dang'rous stone a rolling,  
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* D'you think, my Lords,  
The King will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

*Cham.* 'Tis now too certain.  
How much more is his life in value with him?  
'Would I were fairly out on't.

*Crom.* My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales and informations  
Against this man, whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at.  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye.

S C E N E



## S C E N E VI.

*Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.*

*Gard.* Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to heav'n

In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince,  
Not only good and wise, but most religious;  
One, that in all obedience makes the Church  
The chief aim of his honour; and to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgment comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*King.* You're ever good at sudden commendations,  
*Bishop of Winchester.* But know, I come not,  
To hear such flatt'ries now; and in my presence  
They are too thin and base to hide offences.

To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.  
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,  
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.

Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest  
[*To Cranmer.*

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.  
By all that's holy, he had better starve,  
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Sur.* May't please your Grace——

*King.* No, Sir, it does not please me.

I thought I had men of some understanding  
And wisdom of my Council; but I find none.  
Was it discretion, Lords, to let this man,  
This good man, few of you deserve that title,  
This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy  
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?  
Why, what a shame was this? did my commission  
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye  
Pow'r, as he was a counsellor to try him;

Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,  
More out of malice than integrity,  
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means ;  
Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

*Cham.* My most dread Sovereign, may it like your  
Grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd  
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,  
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,  
And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;  
I'm sure, in me.

*King.* Well, well, my Lords, respect him :  
Take him, and use him well ; he's worthy of it.  
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince  
May be beholden to a subject, I  
Am, for his love and service so to him.  
Make me no more ado, but all embrace.

Be friends for shame, my Lords.—My Lord of *Can-*  
*terbury,*

I have a suit which you must not deny me,  
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism ;  
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory  
In such an honour ; how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

*King.* Come, come, my Lord, <sup>2</sup> you'd spare your  
spoons. You shall have

Two noble partners with you ; the old Dutchess  
Of *Norfolk*, and the old lady Marquess *Dorset*.

—Once more, my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you,  
Embrace and love this man.

*Gard.* With a true heart  
And brother's love I do it.

*Cran.* And let heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

[*Embracing.*

<sup>2</sup> —you'd spare your spoons.] passage in the next scene, that  
It appears by this and another the gossips gave spoons.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart :

The common voice, I see is verify'd  
Of thee, which says thus: *Do my Lord of Canterbury  
But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.*  
Come, Lords, we trifle time away: I long  
To have this young one made a christian.  
As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain;  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*The Palace-Yard.*

*Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.*

Port. YOU'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; do you take the Court for <sup>3</sup> *Paris-Garden*? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

*Within.* Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hanged, ye rogue. Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab tree staves, and strong ones; <sup>4</sup> these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads; you must be seeing christnings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible, Unless we swept them from the door with cannons, To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On *May-day* morning; which will never be.

We may as well push against *Paul's* as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hanged?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot,

<sup>3</sup> *Paris Garden*] The Bear-garden of that time.

<sup>4</sup> *These are but switches to 'em.*] To what, or whom? we should point it thus,

*These are but switches.—To 'em.*

i, e. *have at you*, as we now say. He says this as he turns upon the mob.

WARBURTON.

The present pointing seems to be right.



You see the poor remainder, could distribute,  
I made no spare, Sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, Sir.

*Man.* I am not *Sampson*, nor <sup>5</sup> *Sir Guy*, nor *Colebrand*, to mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

*Wilbin.* Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy.  
—Keep the door close, firrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this <sup>6</sup> *Moresfields* to muster in? or have we some strange *Indian* with the great tool come to Court, the women so besiege us? Bless me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? on my christian conscience, this one christning will beget a thousand; here will be father, god father, and all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he \* should be a brasier by his face; for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state.

<sup>5</sup> *Sir Guy, nor Colebrand.*] Of *Guy* of *Warwick* every one has heard. *Colebrand* was the *Danish* giant whom *Guy* subdued at *Winchester*. Their combat is very elaborately, described by *Drayton* in his *Polyolbion*.

<sup>6</sup> *Moresfields to muster in?*]

The trainbands of the city were exercised in *Moresfields*.

\* *he should be a brasier by his face.*] A *brasier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a mass of metal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are here understood.

I mist the \* meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, Clubs! when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour; which were <sup>7</sup> the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broomstaff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, loose shot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the Work; the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but <sup>8</sup> the Tribulation of *Tower-Hill*, or the limbs of *Limehouse*, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the † running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

*Enter Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me! what a multitude are here? They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair. Where are these porters; These lazy knaves?—Ye've made a fine hand, fellows. There's a trim rabble let in; are all these, Your faithful friends o'th' suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt left for the ladies, When they pass back from th' christning?

*Port.* Please your honour,  
We are but men; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn in pieces, we have done.  
An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live,  
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all

\* *the meteor*] The fire-drake, the brasier.

<sup>7</sup> *the hope of the strand.*] *Hammer* reads, *the forlorn hope.*

<sup>8</sup> *the Tribulation of Tower-Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse.*]

I suspect the *Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting house. *The limbs of Limehouse* I do not understand.

† *running banquet of two beadles.*] A publick whipping.

By th' heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads  
Clap round fines for neglect. Y'are lazy knaves ;  
And <sup>9</sup> here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when  
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound ;  
Th'are come already from the christning.

Go break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find  
A *Marshalsea*, shall hold you play these two months.

*Port.* Make way for the Princess.

*Man.* You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make  
your head ake.

*Port.* You i'th' camblet, get up o' th' rail ; I'll pick  
you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt,

## S C E N E VIII,

*Changes to the Palace.*

*Enter Trumpets sounding ; then two Aldermen, Lord  
Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with  
his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen  
bearing great standing bowls for the christning gifts ;  
then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the  
Dutchess of Norfolk, god-mother, bearing the child  
richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a la-  
dy : then follows the Marckioness of Dorset, the other  
god-mother, and ladies. The troop pass once about  
the stage, and Garter speaks.*

*Gart.* Heav'n, from thy endless goodness send long  
life,

And ever happy, to the high and mighty  
Princess of England, fair Elizabeth !

<sup>9</sup> — here ye lie baiting of bum- rd : to bait bumbards is to ripple,  
bard. } A bumbard is an ale-bar- to lie at the spigot.

*Fleurish.*



*Flourish. Enter King and Guard.*

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen,

My noble partners and myself thus pray;  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye!

*King.* Thank you, good Lord Arch-bishop:  
What is her name?

*Cran.* *Elizabeth.*

*King.* Stand up, Lord. [*The King kisses the child.*  
With this kiss take my blessing. God protect thee,  
Into whose hand I give thy life.

*Cran.* *Amen.*

*King.* My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal,  
I thank you heartily; so shall this lady,  
When she has so much *English.*

*Cran.* Let me speak, Sir;

For Heav'n now bids me, and the words I utter,  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.  
This royal infant, heav'n still move about her!  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be,  
(But few or none living can behold that goodness)  
A pattern to all Princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed. *Sheba* was never  
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,  
Than this blest soul should be. All Princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her:  
Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her:  
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless  
her;

Her foes shake, like a field of beaten corn,

And

And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with  
her.

In her days, ev'ry man shall eat in safety,  
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.  
God shall be truly known, and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.  
[<sup>1</sup> Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phoenix,  
Her ashes new-create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself;  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
When heav'n shall call her from this cloud of darkness,  
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd, Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth,  
Terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:  
Where-ever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,  
His honour and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him: children's' children  
Shall see this, and bless heav'n.

<sup>1</sup> *Nor shall this peace sleep with her.*] These lines, to the interruption by the King, seem to have been inserted at some revival of the play after the accession of King *James*. If the passage, included in crotchets, be left out, the speech of *Granmer* proceeds in a regular tenour of predication and continuity of sentiments; but by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates *Elizabeth's* successor, and then wishes he did not know

that she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our author was at once politick and idle; he resolved to flatter *James*, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety, or perhaps intended that the line inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication ever was in his thoughts. Mr. *Theobald* has made the same observation.

*King.* Thou speakest wonders.]

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of *England*,  
An aged Princess; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

Would, I had known no more! but she must die,  
She must, the Saints must have her; yet a Virgin,  
A most unspotted lily she shall pass  
To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*King.* O Lord Arch-bishop,  
Thou'lt made me now a man; never, before  
This happy child, did I get any thing.  
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,  
That when I am in heav'n, I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.  
I thank ye all.—To you, my good Lord Mayor,  
And your good brethren, I am much beholden:  
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, Lords;  
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,  
She will be sick else. This day no man think,  
H'as business at his house, for all shall stay;  
This little one shall make it holy day. [Exeunt,

<sup>2</sup> And you good Brethren,] But the Aldermen never were called Brethren to the King. The top of the nobility are but Cousins and Counsellors. Dr. *Thirlby*, therefore, rightly advised;

And your good Brethren—  
i. e. the Lord Mayor's Brethren; which is properly their Style.

THEOBALD.

The play of *Henry* the eighth is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The

coronation about forty years ago drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distresses of *Catherine* have furnished some scenes which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of *Shakespeare* comes in and goes out with *Catherine*. Every other part may be easily conceived, and easily written.



# EPILOGUE.

**T**IS ten to one, this Play can never please  
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an Act or two; but those, we fear,  
We've frighted with our trumpets: so 'tis clear,  
They'll say, it's naught: Others, to hear the city  
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, That's witty!  
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,  
All the expected Good we're like to hear  
For this Play at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women;  
For such a one we shew'd 'em. If they smile,  
And say 'twill do; I know within a while  
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,  
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

† In the character of *Catbarine*.

Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot refrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the prologue nor epilogue to this play is the work of *Shakespeare*; *non vultus, non color*. It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of *Johnsen*, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another

supposition possible: the prologue and epilogue may have been written after *Shakespeare's* departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is in

in *Shakespeare* so much of *fool*  
and *fight*,

——— *the fellow*  
*In a long motley coat, guarded*  
*with yellow,*

appears so often in his drama,  
that I think it not very likely

THE historical Dramas are  
now concluded, of which  
the two parts of *Henry* the Fourth,  
and *Henry* the Fifth, are among  
the happiest of our authour's com-  
positions; and *King John*, *Rich-*  
*ard* the Third, and *Henry* the  
Eighth, deservedly stand in the  
second class. Those whose cu-  
riosity would refer the historical  
scenes to their original, may con-  
sult *Hollingshead*, and sometimes  
*Hall*: from *Hollingshead* *Shake-*  
*speare* has often inserted whole  
speeches with no more alteration  
than was necessary to the num-

that he would have animadvert-  
ed so severely on himself. All  
this, however, must be received  
as very dubious, since we know  
not the exact date of this or  
the other plays, and cannot  
tell how our authour might  
have changed his practice or opi-  
nions.

bers of his verse. To transcribe  
them into the margin was unne-  
cessary, because the original is  
easily examined, and they are  
seldom less perspicuous in the  
poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhi-  
bit a succession of events by ac-  
tion and dialogue, was a com-  
mon entertainment among our  
rude ancestors upon great festi-  
vities. The parish clerks once  
performed at *Clerkenwell* a play  
which lasted three days, con-  
taining, *The History of the World*.

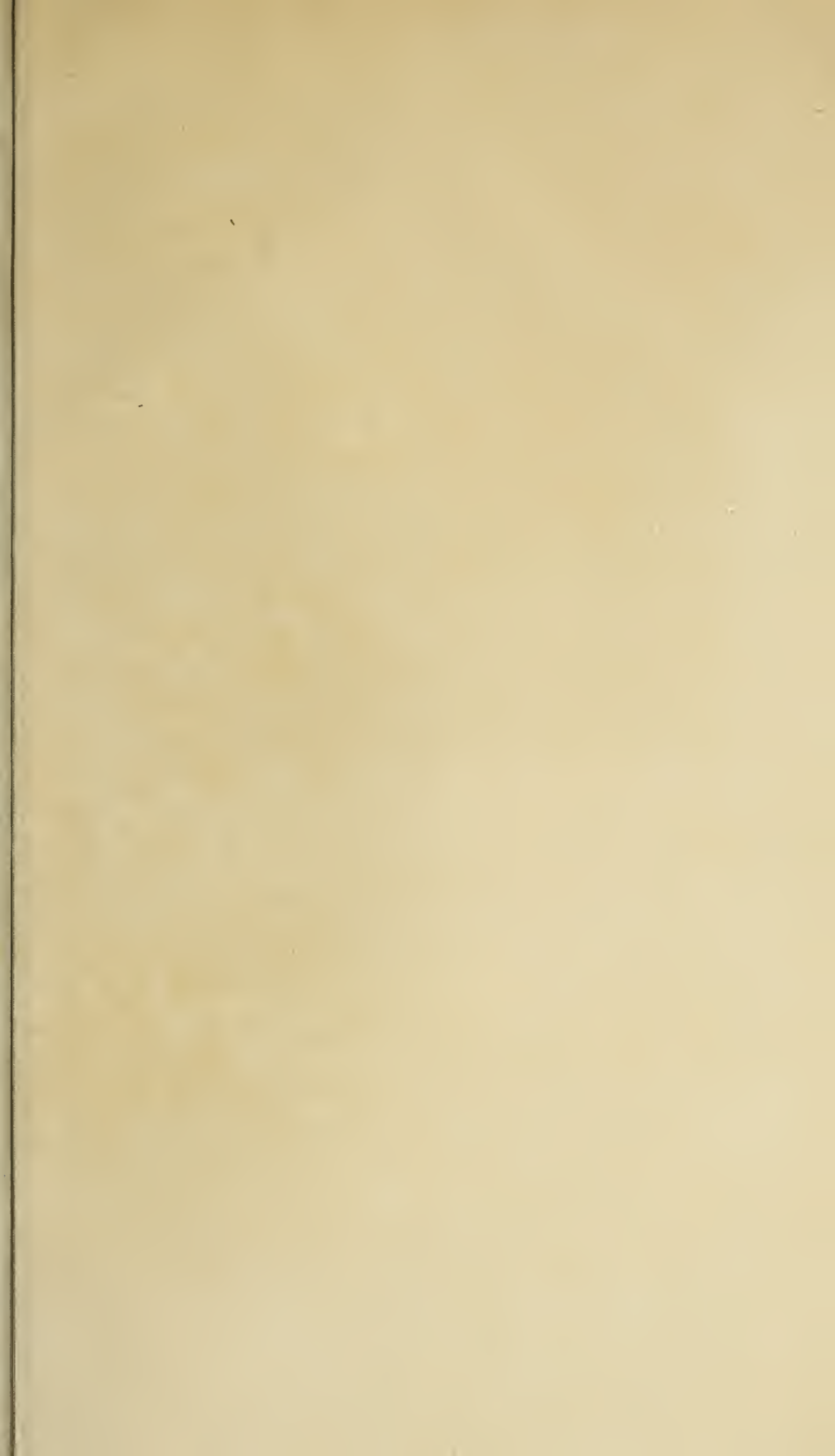
The END of the FIFTH VOLUME.

REVOLUTION

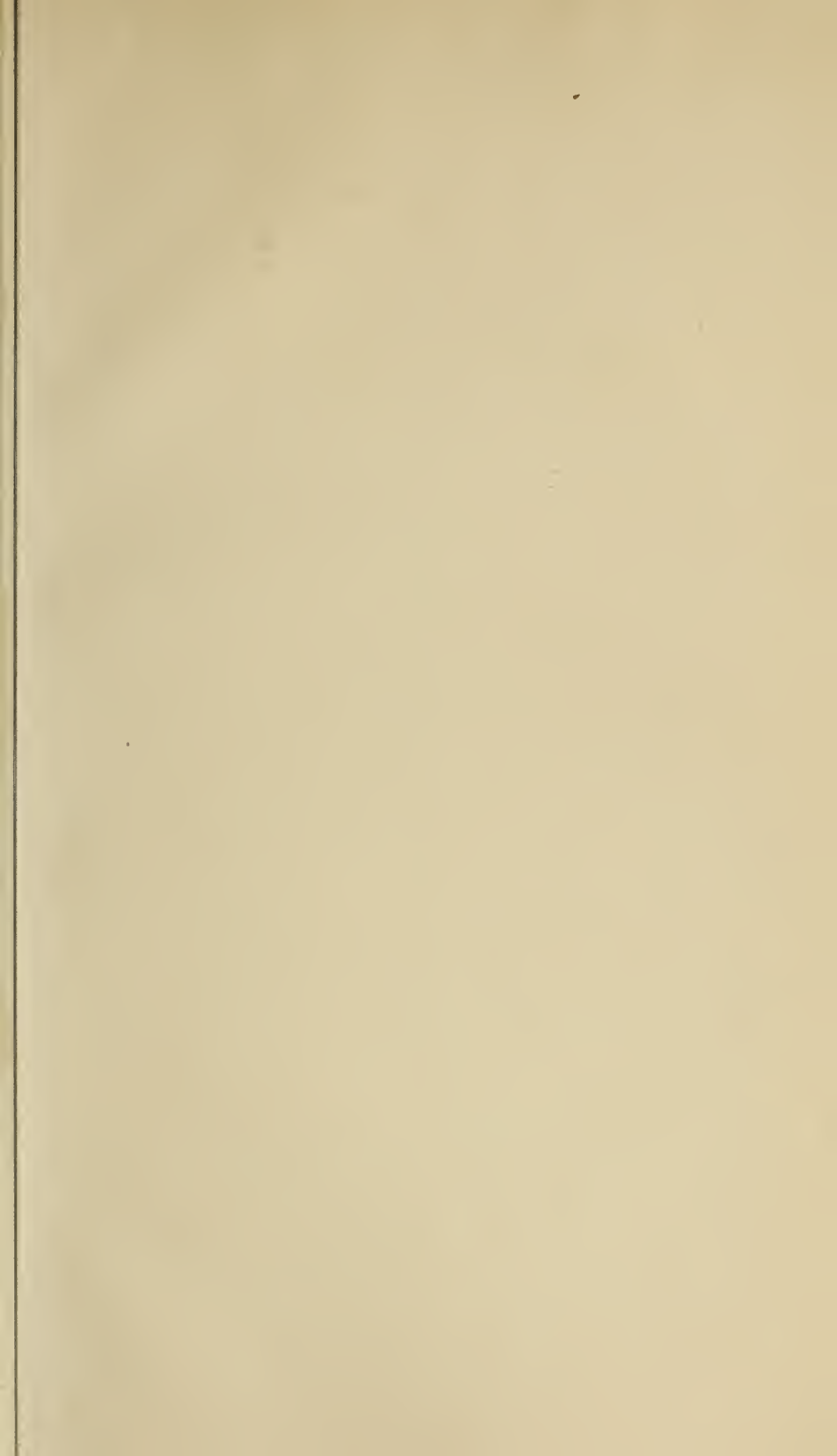
The Revolution of 1776 was a turning point in the history of the United States. It was a struggle for independence from British rule, and it resulted in the creation of a new nation. The revolution was fought between the American colonists and the British, and it was a long and difficult process. The colonists were fighting for their rights as British subjects, and they were fighting for the right to self-government. The British were fighting to maintain their control over the colonies, and they were fighting to maintain the status quo. The revolution was a struggle for the soul of the nation, and it was a struggle that shaped the course of American history.

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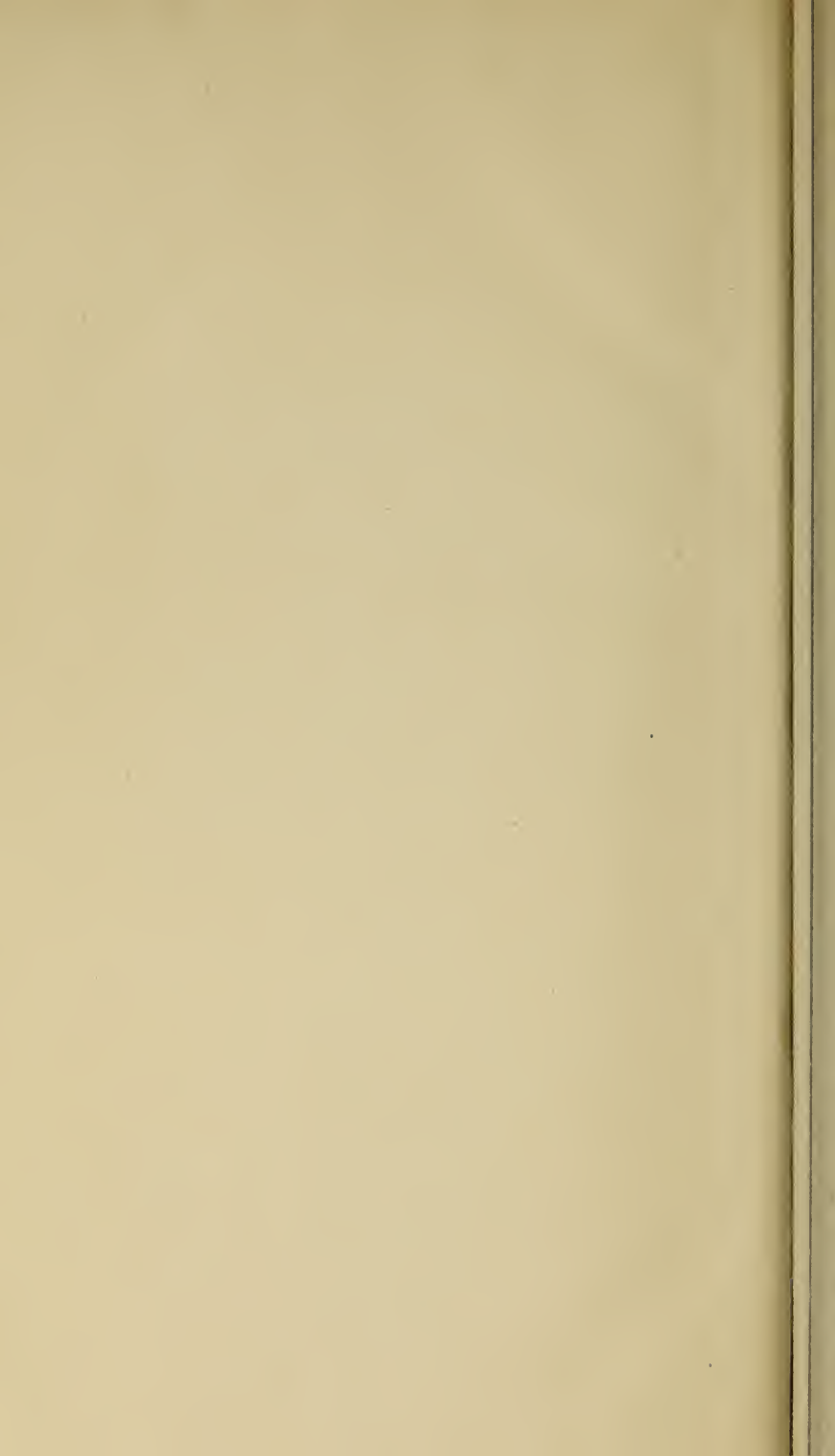


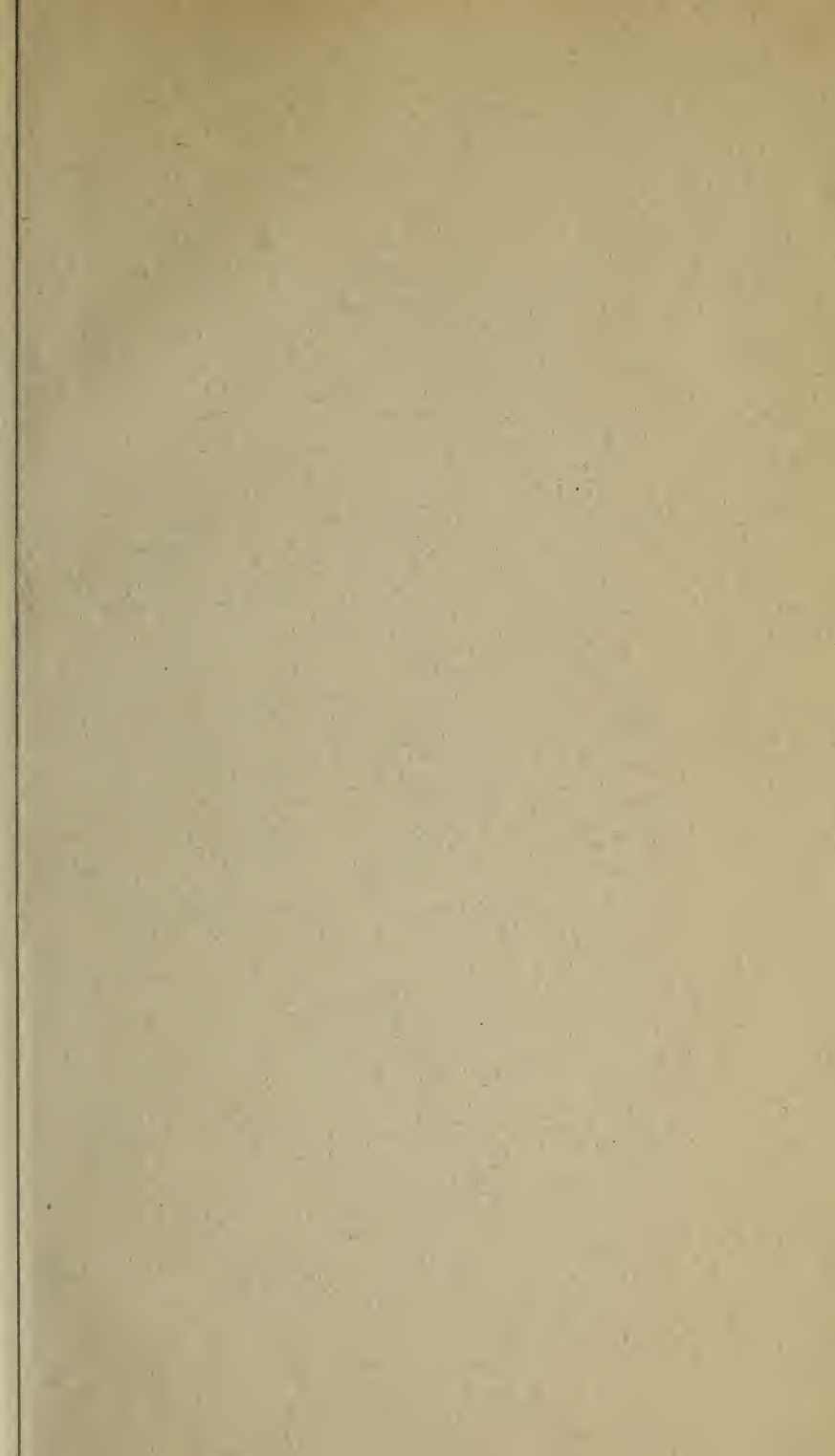
















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