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VOL. VI.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

OF

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P L A Y S

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WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the SIXTH.

C O N T A I N I N G

KING HENRY V.

KING HENRY VI. Part I.

KING HENRY VI. Part II.

KING HENRY VI. Part III.

L O N D O N,

Printed for C. Bathurst, W. Strahan, J. F. and C. Rivington,  
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P L A Y S

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF KING HENRY THE SEVENTH

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME THE SIXTH

CONTENTS

KING HENRY THE SEVENTH  
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KING HENRY THE SEVENTH  
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L O N D O N

Printed by W. Stansfeld, at the New Printing Office, No. 1, St. Dunstons, London. Printed and Sold by W. Stansfeld, at the New Printing Office, No. 1, St. Dunstons, London. Printed and Sold by W. Stansfeld, at the New Printing Office, No. 1, St. Dunstons, London.

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H E N R Y V.

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Fifth.

Duke of Gloster, }  
Duke of Bedford, } *brothers to the king.*

Duke of York, }  
Duke of Exeter, } *uncles to the king.*

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Westmoreland.

Earl of Warwick.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge, }  
Lord Scroop, } *conspirators against the king.*

Sir Thomas Grey,  
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Mack-  
morris, Jamy, *officers in king Henry's army.*

Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, Boy, *formerly servants to  
Falstaff, now soldiers in the king's army.*

Bates, Court, Williams, *soldiers.*

Charles, *the Sixth, king of France.*

The Dauphin.

Duke of Burgundy.

Constable, Orleans, Rambures, Bourbon, Grandpree;  
*French lords.*

Governor of Harfleur.

Montjoy, *a herald.*

*Ambassadors to the king of England.*

Isabel, *queen of France.*

Katharine, *daughter to the king of France.*

Alice, *a lady attending on the princess Katharine.*

Quickly, *Pistol's wife, an hostess.*

*Chorus.*

*Lords, Messengers, French and English Soldiers, with  
other Attendants.*

*The SCENE, at the beginning of the play, lies in Eng-  
land; but afterwards, wholly in France.*



'O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend  
 The brightest heaven of invention !  
 A kingdom for a stage, <sup>2</sup> princes to act,  
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !  
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
 Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,  
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,  
 Crouch for employment <sup>3</sup>. But pardon, gentles all,  
 The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,  
 On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth  
 So great an object : Can this cock-pit hold

<sup>1</sup> *O for a muse of fire, &c.*] This goes upon the notion of the Peripatetic system, which imagines several heavens one above another; the last and highest of which was one of fire.

WARBURTON.

It alludes likewise to the aspiring nature of fire, which, by its levity, at the separation of the chaos, took the highest seat of all the elements. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ———— *princes to act,*  
*And monarchs to behold* ———— ]

Shakespeare does not seem to set distance enough between the performers and spectators. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Leasht in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,*  
*Crouch for employment.*— ]

In *K. Henry VI.* "Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire," are called the three attendants on the English general, lord Talbot; and, as I suppose, are the *dogs of war* mentioned in *Julius Cæsar*.

This image of the warlike Henry very much resembles *Mont-faucon's* description of the *Mars* discovered at *Bresse*, who leads a lyon and a lyoness in couples, and crouching as for employment. TOLLET.

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, speaking of *King Henry V.* says:

"He led good fortune in a line, and did but war and win." Holinshed, (p. 567.) when the people of Roan petitioned king Henry V. has put this sentiment into his mouth: "He declared that the goddess of battell, called Bellona, had three hand-maidens, ever of necessitie attending upon her, as *blood, fire, and famine.*" STEEVENS.

The vasty field of France ? or may we cram,  
 4 Within this wooden O, 5 the very casques  
 That did affright the air at Agincourt ?  
 O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may  
 Attest, in little place, a million ;  
 And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,  
 6 On your imaginary forces work :  
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls  
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,  
 7 Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts  
 The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.  
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;

4 *Within this wooden O,*—] Nothing shews more evidently the power of custom over language, than that the frequent use of calling a circle an *O* could so much hide the meanness of the metaphor from Shakespeare, that he has used it many times where he makes his most eager attempts at dignity of stile.

JOHNSON.

5 *The very casques*] The helmets. JOHNSON.

6 *Imaginary forces*—] *Imaginary* for *imaginative*, or your powers of fancy. Active and passive words are by this author frequently confounded. JOHNSON.

7 *Whose high-upreared, and abutting fronts*

*The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.*]

Without doubt the author wrote :

*Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts,*

*Perilous, the narrow ocean parts asunder.*]

For his purpose is to shew, that the highest danger arises from the shock of their meeting, and that it is but a little thing which keeps them asunder. This sense my emendation gives us, as the common reading gives us a contrary ; for those whom a *perilous ocean parts asunder*, are in no danger of meeting. WARBURTON.

*Perilous narrow*, in burlesque and common language meant no more than *very narrow*. In old books this mode of expression occurs perpetually. *A perilous broad brim to a hat, a perilous long sword, &c.* So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humourous Lieutenant* :

“ She is *perilous* crafty.”

Thus, *villainous* is only used to exaggerate, in the *Tempest* :

“ ——— be turn'd to barnacles or apes

“ With foreheads *villanous* low.”

Again, in John Florio's *Preface to his Translation of Montaigne* :

“ ——— in this *perilous* crook'd passage ——— ”

STEEVENS

Into

Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
 \* And make imaginary puissance :  
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth ;  
 \* For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
 Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;  
 Turning the accomplishment of many years  
 Into an hour-glass ; For the which supply,  
 Admit me chorus to this history ;  
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,  
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

\* *And make imaginary puissance :*] This shews that Shakespeare was fully sensible of the absurdity of shewing battles on the theatre, which indeed is never done but tragedy becomes farce. Nothing can be represented to the eye but by something like it, and *within a wooden O* nothing very like a battle can be exhibited.

JOHNSON.

Other authors of that age seem to have been sensible of the same absurdities. In Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631 ; a Chorus enters and says :

“ Our stage so lamely can express a sea,

“ That we are forc'd by Chorus to discourse

“ What should have been in action, &c.” STEEVENS.

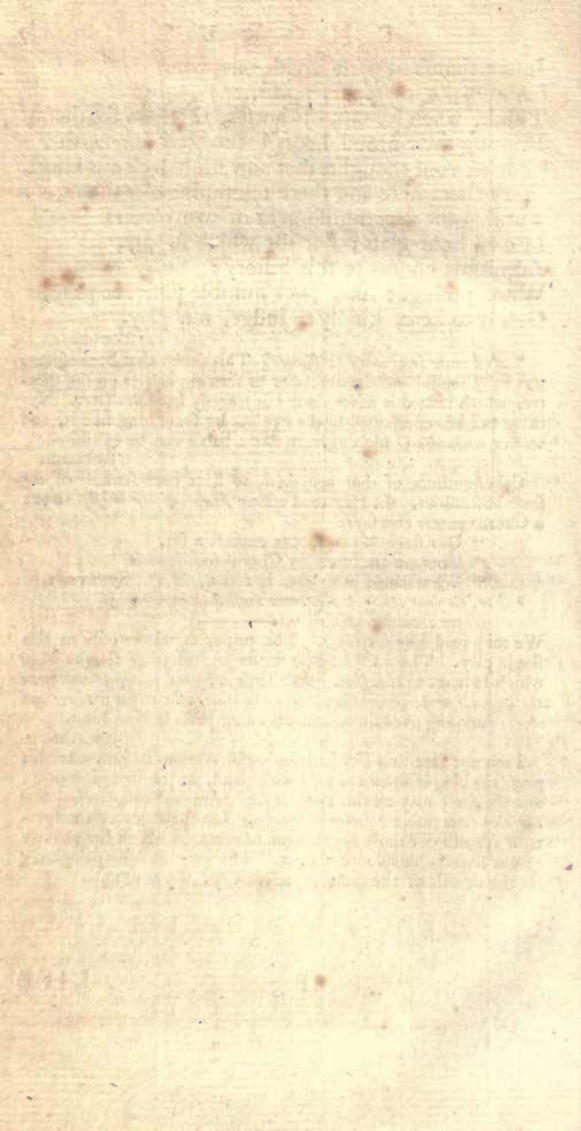
\* *For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings ;*

*Carry them here and there ; ——— ]*

We may read *king* for *kings*. The prologue relates only to this single play. The mistake was made by referring *them* to *kings* which belongs to *thoughts*. The sense is, *your thoughts must give the king his proper greatness ; carry therefore your thoughts here and there, jumping over time, and crowding years into an hour.*

JOHNSON.

I am not sure that Dr. Johnson's observation is just. In this play, the king of France as well as England, makes his appearance ; and the sense may be this ; — *it must be to your imaginations that our kings are indebted for their royalty.* Let the fancy of the spectator furnish out those appendages to greatness which the poverty of our stage is unable to supply. The poet is still apologizing for the defects of theatrical representation. STEEVENS



# K I N G H E N R Y V.

---

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

*An antichamber in the English court, at Kenelworth.*

*Enter the archbishop of Canterbury, and bishop of Ely.*

<sup>2</sup> *Cant.* My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is  
urg'd,

Which

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Henry V.]* This play was writ (as appears from a passage in the chorus to the fifth act) at the time of the earl of Essex's commanding the forces in Ireland in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and not 'till after Henry the VIth had been played, as may be seen by the conclusion of this play. POPE.

*Life of Henry V.]* The transactions comprised in this historical play commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the eighth year of this king's reign: when he married Katharine princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown. THEOBALD.

This play in the quarto edition, 1608, is styled the *Chronicle History* of Henry, &c. which seems to have been the title anciently appropriated to all Shakespeare's historical dramas. So, in *The Antipodes*, a comedy by R. Brome, 1638:

“ These lads can act the emperor's lives all over,

“ And Shakespeare's *Chronicled Histories* to boot.”

The players likewise in the folio edition, 1623, rank these pieces under the title of *Histories*.

It is evident, that a play on this subject had been performed before the year 1595. Nash, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, dated 1595, says: “ —what a glorious thing it is to have *Henry the Fifth* represented on the stage leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the dolphin to swear fealtie.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Archbishop of Canterbury.]* This first scene was added since the edition of 1608, which is much short of the present editions,



Which, in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign  
Was like, and had indeed against us past,

But

wherein the speeches are generally enlarged and raised: several whole scenes besides, and all the choruses also, were since added by Shakespeare. POPE.

On this subject a play was written about the time of Shakespeare; but whether before or after his *Henry V.* made its appearance, has not yet been absolutely determined. (It is thus entered in the books of the Stationers' company. "Tho. Strode] May 2, 1594. A booke entituled the famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honorable Battell of Agincourt." There are two more entries of a play of *Henry V.* viz. between 1596 and 1615, and one August 14th, 1600.) I have two copies of it in my possession: one without date (which seems much the elder of the two) and another (apparently printed from it) dated 1617, though printed by Bernard Alsop (who was printer of the other edition) and sold by the same person and at the same place. Alsop appears to have been a printer before the year 1600, and was afterwards one of the twenty appointed by decree of the star-chamber to print for this kingdom. I believe, however, this piece to have been prior to that of Shakespeare for several reasons. First, because it is highly probable that it is the very "displeasing play" alluded to in the epilogue to the second part of *King Henry IV.*—for *Oldcastle died a martyr.* Oldcastle is the Falstaff of the piece, which is despicable, and full of ribaldry and impiety from the first scene to the last.—Secondly, because Shakespeare seems to have taken not a few hints from it; for it comprehends in some measure the story of the two parts of *Henry IV.* as well as of *Henry V.* and no ignorance I think could debase the gold of Shakespeare into such dross; though no chemistry but that of Shakespeare could exalt such base metal into gold.—When the prince of Wales in *Henry IV.* calls Falstaff *my old lad of the Castle,* it is probably but a sneering allusion to the deserved fate which this performance met with; for there is no proof that our poet was ever obliged to change the name of Oldcastle into that of Falstaff, though there is an absolute certainty that this piece must have been condemned by any audience before whom it was ever represented.

Lastly, because it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed) from the Jest of the famous comedian Tarlton, 4to. 1611, that he had been particularly celebrated in the part of the Clown † in  
*Henry*

† Mr. Oldys, in a manuscript note in his copy of Langbaine, says, that Tarlton appear'd in the character of the Judge who receives the box on the ear. This Judge is likewise a character in the old play.

I may

But that the scrambling and unquiet time<sup>3</sup>  
Did push it out of further question.

*Ely.*

*Henry V.* and though this character does not exist in our play, we find it in the other, which, for the reasons already enumerated, I suppose to have been prior to this.

This anonymous play of *Henry V.* is neither divided into acts or scenes, is uncommonly short, and has all the appearance of having been imperfectly taken down during the representation. As much of it appears to have been omitted, we may suppose that the author did not think it convenient for his reputation to publish a more ample copy.

There is, indeed, a play, called *Sir John Oldcastle*, published in 1600, with the name of *William Shakespeare* prefixed to it. The prologue being very short, I shall quote it, as it serves to prove, that a former piece, in which the character of *Oldcastle* was introduced, had given great offence:

“ The doubtfull title (gentlemen) prefixt  
 “ Upon the argument we have in hand,  
 “ May breed suspence, and wrongfully disturbe  
 “ The peaceful quiet of your settled thoughts :  
 “ To stop which scruple, let this breefe suffice.  
 “ It is no *pamper'd glutton* we present,  
 “ Nor *aged counsellour to youthfull sinne* ;  
 “ But one, whose vertue shone above the rest,  
 “ A valiant martyr, and a vertuous peere,  
 “ In whose true faith and loyalty exprest  
 “ Unto his soveraigne, and his countries weale :  
 “ We strive to pay that tribute of our love  
 “ Your favours merit : let faire truth be grac'd  
 “ Since forg'd invention former time defac'd.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *The scrambling and unquiet time.*] In the old household book of the 5th earl of Northumberland, there is a particular section appointing the order of service for the *scrambling* days in lent, that is, days on which no regular meals were provided, but every one *scrambled*, i. e. *scrambled* and shifted for himself as well as he could. — So, in the old noted book intitled, “ *Leicester's Commonwealth*,” one of the marginal heads is, “ *Scrambling between Lei-*

I may add, on the authority of the books at Stationer's-Hall, that Tarlton published what he called his *Farewell*, a ballad, in Sept. 1588. In Oct. 1589, was enter'd, “ *Tarlton's Repentance, and his Farewell to his Friends in his Sicknesse a little before his Death* ;” in 1590, “ *Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie* :” and in the same year, “ *A pleasaunt Ditty Dialogue-wise, between Tarlton's Ghost and Robyn Goodfellowe.*” STEEVENS,

cester

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

*Cant.* It must be thought on. If it pass against us,  
We lose the better half of our possession:  
For all the temporal lands, which men devout  
By testament have given to the church,  
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus,—  
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,  
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;  
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;  
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,  
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,  
A hundred alms-houses, right well supply'd;  
And to the coffers of the king, beside,  
A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

*Ely.* This would drink deep.

*Cant.* 'Twould drink the cup and all.

*Ely.* But what prevention?

*Cant.* The king is full of grace, and fair regard,

*Ely.* And a true lover of the holy church.

*Cant.* The courses of his youth promis'd it not,  
The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,  
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,

cester and Huntington at the upshot." Where in the text, the author says, "Hastings, for ought I see, when he cometh to the *scambling*, is like to have no better luck by the bear [Leicester] than his ancestors had by the boare [K. Rich. III.]" edit. 1641, 12mo. p. 87. So again, Shakespeare himself makes king Hen. V. say to the princess Katharine, "I get thee with *scambling*, and thou must therefore prove a good soldier-breeder." Act V. PERCY.

Shakespeare uses the same word in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"*Scambling*, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys."

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"——— the widow and myself

"Will *scamble* out the shaking of the sheets,

"Without your music."

Again, in the *Merry Devil of Edmanton*, 1626:

"Leave us to *scamble* for her getting out." STEEVENS.

4 Consideration like an angel came,  
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;  
 Leaving his body as a paradise,  
 To envelop and contain celestial spirits.  
 Never was such a sudden scholar made:  
 Never came reformation in a flood<sup>5</sup>,  
 With such a heady current, scouring faults;  
 Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness  
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
 As in this king.

*Ely.* We are blessed in the change.

*Cant.* Hear him but reason in divinity<sup>6</sup>,

And,

4 *Consideration, like an angel, &c.*] As paradise, when sin and Adam were driven out by the angel, became the habitation of celestial spirits, so the king's heart, since *consideration* has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wisdom and of virtue.

JOHNSON.

5 *Never came reformation in a flood,*] Alluding to the method by which Hercules cleansed the famous stables when he turned a river through them. Hercules still is in our author's head when he mentions the Hydra. JOHNSON.

6 *Hear him but reason in divinity, &c.*] This speech seems to have been copied from king James's prelates, speaking of their Solomon: when archbishop Whitgift, who, as an eminent writer says, *died soon afterwards, and probably doated then*, at the Hampton-Court conference, declared himself *verily persuaded, that his sacred majesty spoke by the spirit of God*. And, in effect, this scene was added after king James's accession to the crown: so that we have no way of avoiding its being esteemed a compliment to *him*, but by supposing it was a satire on *his bishops*.

WARBURTON.

Why these lines should be divided from the rest of the speech and applied to king James, I am not able to conceive; nor why an opportunity should be so eagerly snatched to treat with contempt that part of his character which was least contemptible. King James's theological knowledge was not inconsiderable. To preside at disputations is not very suitable to a king, but to understand the questions is surely laudable. The poet, if he had James in his thoughts, was no skilful encomiast; for the mention of Harry's skill in war, forced upon the remembrance of his audience the great deficiency of their present king; who yet with all his faults, and many faults he had, was such, that sir

Robert



And, all-admiring, with an inward wish  
 You would desire, the king were made a prelate :  
 Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,  
 You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study ;  
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
 A fearful battle render'd you in music :  
 Turn him to any cause of policy,  
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
 Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,  
 7 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ;  
 8 So that the art, and practic part of life

Must

Robert Cotton says, *he would be content that England should never have a better, provided that it should never have a worse.*

JOHNSON.

Those who are solicitous that justice should be done to the theological knowledge of our British Solomon, may very easily furnish themselves with specimens of it from a book entitled, *Rex Platonicus, sive de potentissimi Principis Jacobi Britanniarum Regis ad illustrissimam Academiam Oxoniensem adventu, Aug. 27, Anno 1605.* In this performance we may still bear him reasoning in Divinity, Physic, Jurisprudence, and Philosophy. On the second of these subjects he has not failed to express his well-known enmity to tobacco, and throws out many a royal witticism on the “Medici Nicotianistæ,” and “Tobacconistæ” of the age; inasmuch that Isaac Wake, the chronicler of his triumphs at Oxford, declares, that “nemo nisi iniquissimus rerum æstimator, bonique publici pessimè invidus, Jacobo nostro recusabit immortalæ gloriæ aram figere, qui ipse adeo mirabilem in Theologiæ, Jurisprudentiæ et Medicinæ arcanis peritiâ eamque planè divinitus assecutus est, ut &c.” STEEVENS.

7 *The air, &c.*] This line is exquisitely beautiful. JOHNSON. The same thought occurs in *As You Like It*. Act II. sc. 7 :

“ ——— I must have liberty

“ Withal, *as large a charter as the wind,*

“ To blow on whom I please.” MALONE.

8 *So that the art, and practic part of life,*] All the editions, if I am not deceived, are guilty of a slight corruption in this passage. The archbishop has been shewing what a master the king was in the theory of divinity, war, and policy : so that it must be expected (as, I conceive he would infer) that the king should

now



Must be the mistress to this theorique<sup>9</sup> :  
 Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,  
 Since his addiction was to courses vain ;  
 His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;  
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ;  
 And never noted in him any study,  
 Any retirement, any sequestration  
 From open haunts and popularity.

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath the nettle<sup>1</sup> ;  
 And wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best,  
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :  
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation  
 Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,  
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,

now wed that theory to action, and the putting the several parts of his knowledge into practice. If this be our author's meaning, I think, we can hardly doubt but he wrote :

*So that the act, and practice, &c.*

Thus we have a consonance in the terms and sense. For theory is the art and study of the rules of any science ; and action, the exemplification of those rules by proof and experiment.

THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by Dr. Warburton, but it appears to me founded upon a misrepresentation. The true meaning seems to be this. He discourses with so much skill on all subjects, that *the art and practice of life must be the mistress or teacher of his theorique* ; that is, *that his theory must have been taught by art and practice* ; which, *says he*, is strange, since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory : *art* is used by the author for *practice*, as distinguished from *science* or *theory*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— to this theorique :] *Theoric* is what terminates in speculation. So, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615 :

“ ——— son *Caradoc*,

“ 'Tis yet unfit that on this sudden warning

“ You leave your fair wife, to the *theorique*

“ Of matrimonial pleasure and delight.”

Bookish *theorique* is mentioned in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *The strawberry &c.*] i. e. the wild fruit so called, that grows in the woods. STEEVENS.

Unseen, yet *crescive* in his faculty <sup>2</sup>.

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

*Ely.* But, my good lord,  
How now for mitigation of this bill  
Urg'd by the commons ? Doth his majesty  
Incline to it, or no ?

*Cant.* He seems indifferent ;  
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,  
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us :  
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—  
Upon our spiritual convocation ;  
And in regard of causes now in hand,  
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,  
As touching France,—to give a greater sum  
Than ever at one time the clergy yet  
Did to his predecessors part withal.

*Ely.* How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord ?

*Cant.* With good acceptance of his majesty :  
Save, that there was not time enough to hear  
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)  
The severals, and unhidden passages <sup>3</sup>,  
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms ;  
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,  
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

<sup>2</sup> — *crescive in his faculty.*] Increasing in its proper power.  
JOHNSON.

*Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,*

*Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.*]

*Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo*

*Fama Marcelli.*

*Crescive* is a word used by Drant in his translation of Horace's  
*Art of Poetry*, 1567 :

“ As lusty youths of *crescive* age doe flourishe freshe and  
grow.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *The severals, and unbidden passages,*] This line I suspect of  
corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained : the *pas-*  
*sages* of his titles are the *lines* of *succession* by which his claims de-  
scend. *Unbidden* is open, clear. JOHNSON.

*Ely.*

*Ely.* What was the impediment that broke this off?

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

*Ely.* It is.

*Cant.* Then go we in, to know his embaffy; Which I could, with a ready guefs, declare, Before the Frenchman fpeaks a word of it.

*Ely.* I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Opens to the prefence.*

*Enter king Henry, Glofter, Bedford, Warwick, Westmorland, and Exeter.*

*K. Henry.* Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

*Exe.* Not here in prefence.

*K. Henry.* Send for him, good uncle<sup>4</sup>.

*West.*<sup>5</sup> Shall we call in the ambaffador, my liege?

*K. Henry.* Not yet, my coufin<sup>6</sup>; we would be resolv'd,

Before we hear him, of fome things of weight, That<sup>7</sup> task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

*Enter the archbifhop of Canterbury, and bifhop of Ely.*

*Cant.* God, and his angels, guard your facred throne, And make you long become it!

<sup>4</sup> *Good Uncle.*] John Holland, duke of Exeter, was married to Elizabeth the king's aunt. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Shall we call in, &c.*] Here began the old play. POPE.

<sup>6</sup> *Not yet, my coufin; &c.*] The 4to. 1600 and 1608, read

*Not yet, my coufin, till we be resolv'd*

*Of fome ferious matters touching us and France.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *—task—*] Keep bufied with fcruples and laborious difquifitions. JOHNSON.

*K. Henry.*

*K. Henry.* Sure, we thank you.  
 My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;  
 And justly and religiously unfold,  
 Why the law Salique, that they have in France,  
 Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.  
 And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,  
 That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,  
 Or nicely charge your understanding soul  
 With opening titles<sup>9</sup> miscreate, whose right  
 Suits not in native colours with the truth;  
 For God doth know, how many, now in health,  
 Shall drop their blood in approbation<sup>1</sup>  
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to:  
 Therefore<sup>2</sup> take heed how you impawn our person,  
 How you awake the sleeping sword of war;  
 We charge you in the name of God, take heed:  
 For never two such kingdoms did contend,  
 Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops

<sup>8</sup> *Or nicely charge your understanding soul]* Take heed lest by nice and subtle sophistry you burthen your knowing soul, or *knowingly burthen your soul*, with the guilt of advancing a false title, or of maintaining, by specious fallacies, a claim which, if shewn in its native and true colours, would appear to be false.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *—miscreate,—]* Ill-begotten, illegitimate, spurious.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *—in approbation]* i. e. in proving and supporting that title which shall be now set up. So, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614. "Composing what he wrote, not by report of others, but by the *approbation* of his own eyes." Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"That lack'd fight only;—nought for *approbation*

"But only seeing." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *—take heed how you impawn our person,]* The whole drift of the king is to impress upon the archbishop a due sense of the caution with which he is to speak. He tells him that the crime of unjust war, if the war be unjust, shall rest upon him.

*Therefore take heed how you impawn your person.*

So, I think it should be read. *Take heed how you pledge yourself*, your honour, your happiness, in support of bad advice.

Dr. Warburton explains *impawn* by *engage*, and so escapes the difficulty. JOHNSON.



Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,  
 'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the sword  
 That makes such waste in brief mortality<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;  
 For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,  
 That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd  
 As pure as sin with baptism.

*Cant.* Then hear me, gracious soveraign,—and you  
 peers,

That owe your lives, your faith, and services,  
 To this imperial throne;—There is no bar<sup>5</sup>  
 To make against your highness' claim to France,  
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—

*In terram Salicam mulieres nē succedant*<sup>6</sup>,

*No woman shall succeed in Salique land:*

Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze  
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
 The founder of this law and female bar.

Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,  
 That the land Salique lies in Germany,  
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:  
 Where Charles the great, having subdu'd the Saxons,  
 There left behind and settled certain French;  
 Who, holding in disdain the German women,  
 For some dishonest manners of their life,  
 Establish'd there this law,—to wit, no female  
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land;

<sup>3</sup> ——— *brief mortality.*]

“ *Nulla brevem dominum sequetur.* *Hor.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Under this conjuration,*] The 4tos 1600 and 1608, read:  
*After this conjuration.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *There is no bar &c.*] This whole speech is copied (in a manner *verbatim*) from Hall's *Chronicle Henry V. year the second, folio 4. xx. xxx. xl, &c.* In the first edition it is very imperfect, and the whole history and names of the princes are confounded; but this was afterwards set right, and corrected from his original, Hall's *Chronicle.* POPE.

<sup>6</sup> This speech (together with the Latin passage in it) may as well be said to be taken from Holinshed as from Hall. STEEVENS.



Which Salique, 'as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,  
 Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meisen.  
 Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law  
 Was not devised for the realm of France :  
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
 Until four hundred one and twenty years  
 After defunction of king Pharamond,  
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law ;  
 Who died within the year of our redemption  
 Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the great,  
 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French  
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year  
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,  
 King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,  
 Did, as heir general, being descended  
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,  
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
 Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown  
 Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male  
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—  
 ' To fine his title with some shew of truth,  
 (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught)  
 Convey'd himself as heir to the lady Lingare,  
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son  
 Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the ninth,

<sup>7</sup> *To fine his title &c.*] This is the reading of the quarto of 1608, that of the folio is, *To find his title*. I would read :

*To line his title with some shew of truth.*

*To line* may signify at once to decorate and to strengthen. In *Macbeth* :

“ *He did line the rebels with hidden help and vantage.*”

Dr. Warburton says, that *to fine his title*, is to *refine* or improve it. The reader is to judge.

I now believe that *find* is right ; the jury *finds* for the plaintiff, or *finds* for the defendant : to *find* his title is, *to determine in favour of his title with some shew of truth*. JOHNSON.

Both the quartos, 1600 and 1608, read—*To fine* his title, i. e. to make it *shewy* or *specious* by some appearance of justice.

STEEVENS.

Who

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
 Wearing the crown of France, 'till satisfy'd  
 That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
 Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,  
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain;  
 By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great  
 Was re-united to the crown of France.  
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,  
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,  
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear  
 'To hold in right and title of the female :  
 So do the kings of France unto this day ;  
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,  
 To bar your highness claiming from the female ;  
 And rather chuse to hide them in a net,  
 Than amply to imbare their crooked titles<sup>s</sup>,  
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Henry.

\* —imbare *their crooked titles*,] Mr. Pope reads :

*Than openly imbrace*] But where is the antithesis betwixt *hide* in the preceding line, and *imbrace* in this? The two old folios read, *Than amply to imbarre*.—We certainly must read, as Mr. Warburton advised me, *Than amply to imbare*—lay open, display to view. I am surpriz'd Mr. Pope did not start this conjecture, as Mr. Rowe had led the way to it in his edition; who reads :

*Than amply to make bare their crooked titles.* THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have found in the quarto of 1608, this reading :

*Than amply to embrace their crooked causes* ;  
 out of which line Mr. Pope formed his reading, erroneous indeed, but not merely capricious. JOHNSON.

The 4to 1600, reads—*imbace*.

I know of no such word as *imbare*. To *unbar* is to *open*, which I suppose to be the word set down by the poet, and was probably opposed to *bar*.

So, in the first scene of *Timon*, the poet says, "I'll *unbolt* to you."

To *embar*, however, seems, from the following passage in the first book of Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582, to signify to *break or cut off abruptly* :

"Heere Venus *embar*ring his tale, &c."

*K. Henry.* May I, with right and conscience, make this claim?

*Cant.* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!  
For in the book of Numbers is it writ—  
When the son dies, let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,  
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;  
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:  
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandfire's tomb,  
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,  
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince;  
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
Making defeat on the full power of France;  
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill,  
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp  
Forge in blood of French nobility.—  
O noble English, that could entertain  
With half their forces the full pride of France;  
And let another half stand laughing by,  
All out of work, and cold for action!<sup>9</sup>

*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:  
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;  
The blood and courage, that renowned them,  
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege  
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

*Exe.* Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth  
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood.

Yet, as to *bar*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, is to strengthen,—

“ ——— that is stronger made

“ Which was before *barr'd* up with ribs of iron. ———”

So; *amply* to *unbar* may mean to *weaken* by an open display of invalidity. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *cold for action!*] The next speeches of *Ely*, *Exeter*, *Westmoreland*, and *Canterbury*, were added after the quartos 1600 and 1608. STEEVENS.

*West.* <sup>1</sup> They know, your grace hath cause, and means and might;

So hath your highness; never king of England  
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,  
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

*Cant.* O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege <sup>2</sup>,  
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:  
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality  
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,  
As never did the clergy at one time  
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

*K. Henry.* We must not only arm to invade the  
French;

But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.

*Cant.* They of those marches <sup>3</sup>, gracious sovereign,  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

*K. Henry.* We do not mean the courting snatchers  
only,

<sup>1</sup> *They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might,  
So hath your highness; ———]*

We should read:

—————your race had cause—————

which is carrying on the sense of the concluding words of Exeter:

*As did the former lions of your blood;*

meaning Edward III. and the black prince. WARBURTON.

I do not see but the present reading may stand as I have pointed it. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> These two lines Dr. Warburton gives to Westmoreland, but with so little reason that I have continued them to Canterbury. The credit of old copies, though not great, is yet more than nothing. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *They of those marches,]* The *marches* are the borders, the limits, the confines. Hence the *Lords Marchers*, i. e. the lords presidents of the *marches*, &c. So, in the first canto of Drayton's *Barons' Wars*:

“When now the *marchers* well upon their way, &c.”

STEEVENS.



But fear the main intendment of the Scot,  
 Who hath been still a <sup>4</sup>giddy neighbour to us :  
 For you shall read, that my great grandfather  
 ' Never went with his forces into France,  
 But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom  
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
 With ample and brim fulness of his force ;  
 Galling the gleaned land with hot assays ;  
 Girding with grievous siege castles, and towns ;  
 That England, being empty of defence,  
 Hath shook, and trembled <sup>6</sup>at the ill neighbourhood,  
*Cant.* She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,  
 my liege :

For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—  
 When all her chivalry hath been in France,  
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
 She hath herself not only well defended,  
 But taken, and impounded as a stray,

<sup>4</sup> —giddy neighbour— ] That is, inconstant, changeable,  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Never went with his forces into France,*] Shakespeare wrote the line thus :

*Ne'er went with his full forces into France.*

The following expressions of *unfurnish'd kingdom*, *gleaned land*, and *empty of defence*, shew this. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. JOHNSON.

The 4tos 1600 and 1608 read :

—never my great grandfather

Unmask'd his power for France—

What an opinion the Scots entertained of the defenceless state of England, may be known by the following passage from *The Battle of Floddon*, an ancient historical poem :

“ For England's king you understand

“ To France is past with all his peers :

“ There is none at home left in the land,

“ But jolt-head monks, and bursten freers.

“ Of ragged rusties, without rules,

“ Of priests prating for pudding shives ;

“ Of milners madder than their mules,

“ Or wanton clerks, waking their wives.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —at the ill neighbourhood.] The 4tos 1600 and 1608 read ;

—at the bruit thereof. STEEVENS.



The king of Scots ; whom she did send to France,  
 To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings ;  
 7 And make your chronicle as rich with praise,  
 As is the ouze and bottom of the sea  
 With sunken wreck \* and sumless treasuries.

*Exe.* 9 But there's a saying, very old and true,—

1 *If that you will France win,  
 Then with Scotland first begin :*

For once the eagle England being in prey,  
 To her unguarded nest the weazel Scot  
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs ;  
 Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,

7 *And make his chronicle as rich with praise,*] He is speaking of king Edward's prisoners ; so that it appears Shakespeare wrote :

————— *as rich with prize,*

*i. e.* captures, booty. Without this there is neither beauty nor likeness in the similitude. **WARBURTON.**

The change of *praise* to *prize*, I believe no body will approve ; the similitude between the chronicle and the sea consists only in this, that they are both full, and filled with something valuable. Besides, Dr. Warburton presupposes a reading which exists in no ancient copy, for *his chronicle* as the later editions give it, the quarto has *your*, the folio *their chronicle*.

*Your* and *their* written by contraction *yr*, are just alike, and *ber* in the old hands is not much unlike *yr*. I believe we should read *ber* chronicle. **JOHNSON.**

\* ——— *and sumless treasuries.*] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read :

————— *and shipleless treasury.* **STEEVENS.**

9 *Ely. But there's a saying, &c.*] This speech, which is dissuasive of war with France, is absurdly given to one of the churchmen in confederacy to push the king upon it, as appears by the first scene of this act. Besides, the poet had here an eye to Hall, who gives this observation to the duke of Exeter. But the editors have made Ely and Exeter change sides, and speak one another's speeches ; for this, which is given to Ely, is Exeter's ; and the following given to Exeter is Ely's.

**WARBURTON.**

1 *If that you will France win, &c.*] Hall's *Chronicle*. Hen. V. year 2. fol. 7. p. 2. x. **POPE.**

It is likewise found in Holinshed, and in the old anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* **STEEVENS.**

<sup>2</sup> To taint and havock more than she can eat.

*Ely.* It follows then, the cat must stay at home :

<sup>3</sup> Yet that is but a curs'd necessity ;

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,

<sup>4</sup> And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,

The advised head defends itself at home :

<sup>2</sup> *To tear and havock more than she can eat.*] It is not much the quality of the mouse to tear the food it comes at, but to run over and defile it. The old quarto reads, *spoil*; and the two first folios, *tame*: from which last corrupted word, I think, I have retrieved the poet's genuine reading, *taint*. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> *Yet that is but a curs'd necessity* ;] So the old quarto. The folios read *crush'd*: neither of the words convey any tolerable idea; but give us a counter-reasoning, and not at all pertinent. We should read, 'scus'd *necessity*. It is *Ely's* business to shew there is no real necessity for staying at home: he must therefore mean, that though there be a seeming necessity, yet it is one that may be well *excus'd* and *got over*. WARBURTON.

Neither the old readings nor the emendation seem very satisfactory. *A* *curs'd necessity* has no sense; a 'scus'd *necessity* is so harsh that one would not admit it, if any thing else can be found. *A* *crush'd necessity* may mean, a *necessity* which is *subdued* and *over-powered* by contrary reasons. We might read a *crude necessity*, a *necessity* not *complete*, or not well considered and digested, but it is too harsh.

Sir. T. Hanmer reads :

*Yet that is not o'course a necessity.* JOHNSON.

*A curs'd necessity* means, I believe, only *an unfortunate necessity*. *Curs'd*, in colloquial phrase, signifies any thing *unfortunate*. So we say, such a one leads a *curst* life; another has got into a *curst* scrape. It may mean, a *necessity to be execrated*.

This vulgarism is often used by sir Arthur Gorges in his translation of Lucan, 1614. So, B. vii. p. 293 :

“ His *curst* fortune he condemned.”

Again, p. 297 :

“ ——— on the cruel destinies

“ The people pour out *curst* cries.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 5th *Odyssy* :

“ ——— while thus discourse he held,

“ A *curs'd* surge 'gainst a cutting rock impell'd

“ His naked body.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And pretty traps* —] Thus the old copy; but I believe we should read *petty*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> For government, though high, and low, and lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent<sup>6</sup>;  
Congruing in a full and natural close,  
Like musick.

*Cant.* True: therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,

<sup>7</sup> Setting endeavour in continual motion;

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
Obedience: for so work the honey bees;  
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach  
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.

They have a king, and officers of sorts:

Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;

<sup>8</sup> Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;

Which pillage they with merry march bring home

<sup>5</sup> For government, though high, and low, and lower,] The foundation and expression of this thought seems to be borrowed from Cicero *de Republica*, lib. 2. *Sic ex summis, & mediis, & infimis interjectis ordinibus, ut sonis, moderatam ratione civitatem, Consensu dissimiliorum concinere; & quæ harmonia à musicis dicitur in cantu, eam esse in civitate concordiam.* THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> ——— in one consent,] *Consent is unison.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Setting endeavour in continual motion;

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

*Obedience:—*] Neither the sense nor the construction of this passage is very obvious. The construction is, *endeavour—as an aim or butt to which endeavour, obedience is fixed.* The sense is, that all endeavour is to terminate in obedience, to be subordinate to the publick good and general design of government.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;] What is the *venturing trade*? I am persuaded we should read and point it thus:

*Others, like merchant venturers, trade abroad.*

WARBURTON.

If the whole difficulty of this passage consists in the obscurity of the phrase *to venture trade* it may be easily cleared. *To venture trade* is a phrase of the same import and structure as *to hazard battle*. Nothing could have raised an objection but the desire of being busy. JOHNSON.

To the tent-royal of their emperor :  
 Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys  
 The singing masons building roofs of gold ;  
 ' The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;  
 The poor mechanick porters crowding in  
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;  
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,  
 Delivering o'er to executors pale  
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—  
 That many things, having full reference  
 To one consent, may work contrariously ;  
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
 Fly to one mark ;  
 As many several ways meet in one town ;  
 As many fresh streams run in one self sea ;  
 As many lines close in the dial's center ;  
 ' So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne

' *The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;*] This may possibly be right : but I rather think that Shakespeare wrote—*heading up the honey* ; alluding to the putting up merchandise in casks. And this is in fact the case. The honey being *headed* up in separate and distinct cells by a thin membrane of wax drawn over the mouth of each of them, to hinder the liquid matter from running out. WARBURTON.

*To head the honey* can hardly be right ; for though we *head* the cask, no man talks of *heading* the commodities. *To knead* gives an easy sense, though not physically true. The bees do in fact *knead* the wax more than the honey, but that Shakespeare perhaps did not know. JOHNSON.

The old quartos read—*lading up the honey*. STEEVENS.

' *So may a thousand actions, once afoot,*] The speaker is endeavouring to shew that the state is able to execute many projected actions at once, and conduct them all to their completion, without impeding or jostling one another in their course. Shakespeare, therefore, must have wrote, *actions 't once a foot*, i. e. at once ; or, on foot together. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer is more kind to this emendation by reading *act at once*. The change is not necessary, the old text may stand.

JOHNSON.



\* Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.  
Divide your happy England into four ;  
Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.  
If we, with thrice that power left at home,  
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,  
Let us be worried ; and our nation lose  
The name of hardiness, and policy.

*K. Henry.* Call in the messengers sent from the  
Dauphin.

Now are we well resolv'd : and,—by God's help ;  
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—  
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,  
Or break it all to pieces : Or there we'll sit,  
Ruling, in large and ample empery<sup>3</sup>,  
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms ;  
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombleless, with no remembrance over them :  
Either our history shall, with full mouth,  
Speak freely of our acts ; or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,  
Not worship'd<sup>4</sup> with a waxen epitaph.

*Enter*

<sup>2</sup> *Without defeat.*—] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read, *Without defect.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *emperry,*] This word which signifies *dominion*, is now obsolete, though formerly in general use. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607 :

“ Within the circuit of our *emperry*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *with a waxen epitaph.*] The quarto 1608 reads, *with a paper epitaph.*

Either a *waxen* or a *paper* epitaph, is an epitaph easily obliterated or destroyed ; one which can confer no lasting honour on the dead. Shakespeare employs the former epithet in a similar sense in *K. Richard II* :

“ That it may enter Mowbray's *waxen* coat.”

Again, in G. Whetstone's *Garden of Unthriftines*, 1576 :

“ In *waxe*, say I, men easily grave their will ;

“ In marble stone the worke with paine is wonne :

“ But perfect once, the print remaineth still,

“ When *waxen* seales by every browse are donne.”

STEEVENS.

The



*Enter ambassadors of France.*

Now we are well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,  
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

*Amb.* May't please your majesty, to give us leave  
Freely to render what we have in charge;  
Or shall we sparingly shew you far off  
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

*K. Henry.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;  
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,  
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:  
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,  
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

*Amb.* Thus then, in few.  
Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says,—that you favour too much of your youth;  
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,  
That can be with a nimble galliard<sup>s</sup> won;  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:  
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,  
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,  
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,  
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks,

*K. Henry.* What treasure, uncle?

*Exe.* <sup>6</sup> Tennis-balls, my liege.

The second reading is more unintelligible, to me at least, than the other: a grave not *dignified* with the slightest memorial.

JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> — *a nimble galliard won:*] A *galliard* was an ancient dance, now obsolete. So, in *All for Money*, 1574:

“Where shall we get a pipe to play the devil a *galliard*?”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Tennis-balls, my liege.*] In the old play of *Henry V.* already mentioned, this present consists of *a gilded tun of tennis-balls and a carpet.* STEEVENS.

*K. Henry.*

K. Henry. <sup>7</sup> We are glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant with us ;

His present, and your pains, we thank you for :  
 When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,  
 We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,  
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard :  
 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,  
 That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
 With <sup>8</sup> chaces. And we understand him well,  
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
 Not measuring what use we made of them.  
 We never valu'd this poor seat of England ;  
<sup>9</sup> And therefore, living hence, did give ourself  
 To barbarous licence ; As 'tis ever common,  
 That men are merriest when they are from home.  
 But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state ;  
 Be like a king, and shew my fail of greatness,  
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France :

<sup>7</sup> *We are glad the dauphin is so pleasant with us ;*] Thus stands the answer of K. Henry in the same old play :

“ My lord, prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me.

“ But tell him, that instead of balls of leather,

“ We will toss him balls of brass and of iron :

“ Yea, such balls as never were toss'd in France.

“ The proudest tennis-court in France shall rue it.”

And the following passage is in Michael Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt* :

“ I'll send him balls and rackets if I live,

“ That they such racket shall in Paris see,

“ When over line with bandies I shall drive ;

“ As that, before the set be fully done,

“ France may perhaps into the hazard run.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Chace* is a term at tennis. JOHNSON.

So is *the hazard* ; a place in the tennis-court into which the ball is sometimes struck. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And therefore, living hence,*—] This expression has strength and energy : he never valued England ; and therefore lived *hence* ; i. e. as if absent from it. But the Oxford editor alters *hence* to *here*. WARBURTON.

*Living hence* means, I believe, withdrawing from the court, the place in which he is now speaking. STEEVENS.

' For that I have laid by my majesty,  
 And plodded like a man for working-days;  
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,  
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.  
 And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his  
 Hath turn'd<sup>2</sup> his balls to gun-stones; and his soul  
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance  
 That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows  
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;  
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;  
 And some are yet ungoten, and unborn,  
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.  
 But this lies all within the will of God,  
 To whom I do appeal; And in whose name,  
 Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,  
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.  
 So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,  
 His jest will favour but of shallow wit,  
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—  
 Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

*Exe.* This was a merry message.

*K. Henry.* We hope to make the sender blush at it.  
 Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,  
 That may give furtherance to our expedition:  
 For we have now no thought in us, but France;  
 Save those to God, that run before our business.  
 Therefore, let our proportions for these wars

<sup>1</sup> *For that I have laid by*—] To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have descended from my station, and studied the arts of life in a lower character. JOHNSON.

The quartos 1600 and 1608 read—*for this.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *his balls to gun-stones; —*] When ordinance was first used, they discharged balls, not of iron, but of stone. JOHNSON. So Holinshed, p. 947. "About seven of the clocke marched forward the light peeces of ordinance, with *stone* and powder."

STEEVENS.

Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,  
 That may, with reasonable swiftness, add  
 More feathers to our wings: for, God before,  
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.  
 Therefore, let every man now task his thought,  
 That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*]

## A C T II.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Now all the youth of England are on fire,<sup>3</sup>  
 And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
 Now

<sup>3</sup> In this place, in all the editions hitherto, is inserted the chorus which I have postponed. That chorus manifestly is intended to advertise the spectators of the change of the scene to Southampton, and therefore ought to be placed just before that change, and not here, where the scene is still continued in London. POPE.

*Now all the youth of England—*] I have replaced this chorus here, by the authority of the old folios; and ended the first act, as the poet certainly intended. Mr. Pope removed it, because, says he, "This chorus manifestly is intended to advertise the spectators of the change of the scene to Southampton; and therefore ought to be placed just before that change, and not here." It is true, the spectators are to be informed, that, when they next see the king, they are to suppose him at Southampton. But this does not imply any necessity of this chorus being contiguous to that change. On the contrary, the very concluding lines vouch absolutely against it:

*But till the king come forth, and not till then,  
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.*

For how absurd is such a notice, if the scene is to change, so soon as ever the chorus quits the stage? Besides, unless this chorus be prefixed to the scene betwixt Nym, Bardolph, &c. we shall draw the poet into another absurdity. Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph are in this scene talking of going to the wars of France: but the king had but just, at his quitting the stage, declared his resolution of commencing this war; and without the interval of an



Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man :  
 They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ;  
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
 \* For now fits Expectation in the air ;  
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
 With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,  
 Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.  
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence  
 Of this most dreadful preparation,  
 Shake in their fear ; and with pale policy  
 Seek to divert the English purposes.  
 O England !—model to thy inward greatness,  
 Like little body with a mighty heart,—  
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,

an act, betwixt the scene and the comic characters entering, how could they with any probability be informed of this intended expedition ? THEOBALD.

I think Mr. Pope mistaken in transposing this chorus, and Mr. Theobald in concluding the act with it. The chorus evidently introduces that which follows, not comments on that which precedes, and therefore rather begins than ends the act, and so I have printed it. Dr. Warburton follows Mr. Pope.

JOHNSON.

\* For now fits Expectation in the air,  
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
 With crowns imperial, &c.]

The imagery is wonderfully fine, and the thought exquisite. *Expectation sitting in the air*, designs the height of their ambition ; and the *sword hid from the hilt to the point with crowns and coronets*, that all sentiments of danger were lost in the thoughts of glory. WARBURTON.

The idea is taken from the ancient representations of trophies in tapestry or painting. Among these it is very common to see swords encircled with naval or mural crowns. *Expectation* is likewise personified by Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. vi.

“ ————while *Expectation* stood

“ In horror.” ———— STEEVENS.

In the horse armoury in the Tower of London, Edward III. is represented with two crowns on his sword, alluding to the two kingdoms, France and England, of both which he was crowned heir. Perhaps the poet took the thought from this representation. TOLLET.

Were



Were all thy children kind and natural!  
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out  
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which she fills  
 With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted men,—  
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,  
 Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,  
 Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland,—  
 Have for the gilt of France<sup>4</sup>, (O guilt, indeed!)  
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;  
 And by their hands this<sup>6</sup> grace of kings must die,  
 (If

<sup>4</sup> ——— *the gilt of France*] Gilt, which in our author, generally signifies a display of gold (as in this play:

“Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd.”  
 in the present instance means golden money. So, in *An Alarum for London*, 1602:

“To spend the victuals of our citizens,

“Which we can scarcely compass now for gilt.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
 (If hell and treason hold their promises,  
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.  
 Linger your patience on; and well digest  
 The abuse of distance, while we force a play.  
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
 The king is set from London; and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:*

*There is the play-house now,—*] I suppose every one that reads these lines looks about for a meaning which he cannot find. There is no connection of sense nor regularity of transition from one thought to the other. It may be suspected that some lines are lost, and in that case the sense is irretrievable. I rather think the meaning is obscured by an accidental transposition, which I would reform thus:

*And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
 If hell and treason hold their promises.  
 The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,  
 The king is set from London, and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton,  
 Ere he take ship for France. And in Southampton,  
 Linger your patience on, and well digest  
 The abuse of distance, while we force a play.  
 There is the play-house now ———*

(If hell and treason hold their promises)  
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton  
 Linger your patience on; and well digest<sup>7</sup>  
 The abuse of distance, <sup>8</sup> while we force a play.  
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
 The king is set from London; and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:  
 There is the play-house now, there must you sit:  
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas<sup>9</sup>  
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,  
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.

This alteration restores sense, and probably the true sense. The lines might be otherwise ranged, but this order pleases me best.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —*this grace of kings*—] i. e. he who does greatest honour to the title. By the same kind of phraseology the usurper in *Hamlet* is called the *Vice of kings*, i. e. the opprobrium of them.

WARBURTON.

Shakespeare might have found this phrase in Chapman's translation of the first book of *Homer*, 1598:

“ ————— with her the *grace of kings*,

“ Wife Ithacus ascended ————— ”

Again, in the 24th book:

“ Idæus, guider of the mules, discern'd this *grace of men*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —well digest] The folio in which only these choruses are found, reads, and perhaps rightly,—*we'll digest*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —*while we*—] These two words have been added by the modern editors, and (as it should seem) very properly. To *force a play*, is to produce a play by compelling many circumstances into a narrow compass. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —*charming the narrow seas*] From the prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, it appears, that *Hen. V.* though not printed till 1600, was performed before the year 1598.—Though Jonson was indebted, as we are told, to the kindness of Shakespeare for the introduction of this his first piece on the stage, and though Shakespeare himself played a part in it, he has in this, as in many other places, endeavoured to ridicule and depreciate him.

“ He rather prays you will be pleased to see,

“ One such to-day as other plays should be;

“ *Where neither chorus wafts you o'er these seas, &c.*” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *We'll not offend one stomach*—] That is, you shall pass the sea without the qualms of sea-sickness. JOHNSON.

But

<sup>2</sup> But, 'till the king come forth, and not 'till then,  
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.

## S C E N E I.

*Before Quickly's house in Eastcheap.*

*Enter corporal Nym, and lieutenant Bardolph.*

<sup>3</sup> Bard. Well met, corporal.

Nym. Good morrow, <sup>4</sup> lieutenant Bardolph.

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

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but

<sup>2</sup> But, 'till the king come forth,—] Here seems to be something omitted. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

*But when the king comes forth, —*

which, as the passage now stands, is necessary. These lines, obscure as they are, refute Mr. Pope's conjectures on the true place of the chorus; for they shew that something is to intervene before the scene changes to Southampton. JOHNSON.

The *Canons of Criticism* read:

“ ———— and but till then.”

And the *Revisal* approves the correction.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Bard. *Well met, corporal.*] I have chose to begin the second act here, because each act may close regularly with a chorus. Not that I am persuaded this was the poet's intention, to mark the intervals of his acts, as the chorus did on the old Grecian stage. He had no occasion of this sort: since, in his time, the pauses of action were filled up, as now, with a lesson of music: but the reasons for this distribution are explained before.

THEOBALD.

I have already shewn why in this edition the act begins with the chorus. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ———— *lieutenant Bardolph.*] At this scene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of *King Henry IV.* The characters would be indistinct, and the incidents unintelligible, without the knowledge of what passed in the two foregoing plays.

JOHNSON.

when time shall serve, <sup>5</sup> there shall be smiles;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's <sup>6</sup> the humour of it.

*Bard.* I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends; <sup>7</sup> and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and, when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

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

*Nym.* I cannot tell; things must be as they may: Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges.

<sup>5</sup> —*there shall be smiles;—*] I suspect *smiles* to be a marginal direction crept into the text. It is natural for a man, when he threatens, to break off abruptly, and conclude, *But that shall be as it may.* But this fantastical fellow is made to smile disdainfully while he threatens; which circumstance was marked for the player's direction in the margin. WARBURTON.

I do not remember to have met with these marginal directions for expression of countenance, in any of the old copies: neither do I see occasion for Dr. Warburton's emendation, as it is vain to seek the precise meaning of every whimsical expression employed by this eccentric character. Nym, however, having expressed his indifference about the continuance of Pistol's friendship, might have added, *when time serves there shall be smiles*, i. e. he should be merry, even though he was to lose it; or, that his face would be ready with a smile as often as occasion should call one out into service, though Pistol, who had excited so many, was no longer near him. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —*the humour of it.*] The folio reads, —*and there's an end.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —*and we'll all be sworn brothers to France.*—] We should read, *we'll all go sworn brothers to France*, or, *we'll all be sworn brothers in France.* JOHNSON.



It must be as it may: though <sup>s</sup> patience be a tir'd mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

*Enter Pistol, and Quickly.*

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

*Pist.* Base tyke <sup>o</sup>, call'st thou me—host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*Quick.* No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight.—'O well-

<sup>s</sup> — *patience be a tir'd mare.* — ] The folio reads by corruption, *tired* name! from which sir T. Hanmer, sagaciously enough, derived *tired* dame. Mr. Theobald retrieved from the quarto *tired* mare, the true reading. JOHNSON.

<sup>o</sup> *Base tyke.* — ] *Tike* is a small kind of dog. STEEVENS.

<sup>o</sup> *O well-a-day, lady, if he be not hewn now!* ] I cannot understand the drift of this expression. If he be not *hewn*, must signify, if he be not *cut down*; and in that case, the very thing is supposed which Quickly was apprehensive of. But I rather think her fright arises upon seeing the swords drawn: and I have ventured to make a slight alteration accordingly. *If he be not drawn*, for, *if he has not his sword drawn*, is an expression familiar to our poet. THEOBALD.

I have not disturbed Mr. Theobald's emendation; but yet I think we might read—if he be not *hewing*. To hack and *hew* is a common vulgar expression. So, in *If you know not me you know Nobody*, by Heywood, 1633.—“Bones o'me, he would *hew* it.” Again, in *K. Edward III.* 1599:

“The sin is more to hack and *hew* poor men.”

Again, in the metrical romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l., no date:

“The noble knights with spear and shield,

“Lay all *hewen* in the field.”

The same expression occurs many times in the same book.

After all (as the late Mr. Guthrie observed) to be *hewn* might mean, to be *drunk*. There is yet a low phrase in use on the same

well-a-day, lady, if he be not drawn now! We shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

*Bard.* <sup>2</sup> Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

*Nym.* Pish!

*Pist.* Pish for thee, <sup>3</sup> Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

*Quick.*

occasion, which is not much unlike it; viz. "he is *cut*."  
"Such a one was *cut* a little last night."

So, in the *Witty Fair One*, by Shirley, 1633:

"Then, sir, there is the *cut* of your leg.—

"—that's when a man is *drunk*, is it not?

"—Do not stagger in your judgment, for this *cut* is the grace of your body."

Again, in the *London Chaunticles*, 1659: "—when the cups of canary have made our heads frisk; oh how we shall feet it when we can scarce stand, and caper when we are *cut* in the leg!"

Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "—to accept the courtesy of the cellar when it is offered you by the drawers (and you must know that kindness never creepes upon them but when they see you almost *cleft* to the shoulders) &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Good lieutenant*,—] We should read, *Good ancient*, for it is Pistol to whom he addresses himself. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*Island dog*;—] I believe we should read *Iceland dog*. He seems to allude to an account credited in Elizabeth's time, that in the north there was a nation with human bodies and dogs heads. JOHNSON.

The quartos confirm Dr. Johnson's conjecture. STEEVENS.

*Iceland dog* is probably the true reading; yet we often meet with *island*. Drayton in his *Moon-calf* mentions *water-dogs*, and *islands*. And John Taylor dedicates his *Sculler*, "To the whole kennel of Antichrist's hounds, priests, friars, monks, and jesuites, mastiffs, mongrels, *islands*, blood-hounds, bobtaile-tikes.

FARMER,

So, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry-Tricks*, 1611:

"——— you shall have jewels,

"A baboon, a parrot, and an *Izeland dog*."

Perhaps this kind of dog was then in vogue for the ladies to carry about with them.

So, in *Two Wise Men*, and *all the rest Fools*:

"Enter Levitia, cum Pedisequa, her periwig of *dog's hair white*, &c."

"The head is a dog, 'tis a mermaid, half dog, half woman."

"—No, 'tis but the hair of a *dog in fashion*, pulled from these *Iceland dogs*."

Again:

*Quick.* Good corporal Nym, shew the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

*Nym.* <sup>4</sup> Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

*Pist.* *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!

The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;  
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;  
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth<sup>5</sup>!  
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:

<sup>6</sup> For I can talk; and Pistol's cock is up,  
And flashing fire will follow.

*Nym.* <sup>7</sup> I am not Barbafon; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Again: "—for torturing of these *Iceland* imps, with eradicating their fleeces, thereby to enjoy the roots."

Again, in the Preface to Swetnam's *Arraignment of Women*, 1617:

"—But if I had brought little dogs from *Iceland*, or fine glasses from Venice, &c."

It appears from a proclamation in *Rymer's Fædera*, that in the reign of Hen. V. the English had a fishery on the coasts of Norway and *Iceland*; and Holinshed, in his *Description of Britain*, p. 231, says, "we have sholts or curs dailie brought out of *Iceland*." STEEVENS.

A *prick-ear'd cur* is likewise in the list of dogs enumerated in the *Booke of Huntyng*, &c. bl. no date:

"—trindle-tails and *prick-ear'd curs*." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Will you shog off?*—] This cant word is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*:

"Come, pr'ythee, let us *shog off*."

Again, in *Pasquill and Katharine*, 1601:

"———thus it *shogges*," i. e. thus it goes. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ———*thy nasty mouth!*] The quartos read:

———*mesful* mouth. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *For I can take*;—] I know not well what he can *take*. The quarto reads *talk*. In our author *to take*, is sometimes *to blast*, which sense may serve in this place. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *I am not Barbafon*; you cannot conjure me.] *Barbafon* is the name of a dæmon mentioned in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

STEEVENS.

*Pist.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!  
The grave doth gape, and <sup>s</sup> doting death is near;  
Therefore exhale.

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

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might; and fury shall  
abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;  
Thy spirits are most tall.

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

*Pist.* *Coupe le gorge*, that is the word?—I defy thee  
again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?  
No; to the spital go,  
And from the powdering tub of infamy  
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind<sup>9</sup>,  
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:  
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly  
For the only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough;  
go to<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Mine host Pistol, you must come to my mas-  
ter,—and you hostess;—he is very sick, and would  
to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his

<sup>8</sup> —*doting death is near*;—] The quarto has *groaning* death.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *the lazar kite of Cressid's kind*.] The same expres-  
sion occurs in Green's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "What courtesy  
is to be found in such *kites of Cressid's kind*?"

Again, in Gascoigne's *Dan Baribolomew of Bathe*, 1587:

"Nor seldom secne in *kites of Cressides kinde*."

Shakespeare might design a ridicule on the last of these passages."<sup>1</sup>

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *there's enough*: go to.

The first folio reads,—*there's enough to go to*. STEEVENS.



sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan : faith, he's very ill.

*Bard.* Away, you rogue.

*Quick.* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days : the king has kill'd his heart. — Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exit Quickly.*]

*Bard.* Come, shall I make you two friends ? We must to France together ; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats ?

*Pist.* Let floods o'erflow, and fiends for food howl on !

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

*Pist.* <sup>2</sup> Base is the slave that pays.

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

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound ; Push home. [Draw.

*Bard.* By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him ; by this sword, I will.

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

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

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

*Pist.* A noble shalt thou have, and present pay ; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood : I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me ; — Is not this just ? — for I shall sutler be

<sup>2</sup> *Base is the slave that pays.*] Perhaps this expression was proverbial. I meet with it in *The fair Maid of the West*, by Heywood, 1631 :

“ My motto shall be, *Base is the man that pays.*”

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.  
Give me thy hand.

*Nym.* I shall have my noble ?

*Pist.* In cash most justly paid.

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

*Re-enter Quickly.*

*Quick.* As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John : Ah, poor heart ! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

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

*Pist.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right ;  
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

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

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

## S C E N E II.

*Southampton.*

*Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.*

*Bed.* 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*West.* How smooth and even they do bear themselves !

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,  
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

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

*Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow<sup>3</sup>,  
Whom

<sup>3</sup> that was his bedfellow,] So, Holinshed. " The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him some-

Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd <sup>4</sup> with princely favours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell  
His sovereign's life <sup>5</sup> to death and treachery!

[*Trumpets sound.*]

*Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and attendants.*

*K. Henry.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will  
aboard.

My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Masham,  
And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts:  
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,  
Will cut their passage through the force of France;  
Doing the execution, and the act,  
<sup>6</sup> For which we have in head assembled them?

*Scroop.*

sometime to be his *bedfellow*." The familiar appellation of *bedfellow*, which appears strange to us, was common among the ancient nobility. There is a letter from the *sixth* earl of Northumberland (still preserved in the collection of the present duke) addressed "To his beloved cousyn Thomas Arundel, &c." which begins, "*Bedfellow*, after my most harté recommendacion:" So, in a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

"Yet, for thou wast once *bedfellow* to a king,  
"And that I lov'd thee as my second self, &c."

Again, in *Look about You*, 1600:

"———if I not err  
"Thou art the prince's ward.—

"———I am his ward, his chamberlain and *bedfellow*."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613:

"Her I'll bestow, and without prejudice,  
"On thee alone, my noble *bedfellow*." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —cloy'd and grac'd—] Thus the quarto; the folio reads—*dull'd* and cloy'd. Perhaps *dull'd* is a mistake for *do'd*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —to death and treachery!] Here the quartos insert a line omitted in all the following editions.

Exet. O! the lord of Masham! JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> For which we have in head assembled them?] This is not an English phraseology. I am persuaded Shakespeare wrote:

*For which we have in aid assembled them?*

alluding to the tenures of those times. WARBURTON.

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

*K. Henry.* I doubt not that : since we are well persuaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence,  
That grows not in a fair consent with ours ;  
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish  
Success and conquest to attend on us.

*Cam.* Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,  
Than is your majesty ; there's not, I think, a subject,  
That fits in heart-grief and uneasiness  
Under the sweet shade of your government.

*Grey.* Even those, that were your father's enemies,  
Have steep'd their galls in honey ; and do serve you  
With <sup>7</sup> hearts create of duty and of zeal.

*K. Henry.* We therefore have great cause of thankfulness ;

And shall forget the office of our hand,  
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,  
According to the weight and worthiness.

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

*K. Henry.* We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,  
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,  
That rail'd against our person : we consider,  
It was excess of wine that set him on ;  
And, on his <sup>8</sup> more advice, we pardon him.

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

*K. Henry.* O, let us yet be merciful.

It is strange that the commentator should forget a word so eminently observable in this writer, as *head*, for *an army formed*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —*hearts create*—] Hearts compounded or made up of duty and zeal. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —*more advice*,—] On his return to more coolness of mind.

JOHNSON.

*Cam.*



*Cam.* So may your highness, and yet punish too.

*Grey.* Sir, you shew great mercy, if you give him life,

After the taste of much correction.

*K. Henry.* Alas, your too much love and care of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.

If little faults, ' proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, ' how shall we stretch our eye,

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear care

And tender preservation of our person,—

Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes;—

Who are the late commissioners?

*Cam.* I one, my lord;

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

*Scroop.* So did you me, my liege.

*Grey.* And me, my royal sovereign.

' —proceeding on distemper—] i. e. sudden passions.

WARBURTON.

Perturbation of mind. *Temper* is equality or calmness of mind, from an equipoise or due mixture of passions. *Distemper* of mind is the predominance of a passion, as *distemper* of body is the predominance of a humour. JOHNSON.

It has been just said by the king that *it was excess of wine that set him on*, and *distemper* may therefore mean *intoxication*. *Distemper'd in liquor*, is still a common expression. Chapman in his epicedium on the Death of Prince Henry, 1612, has personified this *distemper*:

“Frantick *distemper*, and hare-ey'd unrest.”

And Brabantio says, that Roderigo is:

“Full of supper and *distemp'ring* draughts.”

Again, Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 626, “—gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith *distemp'ered*, and reel'd as he went.” STEEVENS.

' —how shall we stretch our eye,—] If we may not *wink* at small faults, how wide must we open our eyes at great. JOHNSON.

*K. Henry.*

*K. Henry.* Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there  
is yours ;—

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham ;—and, fir  
knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours :—

Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness.—

My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—

We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentle-  
men ?

What see you in those papers, that you lose  
So much complexion ?—look ye, how they change !  
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,  
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood  
Out of appearance ?

*Cam.* I do confess my fault ;

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

*Grey. Scroop.* To which we all appeal.

*K. Henry.* The mercy, that was<sup>s</sup> quick in us but  
late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :  
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;  
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—  
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,  
These English monsters ! My lord Cambridge here,—  
You know, how apt our love was, to accord  
To furnish him with all appertinents  
Belonging to his honour ; and this man  
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,  
And sworn unto the practices of France,  
To kill us here in Hampton : to the which,  
This knight,—no less for bounty bound to us  
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But O !  
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop ; thou cruel,  
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !  
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,  
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

\* —quick— ] That is, *living*. JOHNSON.

That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,  
 Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?  
 May it be possible, that foreign hire  
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,  
 That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,  
 That, <sup>3</sup> though the truth of it stands off as gross  
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.  
<sup>4</sup> Treason, and murder, ever kept together,  
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
<sup>5</sup> Working so grossly in a natural cause,  
 That admiration did not whoop at them :  
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in  
 Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder :  
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,  
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,  
 He hath got the voice in hell for excellence :  
 And other devils, that suggest by treasons,  
 Do botch and bungle up damnation  
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd  
 From glistering semblances of piety ;  
 But <sup>6</sup> he, that temper'd thee, bad thee stand up,  
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,  
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.  
 If that same dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,

<sup>3</sup> — *though the truth stand off as gross  
 As black and white,—*]

Though the truth be as apparent and visible as black and white contiguous to each other. To *stand off* is *être relevé*, to be prominent to the eye, as the strong parts of a picture. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Treason and murder,—*—] What follows to the end of this speech is additional since the first edition. POPE.

<sup>5</sup> *Working so grossly—*] *Grossly* for *commonly*, which the Oxford editor not understanding, alters it to *closely*.

WARBURTON.

*Grossly* is neither *closely* nor *commonly*, but *palpably*; with a plain and visible connexion of cause and effect. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *he that temper'd thee,—*] Though *temper'd* may stand for *formed* or *moulded*, yet I fancy *tempted* was the author's word, for it answers better to *suggest* in the opposition. JOHNSON.

*Temper'd*, I believe, is the true reading. Falstaff says of Shallow, that he has him “*tempering* between his thumb and finger.”

STEEVENS.

Should

Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,  
 He might return to vasty Tartar back ?  
 And tell the legions—I can never win  
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.

<sup>8</sup> Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
 The sweetness of affiancè ! Shew men dutiful ?  
 Why, so didst thou : Seem they grave and learned ?  
 Why, so didst thou : Come they of noble family ?  
 Why, so didst thou : Seem they religious ?  
 Why, so didst thou : Or are they spare in diet ;  
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger ;  
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood ;  
<sup>9</sup> Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement ;  
<sup>1</sup> Not working with the eye, without the ear,

And,

<sup>7</sup> —*vasty Tartar*] i. e. *Tartarus*, the fabled place of future punishment. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613 :

“ With Aconitum that in *Tartar* springs.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
 The sweetness of affiancè !*]

Shakespeare urges this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement ;—*] *Modest complement*, that is, *fulness*. WARBURTON.

This note will not much help the reader, unless he knows to what *fulness* is to be applied. I take the meaning to be this. The king, having mentioned Scroop's temperance in diet, passes on to his decency in dress, and says, that he was *decked in modest complement* ; that is, he was decorated with ornaments, but such as might be worn without vain ostentation. *Complement* means something more than is necessary ; so *complement* in language is what we say *ad conciliandam gratiam*, more than is strictly or literally meant. JOHNSON.

*Complement* has in this instance the same sense as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. *Complements*, in the age of Shakespeare, meant the same as *accomplishments* in the present one. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Not working with the eye without the ear,—*] He is here giving the character of a complete gentleman, and says, he did not *trust the eye without the confirmation of his ear*. But when men have eye-sight proof, they think they have sufficient evidence,



And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?  
 Such, <sup>2</sup> and so finely boulded, didst thou seem:  
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
<sup>3</sup> To mark the full-fraught man, the best endu'd,  
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;  
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,  
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;—  
 And God acquit them of their practices!

*Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
 Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry  
 lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Tho-  
 mas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

*Scroop.* Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;  
 And I repent my fault, more than my death;  
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,  
 Although my body pay the price of it.

dence, and do not stay for the confirmation of an hear-say. Prudent men, on the contrary, won't trust the credit of the ear, till it be confirmed by the demonstration of the eye. And this is that conduct for which the king would here commend him. So that we must read:

*Not working with the ear, but with the eye.*

WARBURTON.

The author's meaning I should have thought not so difficult to find, as that an emendation should have been proposed. The king means to say of Scroop, that he was a cautious man, who knew that *fronti nulla fides*, that a specious appearance was deceitful, and therefore did not *work with the eye without the ear*, did not trust the air or look of any man till [he had tried him by enquiry and conversation. Surely this is the character of a prudent man. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —and so finely boulded, didst thou seem:] i. e. refined or purged from all faults. POPE.

*Boulded* is the same with *sifted*, and has consequently the meaning of *refined*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> To make the full-fraught man,—] We should read:

*To mark the full-fraught man,*

i. e. marked by the blot he speaks of in the preceding line.

WARBURTON.

*Cam.* <sup>4</sup> For me,—the gold of France did not seduce;  
 Although I did admit it as a motive,  
 The sooner to effect what I intended:  
 But God be thanked for prevention;  
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoyce,  
 Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

*Grey.* Never did faithful subject more rejoyce  
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason,  
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,  
 Prevented from a damned enterprize:

<sup>5</sup> My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign,

*K. Henry.* God quit you in his mercy! Hear your  
 sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,  
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers  
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;  
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,  
 His princes and his peers to servitude,

<sup>4</sup> *For me, the gold of France did not seduce;*] Holinshed, p. 549, observes from Hall, that “diverse write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the lord Scroope and Thomas Graie for the murthering of king Henrie to please the French king withall, but onlie to the intent to exalt to the crowne his brother-in-law Edmunde E. of March as heire to Lionell duke of Clarence: after the death of which earle of March, for diverse secret impediments not able to have issue, the E. of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children of her begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather confessed himselfe for neede of monie to be corrupted by the French king, than he would declare his inward mind, &c. which if it were espied, he saw plainlie that the earle of March should have tasted of the same cuppe that he had drunken, and what should have come to his owne children, he much doubted, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *My fault,*—] One of the conspirators against queen Elizabeth, I think Parry, concludes his letter to her with these words, a culpâ, but not a pœnâ, *absolve me, most dear lady.* This letter was much read at that time, and the author doubtless copied it.

This whole scene was much enlarged and improved after the first edition; the particular insertions it would be tedious to mention, and tedious without much use. JOHNSON.

His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
 And his whole kingdom unto desolation.  
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge;  
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
 Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws  
 We do deliver you. <sup>6</sup> Get you therefore hence,  
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death:  
 The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you  
 Patience to endure, and true repentance  
 Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt.*]

Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof  
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.  
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;  
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light  
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,  
 To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,  
 But every rub is smoothed in our way.  
 Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver  
 Our puissance into the hand of God,  
 Putting it straight in expedition.  
 Chearly to sea; the signs of war advance:  
<sup>7</sup> No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Quickly's house in Eastcheap.**Enter Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and Quickly.*

*Quickly.* Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me  
 bring thee to Staines.

<sup>6</sup> —*Get you therefore hence,*] So, in Holinshed; “—Get ye hence therefore, ye poor miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward: wherein God's majesty give you grace, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *No king of England, if not king of France.*] So in the old play before that of Shakspeare:

“If not king of France, then of nothing must I be king.”

STEEVENS.

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

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

*Quick.* Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's  
bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A  
made a<sup>8</sup> finer end, and went away, 'an it had been  
any

<sup>8</sup> —finer end,] for final. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —an it had been any *chrysom'd* child:—] The old quarto  
has it *crisomb'd* child.

“The *chrysom* was no more than the white cloth put on the  
new baptised child.” See *Johnson's Canons of Eccles. Law*,  
1720.

I have somewhere (but cannot recollect where) met with this  
further account of it; that the *chrysom* was allowed to be car-  
ried out of the church, to enwrap such children as were in too  
weak a condition to be borne thither; the *chrysom* being sup-  
posed to make every place holy. This custom would rather  
strengthen the allusion to the weak condition of Falstaff.

The child itself was sometimes called a *chrysom*, as appears from  
the following passage in *The Fancies*, 1638: “—the boy surely  
I ever said was a very *chrysome* in the thing you wot.”

Again, in *The Wits*, by Sir W. Davenant, 1637:

“——— and would'st not join thy halfpenny

“To send for milk for the poor *chrysome*.”

Again, in Sir W. Davenant's *Just Italian*, 1630:

“——— and they do awe

“The *chrysome* babe.”

Again, in his *Albervine*, 1629: “Sir, I would fain depart in  
quiet like other young *chrycomes*.” Again, in *Your Five Gal-  
lants*, by Middleton: “——— a fine old man to his father, it  
would kill his heart i'faith: *be'd* away like a *chrysom*.”

STEEVENS.

In the Liturgie, 2 E. 6. *Form of private Baptism*, is this di-  
rection. “Then the minister shall put the white vesture,  
“commonly called the *chrysome*, upon the child,” &c. The  
*Glossary* of Du Cange, vide *Chrysmale*, explains this ceremony  
thus: “Quippe olim ut et hodie, baptizatorum, statim atque  
chrismate in fronte ungebantur, ne *chrysmata* deflueret, capita panno  
candido obvolvebantur, qui octava demum die ab iis auferebatur.”  
During the time therefore of their wearing this vesture, the chil-  
dren were, I suppose, called *chrycomes*. One is registered under  
this



any chrisom'd child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at ' turning o'the tide: for after I saw him <sup>2</sup> fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way <sup>3</sup>; <sup>4</sup> for his nose was as sharp as a pen,

this description in the register of *Thatcham, Berks*, 1605. [Hearne's *Append. to the History of Glastonbury*, p. 275.] "A younge *crifome* being a *man child*, beinge found drowned," &c.

TYRWHITT.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *turning o'the tide*—] It has been a very old opinion, which Mead, *de imperio solis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but in the time of ebb: half the deaths in London confute the notion; but we find that it was common among the women of the poet's time. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *fumble with the sheets*,—] This passage is burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Captain*:

" 1. How does my master?

" 2. Faith, he lies drawing on apace.

" 1. That's an ill sign.

" 2. And *fumbles* with the pots too.

" 1. Then there's *no way but one with him*."

In the spurious play of *King John*, 1611, when Faulconbridge sees that prince at the point of death, he says:

" O piercing sight! he *fumbleth* in the mouth,

" His speech doth fail." ———

and Pliny in his chapter on *The Signes of Death*, makes mention of "a *fumbling* and *pleiting* of the bed-cloths." See P. Holland's *Translation*, chap. li. STEEVENS.

The same indication of approaching death is enumerated by Celsus, Lommius, Hippocrates, and Galen. The testimony of the latter is sufficient to shew that such a symptom is by no means imaginary. "Manus ante faciem attollere, muscas quasi venari inani operâ, floccos carpere de vestibus, vel pariete. Et in seipso hoc expertus fuit Galenus. Quum enim, &c." Van Swieten *Comm.* t. ii. sect. 708. COLLINS.

<sup>3</sup> *I knew there was but one way*;] I believe this phrase is proverbial. I meet with it again in, *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1613:

" I heard the doctors whisper it in secret

" *There is no way but one*." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table of green fields*.] These words, *and a table of green-fields*, are not to be found in the old editions of 1600 and 1608. This nonsense got into all the following editions by a pleasant mistake of the

a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried

stage editors, who printed from the common piece-meal written parts in the play-house. A table was here directed to be brought in (it being a scene in a tavern where they drink at parting) and this direction crept into the text from the margin. Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time, who furnished implements, &c. for the actors, *A table of Greenfield's*.

POPE.

So reasonable an account of this blunder Mr. Theobald would not acquiesce in. He thought *a table of Greenfield's* part of the text, only corrupted, and that it should be read, *he babbled of green fields*, because men do so in the ravings of a calenture. But he did not consider how ill this agrees with the nature of the knight's illness, who was now in no babbling humour; and so far from wanting cooling in *green fields*, that his feet were cold, and he just expiring. WARBURTON.

Upon this passage Mr. Theobald has a note that fills a page, which I omit in pity to my readers, since he only endeavours to prove, what I think every reader perceives to be true, that at this time no *table* could be wanted. Mr. Pope, in an appendix to his own edition in 12mo, seems to admit Theobald's emendation, which we would have allowed to be uncommonly happy, had we not been prejudiced against it by Mr. Pope's first note, with which, as it excites merriment, we are loath to part.

JOHNSON.

Had the former editors been apprized, that *table*, in our author, signifies a pocket-book, I believe they would have retained it, with the following alteration; *for his nose was as sharp as a pen upon a table of green fells*.—On *table-books*, silver or steel pens, very sharp pointed, were formerly and are still fixed to the backs or covers. Mother Quickly compares Falstaff's nose (which in dying persons grows thin and sharp) to one of those *pens*, very properly, and she meant probably to have said, on a *table-book* with a *shagreen cover*, or *shagreen table*; but, in her usual blundering way, she calls it a *table of green fells*, or a table covered with *green-skin*, which the blundering transcriber turned into *green fields*, and our editors have turned the prettiest blunder in Shakespeare quite out of doors.

SMITH.

*Green fells* and *green fields* might anciently have had the same meaning. So, in the countess of Pembroke's *Tragedie of Antonie*, 1595, 12mo:

“ As juice of Tyrian shell,

“ When clarified well,

“ To

'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God'; I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So 'a bade me lay more cloaths on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as <sup>o</sup> cold as any stone.

“ To wolle of finest *fields*

“ A purple glosse it yields.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — now I, to comfort him, bade him 'a should not think of God; } Perhaps Shakespeare was indebted to the following story in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, &c. 1595, for this very characteristic exhortation: “ A gentlewoman fearing to be drowned, said, now Jesu receive our soules! Soft, mistress, answered the waterman, *I trow we are not come to that passe yet.*” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — cold as any stone. } Such is the end of Falstaff, from whom Shakespeare had promised us in his epilogue to *Henry IV.* that we should receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakespeare as to other writers, to have his imagination crowded with a tumultuary confusion of images, which, while they were yet unsorted and unexamined, seemed sufficient to furnish a long train of incidents, and a new variety of inerriment; but which, when he was to produce them to view, shrunk suddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general design. That he once designed to have brought Falstaff on the scene again, we know from himself; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures suitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleasantry, and was afraid to continue the same strain lest it should not find the same reception, he has here for ever discarded him, and made haste to dispatch him, perhaps for the same reason for which Addison killed Sir Roger, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him.

Let meaner authors learn from this example, that it is dangerous to sell the bear which is yet not hunted; to promise to the public what they have not written.

This disappointment probably inclined queen Elizabeth to command the poet to produce him once again, and to shew him in love or courtship. This was indeed a new source of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters.

JOHNSON.

*Nym.* They say, he cried out of sack.

*Quick.* Ay, that 'a did.

*Bard.* And of women.

*Quick.* Nay, that 'a did not.

*Boy.* Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

*Quick.* 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

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

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

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

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

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

*Pist.* Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels, and my moveables:

<sup>7</sup> Let senses rule; the word is, <sup>8</sup> *Pitch and pay*;

Trust

<sup>7</sup> *Let senses rule*; —] I think this is wrong, but how to reform it I do not well see. Perhaps we may read:

*Let sense us rule.*

Pistol is taking leave of his wife, and giving her advice as he kisses her; he sees her rather weeping than attending, and supposing that in her heart she is still longing to go with him part of the way, he cries, *Let sense us rule*, that is, *let us not give way to foolish fondness, but be ruled by our better understanding*. He then continues his directions for her conduct in his absence.

JOHNSON.

*Let senses rule*.] This evidently means, *let prudence govern you*: conduct yourself sensibly; and it agrees with what precedes and what follows. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —*Pitch and pay*;] The caution was a very proper one to Mrs. Quickly, who had suffered before, by letting Falstaff run  
in



Trust none ;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,  
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck ;

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, ' clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,  
Let us to France ! like horse-leeches, my boys ;  
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck !

in her debt. The same expression occurs in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602 :

“ I will commit you, signior, to my house ; but will you *pitch and pay*, or will your worship run——”

So, again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622 :

“ ——he that will purchase this,

“ Must *pitch and pay*.”——

Again, in *The Masstive*, an ancient collection of epigrams :

“ —— Susan when she first bore sway,

“ Had for one night a French crown, *pitch and pay*,”

STEEVENS.

Old Tuffer, in his description of Norwich, tells us it is

“ *A city trim*——

“ Where strangers well, may seeme to dwell,

“ That *pitch and paie*, or keepe their daye.”

*John Florio* says, “ *Pitch and paie*, and goe your waie.”

One of the old laws of Blackwell-hall, was, that, “ a penny  
*be paid* by the owner of every bale of cloth for *pitching*.”

FARMER.

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor. The old quartos read :

*Therefore Cophetua be thy councillor.* STEEVENS.

‘ ——clear thy crystals.—] Dry thine eyes : but I think it may  
better mean in this place, *wash thy glasses*. JOHNSON.

The first explanation is certainly the true one. So, in *The  
Gentleman Usher*, by Chapman, 1602 :

“ ——an old wife's eye

“ Is a blue *chrystal* full of sorcery.”

Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633 :

“ ——ten thousand Cupids

“ Methought sat playing on that pair of *chrystals*.”

Again, in *The Double Marriage*, by B. and Fletcher :

“ ——sleep, you sweet glasses,

“ An everlasting slumber close those *chrystals*.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*, act III. sc. 2 :

“ ——the glasses of my fight.”

The old quartos 1600 and 1608, read :

*Clear up thy chrystals.* STEEVENS.

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewel, hostess.

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear; \* keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewel; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*The French king's palace.*

*Enter the French king, the Dauphin, the duke of Burgundy, and the Constable.*

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;

<sup>3</sup> And more than carefully it us concerns,

<sup>2</sup> —*keep close,*—] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read:

—————*keep fast thy buggle boe,*

which certainly is not nonsense, as the same expression is used by Shirley in his *Gentleman of Venice*:

“—————the courtesans of Venice,

“ Shall keep their *bugle bowes* for thee, dear uncle.”

Perhaps, indeed, it is a Scotch term; for in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intituled Philotus, &c.* printed at Edinburgh, 1603, I find it again:

“ What reck to tak the *bogill-bo,*

“ My bonie burd, for anes.”

The reader may suppose *buggle boe* to be just what he pleases.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And more than carefully it us concerns,*] This was a business indeed, that required more than care to discharge it. I am persuaded Shakespeare wrote:

—————*more than carelessly*—————

The king is supposed to hint here at the Dauphin's wanton affront in sending over tennis-balls to Henry; which arising from over-great confidence of their own power, or contempt of their enemies, would naturally breed *carelessness*. WARBURTON.

I do not see any defect in the present reading: *more than carefully* is *with more than common care*; a phrase of the same kind with *better than well*. JOHNSON.

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,  
Of Brabant, and of Orleans; shall make forth,—  
And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift dispatch,  
To line, and new repair; our towns of war,  
With men of courage, and with means defendant:  
For England his approaches makes as fierce,  
As waters to the sucking of a gulph.  
It fits us then, to be as provident  
As fear may teach us, out of late examples  
Left by the fatal and neglected English  
Upon our fields.

*Dau.* My most redoubted father,  
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:  
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom;  
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in ques-  
tion)

But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintain'd; assembled, and collected;  
As were a war in expectation.  
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,  
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:  
And let us do it with no shew of fear;  
No, with no more, than if we heard that England  
Were busied<sup>4</sup> with a Whitsun morris-dance:  
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd<sup>5</sup>,  
Her scepter so fantastically borne  
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humourous youth,  
That fear attends her not.

*Con.* O peace, prince Dauphin!  
[ You are too much mistaken in this king:

<sup>4</sup> *Were busied*—] The 4to 1608. reads,—*were troubled*—

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ———*so idly king'd*,] Shakespeare is not singular in his use of this verb *to king*. I find it in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. VIII. chap. xlii:

“ ——— and king'd his sister's son.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *You are too much mistaken in this king:*] This part is much enlarged since the first writing. POPE.

Question your grace the late ambassadors,—  
 With what great state he heard their embassy,  
 How well supply'd with noble counsellors,  
 7 How modest in exception, and, withal,  
 How terrible in constant resolution,—  
 And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent  
 8 Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus,  
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;  
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

*Dau.* Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,  
 But though we think it so, it is no matter :  
 In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh  
 The enemy more mighty than he seems,  
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;  
 Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,  
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting  
 A little cloth.

*Fr. King.* Think we king Harry strong ;  
 And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.  
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;  
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain,

7 *How modest in exception,—*] How diffident and decent in making objections. JOHNSON.

8 *Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus,*] Shakespeare not having given us, in the First or Second Part of *Henry IV.* or in any other place but this, the remotest hint of the circumstance here alluded to, the comparison must needs be a little obscure to those who do not know or reflect that some historians have told us, that Henry IV. had entertained a deep jealousy of his son's aspiring superior genius. Therefore to prevent all umbrage, the prince withdrew from public affairs, and amused himself in con-forting with a dissolute crew of robbers. It seems to me, that Shakespeare was ignorant of this circumstance when he wrote the two parts of *Henry IV.* for it might have been so managed as to have given new beauties to the character of Hal, and great im-provements to the plot. And with regard to these matters, Shakespeare generally tells us all he knew, and as soon as he knew it. WARBURTON.



9 That haunted us in our familiar paths :  
 Witness our too much memorable shame,  
 When Cressly battle fatally was struck,  
 And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand  
 Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales ;  
 1 Whiles that his mountain fire,—on mountain stand-  
     ing,  
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun<sup>2</sup>,—  
 Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him  
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface  
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers  
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem

9 *That haunted us—*] We should assuredly read *hunted*: the integrity of the metaphor requires it. So, soon after, the king again says :

*You see this chase* is hotly followed. WARBURTON.

The emendation weakens the passage. To *haunt* is a word of the utmost horror, which shews that they dreaded the English as goblins and spirits. JOHNSON.

1 *While that his mountain fire, on mountain standing,*] We should read, *mounting*, ambitious, aspiring. WARBURTON. Thus, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act IV :

“ Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a *mounting* mind.”

Dr. Warburton's emendation may be right, and yet I believe the poet meant to give an idea of more than human proportion in the figure of the king :

“ *Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, &c.*” *Virg.*

“ Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremov'd.” *Milton.*

Drayton, in the 18th song of his *Polyolbion*, has a similar thought :

“ Then he, above them all, himself that fought to raise,

“ Upon some *mountain* top, like a pyramides.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. I. c. xi :

“ Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side

“ Of a great hill, *himself like a great hill.*”

—*agmen agens, magnique ipse agminis instar.*

Mr. Tollet thinks this passage may be explained by another in act I. sc. i :

—————his most *mighty* father on a *hill*. STEEVENS.

2 *Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,*—] Dr. Warburton calls this “ the nonsensical line of some player.” The idea, however, might have been taken from Chaucer's *Legende of good Women* :

“ Her gilt here was *ycrownid with a son.*” STEEVENS.

Of that victorious flock ; and let us fear  
The native mightiness and <sup>3</sup> fate of him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Ambassadors from Henry king of England  
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

*Fr. King.* We'll give them present audience. Go,  
and bring them.

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

*Dau.* Turn head, and stop pursuit ; for coward dogs  
Most <sup>4</sup> spend their mouths, when what they seem to  
threaten,

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
Take up the English short ; and let them know  
Of what a monarchy you are the head :  
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,  
As self-neglecting.

*Enter Exeter.*

*Fr. King.* From our brother England ?

*Exe.* From him ; and thus he greets your majesty,  
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,  
That you divest yourself, and lay apart  
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,  
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long  
To him, and to his heirs ; namely, the crown,  
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain  
By custom, and the ordinance of times,  
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,  
'Tis no sinister, nor no aukward claim,

<sup>3</sup> —*fate of him.*] His *fate* is what is allotted him by destiny,  
or what he is fated to perform. JOHNSON.

So Virgil, speaking of the future deeds of the descendants of  
Æneas: "Attollens humeris famamque et *fata* nepotum."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —*spend their mouths,*—] That is, *bark* ; the sportsman's term.

JOHNSON.

Pick'd

Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,  
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,  
 He sends you this most memorable line,  
 In every branch truly demonstrative ;

[Gives the French king a paper,

Willing you, overlook this pedigree :  
 And, when you find him evenly deriv'd  
 From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,  
 Edward the third, he bids you then resign  
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held  
 From him the native and true challenger.

*Fr. King.* Or else what follows ?

*Exe.* Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the crown  
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it :  
 And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,  
 In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,  
 That, if requiring fail, he will compel.  
 He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,  
 Deliver up the crown ; and to take mercy  
 On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war  
 Opens his vasty jaws : and on your head  
 Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,  
 The dead mens' blood, the pining maidens' groans,

<sup>5</sup> — *memorable line,*] This genealogy ; this deduction of his lineage. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *The dead mens' blood,*—] The disposition of the images were more regular if we were to read thus :

———— upon your head

*Turning the dead mens' blood, the widows' tears,*

*The orphans' cries, the pining maidens' groans,* JOHNSON.

The quartos 1600 and 1608, exhibit the passage thus :

*And on your heads turns he the widows' tears,*

*The orphans' cries, the dead mens' bones,*

*The pining maidens' groans,*

*For husbands, fathers, and distressed lovers,*

*Which, &c.*

These quartos of 1600 and 1608, agree in all but the mere trifles ; and therefore for the future I shall content myself in general to quote the former of them, which is the more correct of the two.

STEEVENS.

For

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,  
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.  
This is his claim, his threatning, and my message ;  
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,  
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

*Fr. King.* For us, we will consider of this further :  
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
Back to our brother of England.

*Dau.* For the Dauphin,  
I stand here for him ; What to him from England ?

*Exe.* Scorn, and defiance ; slight regard, contempt,  
And any thing that may not misbecome  
The mighty sencer, doth he prize you at.  
Thus says my king : and, if your father's highness  
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,  
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,  
That caves and womby vaultages of France  
\* Shall chide your trespasss, and return your mock  
In second accent of his ordinance.

*Dau.* Say, if my father render fair reply,  
It is against my will : for I desire  
Nothing but odds with England ; to that end,  
As matching to his youth and vanity,  
I did present him with those Paris balls.

*Exe.* He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,  
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe :

\* *Shall hide your trespasss,* — ] Mr. Pope rightly corrected it,  
*Shall chide* ——— WARBURTON.

I doubt whether it be rightly corrected. The meaning is,  
that the authors of this insult shall fly to caves for refuge.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope restored *chide* from the quarto. I have therefore in-  
serted it in the text. To *chide* is to *resound*, to *echo*. So, in  
*The Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ ——— never did I hear

“ Such gallant *chiding*.”

So, in *Henry VIII* :

“ As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood.” STEEVENS.

And,



And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,  
 (As we, his subjects, have in wonder found)  
 Between the promise of his greener days,  
 And these he masters now<sup>s</sup>; now he weighs time,  
 Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read  
 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

*Fr. King.* To-morrow you shall know our mind at  
 full. [*Flourish.*

*Exe.* Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king  
 Come here himself to question our delay;  
 For he is footed in this land already.

*Fr. King.* You shall be soon dispatch'd, with fair  
 conditions:

A night is but small breath, and little pause,  
 To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

## A C T III.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,  
 In motion of no less celerity  
 Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen  
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
 Embark

<sup>s</sup> —*he masters now*;] Thus the folio. The quartos 1600 and 1608, read *musters*. STEEVENS.

<sup>o</sup> *The well-appointed king at Dover pier  
 Embark his royalty*; —————]

Thus all the editions downwards, implicitly, after the first folio. But could the poet possibly be so discordant from himself (and the *Chronicles*, which he copied) to make the king here embark at Dover; when he has before told us so precisely, and that so often over, that he embarked at Southampton? I dare acquit the poet from so flagrant a variation. The indolence of a transcriber, or a compositor at press, must give rise to such an error. They,

Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet  
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning,  
 Play with your fancies ; and in them behold,  
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing :  
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
 To sounds confus'd : behold the threaden sails,  
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
 Breasting the lofty surge : O, do but think,  
 You stand upon the <sup>7</sup> rivage, and behold  
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;  
 For so appears this fleet majestic,  
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow !  
 Grapple your minds <sup>8</sup> to sternage of this navy ;  
 And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,  
 Guarded with grandfires, babies, and old women,  
 Or past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance :  
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?  
 Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege ;

seeing *pier* at the end of the verse, unluckily thought of Dover *pier*, as the best known to them ; and so unawares corrupted the text. THEOBALD.

*Hampton pier*] It is obvious, that this, and not *Dover pier* according to the folios, was the true reading. Among the records of the town of Southampton, they have a minute and authentic account (drawn up at that time) of the encampment of Henry the fifth near the town, before this embarkment for France. It is remarkable, that the place where the army was encamped, then a low level plain or a down, is now entirely covered with sea, and called Westport. WARTON.

<sup>7</sup> —*rivage*,—] The *bank* or shore. JOHNSON.

*Rivage*: French. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. i.

“ Pactolus with his waters there

“ Throws forth upon the *rivage* round about him nere.”

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. viii. fol. 186 :

“ Upon the stonde at *rivage*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —to *sternage of this navy* ;] The stern being the hinder part of the ship, the meaning is, let your minds follow close after the navy. STEEVENS.

Behold

Behold the ordinance on their carriages,  
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.  
 Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes  
 back;

Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him  
 Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,  
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.

The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner  
 With <sup>9</sup> linstock now the devilish cannon touches,  
 [Alarum; and chambers go off.]

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

## S C E N E I.

*Before Harfleur.*

[Alarum.]

*Enter king Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloster, and soldiers,  
 with scaling ladders.*

*K. Henry.* Once more unto the breach, dear friends,  
 once more;

<sup>1</sup> Or close the wall up with the English dead!  
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,

<sup>9</sup> —linstock—] The staff to which the match is fixed  
 when ordnance is fired. JOHNSON.

So, in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:  
 —“O Cupid, grant that my blushing prove not a *linstocke*,  
 and give fire too suddenly, &c.”

Again, in the *Jew of Malta*, by Marlow, 1633:

“Till you shall hear a culverin discharg'd

“By him that bears the *linstock* kindled thus.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Or close the wall—] Here is apparently a chasm. One  
 line at least is lost, which contained the other part of a disjunc-  
 tive proposition. The king's speech is, *dear friends*, either win  
 the town, or close up the wall with dead. The old quarto gives  
 no help. JOHNSON.

This speech was added after the quartos 1600 and 1608.

STEEVENS.

As modest stillness, and humility :  
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears <sup>2</sup>,  
 Then imitate the action of the tyger ;  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;  
 Let it pry through the <sup>3</sup> portage of the head,  
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
 As fearfully, as doth a galled rock  
 O'er-hang and jutty <sup>4</sup> his confounded base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;  
 Hold hard the breath, and <sup>5</sup> bend up every spirit  
 To his full height !—On, on, you noblest English,  
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof <sup>6</sup> !

Fa-

<sup>2</sup> —when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Then imitate the action of the tyger ;]

Sir Tho. Hanmer has observed on the following passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, that in storms and high winds the tyger roars and rages most furiously.

“ ——— even so

“ Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide

“ In storms of fortune : for, in her ray and brightness,

“ The herd hath more annoyance by the brize

“ Than by the tyger : but when splitting winds

“ Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,

“ And flies flee under shade ; why then the thing of  
 courage,

“ As rouz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize, &c.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —portage of the head, —] Portage, open space, from port, a gate. Let the eye appear in the head as cannon through the battlements, or embraitures, of a fortification. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —his confounded base, —] His worn or wasted base.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —bend up every spirit—] A metaphor from the bow.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!] Thus the folio 1623, and rightly. So Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III :

“ Whom strange adventure did from Britain fet.”

Again, in the Prologue to Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman* :

“ Though there be none far-fet, there will dear bought.”

Again,



Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have, in these parts, from morn 'till even fought,  
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of <sup>7</sup> argument.  
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,  
 That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!  
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
 And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeo-  
 men,

Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here  
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;  
 For there is none of you so mean and base,  
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;  
 Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,  
 Cry—God for Harry! England! and saint George!

[*Exeunt King and train.*]

[*Alarm, and chambers go off.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.*

*Bard.* On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

*Nym.* 'Pray thee, <sup>8</sup> corporal, stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not <sup>9</sup> a case

Again, in Lord Surrey's Translation of the second book of Virgil's *Aeneid*:

“And with that wind had *set* the land of Grece.”

The sacred writings afford many instances to the same purpose. Mr. Pope first made the change, which I, among others, had inadvertently followed. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *argument.*] Is *matter*, or *subject*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *corporal,* —] We should read *lieutenant*. It is Bardolph to whom he speaks. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *a case of lives:—*] A set of lives, of which, when one is worn out, another may serve. JOHNSON.

of lives : the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

*Pist.* The plain-song is most just : for humours do abound ;

Knocks go and come ; God's vassals drop and die ;  
 And sword and shield,  
 In bloody field,  
 Doth win immortal fame.

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

*Pist.* And I :

' If wishes would prevail with me,  
 My purpose should not fail with me,  
 But thither would I hye.

*Boy.* <sup>2</sup> As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing on bough.

*Enter Fluellen.*

*Flu.* 'Splood!—Up to the preaches <sup>3</sup>, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?

*Pist.* Be merciful, great duke, <sup>4</sup> to men of mould! Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage! Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

*Nym.* These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> *If wishes &c.*] This passage I have replaced from the first folio, which is the only authentic copy of this play. These lines, which perhaps are part of a song, Mr. Pope did not like, and therefore changed them in conformity to the imperfect play in quarto, and was followed by the succeeding editors. For *prevail* I should read *avail*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *As duly, &c.*] This speech I have restored from the folio.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —up to the preaches, &c.] Thus the 4to, with only the difference of *breaches* instead of *preaches*. Modern editors have been very liberal of their Welch dialect. The folio reads, *Up to the breach you dogges, avault you cullions*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —to men of mould!—] To men of *earth*, to poor mortal men. JOHNSON.

*Boy.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three : but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me ; for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd ; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword ; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the <sup>s</sup> best men ; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward : but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds ; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own ; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case ; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym, and Bardolph, are sworn brothers in filching ; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel : I knew, by that piece of service, <sup>6</sup> the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs : which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine ; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service : their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit Boy.

<sup>s</sup> —best men ; —] That is, *bravest* ; so in the next lines, *good deeds* are *brave actions*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —the men would carry coals.—] It appears that in Shakespeare's age, *to carry coals* was, I know not why, *to endure affronts*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, one servingman asks another whether he will *carry coals*. JOHNSON.

Cant phrases are the ephemerons of literature. In the quartos 1600 and 1608, the passage stands thus :

I knew by that *they meant* to carry coales. STEEVENS,

*Re-enter Fluellen, Gowper following.*

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

*Flu.* To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines are not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) <sup>7</sup> is digt himself four yards under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think, 'a<sup>8</sup> will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

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

*Flu.* It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

*Gowper.* I think, it be.

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

*Enter Macmorris, and captain Jamy.*

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

*Flu.* Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

<sup>7</sup> — is digt himself four yards under the countermines: — ] Fluellen means, that the enemy had digged himself countermines four yards under the mines. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — will plow up all, — ] That is, he will blow up all.



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

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

*Gower.* How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

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

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I pefeech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

*Jamy.* It fall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and °I fall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that fall I, marry.

*Mac.* It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is besecch'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

*Jamy.* By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gud service, or aile ligge i'the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is

° —*I fall quit you*—] That is, I shall, with your permission, requite you, that is, answer you, or interpose with my arguments, as I shall find opportunity. JOHNSON.

the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

*Mac.* Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

*Flu.* Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

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

*Gower.* Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

*Jamy.* Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*]

*Gower.* The town sounds a parley.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there's an end<sup>1</sup>.

### S C E N E III.

*Before the gates of Harfleur.*

*Enter King Henry and his train.*

*K. Henry.* How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parole we will admit:

Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;

<sup>1</sup> —*there's an end.*] It were to be wished that the poor merriment of this dialogue had not been purchased with so much profaneness. JOHNSON.

Or, like to men proud of destruction,  
 Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,  
 (A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best)  
 If I begin the battery once again,  
 I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,  
 'Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up<sup>2</sup>;  
 And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—  
 In liberty of bloody hand, shall range  
 With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass  
 Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.  
 What is it then to me, if impious war,—  
 Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—  
 Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all<sup>3</sup> fell feats  
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,  
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand  
 Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,  
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?  
 We may as bootless spend our vain command  
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,  
 As send precepts to the Leviathan

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,  
 Take pity of your town, and of your people,  
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;

<sup>4</sup> Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace  
 O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds

<sup>2</sup> *The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;*] Mr. Gray has borrowed this thought in his *Elegy*:

“And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *fell feats,*

*Enlink'd to waste and desolation?*]

All the savage practices naturally concomitant to the sack of cities. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace*

*O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds]*

This is a very harsh metaphor. To *over-blow* is to drive away, or to keep off. JOHNSON.

Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.  
 If not, why, in a moment, look to see  
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand  
<sup>5</sup> Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;  
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,  
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;  
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;  
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd  
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry  
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.  
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?  
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

*Enter Governor, upon the walls.*

*Gov.* Our expectation hath this day an end:  
 The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,  
 Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready  
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,  
 We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy:  
 Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;  
 For we no longer are defensible.

*K. Henry.* Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,  
 Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,  
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:  
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—  
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing  
 Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.  
 To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;  
 To-morrow for the march are we address'd<sup>6</sup>.

*[Flourish, and enter the town.]*

## SCENE

<sup>5</sup> Defile the locks &c.] The folio reads:

*Defire the locks, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —we are address'd.] i. e. prepared. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“ ———our shield

“ We must *address* next, for tomorrow's field.”



## SCENE IV.

*The French camp.**Enter Katharine, and an old gentlewoman.*

<sup>8</sup> Kath. *Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parles bien le language.*

Alice.

Again, in the *Brazen Age*, 1613:

“ ——— clamours from afar,

“ Tell us these champions are *addrest* for war.”

Again:

“ ——— See I am *addrest*

“ With this, to thunder on thy captive crest.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Scene IV.] I have left this ridiculous scene as I found it; and am sorry to have no colour left, from any of the editions, to imagine it interpolated. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has rejected it. The scene is indeed mean enough, when it is read; but the grimaces of two French women, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert upon the stage. It may be observ'd, that there is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. Throughout the whole scene there may be found French servility, and French vanity.

I cannot forbear to transcribe the first sentence of this dialogue from the edition of 1608, that the reader who has not looked into the old copies may judge of the strange negligence with which they are printed.

“ *Kate.* Alice venecia, vous aves cates en, vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara, comau fae palla vou la main en francoy.”

JOHNSON.

We may observe in general, that the early editions have not half the quantity; and every sentence, or rather every word, most ridiculously blundered. These, for several reasons, could not possibly be published by the author; and it is extremely probable, that the French ribaldry was at first inserted by a different hand, as the many additions most certainly were after he had left the stage.—Indeed, every friend to his memory will not easily believe, that he was acquainted with the scene between *Katharine* and the *old Gentlewoman*: or surely he would not have admitted such obscenity and nonsense. FARMER.

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseignes; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois?*

Alice. *La main? elle est appellée, de hand.*

Kath. *De hand. Et les doigts?*

Alice. *Les doigts? may foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appellé de fingres; ouy, de fingers; oui de fingers.*

Kath. *La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagnée deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.*

It is very certain, that authors in the time of Shakespeare, did not correct the prefs for themselves. I hardly ever saw in one of the old plays a sentence of either *Latin, Italian, or French*, without the most ridiculous blunders. In the *Hist. of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599, a tragedy which I have often quoted, a warrior asks a lady disguised like a page, what her name is. She answers, "*Cur Daceer*," i. e. *Cœur d'Acier*, Heart of Steel. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Kath. *Alice, tu as esté—*] I have regulated several speeches in this French scene; some whereof were given to Alice, and yet evidently belonged to Katharine: and so, *vice versa*. It is not material to distinguish the particular transpositions I have made. Mr. Gildon has left no bad remark, I think, with regard to our poet's conduct in the character of this princess: "For why he should not allow her," says he, "to speak in English as well as all the other French, I can't imagine: since it adds no beauty, but gives a patch'd and pye-bald dialogue of no beauty or force." THEOBALD.

In the collection of *Chester Whitsun Mysteries*, among the *Harleian MSS.* No. 1013, I find French speeches introduced. In the *Vintner's Play*, p. 65, the three kings who come to worship our infant Saviour, address themselves to Herod in that language, and Herod very politely answers them in the same. At first, I supposed the author to have appropriated a foreign tongue to them, because they were strangers; but in the *Skygger's Play*, p. 144, I found Pilate talking French, when no such reason could be offered to justify a change of language. These mysteries are said to have been written in 1328. It is hardly necessary to mention that in this MS. the French is as much corrupted as in the passage quoted by Dr. Johnson from the 4th edition of *King Henry V.* STEEVENS.

Kath.

Kath. De nails. *Escoutez : dites moy, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, de nails.*

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

Kath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. *Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès a present.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. *Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.*

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie ; De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col ?*

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De neck : *Et le menton ?*

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De fin. *Le col, de neck : le menton, de fin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur ; en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu ; & en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?*

Kath. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails<sup>3</sup>.*

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. *Sauf, vostre honneur, de elbow.*

Kath. *Ainsi dis je ; de elbow, de neck, et de fin : Comment appelez vous les pieds, & la robe ?*

Alice. De foot, madame ; & de con.

Kath. De foot, & de con ? *O Seigneur Dieu ! ces*

<sup>3</sup> — *De hand, de fingre, de nayle, de arme.] The first folio has this passage thus—d'band, de fingre, de mailles—without de arm.—And so it should be printed. TYRWHITT.*

*sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, & non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, & de con, neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : De hand, de<sup>9</sup> fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de fin, de foot, de con.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame !*

Kath. *C'est assez pour une fois ; allons nous a disner.*

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Presence-chamber in the French court.*

*Enter the king of France, the Dauphin, duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river  
Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,  
Let us not live in France ; let us quit all,  
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. *O Dieu vivant !* shall a few sprays of us,—  
The emptying of<sup>1</sup> our father's luxury,—  
Our syens, put in wild<sup>2</sup> and savage stock,  
Sprout up so suddenly into the clouds,  
And over-grow their grafters ?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman  
bastards !

*Mort de ma vie !* if thus they march along  
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,  
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm

<sup>9</sup> —*de fingre*, —] It is apparent by the correction of Alice, that the princefs forgot *the nails*, and therefore it should be left out in her part. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —*our father's luxury*,] In this place, as in others, *luxury* means *lust*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —*savage*—] Is here used in the French original sense, for *silvan*, *uncultivated*, the same with *wild*. JOHNSON.



<sup>4</sup> In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

*Con.* *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?  
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?  
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,  
Killing their fruit with frowns? <sup>5</sup> Can sodden water,  
A drench for sur-reyn'd jades, their barley broth,  
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?  
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
Seem frosty? Oh, for honour of our land,  
Let us not hang like roping icicles  
Upon the houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people  
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;  
Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

*Dau.* By faith and honour,  
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,  
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give  
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,  
To new store France with bastard warriors.

*Bour.* They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,  
And teach <sup>6</sup> *lavoltas* high, and swift *corantos*;

Say-

<sup>4</sup> In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.] *Shotten* signifies any thing projected: so *nook-shotten isle*, is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— Can sodden water,

*A drench for sur-reyn'd jades, ——— ]*

The exact meaning of *sur-reyn'd* I do not know. It is common to give horses over-ridden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a *masb*. To this he alludes. JOHNSON.

The word *sur-rein'd* occurs more than once in the old plays. So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

“Writes he not a good cordial fappy stile?—

“A *sur-rein'd* jaded wit, but he rubs on.”

It should be observ'd that the quartos 1600 and 1608 read:

———A drench for *swolne* jades. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —*lavoltas high*,—] Hanmer observes that in this dance there was much turning and much capering. Shakespeare mentions it more than once, but never so particularly as the author of *Mulcasses the Turk*, a tragedy 1610:

“Be pleas'd, ye powers of night, and 'bout me skip

“Your antick measures; like to coal-black moors

Saying, our grace is only in our heels,  
And that we are most lofty run-aways.

*Fr. King.* Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed  
him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—  
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,  
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:  
7 Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;  
You dukes of Orléans, Bourbon, and of Berry,  
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;  
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,  
Beaumont, Grandpré, Rouffi, and Fauconberg,  
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;  
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and  
knights,

For your great feats, now quit you of great shames.  
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land

8 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:

Ruff

“ Dancing their high *lavoltoes* to the sun,

“ Circle me round: and in the midst I'll stand,

“ And crack my sides with laughter at your sports.”

Again, in Chapman's *May-day*, 1606:

“ ——— let the Bourdeaux grape

“ Skip like *la volta's* in their swelling veins.”

Again:

“ Where love doth dance *la volta's*—” STEEVENS.

7 *Charles Delabreth*,—] Milton somewhere bids the English take notice how their names are misspelt by foreigners, and seems to think that we may lawfully treat foreign names in return with the same neglect. This privilege seems to be exercised in this catalogue of French names, which, since the sense of the author is not affected, I have left as I found it.

JOHNSON.

I have changed the spelling; for I know not why we should leave blunders or antiquated orthography in the proper names, when we have been so careful to remove them both from all other parts of the text. Instead of *Charles De-la-bret*, we should read *Charles D'Albret*, but the metre will not allow of it. STEEVENS.

8 *With pennons*—] *Pennons* armorial were small flags, on which the arms, device and motto of a knight were painted.

*Pennon* is the same as *pendant*. So, in *The Statute Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

“ In

Rush on his host, as doth the <sup>9</sup> melted snow  
 Upon the vallies; whose low vassal seat  
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon <sup>1</sup>:  
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—  
 And in a captive chariot, into Roan  
 Bring him our prisoner.

*Con.* This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,  
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;  
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,  
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
 And, for atchievement; offer us his ransom.

“ In glittering gold and particolour'd plumes,  
 “ With curious *pendants* on their launces fix'd, &c.”

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. vi. fol. 136. b.

“ Of his contréi the signe was  
 “ Thre fishes, which he shulde beare  
 “ Upon the *pinon* of a speare.”

Again, in Chaucer's *Knyghtes Tale*, v. 980. late edit:

“ And by his banter borne is his *penon*  
 “ Of gold ful riche, in which there was ybete  
 “ The Minotaure which that he slew in Crete.”

In MS. *Harl.* No. 2413, is the following note:

*Penon.*

“ A *penon* must bee tow yardes and a half longe, made round att the end, and conteyneth the armes of the owner, and servith for the conduct of fiftie men.”

“ Everye knight may have his *penon* if hee bee cheefe capitaine, and in it sett his armes: and if hee bee made bannerett, the kinge or the lieftenant shall make a slitt in the end of the *penon*; and the heralds shall raise it out.

*Pencelles.*

“ Pencells or flagges for horsemen must bee a yarde and a halfe longe, with the crosses of St. George, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —*melted snow*——] The poet has here defeated himself by passing too sooth from one image to another. To bid the French rush upon the English as the torrents formed from melted snow stream from the Alps, was at once vehement and proper, but its force is destroyed by the grossities of the thought in the next line. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon c]*

“ Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conspuit Alpes.”

*Fur. Bibac.* ap Hor. STEEVENS.

*Fr. King.* Therefore, lord constable, haste on Mont-joy ;

And let him say to England, that we send  
To-know what willing ransom he will give.—  
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roan.

*Dau.* Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

*Fr. King.* Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—

Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all ;  
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*The English camp.*

*Enter Gower, and Fluellen.*

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

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

*Gow.* Is the duke of Exeter safe ?

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

*Gow.* What do you call him ?

*Flu.* He is call'd—ancient Pistol.

*Gow.* I know him not.

*Enter*



*Enter Pistol.*

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

*Pist.* Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours :  
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

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

*Pist.* Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,  
Of buxom valour<sup>1</sup>, hath,—by cruel fate,  
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind,  
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

*Flu.* By your patience, ancient Pistol. <sup>2</sup> Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to sig-

<sup>1</sup> *Of buxom valour,*] i. e. valour under good command, obedient to its superiours. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen* :

“ Love tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts

“ Of them that to him are *buxom* and prone.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is blind:—*] Here the fool of a player was for making a joke, as Hamlet says, *not set down for him, and shewing a most pitiful ambition to be witty.* For Fluellen, though he speaks with his country accent, yet is all the way represented as a man of good plain sense. Therefore, as it appears he knew the meaning of the term *blind*, by his use of it, he could never have said that *Fortune was painted blind, to signify she was blind.* He might as well have said afterwards, *that she was painted inconstant, to signify she was inconstant.* But there he speaks sense, and so, unquestionably, he did here. We should therefore strike out the first *blind*, and read :

*Fortune is painted with a muffler, &c.* WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one. *Fortune, the Goddess,* is represented blind, to shew that *fortune, or the chance of life,* is without discernment. STEEVENS.

This picture of *Fortune* is taken from the old history of *Fortunatus* ; where she is described to be a fair woman, *muffled over the eyes.* FARMER.

A *muffler* appears to have been part of a lady's dress. So, in *Monf. Thomas*, 1639 :

“ On with my *muffler.*”

nify to you, that fortune is blind; And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutabilities, and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral,

*Pist.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;  
 For he hath stol'n a *pix*, and hanged must 'a be.  
 Damn'd death!

Let

<sup>3</sup> The old editions,

*For he hath stol'n a pax,*—] “And this is conformable to history,” says Mr. Pope, “a foldier (as Hall tells us) being hang'd at this time for such a fact.”——Both Hall and Holinshed agree as to the point of the *theft*; but as to the thing *stolen*, there is not that conformity betwixt them and Mr. Pope. It was an ancient custom, at the celebration of mass, that when the priest pronounced these words, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum!* both clergy and people kiss'd one another. And this was called *Osculum Pacis*, the Kiss of Peace. But that custom being abrogated, a certain image is now presented to be kissed, which is called a *Pax*. But it was not this image which Bardolph stole; it was a *pix*, or little chest (from the Latin word, *pixis*, a box); in which the consecrated *host* was used to be kept. “A foolish foldier,” says Hall expressly, and Holinshed after him, “stole a *pix* out of a church.” THEOBALD.

What Theobald says is true, but might have been told in fewer words: I have examined the passage in Hall. Yet Dr. Warburton rejected that emendation, and continued Pope's note without animadversion.

It is *pax* in the folio 1623, but altered to *pix* by Theobald and fir T. Hanmer. They signified the same thing. See *Pax at Mass*, *Minshew's Guide into the Tongues*. *Pix* or *pax* was a little box in which were kept the consecrated wafers. JOHNSON.

So, in *May Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611; “—Kiss the *pax*, and be quiet, like your other neighbours.” So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1621:

“Then with this hallow'd crucifix,

“This holy wafer, and this *pix*.”

That a *pix* and a *pax* were different things, may be seen from the following passage in the History of our *Blessed Lady of Loretto*, 12mo. 1608, p. 505;

“—a cup

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,  
 And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate :  
 But Exeter hath given the doom of death,  
 For *pix* of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice ;  
 And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
 With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach :  
 Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

*Flu.* Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

*Pist.* \* Why then rejoice therefore.

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

*Pist.* Dic and be damn'd ; and *figo* for thy friendship !

*Flu.* It is well.

*Pist.* 6 The fig of Spain !

[*Exit Pistol.*

*Flu.*

“ — a cup, and a sprinkle for holy water, a *pix* and a *pax*, all of excellent chrystal, gold and amber.”

Again, in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 677 : “ — palmes, chalices, crosses, vestments, *pixes*, *paxes*, and such like.” STEEVENS.

\* *Why then rejoice therefore.*] This passage, with several others, in the character of Pistol, is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in *The Poetaster*, as follows :

“ Why then lament therefore ; damn'd be thy guts

“ Unto king Pluto's hell, and princely Erebus ;

“ For sparrows must have food.” STEEVENS.

5 — *Figo for thy friendship !*] This expression occurs likewise in *Ram-Ally*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1610 :

“ — water at the dock,

“ A *fico* for her dock.”

Again :

“ A *fico* for the sun and moon. STEEVENS.

6 *The fig of Spain !*] This is no allusion to the *fico* already explained in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* ; but to the custom of giving poison'd figs to those who were the objects either of Spanish or Italian revenge. The quartos 1600 and 1608 read : “ The

*Flu.* Very good <sup>7</sup>.

*Gow.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purse.

*Flu.* I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

*Gow.* Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such <sup>8</sup> a sconce, at such a breach,

fig of Spain *within thy jaw*:" and afterwards: "The fig *within thy bowels and thy dirty maw*." So, in *The Fleire*, 1610, a comedy:

"*Fel.* Give them a fig.

"*Flo.* Make them drink their last.

"*Fel.* Poison them."

Again, in *The Brothers*, by Shirley, 1652:

"I must *poison* him; one *fig* sends him to Erebus."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*:

"The lye to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the *fico*."

Again, in one of Gascoigne's *Poems*:

"It may fall out that thou shalt be entic'd

"To sup sometimes with a magnifico,

"And have a *fico* foisted in thy dish," &c.

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"*Cor.* Now do I look for a *fig*.

"*Gaz.* Chew none, fear nothing:

and the scene of this play lies at *Seville*.

Again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

"—— Is it (poison) speeding? ——

"As all our *Spanish figs* are."

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"I look now for a *Spanish fig*, or an Italian fallad daily."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Flu.* Very good.] Instead of these two words, the quartos read: ——

"Captain Gower, cannot you hear it lighten and thunder?"

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— a sconce, ——] Appears to have been some hasty, rude, inconfi-



a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con-perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp<sup>9</sup>, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you must learn to know 'such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

*Flu.* I tell you what, captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. Hear you, the king is coming; and<sup>2</sup> I must speak with him from the pridge.

inconsiderable kind of fortification. Sir Thomas Smythe, in one of his *Discourses on the Art Military*, 1589, mentions them in the following manner: “—and that certen *sconces* by them devised, without anie bulwarks, flankers, travasses, mounts, platformes, wet or drie ditches, in forme, with counterscarps, or any other good forme of fortification, but only raised and formed with earth, turfe, trench, and certen poynts, angles, and indents, should be able to hold out the enemy, &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —a horrid suit of the camp,] Thus the folio. The 4to 1600, &c. read—a horrid *shout* of the camp. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —such slanders of the age,] This was a character very troublesome to wise men in our author's time. “It is the practice with him,” says Ascham, “to be warlike, though he never looked enemy in the face, yet some warlike sign must be used, as a slovenly buskin, or an over-staring frowned head, as though out of every hair's top should suddenly start a good big oath.”

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> I must speak with him from the pridge.] “Speak with him from the bridge, Mr. Pope tells us, is added to the latter editions; but that it is plain from the sequel, that the scene here continues, and the affair of the bridge is over.” This is a most inaccurate criticism. Though the affair of the bridge be over, is that a reason, that the king must receive no intelligence from thence? Fluellen, who comes from the bridge, wants to acquaint the king with the transactions that had happened there. This he calls *speaking to the king from the bridge*. THEOBALD.

With this Dr. Warburton concurs. JOHNSON.

*Drum and colours. Enter the king, Gloster, and soldiers.*

*Flu.* Got pless you majesty !

*K. Henry.* How now, Fluellen ? cam'st thou from the bridge ?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge : the French is gone off, look you ; and there is gallant and most prave passages : Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge ; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge : I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

*K. Henry.* What men have you lost, Fluellen ?

*Flu.* The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great : marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man : his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs<sup>3</sup>, and flames of fire ; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red ; but his nose is executed, and<sup>4</sup> his fire's out.

*K. Henry,*

<sup>3</sup> —and whelks, and knobs,] So, in Chaucer's character of a *Sompnour*, from which, perhaps, Shakespeare took some hints for his description of Bardolph's face :

“ A *Sompnour* was ther with us in that place

“ That hadde a *fire-red* cherubinnes face, &c.

“ —————

“ Ther n'as quicksilver, litarge, ne brimston,

“ Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,

“ Ne oinment that wolde clense or bite,

“ That might him helpen of his *wbelkes* white,

“ Ne of the *knobbes* fitting on his chekes.”

See the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 628, &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —his fire's out.] This is the last time that any sport can be made with the red face of Bardolph, which, to confess the truth, seems to have taken more hold on Shakespeare's imagination than on any other. The conception is very cold to the solitary reader,

der,

*K. Henry.* We would have all such offenders so cut off :—and we give exprefs charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for ; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language ; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentleſt gameſter is the ſooneſt winner,

*Tucket ſounds.* <sup>5</sup> *Enter Montjoy.*

*Mont.* You know me <sup>6</sup> by my hábit.

*K. Henry.* Well then, I know thee ; What ſhall I know of thee ?

*Mont.* My maſter's mind,

*K. Henry.* Unfold it.

*Mont.* Thus ſays my king :—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep ; Advantage is a better ſoldier, than raſhneſs. Tell him, we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur ; but that we thought not good to bruife an injury, 'till it were full ripe :—now we ſpeak <sup>7</sup> upon our cue, and our voice is imperial : England ſhall repent his folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire our ſufferance. Bid him, therefore, conſider of his ranſom ; which muſt proportion the loſſes we have borne, the ſubjects we have loſt, the diſgrace we have digeſted ; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettineſs would bow under. For our loſſes, his exchequer is too poor ; for the effuſion of

der, though it may be ſomewhat invigorated by the exhibition on the ſtage. This poet is always more careful about the preſent than the future, about his audience than his readers.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Montjoy.*] *Mont-joie* is the title of the firſt king at arms in France, as *Garret* is in our own country. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *by my hábit.*] That is, by his herald's coat. The perſon of a herald being inviolable, was diſtinguiſhed in thoſe times of formality by a peculiar dreſs, which is likewise yet worn on particular occaſions. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *upon our cue,* —] In our turn. This phraſe the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings. JOHNSON.

our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betray'd his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; <sup>8</sup> so much my office.

*K. Henry.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

*Mont.* Montjoy.

*K. Henry.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now;  
But could be willing to march on to Calais  
Without impeachment \* : for, to say the sooth,  
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much  
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)  
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;  
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,  
Almost no better than so many French;  
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,  
I thought, upon one pair of English legs  
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me  
God,

That I do brag thus!—this your air of France  
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.  
Go, therefore, tell thy master,—here I am;  
My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk;  
My army, but a weak and sickly guard;  
Yet, <sup>9</sup> God before, tell him we will come on,  
Though

<sup>8</sup> ———*so much my office.*] This speech, as well as another preceding it, was first compress'd into verse by Mr. Pope. Where he wanted a syllable, he supplied it, and where there were too many for his purpose, he made suitable omissions. Shakespeare (if we may believe some of the old copies) meant both speeches for prose, and as such I have printed them. STEEVENS.

\* *Without impeachment.*] i. e. hindrance. *Empêchement*, French. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ———*God before,* ———] This was an expression in that age for



Though France himself, and such another neighbour,  
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.  
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:  
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,  
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood  
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.  
The sum of all our answer is but this:  
We would not seek a battle, as we are;  
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it;  
So tell your master.

*Mont.* I shall deliver so. Thanks to your high-  
ness. [Exit.]

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

*K. Henry.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in  
theirs.—

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—  
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;  
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt.]

for *God being my guide*, or when used to another, *God be thy guide*.  
So, in an old dialogue between a herdsman and a maiden going on  
pilgrimage to Wallingham, the herdsman takes his leave in these  
words:

“ Now, go thy ways, and God before.”

To prevent was used in the same sense. JOHNSON.

[*There's for thy labour, Montjoy.*] It appears from many an-  
cient books that it was always customary to reward a herald, whe-  
ther he brought defiance or congratulation. So, in the ancient  
metrical history of the *Battle of Flodden*:

“ Then gave he to the herald's hand,

“ Besides, with it, a rich reward;

“ Who hasten'd to his native land

“ To see how with his king it far'd.” STEEVENS.

SCENE

## SCENE VII.

*The French camp near Agincourt.*

*Enter the constable of France, the lord Rambures, the Duke of Orleans, Dauphin, with others:*

*Con.* Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—  
Would, it were day!

*Orl.* You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

*Con.* It is the best horse of Europe.

*Orl.* Will it never be morning?

*Dau.* My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

*Orl.* You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

*Dau.* What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns: *ça, ha!* <sup>4</sup> He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of *Hermes*.

*Orl.* He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

*Dau.* And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for *Perseus*: he is pure air and fire <sup>5</sup>; and the

<sup>3</sup> Scene VII.] This scene is shorter, and I think better, in the first editions of 1600 and 1608. But as the enlargements appear to be the author's own, I would not omit them. POPE.

<sup>4</sup> *He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;—*] Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair, as appears from *Much Ado about Nothing*, "And the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls."

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> —he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him,] Thus *Cleopatra* speaking of herself

"I am air and fire; my other elements

"I give to baser life." STEEVENS.

dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him : he is, indeed, a horse ;<sup>6</sup> and all other jades you may call—beasts.

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

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

*Orl.* No more, cousin.

*Dau.* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey : it is a theme as fluent as the sea ; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all : 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on ; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus, <sup>7</sup> *Wonder of nature*,—

*Orl.*

<sup>6</sup> —and all other jades you may call - beasts,] It is plain that *jades* and *beasts* should change places, it being the first word and not the last, which is the term of reproach ; as afterwards it is said :

*I had as lieve have my mistress a jade.* WARBURTON.

There is no occasion for this change. In the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* scene i :

“ ——— he gave his *able horse* the head,

“ And, bending forward, struck his armed heels

“ Against the panting sides of the poor *jade*.”

*Jade* is sometimes used for a post-horse. *Beast* is always employed as a contemptuous distinction. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— what *beast* was't then

“ That made you break this enterprize to me ?

Again, in *Timon* : “ — what a wicked *beast* was I to disfurnish myself against so good a time ? ” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *Wonder of nature* — ] Here, I suppose, some foolish poem of our author's time is ridiculed ; which indeed partly appears from the answer. WARBURTON.

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

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

*Orl.* Your mistress bears well.

*Dau.* Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

*Con.* *Ma foy!* the other day, methought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

*Dau.* So, perhaps, did yours.

*Con.* Mine was not bridled.

*Dau.* O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, <sup>s</sup> like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trowsers.

*Con.*

In the first Part of *K. Henry VI.* act V. sc. iv. Shakespear himself uses the phrase which he here seems to ridicule:

“Be not offended, *nature's miracle!*” MALONE.

The phrase is only reprehensible through its misapplication. It is surely proper when applied to a *woman*, but ridiculous indeed when addressed to a *horse*. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> —like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trowsers.] Thus all the editions have mistaken this word, which should be *trowsers*; and signifies a pair of breeches.

THEOBALD.

This word very frequently occurs in the old dramatic writers. A man in *The Coxcomb* of Beaumont and Fletcher, speaking to an Irish servant, says, “I'll have thee flead, and *trowsers* made of thy skin, to tumble in.” *Trowsers* appear to have been tight breeches:—The kerns of Ireland anciently rode without breeches, and therefore *strait trowsers*, I believe, means only in their naked skin, which fits close to them. The word is still preserved, but now written *trousers*. STEEVENS.

“*Trowfes*,” says the explanatory Index to *Cox's History of Ireland*, “are breeches and stockings made to fit as close to the body as can be.” Several of the morris-dancers represented upon the print of my window, have such hose or strait trousers; but the poet seems by the waggish context to have a further meaning.

TOLLET.

The following passage in Heywood's *Challenge for Beauty*, 1636, proves, that the ancient Irish *trowsers* were somewhat more than *mere buff*.



*Con.* You have good judgment in horsemanship.

*Dau.* Be warn'd by me then : they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs ; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

*Con.* I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

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

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

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

*Con.* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress ; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

*Ram.* My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it ?

*Con.* Stars, my lord.

*Dau.* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

*Con.* And yet my sky shall not want.

*Dau.* That may be, for you bear many superfluously ; and 'twere more honour, some were away.

*Con.* Even as your horse bears your praises ; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

*Dau.* Would I were able to load him with his desert !

“ *Manburst.* No, for my money give me your substantial English hose, round, and somewhat full afore.

“ *Maid.* Now they are, methinks, a little too great.

“ *Manb.* The more the discretion of the landlord that builds them—he makes room enough for his tenant to stand upright in them—he may walk in and out at ease without stooping : but of all the rest I am clean out of love with your Irish *trouses* ; they are for all the world like a jealous wife, always close at a man's ryle.” The speaker is here circumstantially describing the fashions of different countries. So, again, in Bulwer's *Pedigree of the English Gallant*, 1653 : “ Bombasted and paned hose were, since I can remember, in fashion ; but now our hose are made so close to our breeches, that, like Irish *trouses*, they too manifestly discover the dimension of every part.” In *Sir John Oldcastle*, the word is spelt *strouces*. COLLINS.

Will it never be day ? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

*Con.* I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way : But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

*Ram.* Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners ?

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

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

*Orl.* The Dauphin longs for morning.

*Ram.* He longs to eat the English.

*Con.* I think, he will eat all he kills.

*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

*Con.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

*Orl.* He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

*Con.* Doing is activity ; and he will still be doing.

*Orl.* He never did harm, that I heard of.

*Con.* Nor will do none to-morrow ; he will keep that good name still.

*Orl.* I know him to be valiant.

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

*Orl.* What's he ?

*Con.* Marry, he told me so himself ; and he said, he car'd not who knew it.

*Orl.* He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

*Con.* By my faith, Sir, but it is ; never any body

<sup>9</sup> *Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners ?* So, in the old anonymous *Henry V* :

“ Come and you see what me tro at the king's drummer and fife.”

“ Faith me will tro at the earl of Northumberland and, now I will tro at the king himself, &c.”

This incident, however, might have been furnished by the chronicle. STEEVENS.

aw it, but <sup>1</sup> his lacquey : <sup>2</sup> 'tis a hooded valour ; and, when it appears, it will bate.

*Orl.* Ill will never said well.

*Con.* <sup>3</sup> I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

*Orl.* And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

*Con.* Well plac'd ; there stands your friend for the devil : have at the very eye of that proverb, <sup>4</sup> with—A pox of the devil.

*Or.* You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

*Con.* You have shot over.

*Orl.* 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

*Con.* Who hath measur'd the ground ?

*Mess.* The lord Grandpré.

*Con.* A valiant and most expert gentleman.—

<sup>5</sup> 'Would it were day !—Alas, poor Harry of England ! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

<sup>1</sup> —his lacquey :—] He has beaten nobody yet but his footboy. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.] This is said with allusion to falcons which are kept hooded when they are not to fly at game, and as soon as the hood is off, bait or flap the wing. The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never been let loose upon an enemy, yet, when he makes his first essay, we shall see how he will flutter. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> I will cap that proverb—] Alluding to the practice of capping verses. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —with,—A pox of the devil!] The quartos 1600, and 1608 read,—with, A jodge of the devil. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> 'Would it were day !—] Instead of this and the succeeding speeches, the 4tos 1600 and 1608 conclude this scene, with a couplet :

————— Come, come away,

The sun is high, and we wear out the day. STEEVENS.

*Orl.* What a wretched and peevish\* fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

*Con.* If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

*Orl.* That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

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

*Orl.* Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

*Con.* Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef<sup>6</sup>, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

*Con.* Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now it is time to arm; Come, shall we about it?

*Orl.* 'Tis two o'clock: but, let me see,—by ten,

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

\* *Peevish*, in ancient language, signified—foolish, silly. Many examples of this are given in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. 7:

“ ———He's strange and *peevish*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ———*give them great meals of beef,*] So, in *K. Edw.* III. 1599:

“ ———but scant them of their *chines of beef,*

“ And take away their downy featherbeds, &c.”

STEEVENS.



## A C T IV.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chorus.* Now entertain conjecture of a time,  
 When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,  
 7 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.  
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of  
 night,  
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
 That the fix'd centinels almost receive  
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :  
 Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames  
 Each battle sees <sup>8</sup> the other's umber'd face :

Steed

<sup>7</sup> *Fills the wide vessel of the universe.*] *Universe* for *horizon* : for we are not to think Shakespeare so ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once. He intimates he knew otherwise, by that fine line in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

———— following darknes like a dream.

Besides, the image he employs shews he meant but half the globe ; the horizon round, which has the shape of a vessel or goblet. WARBURTON.

There is a better proof that Shakespeare knew the order of night and day, in *Macbeth* :

“ Now o'er one half the world

“ Nature seems dead.”

But there was no great need of any justification. The *universe*, in its original sense, no more means this globe singly than the circuit of the horizon ; but, however large in its philosophical sense, it may be poetically used for as much of the world as falls under observation. Let me remark further, that ignorance cannot be certainly inferred from inaccuracy. Knowledge is not always present. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *the other's umber'd face* :] *Umbred* or *umbred* is a term in blazonry, and signifies shadowed. WARBURTON.

———— *the other's umber'd face* :]

Of this epithet used by Shakespeare in his description of fires reflected by night, Mr. Pope knew the value, and has transplanted it into the *Iliad* on a like occasion :

“ Whose umber'd arms by turns thick flashes send.”

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
 Piercing the night's dull ear; ' and from the tents,  
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
 Give dreadful note of preparation.

' The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;

And

*Umber* is a brown colour. So, in *As You Like It*:

" And with a kind of *umber* smirch my face."

The distant visages of the soldiers would certainly appear of this hue when beheld through the light of midnight fires. Blazonry, I believe, does not acknowledge the word *umber'd*. *Adumbration*, indeed, says Guillim, is a *shadowing*, &c. and I meet with the same word in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. X. chap. lvi:

" Sweet *adumbrations* of her zeale, &c." STEEVENS.

Another interpretation occurs, expressive of the preparation of both armies for an engagement. In *Hamlet*, act III. Mr. Steevens gives the following quotation from *Stowe's Chronicle*, " He braut up his *umber* three times." Where *umber* means the vizor of the helmet, as *umbricre* doth in *Spenser*, from the French *ombre*, *ombriere*, or *ombraire*, a shadow, an umbrella, or any thing that hides or covers the face. Hence *umber'd face* may denote a face armed with a hehnet, as in *K. Henry IV*:

" I saw young Harry with his bever on."

and in the present play:

" Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,

" And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps."

*Beaver* here means exactly the same with *umber* in *Stowe*.

TOLLET.

' —and from the tents,] See the preparation for the battle between Palamon and Arcite in *Chaucer*:

" And on the morwe, when the day 'gan spring,

" Of horse and harnois noise and clattering,

" There was in the hosteliries all about:

" The foamy stedes on the golden bridel

" Gnawing, and fast the armureres also

" With file and hammer priking to and fro," &c.

WARTON.

' *The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;*  
*And (the third hour of drowsy morning nam'd)*  
*Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,*  
*The confident, and over-lusty French*  
*Do the low-rated English play at dice;—]*

And the third hour of drowsy morning name.  
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
 The confident and over-lusty French  
<sup>2</sup> Do the low-rated English play at dice;  
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,  
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminatè  
 The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,  
<sup>3</sup> Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,  
 Presented them unto the gazing moon  
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold

I believe every reader of taste must be hurt by that heavy parenthesis in the second line. How much better might we read thus?

*The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.*

Then begin another sentence. TYRWHITT.

I have admitted this very necessary and elegant emendation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Do the low-rated English play at dice;*] i. e. do play them away at dice. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *Investing lank-lean cheeks,—*] *A gesture investing cheeks and coats* is nonsense. We should read:

*Invest in lank-lean cheeks ———*

which is sense, i. e. their sad gesture was cloath'd, or set off, in lean cheeks and worn coats. The image is strong and picturesque. WARBURTON.

Yet perhaps even this change is unnecessary. The harshness of the metaphor is what offends, which means only, that their looks are invested in mournful gestures.

Such another harsh metaphor occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,

“I know not what to say.” STEEVENS.

*Gesture* only relates to their *cheeks*, after which word there should be a comma, as in the first folio. In the second song of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*:

“Anger *invests* the face with a lovely grace.” TOLLET.

The present time runs throughout the whole of the description, except in this instance, where the change seems very improper. I believe we should read, *presenteth*. STEEVENS.

*Investing*, perhaps we should read, *in fasting*, &c. ANON.

The royal captain of this ruin'd band,  
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!  
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host;  
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;  
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.  
 Upon his royal face there is no note,  
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;  
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
 Unto the weary and all-watched night:  
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,  
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;  
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:  
 A largess universal, like the sun,  
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
 Thawing cold<sup>4</sup> & fear. Then, mean and gentle all,  
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
 A little touch of Harry in the night:  
 And so our scene must to the battle fly;  
 Where, (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—  
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
 Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—  
 The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;  
<sup>5</sup> Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[Exit.

<sup>4</sup> —fear, that mean and gentle all,  
 Behold (as may, &c.)]

As this stood, it was a most perplex'd and nonsensical passage: and could not be intelligible, but as I have corrected it. The poet, then addressing himself to every degree of his audience, tells them, he'll shew (as well as his unworthy pen and powers can describe it) a little touch or sketch of this hero in the night.

THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> Minding true things—] To mind is the same as to call to remembrance. JOHNSON.

SCENE



## SCENE I.

*The English camp, at Agincourt.*

*Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloster.*

*K. Henry.* Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger ;

The greater therefore should our courage be.—  
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty !  
There is some foul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out ;  
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,  
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry :  
Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
And preachers to us all ; admonishing,  
That we should dress us fairly for our end.  
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Enter Erpingham.*

Good morrow, <sup>6</sup> old Sir Thomas Erpingham :  
A good soft pillow for that good white head  
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

*Erping.* Not so, my liege ; this lodging likes me  
better,  
Since I may say—now lie I like a king.

*K. Henry.* 'Tis good for men to love their present  
pains,  
Upon example ; so the spirit is eased :  
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,

<sup>6</sup> —old Sir Thomas Erpingham:] Sir Thomas Erpingham came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commissioners to receive king Richard's abdication.

EDWARD'S MS.

Sir Thomas Erpingham was in Henry V.'s time warden of Dover castle. His arms are still visible on one side of the Roman pharos. STEEVENS.

The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowfy grave, and newly move  
With caſted ſlough and freſh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,  
Commend me to the princes in our camp ;  
Do my good morrow to them ; and, anon,  
Deſire them all to my pavilion.

*Glo.* We ſhall, my liege.

*Erping.* Shall I attend your grace ?

*K. Henry.* No, my good knight ;  
Go with my brothers to my lords of England :  
I and my boſom muſt debate a while,  
And then I would no other company.

*Erping.* The Lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble  
Harry !

*K. Henry.* God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou ſpeak'ſt  
cheerfully. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pistol,*

*Piſt.* *Qui va là ?*

*K. Henry.* A friend.

*Piſt.* Diſcuſs unto me ; Art thou officer ?  
Or art thou baſe, common, and popular ?

*K. Henry.* I am a gentleman of a company,

*Piſt.* Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike ?

*K. Henry.* Even ſo : What are you ?

*Piſt.* As good a gentleman as the emperor.

*K. Henry.* Then you are a better than the king.

*Piſt.* The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold ;

<sup>7</sup> *Which caſted ſlough—*] *Slough* is the ſkin which the ſerpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is ſuppoſed to regain new vigour and freſh youth. *Legerity* is lightneſs, himbleneſs. JOHNSON.

So, in Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of *Virgil*, B. IV. 1582 :

“ His *ſlough* uncaſing himſelf now youthfully bleacheth.”

*Legerity* is a word uſed by Ben Jonſon in *Every Man out of his Humour*. STEEVENS.

A lad of life, an imp of fame<sup>8</sup>;  
 Of parents good, of fist most valiant:  
 I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings  
 I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

*K. Henry.* Harry le Roy.

*Pist.* *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish  
 crew?

*K. Henry.* No, I am a Welshman.

*Pist.* Know'st thou Fluellen?

*K. Henry.* Yes.

*Pist.* Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate  
 Upon saint David's day.

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

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*K. Henry.* And his kinsman too.

*Pist.* The figo for thee then!

*K. Henry.* I thank you: God be with you!

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

[*Exit.*

*K. Henry.* It sorts<sup>9</sup> well with your fierceness.

*Enter Fluellen, and Gower, severally.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen,—

*Flu.* So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak fewer.  
 It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld,  
 when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of  
 the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains  
 but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you  
 shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tittle tattle,

<sup>8</sup> —an imp of fame;] An *imp* is a *shoot* in its primitive sense, but means a *son* in Shakespeare. In Holinshed, p. 951, the last words of lord Cromwell are preserved, who says, “—and after him that his sonne prince Edward, that goodlie *impe*, may long reigne over you.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *It sorts*] i.e. it agrees. So, in Chapman's version of the 17th book of the *Odyssey*:

“His faire long lance well *sorting* with his hand.”

STEEVENS.

nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

*Gow.* Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*Flu.* I pray you, and beseech you, that you will,  
[*Exeunt.*]

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

*Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.*

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

*Bates.* I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

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

*K. Henry.* A friend.

*Will.* Under what captain serve you?

*K. Henry.* Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

*Will.* A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

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

*Bates.* He hath not told his thought to the king?

*K. Henry.* No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shews to him, as it doth to me; all his



his senses have but human<sup>1</sup> conditions : his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man ; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing ; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are : Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

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

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

*Bates.* Then, 'would he were here alone ; so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and a many poor men's lives sav'd.

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

*Will.* That's more than we know.

*Bates.* Ay, or more than we should seek after ; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects : if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

*Will.* But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make ; when all those

<sup>1</sup> —conditions:] Are qualities. The meaning is, that objects are represented by his senses to him, as to other men by theirs. What is danger to another is danger likewise to him, and when he feels fear it is like the fear of meaner mortals. JOHNSON.

legs, and arms, and heads, chop'd off in a battle; shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We dy'd at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon<sup>2</sup> their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

*K. Henry.* So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandize, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if these men have defeated the law, and out-run native

<sup>2</sup> —*their children rawly left.*] That is, *without preparation, hastily, suddenly.* What is not *matured* is *raw*. So, in *Macbeth*:  
“Why in this *rawness* left he wife and children.”

JOHNSON.

punish-

punishment<sup>3</sup>, though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. <sup>4</sup> Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that, making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

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

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

*K. Henry.* I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

*Will.* Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

*K. Henry.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *native punishment,*] That is, punishment in their native country. REVISAL. i. e. such as they are born to if they offend. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Every subject's duty*—] This is a very just distinction, and the whole argument is well followed, and properly concluded.

*Will.* You pay him then! <sup>5</sup> that's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

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

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

*K. Henry.* I embrace it.

*Will.* How shall I know thee again?

*K. Henry.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

*Will.* Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

*K. Henry.* There.

*Will.* This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

*K. Henry.* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

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

*Will.* Keep thy word: fare thee well.

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

*K. Henry.* Indeed, the French may lay <sup>6</sup> twenty  
French

<sup>5</sup> —*that's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun,*—] In the old play the thought is more opened. *It is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon.* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —*twenty French crowns*—] This conceit, rather too low for a king, has been already explained, as alluding to the venereal disease. JOHNSON.



French crowns toone, they will beat us ; for they bear them on their shoulders : But it is no English treason, to cut French crowns ; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper. [Exeunt soldiers.]

4 Upon the king ! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and  
Our sins, lay on the king ;—we must bear all.  
O hard condition ! twin-born with greatness,  
Subjected to the breath of every fool,  
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing !  
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,  
That private men enjoy ? and what have kings,  
That privates have not too, save ceremony ?  
Save general ceremony ?  
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?  
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers ?  
6 What are thy rents ? what are thy comings-in ?  
O cere-

There is surely no necessity for supposing any allusion *in this passage* to the venereal disease. The conceit here seems to turn merely upon the equivocal sense of *crowns*, which signifies either a coin, or a head. TYRWHITT.

7 *Upon the king ! &c.*] This beautiful speech was added after the first edition. POPE.

There is something very striking and solemn in this soliloquy, into which the king breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this, on less occasions, every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of a gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment. JOHNSON.

8 *What are thy rents ? What are thy comings in ?*

*O ceremony, shew me but thy worth :*

*What ! is thy soul of adoration ?]*

Thus is the last line given us, and the nonsense of it made worse by the ridiculous pointing. We should read, *What is thy toll, O adoration !* Let us examine how the context stands with my emendation. *What are thy rents ? What are thy comings-in ? What is thy worth ? What is thy toll ?*—(i. e. the duties and imposts, thou receivest :) all is here consonant, and agreeable to a sensible exclamation. So *King John* :—“ *No Italian priest shall tithe or toll in our dominions.*” But the Oxford editor, now he finds

O ceremony, shew me but thy worth !  
 What is thy soul, O adoration ?  
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,  
 Creating awe and fear in other men ?  
 Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,  
 Than they in fearing.  
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
 But poison'd flattery ? O, be sick, great greatness,  
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure !  
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
 With titles blown from adulation ?  
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending ?  
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
 Command the health of it ? No, thou proud dream,  
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,  
 I am a king, that find thee : and I know,  
 'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,  
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

the way open for alteration, reads, *What is thy shew of adoration ?* By which happy emendation, what is about to be enquired into, is first taken for granted ; namely, that *ceremony* is but a shew. And to make room for this word here, which is found in the immediate preceding line, he degrades it there, but puts as good a word indeed in its stead, that is to say, *tell*.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is not ill conceived, yet I believe it is erroneous. The first copy reads, *What ? is the soul of adoration.* This is incorrect, but I think we may discover the true reading easily enough to be, *What is thy soul, O adoration ?* That is, O reverence paid to kings, *what art thou within ? What are thy real qualities ? What is thy intrinsic value ?* JOHNSON.

The quarto has not this speech. The folio reads—*What ? is thy soul of odoration ?* STEEVENS.

I do not see any necessity for departing from the old reading :

What is the *soul* of adoration ?

The same expression is found in many of Shakespeare's plays. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ ——— my very *soul* of counsel.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV. Part I* :

“ The very bottom and the *soul* of hope.”

Again, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ ——— the *soul* of love.” MALONE,

The enter-tiffued robe of gold and pearl,  
 The <sup>9</sup> farfed title running 'fore the king;  
 The throne he fits on, nor the tide of pomp  
 That beats upon the high fhore of the world,  
 No, not all thefe, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
 Not all thefe, laid in bed majeftical,  
 ' Can fleep fo foundly as the wretched flave;  
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
 Gets him to reft, cramm'd with diftreffful bread,  
 Never fees horrid night, the child of hell;  
 But, like a lacquey, from the rife to fet,  
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
 Sleeps in Elyfium; next day, after dawn,  
 Doth rife, and help Hyperion to his horfe;  
 And follows fo the ever-running year  
 With profitable labour, to his grave: .  
 And, but for ceremony, fuch a wretch,  
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with fleep,  
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
 The flave, a member of the country's peace,  
 Enjoys it; but in grofs brain little wots,  
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
 Whofe hours the peafant beft advantages.

<sup>9</sup> —*farfed title running* &c.] *Farfed* is *ftuffed*. The tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced. This I think is the fenfe. JOHNSON.

So, in *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1574:

“ ——— belly-gods fo fwarm,

“ *Farced*, and flowing with all kind of gall.”

Again:

“ And like a greedy cormorant with belly full *farced*.”

Again, in *Jacob and Efau*, 1568:

“ To make both broth and *farcing*, and that full deinty.”

Again, in Stanyhurft's verſion of the firſt book of *Virgil*:

“ Or cels are *farcing* with dulce and delicat hoonny.”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“ ——— *farce* thy lean ribs with it too.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Can fleep fo foundly*, &c.] Theſe lines are exquisitely pleaſing. *To ſweat in the eye of Phœbus*, and *to fleep in Elyfium*, are expreſſions very poetical. JOHNSON.

*Enter Erpingham.*

*Erp.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,

Seek through your camp to find you.

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

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

*K. Henry.* O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts !

Possess them not with fear ; <sup>2</sup> take from them now  
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers  
Pluck their hearts from them !—Not to-day, O Lord,  
O not to-day, think not upon the fault  
My father made in compassing the crown !  
I Richard's body have interred new ;

In former editions :

————— *take from them now*

*The sense of reck'ning of th' opposed numbers :*

*Pluck their hearts from them !*—————]

Thus the first folio. The poet might intend, "Take from them the sense of reckoning those opposed numbers ; *which* might pluck their courage from them." But the *relative* not being express'd, the sense is very obscure. THEOBALD.

The change is admitted by Dr. Warburton, and rightly. Sir T. Hanmer reads :

————— *the opposed numbers*

*Which stand before them.*

This reading he borrowed from the old quarto, which gives the passage thus :

*Take from them now the sense of reckoning,*

*That the opposed multitudes that stand before them*

*May not appall their courage.* JOHNSON.

Theobald's alteration certainly makes a very good sense ; but, I think, we might read, with less deviation from the present text :

————— *if th' opposed numbers*

*Pluck their hearts from them.*

In conjectural criticism, as in mechanics, the perfection of the art, I apprehend, consists in producing a given effect with the least possible force. TYRWHITT.

And



And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,  
 Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.  
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up  
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built  
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests  
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:  
 Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;  
<sup>3</sup> Since that my penitence comes after all,  
 Imploring pardon.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Glo.* My liege!

*K. Henry.* My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;  
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—  
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Since that my penitence comes after all,  
 Imploring pardon.]*

We must observe, that Henry IV. had committed an injustice, of which he, and his *son* reap'd the fruits. But reason tells us, justice demands that they who share the profits of iniquity, shall share also in the punishment. Scripture again tells us, that when men have sinned, the grace of God gives frequent invitations to repentance: which, in the language of divines, are stiled *calls*. These, if neglected, or carelessly dallied with, are, at length, irrecoverably withdrawn, and then repentance comes too late. All this shews that the unintelligible reading of the text should be corrected thus:

————— *comes after call.* WARBURTON.

I wish the commentator had explained his meaning a little better; for his comment is to me less intelligible than the text. I know not what he thinks of the king's penitence, whether coming *in consequence of call*, it is sufficient; or whether coming when *calls have ceased*, it is ineffectual. The first sense will suit but ill with the position, that *all which he can do is nothing worth*; and the latter as ill with the intention of Shakespeare, who certainly does not mean to represent the king as abandoned and reprobate.

The old reading is in my opinion easy and right. *I do all this*, says the king, *though all that I can do is nothing worth*, is so far from an adequate expiation of the crime, that *penitence comes after all*, imploring pardon both for the crime and the expiation.

JOHNSON.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*The French camp.**Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and Beaumont.*

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

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

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. <sup>4</sup> *Via!*—*les eaux & la terre.*—Orl. *Rien plus? l'air & le feu.*—Dau. *Ciel!* *cousin Orleans.*—*Enter Constable.*

Now, my lord Constable!

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

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides;  
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And daunt them <sup>5</sup> with superfluous courage: Ha!<sup>4</sup> *Via!*—*les eaux & la terre.*—] The *Revisal* reads:Dau. *Voyez—les eaux & la terre.*—Orl. *Bien—puis l'air & le feu?*—Dau. *Le ciel—cousin Orleans.*—

This is well conjectured; nor does the passage deserve that more should be done: yet I know not whether it might not stand thus:

Dau. *Voyez les eaux & la terre.*Orl. *L'air & le feu—Rien puis?*Dau. *Le ciel.**Via* is an old hortatory exclamation, as *allons!* JOHNSON.Dr. Johnson is right. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1599:“Then *Via!* for the spacious bounds of France!”Again, in the *Fawne*, by John Marston, 1606:“Come *Via!* to this feastful entertainment!”Again, in Marston's *What you Will*, 1607:“Tut, *Via!* let all run glib and square!” STEEVENS.<sup>5</sup> *And daunt them.*] The first folio reads *doubt*, which, perhaps, may have been used for *to make to doubt*; *to terrifie*.

TYRWHITT.

Ram.

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

*Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! strait to horse!  
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,  
And your fair shew shall suck away their souls,  
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.  
There is not work enough for all our hands;  
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,  
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,  
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,  
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on  
them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.  
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,  
That our superfluous lacqueys, and our peasants,  
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm  
About our squares of battle,—were enough  
To purge this field of such a hilding foe;  
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by  
Took stand for idle speculation:  
But that our honours must not. What's to say?  
A very little little let us do,  
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound  
The tucket-sonuance, and the note to mount:

For

<sup>6</sup> *The tucket-sonuance, &c.*] He uses terms of the field as if they were going out only to the chase for sport. *To dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand.

Such an easy capture the lords expected to make of the English. JOHNSON.

The *tucket-sonuance* was, I believe, the name of an introductory flourish on the trumpet, as *toccata* in Italian is the prelude

For our approach shall so much dare the field,  
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

*Enter Grandpré.*

*Grand.* Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,  
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.  
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,  
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.  
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor jades  
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips;  
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;  
And in their pale dull mouths the<sup>s</sup> gimmal bit

Lies

of a sonata on the harpsichord, and *toccar la tromba*, is to blow the trumpet.

In the Spanish tragedy, (no date) "a tucket afar off."

Again, in the *Devil's Lawcase*, 1623:

"2 tuckets by several trumpets."

*Sonance* is a word used by Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Or, if he chance to endure our tongues so much

"As but to hear their *sonance*. STEEVENS.

7 *Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,*

*With torch-staves in their hand;—]*

Grandpré alludes to the form of the ancient candlesticks, which frequently represented human figures holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands.

A similar image occurs in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612: "—he shew'd like a pewter *candlestick*, fashioned like a man in armour, holding a tilting staff in his hand little bigger than a candle."

STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> —*gimmal bit*—] *Gimmal* is in the western counties, a *ring*; a *gimmal bit* is therefore a *bit* of which the parts play'd one within another. JOHNSON.

I meet with the word, though differently spelt, in the old play of *The Raigne of King Edward the Third*, 1596:

"Nor lay aside their jacks of *gymold* mail."

*Gymold*



Lies foul with chew'd grass; still and motionless;  
 And<sup>9</sup> their executors, the knavish crows,  
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.  
 Description cannot suit itself in words,  
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle  
 In life so lifeless as it shews itself.

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

*Dau.* Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,  
 And give their fasting horses provender,  
 And after fight with them?

*Con.* 'I stay but for my guard; On, to the field:  
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,

*Gymold* or *gimmel'd* mail means armour composed of links like those of a chain, which by its flexibility fitted itself to the shape of the body more exactly than defensive covering of any other contrivance. There was a suit of it to be seen in the Tower. Spenser, in his *Faerie Queen*, B. I. cap. v. calls it *woven mail*:

“ In *woven mail* all armed warily.”

In *Lingua*, &c. 1607, is mentioned:

“ ——— a *gimmel* ring with one link hanging.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *their executors, the knavish crows,*—] The crows who are to have the disposal of what they shall leave, their hides and their flesh. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *I stay but for my guard;*—] It seems, by what follows, that *guard* in this place means rather something of ornament or of distinction than a body of attendants. JOHNSON.

The following quotation from Holinshed, p. 554, will best elucidate this passage. ——— “ The duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet* and fastened upon a spear, the which he commanded to be borne before him instead of a standard.”

In the second part of Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, Menelaus after having enumerated to Pyrrhus the treasures of his father Achilles, as his myrmidons, &c. adds:

“ His sword, spurs, armour, *guard*, pavilion.”

From this passage it should appear that the *guard* was part of the defensive armour; perhaps what we call at present the *gorget*. Again, in Holinshed, p. 820:

“ The one bare his helmet, the second his *granguard*, &c.”

STEEVENS.

And use it for my haste. Come, come away!  
The sun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*The English camp.*

*Enter Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all the English host; Salisbury and Westmoreland.*

*Glo.* Where is the king?

*Bed.* The king himself is rode to view their battle.

*West.* Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

*Exe.* There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

*Sal.* God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.  
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:  
If we no more meet, 'till we meet in heaven,  
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—  
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—  
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

*Bed.* <sup>2</sup> Farewel, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

*Exe. to Sal.* Farewel, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:

<sup>2</sup> In the old edition:

*Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee;  
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

*For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.*

*Exe.* Farewell, kind lord: fight valiantly to-day.

What! does he do Salisbury wrong to wish him good luck? The ingenious Dr. Thirlby prescribed to me the transposition of the verses, which I have made in the text: and the old quartos plainly lead to such a regulation. THEOBALD.

I believe Mr. Theobald's transposition to be perfectly right, for it was already made in the quartos 1600 and 1608, as follows:

Farewell kind lord; fight valiantly to-day,

And yet in truth I do thee wrong,

For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.

STEEVENS.

And

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,  
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[Exit Salisbury.]

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

*Enter king Henry.*

*West.* O, that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England,  
That do no work to-day!

*K. Henry.* What's he, that wishes so?  
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

<sup>4</sup> By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;  
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yerns me not, if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:  
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man's company,  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

<sup>3</sup> *My cousin Westmoreland?*—] In the quartos 1600 and 1608, this speech is addressed to Warwick. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *By Jove,*—] The king prays like a christian, and swears like a heathen. JOHNSON.

This day is call'd—the feast of <sup>5</sup> Crispian :  
 He, that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,  
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
 And rouze him at the name of Crispian.  
 He, that shall live this day, and see old age,  
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,  
 And say—to-morrow is faint Crispian :  
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars.  
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,  
 But they'll remember, <sup>6</sup> with advantages,  
 What feats they did that day : Then shall our names,  
 Familiar in their mouth as household words,—  
 Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd :  
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;  
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
<sup>7</sup> From this day to the ending of the world,

<sup>5</sup> —*of Crispian* :—] The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, St. Crispin's day ; the legend upon which this is founded, follows. “ Crispinus and Crispianus were brethren, born at Rome ; from whence they travelled to Soissons in France, about the year 303, to propagate the christian religion ; but because they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers ; but the governor of the town discovering them to be christians, ordered them to be beheaded about the year 303. From which time, the shoemakers made choice of them for their tutelar saints.” *Wheatley's Rational Illustration*, folio edit. p. 76. See *Hall's Chronicle*, folio 47. GRAY.

<sup>6</sup> —*with advantages*—] Old men, notwithstanding the natural forgetfulness of age, shall remember *their feats of this day*, and remember to tell them *with advantage*. Age is commonly boastful, and inclined to magnify past acts and past times.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *From this day to the ending*—] It may be observed that we are apt to promise to ourselves a more lasting memory than the changing state of human things admits. This prediction is not verified ; the feast of Crispin passes by without any mention of Agincourt. Late events obliterate the former : the civil wars have left in this nation scarcely any tradition of more ancient history. JOHNSON.

But



But we in it shall be remembered :  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;  
 For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,  
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,  
 This day shall <sup>8</sup>gentle his condition :  
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
 Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here ;  
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,  
 That fought with us <sup>9</sup>upon saint Crispin's day.

*Enter Salisbury.*

*Sal.* My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :  
 The French are <sup>1</sup>bravely in their battles set,  
 And will with all expedience <sup>2</sup>charge on us.

*K. Henry.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.

*West.* Perish the man, whose mind is backward  
 now !

*K. Henry.* Thou dost not wish more help from Eng-  
 land, cousin ?

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

Without more help, might fight this battle out !

*K. Henry.* Why, now <sup>3</sup>thou hast unwish'd five  
 thousand men ;

Which

<sup>8</sup> —gentle his condition.] This day shall advance him to the  
 rank of a gentleman. JOHNSON.

King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right  
 by inheritance, or grant, to assume coats of arms, except those  
 who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt ; and, I think,  
 these last were allowed the chief seats of honour at all feasts and  
 public meetings. TOLLET.

<sup>9</sup> —upon St. Crispin's day.] This speech, like many others of  
 the declamatory kind, is too long. Had it been contracted to  
 about half the number of lines, it might have gained force, and  
 lost none of the sentiments. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —bravely—] Is splendidly, ostentatiously. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —expedience] i. e. expedition. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,—] By wishing only  
 thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away. Shake-  
 speare

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—  
You know your places : God be with you all !

*Tucket. Enter Montjoy.*

*Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee, king  
Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,  
Before thy most assured over-throw :  
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,  
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,  
The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind  
Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls  
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire  
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor  
bodies

Must lie and fester.

*K. Henry.* Who hath sent thee now ?

*Mont.* The Constable of France.

*K. Henry.* I pray thee, bear my former answer back ;  
Bid them atchieve me, and then sell my bones.  
Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows thus ?  
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin  
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.  
A many <sup>+</sup> of our bodies shall, no doubt,  
Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,  
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work :  
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,  
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,

speare never thinks on such trifles as numbers. In the last scene the French are said to be *full threescore thousand*, which Exeter declares to be *five to one* ; but, by the king's account they are twelve to one. JOHNSON.

Holinshed makes the English army consist of 15,000, and the French of 60,000 horse, besides foot, &c. in all 100,000 ; while Walsingham and Harding represent the English as but 9000 ; and other authors say that the number of French amounted to 150,000. STEEVENS.

<sup>+</sup> A many—] Thus the folio ; the quarto—and many——

STEEVENS.

They

They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;  
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,  
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.

<sup>5</sup> Mark then a bounding valour in our English;  
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,  
Breaks out into a second course of mischief,

<sup>6</sup> Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let

<sup>5</sup> *Mark then abounding valour in our English;*] Thus the old folios. The quartos, more erroneously still:

*Mark then abundant*————

Mr. Pope degraded the passage in both his editions, because, I presume, he did not understand it. I have reformed the text, and the allusion is exceedingly beautiful; comparing the revival of the English valour to the rebounding of a cannon-ball.

THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> *Killing in relapse of mortality.*] What it is to *kill in relapse of mortality*, I do not know. I suspect that it should be read:

*Killing in reliques of mortality.*

That is, continuing to *kill* when they are the *reliques* that *death* has left behind it.

That the allusion is, as Mr. Theobald thinks, *exceedingly beautiful*, I am afraid few readers will discover. The *valour* of a putrid body, that destroys by the stench, is one of the thoughts that do no great honour to the poet. Perhaps from this putrid valour Dryden might borrow the posthumous empire of Don Sebastian, who was to reign wheresoever his atoms should be scattered. JOHNSON.

By this phrase, however uncouth, Shakespeare seems to mean the same as in the preceding line. *Mortality* is death. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part I:

“————I beg *mortality*

“ Rather than life——

*Relapse* may be used for *rebound*. Shakespeare has given *mind of honour*, for *honourable mind*; and by the same rule might write *relapse of mortality* for *fatal or mortal rebound*; or by *relapse of mortality*, he may mean—after they had *relapsed into inanimation*.

STEEVENS.

This *putrid valour* is common to the descriptions of other poets as well as Shakespeare and Dryden, and is predicated to be no less victorious by Lucan, lib. vii. v. 821.

“ Quid fugis hanc cladem, quid olentes deseris agros?

“ Has trahe Cæsar, aquas; hoc, si potes, utere cælo,

“ Sed

Let me speak proudly ;—Tell the constable,  
 We are but <sup>7</sup> warriors for the working-day :  
 Our gayness, and our gilt <sup>8</sup>, are all besmirch'd  
 With rainy marching in the painful field ;  
 There's not a piece of feather in our host,  
 (Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly)  
 And time hath worn us into slovenry :  
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim :  
 And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night  
 They'll be in fresher robes ; or they will pluck  
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,  
 (As, if God please, they shall) my ransom then  
 Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thy labour ;  
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald ;  
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints :  
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,  
 Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

*Mont.* I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well :

“ Sed tibi tabentes populi Pharsalica rura

“ Eripiunt, camposque tenent victore fugato.”

Cornelle has imitated this passage in the first speech in his  
*Pompée :*

“ ————de chars,

“ Sur ses champs empestés confusément épars,

“ Ces montagnes de morts privés d'honneurs suprêmes,

“ Que la nature force à se venger eux-mêmes,

“ Et de leurs troncs pourris exhale dans les vents

“ De quoi faire la guerre au reste des vivans.”

Voltaire, in his letter to the academy of Belles Lettres at Paris, opposes the preceding part of this speech to a quotation from Shakespeare. The Frenchman, however, very prudently stopped before he came to the lines which are here quoted. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —*warriors for the working day :*] We are soldiers but coarsely dressed ; we have not on our holiday apparel. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —*our gilt—*] i. e. Golden show, superficial gilding. Obsolete. So, in *Timon :*

“ When thou wast in thy *gilt* and thy perfume, &c.”

Again, in another of our author's plays :

“ The double *gilt* of this opportunity you let time wash off.”

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 :

“ And now the rain hath beaten off thy *gilt.*” STEEVENS.

Thou



Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.

K. Henry. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ransom:

*Enter the Duke of York.*

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg The leading of the vaward.

K. Henry. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away:—

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*The field of battle.*

*Alarum, excursions. Enter Pistol, French soldier, and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur.

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

Pist. <sup>9</sup> Quality, call you me?—Construe me, art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss<sup>1</sup>.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman<sup>2</sup>:—

<sup>9</sup> *Quality, calmly, construe me, art thou a gentleman?*] We should read this nonsense thus:

*Quality, cality—construe me, art thou a gentleman?*

i. e. tell me, let me understand whether thou be'st a gentleman.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, proposes to read:

*Quality, call you me? construe me, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —discuss.] This affected word is used by Lyly in his *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“But first I must discuss this heavenly cloud.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —signieur Dew should be a gentleman:] I cannot help thinking, that Shakespeare intended here a stroke at a passage in a famous old book, call'd, *The Gentleman's Academie in Hawking, Hunting, and Armorie*, written originally by Juliana Barnes, and re-published by Gervase Markham, 1595. The first chapter of the *Booke of Armorie*, is, “the difference 'twixt Churles and Gentlemen;” and it ends thus: “From the of-spring of gentlemanly Japhet came Abraham, Moyses, Aaron, and the Prophets; and also the king of the right line of Mary, of whom that *only absolute gentleman, Jesus*, was borne:—gentleman, by his mother Mary, princeffe of coat armor.” FARMER.

Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—  
 O signieur Dew, <sup>3</sup> thou dy'st on point of fox,  
 Except, O signieur, thou do give to me  
 Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, *prennez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;  
<sup>4</sup> For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,  
 In drops of crimson blood.

Fr.

<sup>3</sup> —*thou die'st on point of fox,*] *Point of fox* is an expression which, if the editors understood it, they should have explained. I suppose we may better read:

——— *on point of faulchion, &c.* JOHNSON.

*Fox* is no more than an old cant word for a sword:

“ I made my father's old *fox* fly about his ears.”

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*.

The same expression occurs in *The two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“ I had a sword, ay the flower of Smithfield for a sword;  
 a right *fox* i' faith.”

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“ And by this awful cross upon my blade,

“ And by this *fox* which stinks of Pagan blood,”

Again, in *The Wedding*, by Shirley, 1626:

“ My *fox* shall scratch your guts out.”

Again, not less than three times in *The History of the Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukely*, 1605:

“ —— old hack'd swords, as *foxes*, bilbo's, and horn-buckles.”

Again:

“ —— This is as right a *fox* as e'er you saw.”

Again:

“ —— for *foxes*, bilbo's, and Toledo blades.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*:

“ I wear as sharp steel, and my *fox* bites as deep.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> For I will fetch thy *rym* —— } We should read:

Or, I will fetch thy ransom out of thy throat. WARBURTON.

I know not what to do with *rym*. The measure gives reason to suppose that it stands for some monosyllable; and besides, *ransome* is a word not likely to have been corrupted. JOHNSON.

This line is wanting in the quartos 1600 and 1608. The folio reads: *thy rymme*. It appears, however, from sir Arthur Gorges's *Translation of Lucan*, 1614, that some part of the intestines was anciently called the *rimme*, Lucan. B. i:

“ The

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras ?*

Pist. *Bras, cur !*

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,  
Offer'st me bras ?

Fr. Sol. *O, pardonnez moy !*

Pist. Say'st thou me so ? is that <sup>6</sup> a ton of moys ?—  
Come hither, boy ; Ask me this slave in French,  
What is his name.

“ The slender *rimme* too weake to part

“ The boyling liver from the heart——”

—— *parvunque secat vitalia limes.* L. 623.

“ *Parvus limes* (says one of the scholiasts) *præcordia indicat ; membrana illa quæ cor et pulmonea a jecore et liene dirimit.*” I believe it is now called the *diaphragm* in human creatures, and the skirt or midriff in beasts ; but still in some places, the *rim*.

Phil. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* several times mentions the *rim* of the paunch. See B. XXVIII. ch. ix. p. 321, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Bras, cur ?*] Either Shakespeare had very little knowledge in the French language, or his over-fondness for punning led him in this place, contrary to his own judgment, into an error. Almost every one knows that the French word *bras* is pronounced *brau* ; and what resemblance of sound does this bear to *brass*, that Pistol should reply *Bras, cur ?* The joke would appear to a reader, but could scarce be discovered in the performance of the play. Sir W. RAWLINSON.

If the pronunciation of the French language be not changed since Shakespeare's time, which is not unlikely, it may be suspected some other man wrote the French scenes. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson makes a doubt, whether the pronunciation of the French language may not be changed since Shakespeare's time ; “ if not,” says he, “ it may be suspected that some other man wrote the French scenes :” but this does not appear to be the case, at least in this termination, from the rules of the grammarians, or the practice of the poets. I am certain of the former from the French *Alphabet* of De la Mothe, and the *Orthoëpia Gallica* of John Eliot ; and of the latter from the rhymes of Marot, Ronfard, and Du Bartas.—Connections of this kind were very common. Shakespeare himself assisted Ben Jonson in his *Sejanus*, as it was originally written ; and Fletcher in his *Two Noble Kinsmen*. FARMER.

<sup>6</sup> —— *a ton of moys ?*] *Moys* is a piece of money ; whence *moi d'or*, or *moi* of gold. JOHNSON.

Boy. *Escoutez ; Comment estes vous appellé ?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says, his name is—master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and firke him<sup>7</sup>, and ferret him :—discuss the same in French unto him.

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

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

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur ?*

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

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant, Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns ; Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

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

Pist. What are his words ?

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

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I The crowns will take.

<sup>7</sup> ———and firke him,] The word *firke* is so variously used by the old writers, that it is almost impossible to ascertain its precise meaning. On this occasion it may mean to *chastise*. So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry-Tricks*, 1611 :

“ ——— nay, I will firke

“ My silly novice, as he was never firke'd

“ Since midwives bound his noddle.”

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife, &c.* it means to collect by low and dishonest industry :

“ ——— these five years she has firke'd

“ A pretty living.”

Again, in *Ram-Alley, &c.* it seems to be employed in the sense of—*quibble* :

“ Sir, leave this firke of law, or by this light, &c.”

In the *Alchemist*, it is obscenely used. STEEVENS.



Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?*

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

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens : Et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, Et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. *Expound unto me, boy.*

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

Pist. *As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew.— Follow me, cur.*

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[*Exit Pistol, and French Soldier.*

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart : but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than <sup>s</sup> this roaring devil i'the old

<sup>s</sup> —*this roaring devil in the old play ;—*] In modern puppet-shows, which seem to be copied from the old farces, *punch* sometimes fights the devil, and always overcomes him. I suppose the *vice* of the old farce, to whom *punch* succeeds, used to fight the devil with a wooden dagger. JOHNSON.

—*like this roaring devil in the old play ;*] This is perhaps a sneer at the old play of *Henry the Fifth*, which I have mentioned before. There is in it a character called *Derick*, who behaves to a Frenchman taken in battle just as Pistol does in the scene before us. The first time *Derick* makes his appearance, he *enters roaring*, (one of the editions reads *rouing*) and, throughout the piece, utters an oath with almost every line he speaks.

The devil, however, in the old mysteries, is as turbulent and vainglorious as Pistol. So, in one of the *Coventry Whitsun Plays*, preserved in the British Museum, *Vespasian*. D. VIII. p. 136 :

“ I am your lord Lucifer that out of helle cam,

“ Prince of this world, and gret duke of helle ;

old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; yet they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys. [Exit.

## S C E N E V.

*Another part of the field of battle.*

*Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.*

Con. *O diable!*

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

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

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—

[*A short alarm.*

*O meschante fortune!*—Do not run away.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. *O perdurable shame!*—let's stab ourselves. Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

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

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

Let us die, instant:—Once more back again;

“Wherefore my name is clepyd ser Satan,

“Which aperyth among you a mater to spelle.”

And perhaps the character was always performed in the most clamorous manner. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *O perdurable shame!*—] *Perdurable* is lasting, long to continue. So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c:

“Triumphant arcs of *perdurable* might.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Let us die, instant:—Once more back again;*] This verse, which is quite left out in Mr. Pope's editions, stands imperfect in the first folio. By the addition of a syllable, I think, I have retrieved the poet's sense. It is thus in the old copy:

*Let us die in once more back again,* THEOBALD.

And

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,  
 Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,  
<sup>2</sup> Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,  
 Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,  
 His fairest daughter is contaminated.

*Con.* Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!  
 Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives  
<sup>3</sup> Unto these English, or else die with fame.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Alarum.* Enter king Henry and his train, with prisoners.

*K. Henry.* Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:  
 But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

*Exe.* The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

*K. Henry.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice, within this hour,

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;  
 From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

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

<sup>2</sup> Like a base pander, — ] The quartos read:

Like a base leno, — STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Unto these English, or else die with fame.] This line I have restored from the quartos 1600 and 1608. The Constable of France is throughout the play represented as a brave and generous enemy, and therefore we should not deprive him of a resolution which agrees so well with his character. STEEVENS.

Suffolk first dy'd : and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes,  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;

And cries aloud, — *Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !*

*My soul shall thine keep company to heaven :*

*Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast ;*

*As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,*

*We kept together in our chivalry !*

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up ;

He smil'd me in the face, rought me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says, — *Dear my lord,*

*Commend my service to my sovereign.*

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips ;

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of 'it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd ;

But I had not so much of man in me,

‡ But all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears.

*K. Henry.* I blame you not ;

§ For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. — [*Alarm,*

But, hark ! what new alarm is this same ? —

The French have re-inforc'd their scatter'd men ; —

‡ *But all my mother came into mine eyes,  
And gave me up to tears.]*

This thought is apparently copied by Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. xi ;

“ ——— compassion quell'd

“ His best of man, and gave him up to tears.”

STEEVENS.

§ *For, bearing this, I must perforce compound  
With mixtful eyes, ——— ]*

The poet must have wrote, *mistful*: i. e. just ready to over-run with tears. The word he took from his observation of nature: for just before the bursting out of tears the eyes grow dim as if in a mist. WARBURTON.

Then



Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;  
 Give the word through.

[*Exeunt,*

7 S C E N E VII.

*Alarums continued ; after which, Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

*Flu.* Kill the poyes and the luggage ! 'tis expressly against the law of arms : 'tis as arrant a piece of kna-

<sup>6</sup> *Give the word through.*] Here the quartos 1600 and 1608 add :  
 Pist. Couper gorge. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Scene VII.] Here, in the other editions, they begin the fourth act, very absurdly, since both the place and time evidently continue, and the words of Fluellen immediately follow those of the king just before. POPE.

<sup>8</sup> *Kill the poyes and the luggage ! 'tis expressly against the law of arms :—*] In the old folios, the 4th act is made to begin here. But as the matter of the Chorus, which is to come betwixt the 4th and 5th acts, will by no means sort with the *scenery* that here follows, I have chose to fall in with the other regulation. Mr. Pope gives a reason why this scene should be connective to the preceding scene ; but his reason, according to custom, is a mistaken one. " The words of Fluellen," says he, " immediately follow those of the king just before." The king's last words, at his going off, were :

*Then ev'ry soldier kill his prisoners :*

*Give the word through.*

Now Mr. Pope must very accurately suppose, that Fluellen overhears this ; and that by replying, *Kill the poyes and the luggage ! 'tis expressly against the law of arms ;—* he is condemning the king's order, as against martial discipline. But this is a most absurd supposition. Fluellen neither overhears, nor replies to, what the king had said ; nor has *kill the poyes and the luggage*, any reference to the soldiers killing their prisoners. Nay, on the contrary (as there is no interval of an act here) there must be some little pause betwixt the king's going off, and Fluellen's entering : (and therefore I have said, *Alarums continued ;*) for we find by Gower's first speech, that the soldiers had already cut their prisoners throats, which required some time to do. The matter is this. The baggage, during the battle (as king Henry had no men to spare) was guarded only by boys and lacqueys ; which some French run-aways getting notice of, they came down upon the English camp-boys, whom they kill'd, and plundered,

knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd, in the 'orld :  
In your conscience now, is it not ?

*Gow.* 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive ; and the cowardly rascals, that ran away from the battle, have done this slaughter : besides, they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the king's tent ; wherefore the king, most worthily, has caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king !

*Flu.* I, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower : What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born ?

*Gow.* Alexander the great.

*Flu.* Why, I pray you, is not pig, great ? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the mag-nanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

*Gow.* I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon, his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

*Flu.* I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon ; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth : it is call'd Wye, at Monmouth ; but it is out

dered, and burn'd the baggage : in resentment of which villainy it was, that the king, contrary to his wonted lenity, order'd all prisoners' throats to be cut. And to this villainy of the French run-aways Fluellen is alluding, when he says, *Kill the poyes and the luggage !* The fact is set out (as Mr. Pope might have observed) both by Hall and Holinshed. THEOBALD.

Unhappily the king gives one reason for his order to kill the prisoners, and Gower another. The king killed his prisoners because he expected another battle, and he had not men sufficient to guard one army and fight another. Gower declares that the *gallant king* has *worthily* ordered the prisoners to be destroyed, because the luggage was plundered, and the boys were slain. JOHNSON.

of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (Got knows, and you know) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend Clytus.

*Gov.* Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

*Flu.* It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finish'd. I speak but in figures and comparisons of it: <sup>9</sup> As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away 'the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

*Gov.* Sir John Falstaff.

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

*Gov.* Here comes his majesty.

<sup>9</sup> *As Alexander &c.*] I should suspect that Shakespeare, who was well read in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, meant these speeches of Fluellen as a ridicule on the parallels of the Greek author, in which, circumstances common to all men are assembled in opposition, and one great action is forced into comparison with another, though as totally different in themselves, as was the behaviour of Harry Monmouth, from that of Alexander the Great. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *the fat knight*—] This is the last time that Falstaff can make sport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could. JOHNSON.

*Alarum. Enter king Henry, Warwick, Gloster, Exeter, &c. Flourish,*

*K. Henry.* I was not angry since I came to France, Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald ; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill : If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field ; they do offend our fight : If they'll do neither, we will come to them ; And make them skir away <sup>2</sup>, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings ; <sup>3</sup> Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have ; And not a man of them, that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy ;—Go, and tell them so.

*Enter*

<sup>2</sup> *And make them skir away, —*] I meet with this word in Ben Jonson's *News from the Moon*, a Masque: “ — blow him afore him as far as he can see him ; or *skir* over him with his bat's wings, &c.” The word has already occur'd in *Macbeth*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Besides, we'll cut the throats &c.*] The king is in a very bloody disposition. He has already cut the throats of his prisoners, and threatens now to cut them again. No haste of composition could produce such negligence ; neither was this play, which is the second draught of the same design, written in haste. There must be some dislocation of the scenes. If we place these lines at the beginning of the twelfth scene, the absurdity will be removed, and the action will proceed in a regular series. This transposition might easily happen in copies written for the players. Yet it must not be concealed, that in the imperfect play of 1608 the order of the scenes is the same as here.

JOHNSON.

The difference of the two copies may be thus accounted for. The elder was, perhaps, taken down, during the representation, by the contrivance of some bookseller who was in haste to publish it ; or it might, with equal probability, have been collected from the repetitions of actors invited to a tavern for that purpose. The manner in which many of the scenes are printed, adds strength to the supposition ; for in these, a single line is generally divided into two, that the quantity of the play might be seemingly encreased.—The second and more ample edition may be that which regularly belonged to the playhouse ; and yet with

[equal



*Enter Montjoy.*

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

*Glo.* His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

*K. Henry.* How now! what means their herald? know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom? Com'st thou again for ransom?

*Mont.* No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable licence,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

To book our dead, and then to bury them;

To sort our nobles from our common men;

For many of our princes (woe the while!)

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs

In blood of princes; while their wounded steeds

Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,

Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,

Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,

To view the field in safety, and dispose

Of their dead bodies.

*K. Henry.* I tell thee truly, herald,

I know not, if the day be ours, or no;

For yet a many of your horsemen peer,

And gallop o'er the field.

*Mont.* The day is yours.

*K. Henry.* Praised be God, and not our strength,  
for it!—

equal confidence we may pronounce, that every dramatic composition would materially suffer, if only transmitted to the publick through the medium of ignorance, presumption, and caprice, those common attendants on a theatre. STEEVENS.

+ *Yerk out their armed heels*] So, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1618:

“ Their neighing gennets, armed to the field,

“ Do yerke and fling, and beat the sullen ground.”

STEEVENS.

What

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by ?

*Mont.* They call it—Agincourt.

*K. Henry.* Then call we this—the field of Agincourt, Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

*K. Henry.* They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your majesty says very true : If your majesties is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps ; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service : and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon saint Tavy's day.

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

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

*K. Henry.* Thanks, good my countryman.

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

*K. Henry.* God keep me so !—Our heralds go with him ;

*Enter Williams.*

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Exeunt Montjoy and others.*

*Exe.* Soldier, you must come to the king.

*K. Henry.* Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap ?

*Will.*

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

*K. Henry.* An Englishman?

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

*K. Henry.* What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

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

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

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

*K. Henry.* Then keep thy vow, firrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. Henry.* Who servest thou under?

*Will.* Under captain Gower, my liege.

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

*K. Henry.* Call him hither to me, soldier.

*Will.* I will, my liege. [Exit.

<sup>5</sup> — great fort, — ] High rank. So, in the ballad of *Jane Shore*:

“ Lords and ladies of *great fort*.” JOHNSON.

The quartos 1600 and 1608 read:

— his enemy may be a gentleman of worth. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — quite from the answer of his degree. ] A man of such station as is not bound to hazard his person to answer to a challenge from one of the soldier's low degree. JOHNSON.

*K. Henry.*

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

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

*K. Henry.* Know'st thou Gower?

*Flu.* He is my dear friend, an please you.

*K. Henry.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*]

*K. Henry.* My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster,—

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove, which I have given him for a favour,

May, haply, purchase him a box o'the ear;

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

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick!

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

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word)

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder,

And quickly he'll return an injury:

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

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE



## SCENE VIII.

*Before king Henry's pavilion.*

*Enter Gower, and Williams.*

*Will.* I warrant, it is to knight you, captain,

*Enter Fluellen.*

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

*Will.* Sir, know you this glove?

*Flu.* Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

*Will.* I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

*Flu.* 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the univerfal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

*Gow.* How now, Sir? you villain!

*Will.* Do you think I'll be forsworn?

*Flu.* Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment <sup>7</sup> into plows, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no traitor.

*Flu.* That's a lye in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

*Enter Warwick, and Gloster.*

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

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

<sup>7</sup> —into plows,—] The *Revisal* reads, very plausibly:

“in two plows.” JOHNSON.

The quarto reads, *I will give treason his due presently*. We might therefore read—in due plows, i. e. in the beating that is so well his due. STEEVENS.

for it) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

*Enter king Henry, and Exeter.*

*K. Henry.* How now! what's the matter?

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

*Will.* My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

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

*K. Henry.* <sup>s</sup> Give me thy glove, soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

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

*K. Henry.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

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

*K. Henry.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you,

<sup>s</sup> Give me thy glove—Look, here is the fellow of it.] It must be, give me my glove; for of the soldier's glove the king had not the fellow. JOHNSON.

take it for your own fault, and not mine : for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence ; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

*K. Henry.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow ;  
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,  
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns :—  
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

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

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a goot will ; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes : Come, wherefore should you be so pathful ? your shoes is not so goot : 'tis a goot filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter Herald.*

*K. Henry.* Now, herald ; are the dead number'd ?

*Her.* Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

*K. Henry.* What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle ?

*Exc.* <sup>9</sup> Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king ;

John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt :  
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,  
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

*K. Henry.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,

That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number,  
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead  
One hundred twenty-six : added to these,

<sup>9</sup> *Charles duke of Orleans, &c.*] This list is copied from Hall.

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,  
 Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,  
 Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :  
 So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,  
 There are but <sup>1</sup> sixteen hundred mercenaries ;  
 The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,  
 And gentlemen of blood and quality.  
 The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—  
 Charles De-la-bret <sup>2</sup>, high constable of France ;  
 Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France ;  
 The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures ;  
 Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischart  
 Dauphin ;

John duke of Alençon ; Anthony duke of Brabant,  
 The brother to the duke of Burgundy ;  
 And Edward duke of Bar : of lusty earls,  
 Grandpré, and Rouffi, Fauconberg, and Foix,  
 Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.  
 Here was a royal fellowship of death !—  
 Where is the number of our English dead ?

*Exe.* <sup>3</sup> Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam esquire :  
 None else of name ; and, of all other men,  
 But five and twenty.

*K. Henry.* O God, thy arm was here !  
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,

<sup>1</sup> —*sixteen hundred mercenaries* :] *Mercenaries* are in this place *common soldiers*, or *hired soldiers*. The gentlemen served at their own charge in consequence of their tenures. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Charles De-la-bret*,] *De-la-bret*, as is already observed, should be *Charles D'Albret*, would the measure permit of such a change. Holinshed sometimes apologizes for the omission of foreign names, on account of his inability to spell them, but always calls this nobleman "the lord *de la Breth*, constable of France." See p. 549, and p. 555, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Edward the duke of York*,—] This speech, which in the 4tos is given to Exeter, appears in the folio as part of the king's



Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,  
But in plain shock and even play of battle,  
Was ever known so great and little loss,  
On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,  
For it is only thine!

*Exe.* 'Tis wonderful!

*K. Henry.* Come, go we in procession to the village:  
And be it death proclaimed through our host,  
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,  
Which is his only.

*Flu.* Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell  
how many is kill'd?

*K. Henry.* Yes, captain; but with this acknowledg-  
ment,  
That God fought for us.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

*K. Henry.* \* Do we all holy rites;  
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.  
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,  
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;  
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T V.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chorus.* Vouchsafe, to those that have not read the  
story,

That I may prompt them: and for such as have,  
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse

\* *Do we all holy rites;*] The king (say the *Chronicles*) caused the Psalm, *In exitu Israel de Ægypto* (in which, according to the vulgate, is included the Psalm, *Non nobis, Domine*, &c.) to be sung after the victory. POPE.

Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,  
Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
Be here presented. Now we bear the king  
Toward Calais : grant him there ; and there being  
seen,

Heave him away upon your winged thoughts  
Athwart the sea : Behold, the English beach  
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,  
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd  
sea,

Which, like <sup>s</sup> a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,  
Seems to prepare his way : so let him land ;  
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.  
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now  
You may imagine him upon Black-heath :  
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne

<sup>s</sup> —a mighty whiffler—] An officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in London, and there is an officer so called that walks before their companies at times of public solemnity. It seems a corruption from the French word *buisfier*. HANMER.

—a mighty whiffler—] See Mr. Warton's note to the tragedy of *Othello*, Act III. sc. ii.

In the play of *Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599 a *whiffler* makes his appearance at a tournament, clearing the way before the king. In *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1612, the term is often mentioned.

Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606 :

“ I can go into no corner, but I meet with some of my *whifflers* in their accoutrements ; you may hear them half a mile ere they come at you.”

“ —I am afraid of nothing but that I shall be balladed, and all my *whifflers*.”

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607 :

“ The torch-men and *whifflers* had an item to receive him.”

Again, in *TEXNOTAMIA*, 1618 :

“ Tobacco is a *whiffler*

“ And cries huff snuff with furie :

“ His pipe's his club and linke, &c.”

Again, in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1633 :

“ And Manasses shall go before like a *whiffler*, and make way with his horns.” STEEVENS.

His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,  
 Before him, through the city : he forbids it,  
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;  
<sup>6</sup> Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,  
 Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,  
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,  
 How London doth pour out her citizens !  
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best fort,—  
<sup>7</sup> Like to the senators of antique Rome,  
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—  
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :  
 As, by a lower but by loving <sup>8</sup> likelihood,  
<sup>9</sup> Were now the general of our gracious empress  
 (As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,  
<sup>1</sup> Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,

<sup>6</sup> *Giving full trophy,—*] Transferring all the honours of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shews, from himself to God.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Like to the senators of antique Rome,*] This is a very extraordinary compliment to the city. But he ever declines all general satire on them ; and in the epilogue to *Henry VIII.* he hints with disapprobation on his contemporary poets, who were accustomed to abuse them. Indeed his satire is very rarely partial and licentious. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *—likelihood,*] Likelihood for similitude. WARBURTON.

The later editors, in hope of mending the measure of this line, have injured the sense. The folio reads as I have printed ; but all the books, since revival became fashionable, and editors have been more diligent to display themselves than to illustrate their author, have given the line thus :

*As by a low, but loving likelihood.*

Thus they have destroyed the praise which the poet designed for Essex ; for who would think himself honoured by the epithet *low* ? The poet, desirous to celebrate that great man, whose popularity was then his boast, and afterwards his destruction, compares him to king Harry ; but being afraid to offend the rival courtiers, or perhaps the queen herself, he confesses that he is *lower* than a king, but would never have represented him absolutely as *low*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Were now the general &c.*] The earl of Essex in the reign of queen Elizabeth. POPE.

<sup>1</sup> *Bringing rebellion broached—*] Spitted, transfixed. JOHNSON.

How many would the peaceful city quit,  
 To welcome him? much more, and much more  
 cause,  
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;  
 (As yet the lamentation of the French  
 Invites the king of England's stay at home:  
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France,  
 To order peace between them) and omit  
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,  
 'Till Harry's back-return again to France;  
 There must we bring him; and myself have play'd  
 The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.  
 Then brook abridgment; and your eyes advance  
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

## S C E N E I.

*The English camp in France.*

*Enter Fluellen, and Gower.*

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

*Flu.* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower; The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowfy, praging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and

*Enter Fluellen, and Gower.]* This scene ought, in my opinion, to conclude the fourth act, and be placed before the last chorus. There is no English camp in this act; the quarrel apparently happened before the return of the army to England, and not after so long an interval as the chorus has supplied.

JOHNSON.

*Fluellen* presently says that he wore his leek in consequence of an affront he had received but the day before from Pistol. Their present quarrel has therefore no reference to that begun in the sixth scene of the third act. STEEVENS.

prings



prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek : it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him ; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap 'till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

*Enter Pistol.*

*Gow.* Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

*Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, antient Pistol ! you scurvy, lowfy knave, Got pless you !

*Pist.* Ha ! art thou Bedlam ? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

<sup>3</sup> To have me fold up Parca's fatal web ?

Hence ! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

*Flu.* I pefcech you heartily, scurvy lowfy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek ; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

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

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

*Pist.* Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

*Flu.* You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is : I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals ; come, there is sauce for it.—

[*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yesterday, mountain-squire ; but I will make you to-day a <sup>4</sup> squire of low degree.

<sup>3</sup> *To have me fold up &c.]* Dost thou desire to have me put thee to death. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —*squire of low degree.]* That is, *I will bring thee to the ground.* JOHNSON.

*The Squire of Low Degree* is the title of an old romance, enumerated among other books in a letter concerning *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenilworth.* STEEVENS.

degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

*Gow.* Enough, captain; you have 'astonish'd him.

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

*Pist.* Must I bite?

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

*Pist.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; 'I eat, and eat, I swear.

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

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

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

*Pist.* Good.

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

*Pist.* Me a groat!

*Flu.* Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it;

—————*a squire of low degree.*

This alludes to an old metrical romance, which was very popular among our countrymen in ancient times, intitled, *The Squire of low Degree*. It was burlesqued by Chaucer in his rhyme of *Sir Thopas*, and begins thus:

“It was a *squyre of lowe degre*

“That loved the king's daughter of Hungre.”

See *Reliques of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 30. 2d edit. PERCY.

<sup>5</sup> ———*astonish'd him.*] That is, you have stunned him with the blow. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *I eat, and eat, I swear*——] Thus the first folio, for which the later editors have put, *I eat and swear*. We should read, I suppose, in the frigid tumour of Pistol's dialect:

*I eat and eke I swear.* JOHNSON.

or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

*Pist.* I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Got be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.]

*Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

*Gow.* Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking<sup>7</sup> and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [Exit.]

*Pist.*<sup>8</sup> Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?  
<sup>9</sup> News have I, that my Nell is dead i'the spital

Of

<sup>7</sup> ———gleeking] i. e. scoffing, sneering. *Gleek* was a game at cards. So, in *Greene's Tu Quoque*, 1599:

“Why *gleek*, that's your only game. ———

“*Gleek* let it be; for I am persuaded I shall *gleek* some of you.”  
 Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

“I suddenly *gleek*, or men be aware.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Doth fortune play the huswife—*] That is, the *jilt*. *Huswife* is here in an ill sense. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *News have I, that my Nell is dead—*] We must read, *my Nell is dead*. *Dol Tearsheet* was so little the favourite of *Pistol* that he offered her in contempt to *Nym*. Nor would her death have cut off his *rendezvous*; that is, deprived him of a home. Perhaps the poet forgot his plan. JOHNSON.

In the quartos of 1600 and 1608, these lines are read thus:

“Doth fortune play the huswye with me now?

“Is honour cudgel'd from my warlike lines?

“Well, France farewell. News have I certainly,

“That Doll is sick on mallydie of France.

“The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug,

“Bawd

Of malady of France ;  
 And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.  
 Old I do wax ; and from my weary limbs  
 Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,  
 And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand.  
 To England will I steal, and there I'll steal :  
 And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,  
 And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars <sup>1</sup>. [Exit.

## S C E N E II.

*The French court, at Trois in Champaigne.*

*Enter at one door king Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other lords ; at another, the French king, queen Isabel, princess Katharine, the duke of Burgundy, and other French.*

K. Henry. <sup>2</sup> Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met !—

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,—  
 Health and fair time of day ;—joy and good wishes  
 To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine ;—  
 And (as a branch and member of this royalty,  
 By whom this great assembly is contriv'd)

“ Bawd will I turne, and use the flyte of hand.

“ To England will I steal, and there I'll steal ;

“ And patches will I get unto these skarres,

“ And swear I gat them in the Gallia warres.” JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> The comic scenes of *The History of Henry the Fourth and Fifth* are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead ; Nym and Bardolph are hanged ; Gads-hill was lost immediately after the robbery ; Poin and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how ; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met !*] Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting.

Here, after the chorus, the fifth act seems naturally to begin.

JOHNSON.

We



We do salute you, duke of Burgundy ;—  
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !

*Fr. King.* Right joyous are we to behold your face,  
Most worthy brother England ; fairly met :—  
So are you, princes English, every one.

*Q. Isa.* So happy be the issue, brother England,  
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,  
As we are now glad to behold your eyes ;  
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them  
Against the French, that met them in their bent,  
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality ; and that this day  
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

*K. Henry.* To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

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

*Bur.* My duty to you both, on equal love,  
Great kings of France and England ! That I have  
labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,  
To bring your most imperial majesties

<sup>3</sup> Unto this bar and royal interview,  
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,  
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,  
You have congreeted ; let it not disgrace me,  
If I demand, before this royal view,

What rub, or what impediment, there is,  
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,

Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,  
Should not, in this best garden of the world,

Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?  
Alas ! she hath from France too long been chas'd ;  
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
Corrupting in its own fertility.

<sup>3</sup> *Unto this bar*—] To this *barrier* ; to this place of con-  
gress. JOHNSON.

4 Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,  
 Unpruned dies : her hedges even-pleach'd,  
 5 Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,  
 Put forth disorder'd twigs : her fallow leas  
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
 Doth root upon ; while that the coultter rusts,  
 That should deracinate<sup>6</sup> such savag'ry :  
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,  
 Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,  
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckfies, burs,  
 Losing both beauty and utility.  
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,  
 7 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness ;  
 Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,  
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,  
 The sciences that should become our country ;  
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,

4 *Her-vine*, —————

*Unpruned dies* : ————— ]

We must read, *lies* ; for neglect of pruning does not kill the vine, but causes it to ramify immoderately, and grow wild ; by which the requisite nourishment is withdrawn from its fruit.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is physically right, but poetically the vine may be well enough said to die which ceases to bear fruit.

JOHNSON.

5 *Like prisoners*] This image of prisoners is oddly introduced. A *hedge even pleach'd* is more properly imprisoned than when it luxuriates in unpruned exuberance. JOHNSON.

6 ———— *deracinate* ———— ] To *deracinate* is to force up by the roots. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ ———— rend and *deracinate*

“ The unity, &c.” STEEVENS.

7 *Defective in their natures*, — ] *Nature* had been changed by some of the editors into *nurture* ; but, as Mr. Upton observes, unnecessarily. *Sua desciuntur natura*. They were not defective in their *creseive* nature, for they grew to wildness ; but they were defective in their proper and favourable nature, which was to bring forth food for man. STEEVENS.

That nothing do but meditate on blood,—  
To swearing, and stern looks, <sup>8</sup> diffus'd attire,  
And every thing that seems unnatural.

Which to reduce into our <sup>9</sup> former favour,  
You are assembled: and my speech intreats,  
That I may know the let, why gentle peace  
Should not expel these inconveniencies,  
And bless us with her former qualities.

*K. Henry.* If, duke of Burgundy, you would the  
peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections  
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
With full accord to all our just demands;  
Whose tenours and particular effects  
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

*Bur.* The king hath heard them; to the which,  
as yet,

There is no answer made.

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

*Fr. King.* I have but with a cursorary eye  
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace  
To appoint some of your council presently  
To fit with us once more, with better heed  
To re-survey them, <sup>1</sup> we will, suddenly,  
Pass, or accept, and peremptory answer.

*K. Henry.*

<sup>8</sup> ——— *diffus'd attire,*] Diffus'd, for extravagant. The military habit of those times was extremely so. Act III. Gower says, *And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do amongst, &c. is wonderful to be thought on.*

WARBURTON.

*Diffus'd* is so much used by our author for *wild, irregular,* and *strange,* that in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he applies it to a song supposed to be sung by fairies. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *former favour,*] Former appearance. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *We will suddenly*

*Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.]*

As the French king desires more time to consider deliberately of the articles, 'tis odd and absurd for him to say absolutely, that  
he

*K. Henry.* Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—  
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—  
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king :  
And take with you free power, to ratify,  
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,  
Any thing in, or out of, our demands ;  
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,  
Go with the princes, or stay here with us ?

*Q. Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them ;  
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,  
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

*K. Henry.* Yet leave our cousin Katharine here  
with us :

She is our capital demand, compris'd  
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

*Q. Isa.* She hath good leave. [Exeunt.]

*Manent king Henry, Katharine, and a lady.*

*K. Henry.* Fair Katharine, and most fair !  
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,  
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,  
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?

he would accept them all. He certainly must mean, that he would at once *wave* and *decline* what he dislik'd, and consign to such as he approv'd of. Our author uses *pass* in this manner in other places ; as in *King John* :

“ *But if you fondly pass our proffer'd love.*” WARBURTON.

*Pass* our accept, and peremptory answer : i. e. we will pass our acceptance of what we approve, and we will pass a peremptory answer to the rest. Politeness might forbid his saying, we will pass a denial, but his own dignity required more time for deliberation. Besides, if we read *pass* or *accept*, is not *peremptory answer* superfluous, and plainly implied in the former words ?

TOLLET.

<sup>2</sup> *Fair Katharine, and most fair !* ] Shakespeare might have taken the hint for this scene from the anonymous play of *Henry V.* so often quoted, where the king begins with greater bluntness, and with an exordium most truly English :

“ How now, fair lady Katharine of France !

“ What news ?” STEEVENS.

*Kath.*



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

*K. Henry.* O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

*Kath.* *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

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

*Kath.* *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

*Lady.* *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit il.*

*K. Henry.* I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

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

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

*Lady.* *Ouy*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princefs.

*K. Henry.* The princefs is the better English-woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me<sup>3</sup> such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me

<sup>3</sup> — *such a plain king,*—] I know not why Shakespeare now gives the king nearly such a character as he made him formerly ridicule in Percy. This military grossness and unskilfulness in all the softer arts does not suit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general knowledge ascribed to him at his accession, or with the contemptuous message sent him by the dauphin, who represents him as fitter for the ball-room than the field, and tells him that he is not *to revel into dutchies*, or win provinces *with a nimble galliard*. The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakespeare can write well without a proper subject. It is a vain endeavour for the most skilful hand to cultivate barrenness, or to paint upon vacuity.

further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain: How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and fit like a jack-a-napes, never off: But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use 'till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, 'tis true; but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,—they do always reason themselves out again.

\* —take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy;—] *i. e.* A constancy in the ingot, that hath suffered no alloy, as all coined metal has. **WARBURTON.**

I believe this explanation is more ingenious than true; to coin is to stamp and to counterfeit. He uses it in both senses; uncoined constancy signifies real and true constancy, unrefined and unadorned.

**JOHNSON.**

What

What ! a speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall ; a straight back will stoop ; a black beard will turn white ; a curl'd pate will grow bald ; a fair face will wither ; a full eye will wax hollow : but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon ; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon ; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me : And take me, take a soldier ; take a soldier, take a king : And what say'st thou then to my love ? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

*Kath.* Is it possible dat I should love the enemy of France ?

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

*Kath.* I cannot tell vat is dat.

*K. Henry.* No, Kate ? I will tell thee in French ; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue<sup>6</sup> like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, & quand vous avez le possession de moi,* (let me see, what then ? Saint Dennis be my speed !)—*donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French : I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

<sup>5</sup> *Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France ?*] So, in the anonymous play of the *Famous Victory of Henry the Fifth* :

“ *Kate.* How should I love thee, which is my father's enemy ? STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —*like a married wife about her husband's neck,*—] Every wife is a married wife. I suppose we should read *new-married* ; an epithet more expressive of fondness. JOHNSON.

The folio reads a *new-married* wife, and the quartos 1600 and 1608—*like a bride on her new-married husband.* STEEVENS.

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

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

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me : and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me ; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart : but, good Kate, mock me mercifully ; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have saving faith within me, tells me—thou shalt) I get thee with scrambling<sup>7</sup>, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder : Shall not thou and I, between saint Dennis and saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall<sup>8</sup> go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Henry. No ; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise : do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy ; and, for

<sup>7</sup> ———with scrambling,] i. e. scrambling. So, Marlow, in his *Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

“ We have scrambled up

“ More wealth by far, &c.”

See Dr. Percy's note in the first scene of this play.

Again, in *Sapbo and Phao*, 1591 :—“ I am driven to a muse, how this lent I shall scramble in the court.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —go to Constantinople—] Shakespear has here committed an anachronism. The Turks were not possessed of Constantinople before the year 1453, when Henry V. had been dead thirty-one years. THEOBALD.



my English moiety, take the word of a king and a batchelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine au monde, mon tres chere & divine deesse?*

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

*K. Henry.* Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the<sup>9</sup> poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;

<sup>9</sup> *poor and untempering effect*—] Certainly *untempting*.

WARBURTON.

*Untempering* I believe to have been the poet's word. The sense is, I understand that you love me, notwithstanding my face has no power to *temper*, i. e. soften you to my purpose:

“ ——— nature made you

“ To *temper* man ——— ” Otway.

So, again in *Titus Andronicus*, which may, at least, be quoted as the work of an author contemporary with Shakespeare:

“ And *temper* him with all the art I have.” STEEVENS.

who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good-fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

*Kath.* Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon pere.

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

*Kath.* Den it shall also content me.

*K. Henry.* Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

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

*K. Henry.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

*Kath.* *Les dames, & damoiselles, pour estre baiseés devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

*K. Henry.* Madam my interpreter, what says she?

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

*K. Henry.* To kiss.

*Lady.* Your majesty *entendre* better que moy.

*K. Henry.* It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

*Lady.* *Ouy, vrayment.*

*K. Henry.* O, Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty, that follows our places, stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding—[*kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the

French

French council; and they should sooner <sup>1</sup> persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

*Enter the French king and queen, with French and English lords.*

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

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

*Burg.* Is she not apt?

*K. Henry.* Our tongue is rough, coz<sup>2</sup>; and my condition is not smooth<sup>2</sup>: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

*Burg.* <sup>3</sup> Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosy'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

*K. Henry.* Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

<sup>1</sup> *Your lips should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.*] So, in the old anonymous *Henry V*:

“ — Tell thy father from me, that none in the world should sooner have persuaded me, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *my condition is not smooth*:] *Condition* is temper. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I. sc. iii:

“ — — — my condition,

“ Which has been smooth as oil, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Pardon the frankness of my mirth,* —] We have here but a mean dialogue for princes; the merriment is very gross, and the sentiments are very worthless. JOHNSON.

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

*K. Henry.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

*Burg.* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on,

*K. Henry.* <sup>4</sup> This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

*Burg.* As love is, my lord, before it loves.

*K. Henry.* It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

*Fr. King.* Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd,

*K. Henry.* Shall Kate be my wife?

*Fr. King.* So please you.

*K. Henry.* I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall shew me the way to my will.

*Fr. King.* We have consented to all terms of reason,

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

*West.* The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then in sequel all, According to their firm propos'd natures.

*Exe.* Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:— Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of

<sup>4</sup> *This moral*—] That is, the application of this fable, the *moral* being the application of a fable, our author calls any application a *moral*. JOHNSON,



grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French:—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d' Angleterre, heretier de France*: and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, & hæres Francia.*

*Fr. King.* Yet this I have not, brother, so deny'd,  
But your request shall make me let it pass.

*K. Henry.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,  
Let that one article rank with the rest:

And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son; and from her blood  
raise up

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

*All.* Amen!

*K. Henry.* Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*]

*Q. Isa.* God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!

As man and wife, being two, are one in love,  
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,

That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,  
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,

Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,

To

<sup>5</sup> *notre tres cher filz*—and thus in Latin; *præclarissimus filius*.—] What, is *tres cher*, in French, *Præclarissimus* in Latin? We should read, *precarissimus*. WARBURTON.

“This is exceeding true,” says Dr. Farmer, “but how came the blunder? It is a typographical one in Holinshed, which Shakespeare copied; but must indisputably have been corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Thrust in between the passion of these kingdoms,*] The old folios

To make divorce of their incorporate league ;  
That English may as French, French Englishmen,  
Receive each other !—God speak this Amen !

*All.* Amen !

*K. Henry.* <sup>7</sup> Prepare we for our marriage :—on  
which day,  
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,  
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.—  
Then shall I swear to Kate,—and you to me ;—  
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Chorus.*

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,  
<sup>2</sup> Our bending author hath pursu'd the story ;  
In little room confining mighty men,  
<sup>9</sup> Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

lios have it, *the pation* ; which makes me believe, the author's word was *passion* ; a word, more proper on the occasion of a peace struck up. A passion of two kingdoms for one another is an odd expression. An amity and political harmony may be fixed betwixt two countries, and yet either people be far from having a passion for the other. THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> *Prepare we &c.*] The quarto's 1600 and 1608 conclude with the following speech :

*Hen.* *Why then fair Katharine,*  
*Come, give me thy hand :*  
*Our marriage will we present solemnize,*  
*And end our hatred by a bond of love.*  
*Then will I swear to Kate, and Kate to me,*  
*And may our vows once made, unbroken be.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Our bending author*——] We should read :  
*Our blending author*——

So he says of him just afterwards, *mangling by starts.*

WARBURTON.

Why should we read *blending* ? By *bending*, our author meant *unequal to the weight of his subject, and bending beneath it* ; or he may mean, as in *Hamlet* : “ Here *stooping to your clemency.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Mangling by starts*—] By touching only on select parts.

JOHNSON.

Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd  
 This star of England : fortune made his sword ;  
 By which the world's best garden he atchiev'd,  
 And of it left his son imperial lord.  
 Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king  
 Of France and England, did this king succeed ;  
 Whose state so many had the managing,  
 That they lost France, and made his England bleed :  
 Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their sake,  
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take '.

' This play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy merriment. The character of the king is well supported, except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Pistol is very happily continued : his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the English stage.

The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers ; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven ; nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more necessary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided. JOHNSON.





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# H E N R Y VI.

## P A R T I.

## Persons Represented.

King Henry the sixth.

Duke of Gloster, *uncle to the king, and protector.*

Duke of Bedford, *uncle to the king, and regent of France.*

Cardinal Beaufort, *bishop of Winchester, and great  
uncle to the king.*

Duke of Exeter.

Duke of Somerset.

Earl of Warwick.

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Suffolk.

Lord Talbot.

Young Talbot, *his son.*

Richard Plantagenet, *afterwards duke of York.*

Mortimer, *earl of March.*

Sir John Fastolfe. Woodvile, *lieutenant of the Tower.*

*Lord Mayor of London.* Sir Thomas Gargrave.

Sir William Glansdale. Sir William Lucy.

Vernon, *of the White Rose, or York faction.*

Basset, *of the Red Rose, or Lancaster faction.*

Charles, *dauphin, and afterwards king of France.*

Reignier, *duke of Anjou, and titular king of Naples.*

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Alençon.

Bastard of Orleans.

Governor of Paris.

Master-Gunner of Orleans. Boy, *his son.*

An old Shepherd, *father to Joan la Pucelle.*

Margaret, *daughter to Reignier, and afterwards queen  
to king Henry.*

Countess of Auvergne.

Joan la Pucelle, *commonly called, Joan of Arc; a maid  
pretending to be inspir'd from heaven, and setting up  
for the championess of France.*

Fiends, *attending her.*

*Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several At-  
tendants both on the English and French.*

*The SCENE is partly in England, and partly in France.*

FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY VI.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Westminster-Abbey.*

*Dead march. Enter the funeral of king Henry the Fifth, attended on by the duke of Bedford, regent of France; the duke of Gloster, protector; the duke of Exeter, and the earl of Warwick; the bishop of Winchester, and the duke of Somerset, &c.*

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

Comets,

[*First Part of King Henry VI.*] The historical transactions contained in this play, take in the compass of above thirty years. I must observe, however, that our author, in the three parts of *Henry VI.* has not been very precise to the date and disposition of his facts; but shuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of time. For instance; the lord Talbot is kill'd at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July 1453: and *The Second Part of Henry VI.* opens with the marriage of the king, which was solemniz'd eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the second part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult queen Margaret; though her penance and banishment for forcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. I could point out many other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned. Indeed, though there are several master-strokes in these three plays, which incontestably betray the workmanship of Shakespeare; yet I am almost doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unless they were wrote by him very early, I should rather imagine them to have been brought

Comets, importing change of times and states,  
 2 Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;  
 And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,  
 That have consented<sup>3</sup> unto Henry's death!  
 Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!  
 England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

brought to him as a director of the stage; and so have received some finishing beauties at his hand. An accurate observer will easily see, the diction of them is more obsolete, and the numbers more mean and prosaic, than in the generality of his genuine compositions. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> *Brandish your crystal tresses*—] We have heard of crystal heaven, but never of *crystal comets* before. We should read, *cristed* or *crested*, i. e. tresses standing an end, or mounted like a crest. WARBURTON.

I believe *crystal* is right. JOHNSON.

*Crystal* is an epithet repeatedly bestowed on comets by our ancient writers. So, in a *Sonnet* by Lord Sterline, 1604:

“When as those *chryystal* comets whiles appear.”

Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, Book I. c. x. applies it to a lady's face:

“Like sunny beams threw from her *chryystal* face.”

“There is also a *white comet* with silver haire,” says *Pliny*, as translated by P. Holland, 1601. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *That have consented*—] If this expression means no more than that the stars gave a bare *consent*, or *agreed* to let king Henry die, it does no great honour to its author. I believe to *consent*, in this instance, means to act in concert. *Concentus*, Lat. Thus *Erato* the muse applauding the song of Apollo, in *Lylly's Midas*, 1592, cries out: “O sweet *consent!*” i. e. sweet union of sounds. Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:

“Such musick his wife words with time *consented*.”

Again, in his translation of Virgil's *Culex*:

“Chaunted their fundry notes with sweet *concent*.”

and in many other places. *Consented*, or as it should be spelt, *concented*, means, *have thrown themselves into a malignant configuration, to promote the death of Henry*. Spenser, in more than one instance, spells this word as it appears in the text of Shakespeare; as does Ben Jonson, in his *Epithalamion on Mr. Weston*. The following lines:

“————shall we curse the planets of mishap,

“That *plotted* thus, &c.”

seem to countenance my explanation; and Falstaff says of Shallow's servants, that——“they flock together in *consent*, like so many wild geese.” STEEVENS.



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

*Exe.* We mourn in black ; Why mourn we not in  
 blood ?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive :  
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend ;  
 And death's dishonourable victory  
 We with our stately presence glorify,  
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.  
 What ? shall we curse the planets of mishap,  
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ?  
 Or shall we think <sup>4</sup> the subtle-witted French  
 Conjurers and forcerers, that, afraid of him,  
 By magic verses have contriv'd his end ?

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

*Glo.* The church ! where is it ? Had not church-  
 men pray'd,  
 His thread of life had not so soon decay'd :

<sup>4</sup> —*the subtle-witted French &c.*] There was a notion prevalent a long time, that life might be taken away by metrical charms. As superstition grew weaker, these charms were imagined only to have power on irrational animals. In our author's time it was supposed that the Irish could kill rats by a song.

JOHNSON.

So, in Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Irishmen addict themselves, &c. yea they will not sticke to affirme that they can *rime* either man or beast to death."

STEEVENS.

None do you like but an effeminate prince,  
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

*Win.* Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;  
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.  
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,  
More than God, or religious church-men, may.

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

*Bed.* Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds  
in peace!

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—  
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;  
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—  
Posterity, await for wretched years,  
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck;  
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,

<sup>5</sup> *Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,*] Thus it is in both impressions by Mr. Pope: upon what authority, I cannot say. All the old copies read, *a nourish*: and considering it is said in the line immediately preceding, that babes shall suck at their mothers moist eyes, it seems very probable that our author wrote, *a nourice*; i. e. that the whole isle should be one common *nurse*, or *nourisher*, of tears: and those be the nourishment of its miserable issue. THEOBALD.

Was there ever such nonsense! But he did not know that *marish* is an old word for marsh or fen; and therefore very judiciously thus corrected by Mr. Pope. WARBURTON.

I have been informed, that what we call at present a *flew*, in which fish are preserved alive, was anciently called a *nourish*.

*Nourice*, however, Fr. a nurse, was anciently spelt many different ways, among which *nourish* was one:

“Of that chylde she was blyth,

“After *noryshes* she sent belive.”

*Syr Eglamour of Artois*, bl. l. no date.

A *nourish* therefore in this passage of our author signifies a *nurse*, as it apparently does in the 12th chapter of the first book of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, by Lydgate:

“Athenes when it was in his floures

“Was called *nourish* of philosophers wise.”

“——— *Jubæ tellus generat, leonum*

“*Arida nutrix.*” STEEVENS.

And none but women left to wail the dead.—  
 Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;  
 Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!  
 Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!  
 A far more glorious star thy soul will make,  
 Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

*Bed.* What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's  
 corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns  
 Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

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

<sup>6</sup> *Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——* —] I can't guess the occasion of the hemistic and imperfect sense in this place; 'tis not impossible it might have been filled up with—*Francis Drake*,——though that were a terrible anachronism (as bad as Hector's quoting Aristotle in *Troilus and Cressida*); yet perhaps at the time that brave Englishman was in his glory, to an English-hearted audience, and pronounced by some favourite actor, the thing might be popular, though not judicious; and therefore by some critic in favour of the author afterwards struck out. But this is a mere slight conjecture. POPE.

To confute the slight conjecture of Pope, a whole page of vehement opposition is annexed to this passage by Theobald. Sir T. Hanmer has stopped at *Cæsar*——perhaps more judiciously. It might however have been written,—*or bright Berenice.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,*] This verse might be completed by the insertion of *Roan* among the places lost, as Gloster in his next speech infers that it had been mentioned with the rest. STEEVENS.

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

*Mess.* No treachery; but want of men, and money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered,—

That here you maintain several factions;

And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,

You are disputing of your generals.

One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;

A third man thinks, without expence at all,

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:

Crop'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;

Of England's coat one half is cut away.

*Exe.* Were our tears wanting to this funeral,  
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

*Bed.* Me they concern; regent I am of France:—

Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.—

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,

To weep their intermissive miseries.

*Enter to them another Messenger.*

*1 Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite;

Except some petty towns of no import:

The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;

The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;

Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;

The duke of Alençon flieth to his side. *[Exit.*

*Exe.* The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

<sup>3</sup> *To weep their intermissive miseries.]* i. e. their miseries, which have had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them. *WARBURTON.*



*Glo.* We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—  
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

*Bed.* Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forward-  
ness?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,  
Wherewith already France is over-run.

*Enter a third Messenger.*

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

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

*3 Mess.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'er-  
thrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.  
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,  
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,  
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,<sup>9</sup>  
By three and twenty thousand of the French  
Was round encompassed and set upon:  
No leisure had he to enrank his men;  
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;  
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,  
They pitched in the ground confusedly,  
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.  
More than three hours the fight continued;  
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,  
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.  
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;  
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew:  
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;  
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:

<sup>9</sup> *Having full scarce &c.*] The modern editors read,—*scarce* full, but, I think unnecessarily. So, in the *Tempest*:

“—Prospero, master of a full poor cell.” STEEVENS.

His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,  
 A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,  
 And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.  
 Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,  
 ' If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward :  
 ' He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,  
 With purpose to relieve and follow them)  
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.  
 Hence grew the general wreck and massacre ;  
 Enclosed were they with their enemies :  
 A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,

\* *If Sir John Fastolfe*—] Mr. Pope has taken notice, “ That Falstaff is here introduced again, who was dead in *Henry V.* The occasion whereof is that this play was written before *Henry IV.* or *Henry V.*” But Sir John Fastolfe (for so he is called) was a lieutenant general, deputy regent to the duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a knight of the garter; and not the comic character afterwards introduced by our author. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have seen his notion contradicted in the very line he quotes from. *Fastolfe*, whether truly or not, is said by Hall and Holinshed to have been degraded for cowardice. Dr. Heylin in his *St. George for England*, tells us, that “ he was afterwards, upon good reason by him alledged in his defence, restored to his honour.”—“ This *Sir John Falstaff*,” continues he, “ was without doubt, a valiant and wise captain, notwithstanding the stage hath made merry with him.” FARMER.

In the 18th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the following character of this *Sir John Fastolph* :

“ Strong *Fastolph* with this man compare we justly may ;  
 “ By Salisbury who oft being seriously employ'd  
 “ In many a brave attempt the general foe annoy'd ;  
 “ With excellent successe in Main and Anjou fought,  
 “ And many a bulwarke there into our keeping brought ;  
 “ And chosen to go forth with Vadamont in warre,  
 “ Most resolutely tooke proud Renate duke of Barre.”

STEEVENS.

\* *He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,*] Some of the editors seem to have considered this as a contradiction in terms, and have proposed to read—the *reeward*,—but without necessity. Some part of the van must have been behind the foremost line of it. We often say the *back front* of a house. STEEVENS.

Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back ;  
Whom all France, with her chief assembled strength,  
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Win.* Each hath his place and function to attend :  
I am left out ; for me nothing remains.  
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office ;

The king from Eltham I intend to send,  
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E   I I.

*Before Orleans in France.*

*Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier, marching with a drum and soldiers.*

*Char.* <sup>3</sup> Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,

So in the earth, to this day is not known :

Late, did he shine upon the English side ;

Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.

What towns of any moment, but we have ?

At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans ;

Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

*Alen.* They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves :

Either they must be dieted, like mules,

And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,

Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

*Reig.* Let's raise the siege ; Why live we idly here ?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear :

Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Salisbury ;

And he may well in fretting spend his gall,

Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

*Char.* Sound, sound alarum ; we will rush on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French :—

Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,

<sup>3</sup> *Mars his true moving, &c.*] So, Nash in one of his prefaces before *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596.—“ You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse, as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars*, which to this day they could never attain to.” STEEVENS.



When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*  
 [*Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English,*  
*with great loss.*]

*Re-enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier.*

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

*Reig.* Salisbury is a desperate homicide ;  
 He fighteth as one weary of his life.

The other lords, like lions wanting food,  
 Do rush upon us <sup>4</sup> as their hungry prey.

*Alen.* Froisard, a countryman of ours, records,  
<sup>5</sup> England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,  
 During the time Edward the third did reign.

More truly now may this be verified ;  
 For none but Sampsons, and Goliasses,  
 It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !  
 Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose  
 They had such courage and audacity ?

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

*Reig.* I think, by some odd <sup>6</sup> gimmals or device,  
 Their

<sup>4</sup> — [*As their hungry prey.*] I believe it should be read :

*As their hungred prey.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,*] These were two of  
 the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers ; and  
 their exploits are render'd so ridiculously and equally extravagant  
 by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst  
 our plain and sensible ancestors, of *giving one a Rowland for his*  
*Oliver*, to signify the matching one incredible lye with another.

WARBURTON.

Rather, to oppose one hero to another, i. e. *to give a person as*  
*good a one as he brings.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *gimmals*—] A *gimmel* is a piece of jointed work, where  
 one

Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on ;  
 Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do.  
 By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

*Alen.* Be it so.

*Enter the Bastard of Orleans.*

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

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

*Bast.* Methinks, your looks are sad, ' your chear appall'd ;

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

'The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

Exceeding the <sup>9</sup> nine sibyls of old Rome ;

What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.

one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an *engine*. It is now by the vulgar called a *gimerack*. JOHNSON.

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

Again, in the ancient enterlude of the *Repentance of Mary Magdalent*, 1567 :

" Your nether garments must go by *gymmes and joints*."

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush* :

" Sure I should know that *gymmal*.

" 'Tis certain he : I had forgot my *ring* too."

Again, in the *Vow-breaker*, or the *Faire Maide of Clifton*, 1636 :

" My actes are like the motionall *gymmals*

" Fixt in a watch." STEEVENS.

† — *your chear appall'd* ; — ] *Cheer* is countenance, appearance.

STEEVENS.

\* — *nine sibyls of old Rome* ; ] There were no *nine sibyls* of Rome ; but he confounds things, and mistakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins.

WARBURTON.

Speak,

Speak, shall I call her in ? \* Believe my words,  
For they are certain and unfallible.

*Dau.* Go, call her in : But first, to try her skill,  
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place :  
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern ;—  
By this means shall we found what skill she hath.

*Enter Joan la Pucelle.*

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

*Pucel.* Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile  
me ?—

Where is the Dauphin ?—come, come from behind ;  
I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me :

In private will I talk with thee apart ;—

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

*Reig.* She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

*Pucel.* Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daugh-  
ter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd

To shine on my contemptible estate :

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,

And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,

God's mother deigned to appear to me ;

And, in a vision full of majesty,

Will'd me to leave my base vocation,

And free my country from calamity :

Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success :

In compleat glory she reveal'd herself ;

And, whereas I was black and swart before,

With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,

That beauty am I blest with, which you see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible,

\* *Believe my words,*] It should be read :

— *believe her words.* JOHNSON.

And I will answer unpremeditated :  
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,  
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.  
 Resolve on this : Thou shalt be fortunate,  
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

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

*Pucel.* I am prepar'd : here is my keen-edg'd sword,  
 Deck'd with fine flower-de-luces on each side ' ;  
 The which, at Touraine in faint Katharine's church-  
 yard,  
 Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

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

*Pucel.* And, while I live, I'll never fly no man.

[*Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle overcomes.*]

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

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

*Dau.* Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help  
 me :

Impatiently I burn with thy desire <sup>2</sup> ;  
 My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.  
 Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,  
 Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be ;  
 'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

*Pucel.* I must not yield to any rites of love,  
 For my profession's sacred from above :

<sup>1</sup> *Deck'd with fine flower-de-luces &c.*] We should read, according to Holinshed, *five* flower-de-luces. " —in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought her, that with *five* floure delices was graven on both sides, &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Impatiently I burn with thy desire ;*] The amorous constitution of the Dauphin has been mentioned in the preceding play :

" *Doing is activity and he will still be doing.*" COLLINS."



When I have chased all thy foes from hence,  
Then will I think upon a recompence.

*Dau.* Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate  
thrall.

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

*Alen.* Doubtless, he thrives this woman to her  
smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

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

*Alen.* He may mean more than we poor men do  
know:

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

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

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

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

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

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:

<sup>3</sup> Expect saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,  
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

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

With Henry's death, the English circle ends;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship<sup>4</sup>,

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

<sup>3</sup> *Expect saint Martin's summer,*] That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— like that proud insulting ship,

*Which Cæsar and his fortune bore at once.*]

This alludes to a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar*, thus translated by sir T. North. "Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himself unto the maister of the pynnase, who at the first was amazed when he saw him, but Cæsar, &c. said unto him, Good fellow, be of good cheere, &c. and fear not, for thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee." STEEVENS.

*Dau.* Was Mahomet inspired with a dove<sup>5</sup>?  
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,  
<sup>6</sup> Nor yet saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.  
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,  
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

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

*Reig.* Woman, do what thou canst to save our  
honours;

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

*Dau.* Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away about  
it:—

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Tower-gates, in London.*

*Enter Gloster, with his serving-men.*

*Glo.* I am come to survey the Tower this day;  
Since Henry's death, I fear, <sup>7</sup> there is conveyance.—  
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?  
Open the gates; it is Gloster that calls.

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

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

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

<sup>5</sup> *Dauph.* Was Mahomet inspired with a dove? ] Mahomet had a dove, "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find it's breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice." See Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, Book I. Part I. ch. vi. *Life of Mahomet*, by Dr. Prideaux.

GRAY.

<sup>6</sup> *Nor yet saint Philip's daughters*,—] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the *Acts*. HANMER.

<sup>7</sup> —there is conveyance.—] Conveyance means theft. HANMER.

*1 Man.*

*I Man.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

*I Ward.* The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

*Glo.* Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?

There's none protector of the realm, but I.—

Break up the gates<sup>s</sup>, I'll be your warrantize:

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

*Gloster's men rush at the Tower gates, and Woodvile, the lieutenant, speaks within.*

*Wood.* What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

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

*Wood.* Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandement,

That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

*Glo.* Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,  
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

*Serv.* Open the gates there to the lord protector;  
We'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

<sup>s</sup> Break up *the gates*,] I suppose to break up the gate is to force up the portcullis, or by the application of petards to blow up the gates themselves. STEEVENS.

*Enter to the protector, at the Tower-gates, Winchester and his men in tawny coats?*

*Win.* <sup>1</sup> How now, ambitious Humphry? what means this?

*Glo.* <sup>2</sup> Piel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

*Win.* I do, thou most usurping proditor,  
And not protector of the king or realm.

*Glo.* Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;  
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;

<sup>3</sup> Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:

I'll

<sup>9</sup> —*tawny coats.*] It appears from the following passage in a comedy called, *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1634, that a *tawny coat* was the dress of a *sumpner*, i. e. an apparitor, an officer whose business it was to summon offenders to an ecclesiastical court:

“Tho I was never a *tawny-coat*, I have play'd the *summoner's* part.”

These are the proper attendants therefore on the bishop of Winchester. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 822: “——— and by the way the *bishop* of London met him, attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny-coats*, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *How now, ambitious umpire, what means this?*] This reading has obtained in all the editions since the second folio. The first folio has it *umpheir*. In both the word is distinguished in *italicks*. But why, *umpire*? Or of what? The traces of the letters, and the words being printed in *italicks*, convince me, that the duke's christian name lurk'd under this corruption.

THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> *Piel'd priest,*—] Alluding to his shaven crown. POPE.

In Skinner (to whose dictionary I was directed by Mr. Edwards) I find that it means more: *Pill'd* or *peel'd* *garlick*, *cui pellis, vel pili omnes ex morbo aliquo, præsertim e lue venerea, defluxerunt*.

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* the following instance occurs:

“I'll see them p—'d first, and *pil'd* and double *pil'd*.”

STEEVENS.

In Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 154. Robert Baldocke, bishop of London, is called a *peeled* priest, *pilide* clerk, seemingly in allusion to his shaven crown alone. So, *bald-head* was a term of scorn and mockery. TOLLET.

<sup>3</sup> *Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:—*] The public stew



4 I'll canvaſs thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,  
If thou proceed in this thy infolence.

*Win.* Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot;

5 This be Damafcus, be thou curſed Cain,  
To ſlay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

*Glo.* I will not ſlay thee, but I'll drive thee back :  
Thy ſcarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth  
I'll uſe, to carry thee out of this place.

*Win.* Do what thou dar'ſt ; I beard thee to thy  
face.

*Glo.* What ? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face ?—  
Draw, men, for all this privileged place ;  
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Prieſt, beware thy beard ;  
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you ſoundly :  
Under my feet I'll ſtamp thy cardinal's hat ;  
In ſpite of pope, or dignities of church,

ſtews were formerly under the diſtrict of the biſhop of Win-  
cheſter. POPE.

There is now extant an old manuſcript (formerly the office-  
book of the court leet held under the jurifdiction of the biſhop  
of Wincheſter in Southwark) in which are mentioned the ſeveral  
fees ariſing from the brothel-houſes allowed to be kept in the bi-  
ſhop's manor, with the cuſtoms and regulations of them. One  
of the articles is,

“ *De his, qui cuſtodiuunt mulieres habentes nefandam infirmita-  
tem.*”

“ *Item, That no ſtewholder keep any woman within his houſe,  
that hath any ſickneſs of brenning, but that ſhe be put out upon  
pain of making a fyne unto the lord of C ſhillings.*” UPTON.

4 *I'll canvaſs thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,*] This means, I  
believe, *I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and ſhake thee, as bran  
and meal are ſhaken in a ſieve.*

So, ſir *W. Davenant*, in the *Cruel Brother*, 1630 :

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

To *canvas* was anciently uſed for *to ſift*. So, in *Hans Beer-pot's  
Inviſible Comedy*, 1618 :

“ ——— We'll *canvas* him. ———

“ ——— I am too big ——— STEEVENS.

5 *This be Damafcus, be thou curſed Cain,*] *N. B.* About four  
miles from Damafcus is a high hill, reported to be the ſame on  
which Cain ſlew his brother Abel. *Maundrel's Travels*, p. 131.

POPE.

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

*Win.* Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

*Glo.* <sup>6</sup> Winchester goose! I cry — A rope! a rope! —

Now beat them hence, Why do you let them stay? —  
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array. —  
Out, tawny coats! — out, scarlet hypocrite!

*Here Gloster's men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter, in the burly-burly, the Mayor of London, and his officers.*

*Mayor.* Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

*Glo.* Peace, mayor; for thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,  
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

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

*Glo.* I will not answer thee with words, but blows.  
[*Here they skirmish again.*]

*Mayor.* Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,

But to make open proclamation: —

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

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

<sup>6</sup> *Winchester goose!* —] A strumpet, or the consequences of her love, was a Winchester goose. JOHNSON.

*sword,*

*sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Mayor.* See the coast clear'd, and then we will de-  
part.—

Good God ! ' that nobles should such stomachs bear !  
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Orleans in France.*

*Enter the Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Boy.*

*M. Gun.* Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is be-  
sieg'd ;

And how the English have the suburbs won.

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

' ————*that nobles should such stomachs bear !*

*I myself fight not once in forty year.]*

The Mayor of London was not brought in to be laugh'd at, as is plain by his manner of interfering in the quarrel, where he all along preserves a sufficient dignity. In the line preceding these, he directs his officer, to whom without doubt these two lines should be given. They suit his character, and are very expressive of the pacific temper of the city guards. *WARBURTON.*

I see no reason for this change. The Mayor speaks first as a magistrate, and afterwards as a citizen. *JOHNSON.*

*M. Gun.* But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd  
by me :

Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;  
Something I must do, to procure me grace.  
The prince's 'spials<sup>s</sup> have informed me,  
How<sup>o</sup> the English, in the suburbs close entrench'd,  
Went, through a secret grate of iron bars  
In yonder tower, to over-peer the city ;  
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,  
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.  
To intercept this inconvenience,  
A piece of ordinance 'gainst it I have plac'd ;  
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,  
If I could see them : Now, boy, do thou watch ;  
For I can stay no longer.  
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word ;  
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [Exit.

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

*Enter the lords Salisbury and Talbot<sup>1</sup>, with Sir W. Glansdale and Sir Tho. Gargrave, on the turrets.*

*Sal.* Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd !  
How wert thou handled, being prisoner ?

Or

<sup>s</sup> *The prince's 'spials*] *Espials* are spies. So, in Chaucer's *Freres Tale* :

“ For subtilly he had his *espaille*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>o</sup> ——— *the English* ———

*Went, through a secret grate of iron bars ;*

*In yonder tower, to over-peer the city ;]*

That is, the English *went*, not *through a secret grate*, but *went to over-peer the city through a secret grate which is in yonder tower*. I did not know till of late that this passage had been thought difficult. JOHNSON.

I believe, instead of *went*, we should read *wont*, the third person plural of the old verb *wont*. “ *The English—wont, that is, are accustomed—to overpeer the city.*” The word is used very frequently by Spenser, and several times by Milton. TYRWHITT.

<sup>1</sup> ——— Talbot,] Though the three parts of *K. Henry VI.* are de-



Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?  
Discourse, I pry'thee, on this turret's top.

*Tal.* The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,  
Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;  
For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.

But with a baser man of arms by far,  
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:  
Which I, disdain'd, scorn'd; and craved death  
Rather than I would be<sup>s</sup> so pill'd esteem'd.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, oh! the treacherous Fastolffe wounds my heart!  
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,  
If I now had him brought into my power.

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

*Tal.* With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,  
To be a public spectacle to all;  
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,  
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.

Then broke I from the officers that led me;  
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,  
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly;  
None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.  
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;

deservedly numbered among the feeblest performances of Shakespeare, this first of them appears to have been received with the greatest applause. So, in *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, by Nash, 1595. "How would it have joyed brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had line two hundred yeares in his tombe, he should triumph againe on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times) who in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —[*so pill'd esteem'd.*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, but without authority — "*so vile esteem'd.*" *So pill'd*, means *so pillag'd*, *so stripp'd of honours*. STEEVENS.

So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,  
 That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,  
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant :  
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,  
 That walk'd about me every minute while ;  
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,  
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

*Enter the Boy, with a linstock.*

*Sal.* I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd ;  
 But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.  
 Now it is supper-time in Orleans :  
 Here, through this grate, I can count every one,  
 And view the Frenchmen how they fortify ;  
 Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—  
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glanfdale,  
 Let me have your exprefs opinions,  
 Where is best place to make our battery next.

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

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

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

*[Shot from the town. Salisbury and Sir Tho. Gar-  
 grave fall down.]*

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

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

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

Speak, Salisbury ; at least, if thou canst speak ;  
 How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men ?  
 One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off !—  
 Accursed tower ! accursed fatal hand,  
 That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy !  
 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame ;  
 Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars :  
 Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,  
 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—

Yet

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;

Thou shalt not die, whiles——

He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;

As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*

*Remember to avenge me on the French.*—

Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:

Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?

Whence cometh this alarum, and this noise?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—

A holy prophetess, new risen up,—

Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up, and groans.*

*Tal.* Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!

It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—

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

\* Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,

Your

\* One eye thou hast &c.] A similar thought occurs in *King Lear*:

“——my lord, you have one eye left,

“To see some mischief on him.” STEEVENS.

\* Pucelle or Puffel;—] I know not what puffel is: perhaps it should

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,  
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—  
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent,  
 And then we'll try what dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Alarum. Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*]

## SCENE V.

*Here an alarum again; and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin, and driueth him: then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.*

*Tal.* Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;  
 A woman, clad in armour, chafeth them.

*Enter La Pucelle.*

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout with thee;  
 Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:

should be *pucelle* or *puzzle*. Something with a meaning it should be, but a very poor meaning will serve. JOHNSON.

It should be remembered, that in Shakespeare's time the word *dauphin* was always written *dolphin*. STEEVENS.

*Puffel* means a dirty wench or a drab, from *puzza*, i. e. *malus factor*, says Minshew. In a translation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, p. 98, we read,—“Some filthy queans, especially our *puzzles* of Paris, use this other theft.” TOLLET.

So, Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595.—“No nor yet any droye nor *puzzel* in the country but will carry a nosegay in her hand.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Commendatory Verses*, prefix'd to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“Lady or *Puffill* that wears mask or fan.”

As for the conceit, miserable as it is, it may be countenanced by that of James I. who looking at the statue of Sir Tho. Bodley in the library at Oxford, “—*Pii Thomæ Godly nomine insigniuit, eoque potius nomine quam Bodly, deinceps merito nominandum esse censuit.*” See *Rex Platonicus &c.* edit. quint. Oxon. 1635, p. 187. STEEVENS.



<sup>s</sup> Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,  
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

*Pucel.* Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace  
thee. [*They fight.*]

*Tal.* Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?  
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,  
And from my shoulders crack my arms afunder,  
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

*Pucel.* Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:  
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[*A short alarum. Then enters the town with soldiers.*  
O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.  
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;  
Help Salisbury to make his testament:  
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit Pucelle.*]

*Tal.* My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;  
I know not where I am, nor what I do:  
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,  
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:  
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,  
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.  
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;  
Now, like their whelps, we crying run away.

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

[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*  
It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:  
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,  
For none would strike 'a stroke in his revenge.—  
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,

<sup>s</sup> *Blood will I draw on thee, —*] The superstition of those times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood, was free from her power. JOHNSON.

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

O, would I were to die with Salisbury!

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[Exit Talbot.

[Alarum, retreat, flourish.

## SCENE VI.

*Enter, on the walls, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alençon, and soldiers.*

*Pucel.* Advance our waving colours on the walls;  
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves:—

Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

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

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,

That

° ———like Adonis' gardens,] It may not be impertinent to take notice of a dispute between four critics, of very different orders, upon this very important point of the gardens of Adonis. Milton had said:

“ Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd,

“ Or of reviv'd Adonis, or ———”

which Dr. Bentley pronounces spurious; for that the *Κήποι Αδωνιδος*, the gardens of Adonis, so frequently mentioned by Greek writers, Plato, Plutarch, &c. were nothing but portable earthen pots, with some lettuce or fennel growing in them. On his yearly festival every woman carried one of them for Adonis's worship; because Venus had once laid him in a lettuce bed. The next day they were thrown away, &c. To this Dr. Pearce replies, That this account of the gardens of Adonis is right, and yet Milton may be defended for what he says of them: for why (says he) did the Grecians on Adonis' festival carry these small gardens about in honour of him? It was, because they had a tradition, that, when he was alive, he delighted in gardens, and had a magnificent one: for proof of this we have Pliny's words, xix. 4. “ Antiquitas nihil prius mirata est quam Hesperidum hortos, ac regum Adonidis & Alcinoi.” One would now think the question well decided: but Mr. Theobald comes, and will needs be Dr. Bentley's second. A learned and reverend gentleman (says he) having attempted to impeach Dr. Bentley of error, for maintaining that there never was existent any magnificent

That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—  
 France, triumph in thy glorious prophets!—  
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans :  
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

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

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,  
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,  
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

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

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

*Dau.* 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won ;  
 For which, I will divide my crown with her :  
 And all the priests and friars in my realm  
 Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.

*or spacious gardens of Adonis, an opinion in which it has been my fortune to second the doctor, I thought myself concerned in some part, to weigh those authorities alledged by the objector, &c.* The reader sees that Mr. Theobald mistakes the very question in dispute between these two truly learned men, which was not whether *Adonis' gardens were ever existent*, but whether there was a tradition of any celebrated gardens cultivated by Adonis. For this would sufficiently justify Milton's mention of them, together with the gardens of Alcinous, confessed by the poet himself to be fabulous. But hear their own words. *There was no such garden* (says Dr. Bentley) *ever existent, or even feign'd.* He adds the latter part, as knowing that that would justify the poet ; and it is on that assertion only that his adversary Dr. Pearce joins issue with him. *Why* (says he) *did they carry the small earthen gardens ? It was because they had a tradition, that when alive he delighted in gardens.* Mr. Theobald, therefore, mistaking the question, it is no wonder that all he says, in his long note at the end of the fourth volume, is nothing to the purpose ; it being to shew that Dr. Pearce's quotations from Pliny and others, do not prove the real existence of the gardens. After these, comes the Oxford editor ; and he pronounces in favour of Dr. Bentley against Dr. Pearce, in these words, *The gardens of Adonis were never represented under any local description.* But whether this was said at hazard, or to contradict Dr. Pearce, or to rectify Mr. Theobald's mistake of the question, it is so obscurely expressed, that one can hardly determine. **WARBURTON.**

A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,  
 ' Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was :  
 In memory of her, when she is dead,  
 Her ashes, in an urn more precious  
 Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius<sup>s</sup>,  
 Transported shall be at high festivals  
 Before the kings and queens of France.  
 No longer on faint Dennis will we cry,  
 But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.  
 Come in ; and let us banquet royally,  
 After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> *Than Rhodope's,*—] Rhodope was a famous strumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. The least but most finished of the Egyptian pyramids (says Pliny in the 36th book of his *Natural History*) was built by her. She is said afterwards to have married Psammetichus, king of Egypt. Dr. Johnson thinks that the Dauphin means to call *Joan of Arc* a strumpet, all the while he is making this loud praise of her.

Rhodope is mentioned in the play of *The Costly Whore*, 1633 :

“ ———— a base *Rhodope*,

“ Whose body is as common as the sea

“ In the receipt of every lustful spring.”

I would read :

Than Rhodope's of Memphis, ever was. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ———— *coffer of Darius*] When Alexander the Great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidst the other spoils and wealth of Darius treasured up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little chest or casket, and asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it. When they had severally delivered their opinions, he told them, he esteemed nothing so worthy to be preserved in it as *Homer's Iliad*. Vide *Plutarchum* in *Vitâ Alexandri Magni*. THEOBALD.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Before Orleans.**Enter a French Serjeant, with two Centinels.*

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

*Cent.* Serjeant, you shall. [*Exit Serjeant.*] Thus are  
 poor servitors  
 (When others sleep upon their quiet beds)  
 Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling  
 ladders. Their drums beating a dead march.*

*Tal.* Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—  
 By whose approach, the regions of Artois,  
 Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—  
 This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,  
 Having all day carous'd and banqueted :  
 Embrace we then this opportunity ;  
 As fitting best to quittance their deceit,  
 Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

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

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

*Tal.* A maid, they say.

*Bed.* A maid ! and be so martial !

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

*Tal.*

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits :

God is our fortress ; in whose conquering name,  
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot ; we will follow thee.

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

Bed. Agreed ; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—

Now, Salisbury ! for thee, and for the right  
Of English Henry, shall this night appear  
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English, scaling the walls, cry, St. George !  
A Talbot !*

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

*The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter,  
several ways, Bastard, Alençon, Reignier, half ready,  
and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords ? what, all <sup>o</sup> unready so ?  
Bast.

\* —unready so ?] *Unready* was the current word in those times for *undress'd*. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638 :

“ Enter Sixtus, and Lucrece *unready*.”

Again, in *The two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609 :

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

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631 :

“ Enter Prince John all *unready*, and Pacheco his page.”

Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633, is this stage direction.

“ He makes himself *unready*.”

“ Why what do you mean ? you will not be so uncivil as to *unbrace* you here ?”

Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606 :

“ You

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

*Reig.* 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

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

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

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

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

*Enter Charles, and Pucelle.*

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

*Char.* Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?  
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,  
Make us partakers of a little gain,  
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

*Pucel.* Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?  
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,  
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—  
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,  
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

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

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

*Bast.* Mine was secure.

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

“You are not going to bed, I see you are not yet *unready*.”  
Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611.

“Here Jupiter puts out the lights, and makes himself *unready*.” STEEVENS.

*Char.*





## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, &c;*

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

[Retreat.]

*Tal.* Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;  
And here advance it in the market-place,  
The middle centre of this cursed town.—  
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul;  
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,  
There hath at least five Frenchmen dy'd to-night.  
And, that hereafter ages may behold  
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,  
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect  
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:  
Upon the which, that every one may read,  
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;  
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,  
And what a terror he had been to France.  
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,  
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace;  
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;  
Nor any of his false confederates.

*Bed.* 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight  
began,

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,  
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,  
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

*Bur.* Myself (as far as I could well discern,  
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)

Am sure, I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull<sup>2</sup>;  
 When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,  
 Like to a pair of loving turtle doves,  
 That could not live afunder day or night.  
 After that things are set in order here,  
 We'll follow them with all the power we have.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* All hail, my lords! which of this princely  
 train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts  
 So much applauded through the realm of France?

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

*Mess.* The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,  
 With modesty admiring thy renown,  
 By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe  
 To visit her poor castle where she lies;  
 That she may boast, she hath beheld the man  
 Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

*Bur.* Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars  
 Will turn into a peaceful comic sport,  
 When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—  
 You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

*Tal.* Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men

<sup>2</sup> —his trull;] I believe *trull* did not anciently bear so harsh an interpretation as at present. In the old black letter interlude of the *Disobedient Child* (no date) by Tho. Ingeland, is the following stanza of a song sung by a young man in the presence of the lady to whom he was instantly to be married.

“ This mynion here, this myncing *trull*,

“ Doth please me more a thousande folde,

“ Than all the earthe that is so full

“ Of precious stoncs, silver and golde,” &c.

“ How lyke ye this songe my owne swete Rose?

“ Is it well made for our purpose?

*Young Woman.*

“ I never hard in all my lyfe a better,

“ More pleasaunte, more meete for the matter.” STEEVENS.

Could

Could not prevail with all their oratory,  
 Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd :—  
 And therefore tell her, I return great thanks ;  
 And in submission will attend on her.—  
 Will not your honours bear me company ?

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

*Tal.* Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,  
 I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.  
 Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] — You perceive my  
 mind.

*Capt.* I do, my lord ; and mean accordingly.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*The countess of Auvergne's castle.*

*Enter the Countess, and her Porter.*

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

*Port.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

*Count.* The plot is laid : if all things fall out right,  
 I shall as famous be by this exploit,  
 As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.  
 Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,  
 And his achievements of no less account :  
 Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,  
 To give their censure of these rare reports.

*Enter Messenger, and Talbot.*

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

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

*Mess.* Madam, it is.

*Count.* [*as musing.*] Is this the scourge of France ?

Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,  
 That with his name the mothers still their babes ?  
 I see, report is fabulous and false :  
 I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,  
 A second Hector, for his grim aspect,  
 And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.  
 Alas ! this is a child, a silly dwarf :  
 It cannot be, this weak and wrizled shrimp  
 Should strike such terror to his enemies.

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

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

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

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

*Re-enter Porter with keys.*

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

*Tal.* Prisoner ! to whom ?

*Count.* To me, blood-thrifty lord ;  
 And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.  
 Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,  
 For in my gallery thy picture hangs :  
 But now the substance shall endure the like ;  
 And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,  
 That hast by tyranny, these many years,  
 Wasted our country, slain our citizens,  
 And sent our sons and husbands captivate<sup>3</sup>.

*Tal.* Ha, ha, ha !

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

<sup>3</sup> ———captivate.] So, in *Soliman and Perseda* :

“ If not destroy'd and bound, and *captivate*,

“ If *captivate*, then forc'd from holy faith.” STEEVENS.



*Tal.* I laugh to see your ladyship so fond<sup>4</sup>,  
To think that you have ought but Talbot's shadow,  
Whereon to practise your severity.

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

*Tal.* I am, indeed.

*Count.* Then have I substance too.

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

*Count.* <sup>5</sup> This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;  
He will be here, and yet he is not here:  
How can these contrarieties agree?

*Tal.* That will I shew you presently.

*Winds his horn; drums strike up: a peal of ordnance.*

*Enter Soldiers.*

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

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

<sup>4</sup> — *so fond,*] i. e. so foolish. So, in *K. Hen. IV. Part II*:  
“ *Fondly* brought here, and foolishly sent hence.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *This is a riddling merchant &c.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:  
“ What *faucy merchant* was this.”

See a note on this passage, act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

I did not entertain thee as thou art.

*Tal.* Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue  
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake  
The outward composition of his body.

What you have done, hath not offended me :  
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,

But only (with your patience) that we may  
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have ;  
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

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

#### SCENE IV.

*London. The Temple garden.*

*Enter the earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick ;  
Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.*

*Plant.* Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this  
silence ?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth ?

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

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

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

*Som.* Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then be-  
tween us.

*War.* Between two hawks, which flies the higher  
pitch,  
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,

<sup>6</sup> All the editions read :

*Or, else, was wrangling Somerset i' th' error ?*] There is apparently  
a want of opposition between the two questions. I once read,  
*Or else was wrangling Somerset i' th' right ?* JOHNSON.

Sir T. Hanmer would read :

*And was not ——— STEEVENS.*

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

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

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

*Plant.* Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to  
 speak,  
 In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts :  
 Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,  
 And stands upon the honour of his birth,  
 If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
 7 From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

*Som.*

7 *From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.*] This is given as the original of the two badges of the houses of York and Lancaster, whether truly or not, is no great matter. But the proverbial expression of *saying a thing under the rose*, I am persuaded, came from thence. When the nation had ranged itself into two great factions, under the *white* and *red* rose, and were perpetually plotting and counterplotting against one another, then, when a matter of faction was communicated by either party to his friend in the same quarrel, it was natural for him to add, that he *said it under the rose*; meaning that, as it concerned the faction, it was religiously to be kept secret. WARBURTON.

This is ingenious! What pity, that it is not learned too? — The rose (as the fables say) was the symbol of silence, and consecrated by Cupid to Harpocrates, to conceal the lewd pranks of his mother. So common a book as Lloyd's *Dictionary* might have instructed Dr. Warburton in this. “Huic Harpocrati Cupido Veneris filius parentis suæ rosam dedit in munus, ut scilicet si quid licentius dictum, vel actum sit in convivio, sciant tacenda esse omnia. Atque idcirco veteres ad finem convivii *sub rosa*, Anglicè *under the rose*, transacta esse omnia ante digressum contestabantur; cujus formæ vis eadem esset, atque ista, Μισῶν

*Som.* Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

*War.* <sup>8</sup> I love no colours; and, without all colour  
Of base insinuating flattery,  
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

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

*Ver.* Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no  
more,

"Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side  
The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,  
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

*Som.* Good master Vernon, it is <sup>9</sup> well objected;  
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

*Plant.* And I.

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

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

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

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

μνάμονα συμπύτων. Probant hanc rem versus qui reperiuntur in marmore:

"Est rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo furta laterent

"Harpocrati matris dona dicavit amor.

"Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis,

"Convivæ ut sub eâ dicta tacenda sciant." UPTON.

<sup>8</sup> *I love no colours;*—] *Colours* is here used ambiguously for tints and deceits. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *—well objected;*] Properly thrown in our way, justly proposed, JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's Version of the 21st Book of Homer's *Odyssey*:

"Excites Penelope t' object the prize

"(The bow and bright steeles) to the woer's strength."

STEEVENS.

*Law-*



*Lawyer.* Unless my study and my books be false,  
The argument you held, was wrong in you ;

[*To Somerset.*

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

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

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

*Plan.* Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our  
roses ;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing  
The truth on our side.

*Som.* No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear ; but anger—that thy cheeks  
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses ;  
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

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

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

*Plant.* Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his  
truth ;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

*Som.* Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding  
roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,  
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

*Plant.* Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,

I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

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

*Plant.* Proud Poole, I will ; and scorn both him  
and thee.

<sup>1</sup> *I scorn thee and thy fashion,—*] So, the old copies read, and rightly. Mr. Theobald altered it to *faction*, not considering that by *fashion* is meant the badge of the red rose, which Somerset said he and his friends should be distinguish'd by. But Mr. Theobald asks, *If faction was not the true reading, why should Suffolk immediately reply,*

*Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet ?*

Why ? because Plantagenet had called Somerset, with whom Suffolk sided, *peevish boy*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Pope had altered *fashion* to *passion*. JOHNSON.

*Suf.* I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

*Som.* Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!  
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

*War.* Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,  
Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,  
Third son to the third Edward king of England;

<sup>2</sup> Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

*Plant.* <sup>3</sup> He bears him on the place's privilege,  
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

*Som.* By him that made me, I'll maintain my  
words

On any plot of ground in Christendom:  
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,  
For treason executed in our late king's days?

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

<sup>4</sup> Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespasses yet lives guilty in thy blood;

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

*Plant.* My father was attached, not attainted;

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,

I'll note you in my book of memory,

<sup>5</sup> To scourge you <sup>6</sup> for this apprehension:

<sup>2</sup> *Spring crestless yeomen*—] i. e. those who have no right to arms. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *He bears him on the place's privilege,*] The Temple, being a religious house, was an asylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodshed. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Corrupted, and exempt*—] *Exempt, for excluded.*  
WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *To scourge you for this apprehension:*—] Though this word possesses all the copies, I am persuaded it did not come from the author. I have ventur'd to read, *reprehension*: and Plantagenet means, that Somerset had *reprehended* or reproach'd him with his father, the earl of Cambridge's treason. THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> —for this apprehension:] Apprehension, i. e. opinion.

WARBURTON.

Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

*Som.* Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:  
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;  
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

*Plant.* And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,  
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate<sup>7</sup>,  
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;  
Until it wither with me to my grave,  
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

*Suf.* Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition!

And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

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

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

*War.* This blot, that they object against your house,  
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,  
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:  
And, if thou be not then created York,  
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.  
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,  
Against proud Somersfet, and William Poole,  
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:  
And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day  
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,

<sup>7</sup> ———— *this pale and angry rose,*  
*As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,]*

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.—

“ And, trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:

“ Dry sorrow drinks our blood.” STEEVENS.

A badge is called a *cognifance* à *cognoscendo*, because by it such persons as do wear it upon their sleeves, their shoulders, or in their hats, are manifestly known whose servants they are. In heraldry the *cognifance* is feated upon the most eminent part of the helmet; and by a designed blunder in Ben Jonson's works, 1756, Vol. I. p. 160, and Vol. VII. p. 356, it is called a *cullifan*, which Mr. Whalley's Dictionaries, or the heralds he consulted, could not explain. TOLLET.

Shall

Shall send, between the red rose and the white,  
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

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

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

*Law.* And so will I.

*Plant.* Thanks, gentle fir.

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

## S C E N E V.

*A room in the Tower.*

\* *Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and failors.*

*Mor.* Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,  
° Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—  
Even like a man new haled from the rack,  
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment :  
And these grey locks, the °pursuivants of death,

\* *Enter Mortimer, —*] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, that Shakespeare has varied from the truth of history, to introduce this scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet. Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died unconfined in Ireland in 1424. Holinshed says, that Mortimer was one of the mourners at the funeral of Henry V.

His uncle, sir John Mortimer, was indeed prisoner in the tower, and was executed not long before the earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales. STEEVENS.

° *Let dying Mortimer here rest himself, —*] I know not whether Milton did not take from this hint the lines with which he opens his tragedy. JOHNSON.

Rather from the beginning of the last scene of the third act of the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides :

*Tiresias.* Ἠγὼ πάροισι, δούγατες, ὡς τυφλῶ ποδὶ  
ὄφθαλμοῖς εἴ σὺ, κλυβαταίωσι ἄστρον ὄς,  
Διὸς εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πῶδος ἴχνος τιθεῖσ' ἑμῶν, &c. STEEVENS.

\* —pursuivants of death,] Pursuivants. The heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. JOHNSON.

Nestor



Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,  
 Argue the end of <sup>2</sup> Edmund Mortimer.  
 These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent—  
 Wax dim, <sup>3</sup> as drawing to their exigent:  
 Weak shoulders, over-borne with burth'ning grief;  
<sup>4</sup> And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine  
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground.—  
 Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,  
 Unable to support this lump of clay,—  
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
 As witting I no other comfort have.—  
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

*Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:  
 We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;  
 And answer was return'd, that he will come.

*Mor.* Enough; my soul then shall be satisfy'd.—  
 Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.  
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,  
 (Before whose glory I was great in arms)  
 This loathsome sequestration have I had;  
 And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,  
 Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:  
 But now, the arbitrator of despairs,  
<sup>5</sup> Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;  
 I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,  
 That so he might recover what was lost.

<sup>2</sup> —*Edmund Mortimer.*] This Edmund Mortimer, when king Richard II. set out upon his fatal Irish expedition, was declared by that prince heir apparent to the crown; for which reason king Henry IV. and V. took care to keep him in prison during their whole reigns. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> —*as drawing to their exigent:*] Exigent, end. JOHNSON.  
 So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

“Hath driven her to some desperate *exigent*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And pithless arms,*—] *Pith* was used for *marrow*, and, figuratively, for *strength*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Just death, kind umpire of mens' miseries,*] That is, he that terminates or concludes misery. The expression is harsh and forced. JOHNSON.

*Enter Richard Plantagenet.*

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

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

*Plant.* Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,  
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

*Mor.* Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,  
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp :  
Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,  
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,  
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

*Plant.* First, lean thine aged back against mine arm ;  
And, in that ease, ° I'll tell thee my disease.

This day, in argument upon a case,  
Some words there grew 'twixt Somersset and me :

Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,  
And did upbraid me with my father's death ;

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,  
Else with the like I had requited him :

Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,  
In honour of a true Plantagenet,

And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause.  
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

*Mor.* That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,  
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,  
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,

° —I'll tell thee my disease.] *Disease* seems to be here *uneasiness* or *discontent*. JOHNSON.

It is so used by other ancient writers, and by Shakespeare elsewhere. Thus likewise in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book III. c. 5 :

“ But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain *disease*.”

That to *disease* is to *disturb*, may be known from the following passages in Chapman's version of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* :

“ But brother, hie thee to the ships, and Idomen *disease*.” i. e. wake him. Book VI. edit. 1598. Again, *Odyss. B. VI* :

“ ——— with which he declin'd

“ The eyes of any waker when he pleas'd,

“ And any sleeper, when he wish'd, *diseas'd*.”

Again, in the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Floddon* :

“ He thought the Scots might him *disease*

“ With constituted captains meet.” STEEVENS.

Was curst instrument of his decease.

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

*Mor.* I will ; if that my fading breath permit,  
And death approach not ere my tale be done.  
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,  
Depos'd his nephew\* Richard ; Edward's son,  
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir  
Of Edward king, the third of that descent :  
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,  
Finding his usurpation most unjust,  
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne :  
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,  
Was—for that (young kind Richard thus remov'd,  
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)  
I was the next by birth and parentage ;  
For by my mother I derived am  
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son  
To king Edward the Third, whereas he,  
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,  
Being but the fourth of that heroic line.  
But mark ; as, <sup>7</sup> in this haughty great attempt,  
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,  
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.  
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—  
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,  
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd  
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—  
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,  
Again, in pity of my hard distress,  
Levied an army ; weening to redeem,  
And have install'd me in the diadem :  
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,

\* *his nephew Richard* ;] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read—*his cousin*—but without necessity. *Nephew* has sometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, and is used with great laxity among our ancient English writers. Thus in *Othello*, Iago tells Brabantio—he shall “ have his *nephews* (i. e. the children of his own daughter) neigh to him.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —*in this haughty great attempt*] *Haughty* is *high*. JOHNSON.

And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

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

*Mor.* True; and thou see'st, that I no issue have;  
And that my fainting words do warrant death:

<sup>8</sup> Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:  
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

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

*Mor.* With silence, nephew, be thou politick;  
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,

And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.  
But now thy uncle is removing hence;

As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd  
With long continuance in a settled place.

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

*Mor.* Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaughterer  
doth,

Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;

Only, give order for my funeral;

And so farewell; <sup>9</sup> and fair be all thy hopes!

And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! [*Dies.*]

*Plan.* And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!  
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,

<sup>8</sup> *Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:]* The sense is, I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw.

REVISAL.

<sup>9</sup> *— and fair be all thy hopes,]* Mortimer knew Plantagenet's hopes were fair, but that the establishment of the Lancastrian line disappointed them: sure, he would wish, that his nephew's fair hopes might have a fair issue. I am persuaded the poet wrote;

*— and fair befall thy hopes!* THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton. I do not see how the readings differ in sense. *Fair* is *lucky*, or *prosperous*. So we say, a *fair* wind, and *fair* fortune.

JOHNSON.

And,



And like a hermit over-pas'd thy days.—  
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;  
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—

Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself  
Will see his burial better than his life.—

<sup>1</sup> Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,  
<sup>2</sup> Choak'd with ambition of the meaner sort :—

And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,  
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—  
I doubt not, but with honour to redress :

And therefore haste I to the parliament;  
Either to be restored to my blood,

<sup>3</sup> Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.

<sup>1</sup> *Here dies the dusky torch*—] The image is of a torch just extinguished, and yet smoking. But we should read *lies* instead of *dies*. For when a dead man is represented by an extinguished torch, we must say the *torch lies*: when an extinguished torch is compared to a dead man, we must say the *torch dies*. The reason is plain, because integrity of metaphor requires that the terms proper to the thing *illustrating*, not the thing *illustrated*, be employed. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Choak'd with ambition of the meaner sort* :—] We are to understand the speaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer, in being always made a tool of by the Percies of the North in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in asserting his claim to the crown, in support of his own princely ambition. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> In the former editions :

*Or make my will th' advantage of my good.*

So all the printed copies; but with very little regard to the poet's meaning. I read :

*Or make my ill th' advantage of my good.*

Thus we recover the *antithesis* of the expression. THEOBALD.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The parliament.*

*Flourish.* Enter king Henry, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, and Richard Plantagenet. Gloster offers to put up a bill; Winchester snatches it, and tears it.

*Win.* Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,  
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,  
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,  
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,  
Do it without invention suddenly;  
As I with sudden and extemporal speech  
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

*Glo.* Presumptuous priest! this place commands  
my patience,  
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.  
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd  
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,  
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able  
*Verbatim* to rehearse the method of my pen:  
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,  
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,  
As very infants prattle of thy pride.  
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;  
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;  
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems  
A man of thy profession, and degree;  
And for thy treachery, What's more manifest?  
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,  
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?  
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,  
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt  
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

*Win.*

*Win.* Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe  
To give me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious,  
As he will have me, How am I so poor?  
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance  
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?

And for dissention, Who preferreth peace  
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?  
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;  
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:  
It is, because no one should sway but he;  
No one, but he, should be about the king;  
And that engenders thunder in his breast,  
And makes him roar these accusations forth.  
But he shall know, I am as good——

*Glo.* As good?

Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

*Win.* Ay, lordly sir;—For what are you, I pray,  
But one imperious in another's throne?

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

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

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

*Win.* Unreverent Gloster!

*Glo.* Thou art reverent

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

*Win.* Rome shall remedy this.

*War.* <sup>4</sup> Roam thither then.

<sup>5</sup> *Som.* My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

*War.*

<sup>4</sup> —*Roam thither then.*] *Roam* to Rome. To *roam* is supposed to be derived from the cant of vagabonds, who often pretended a pilgrimage to Rome. JOHNSON.

The jingle between *roam* and *Rome* is common to other writers. So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "——three hundred thousand people *roamed* to *Rome* for purgatorie pills, &c."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Som.* *My lord, it were your duty to forbear.*] This line, in the old copy, is joined to the former hemistich spoken by Warwick.

*War.* Ay, see the bishop be not over-borne.

*Som.* Methinks, my lord should be religious,  
And know the office that belongs to such.

*War.* Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;  
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

*Som.* Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

*War.* State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?  
Is not his grace protector to the king?

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

Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [*Aside.*]

*K. Henry.* Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,  
The special watchmen of our English weal;  
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,  
To join your hearts in love and amity.

Oh, what a scandal is it to our crown,  
That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!  
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,  
Civil diffention is a viperous worm,  
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.—

[*A noise within*; Down with the tawny coats!  
What tumult's this?

*War.* An uproar, I dare warrant,  
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again*, Stones! Stones!

*Enter the Mayor of London, attended.*

*Mayor.* Oh, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—  
Pity the city of London, pity us!  
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,  
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,  
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;

The modern editors have very properly given it to Somerset, for whom it seems to have been meant.

*Ay, see, the bishop be not over-borne,*  
was as erroneously given in the next speech to Somerset instead  
of Warwick, to whom it has been since restored. STEEVENS.

And,



And, banding themselves in contrary parts,  
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,  
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out :  
Our windows are broke down in every street,  
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter men in skirmish, with bloody pates.*

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

*1 Serv.* Nay, if we be

Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

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

*[Skirmish again.]*

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

*3 Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man  
Just and upright ; and, for your royal birth,  
Inferior to none, but to his majesty :

And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,

So kind a father of the common-weal,

To be disgraced by 7 an inkhorn mate,

We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,

And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

*1 Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails  
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. *[Begin again.]*

*Glo.* Stay, stay, I say !

And, if you love me, as you say you do,

Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

*K. Henry.* Oh, how this discord doth afflict my  
soul !—

Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold  
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent ?  
Who should be pitiful, if you be not ?

<sup>6</sup> —unaccustom'd fight aside.] Unaccustom'd is unseemly, indecent. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —an inkhorn mate,] A bookman. JOHNSON.

Or who should study to prefer a peace,  
If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?

*War.* My lord protector, yield ;—yield, Win-  
chester ;—

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,  
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.  
You see what mischief, and what murder too,  
Hath been enacted through your enmity ;  
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood. ¶

*Win.* He shall submit, or I will never yield.

*Glo.* Compassion on the king commands me stoop ;  
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest  
Should ever get that privilege of me.

*War.* Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke  
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,  
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear :  
Why look you still so stern, and tragical ?

*Glo.* Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

*K. Henry.* Fie, uncle Beaufort ! I have heard you  
preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin :  
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,  
But prove a chief offender in the same ?

*War.* Sweet king !—the bishop<sup>b</sup> hath a kindly  
gird.—

For shame, my lord of Winchester ! relent ;  
What, shall a child instruct you what to do ?

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

*Glo.* Ay ; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—  
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen ;

<sup>b</sup> —*hath a kindly gird.*—] i. e. Feels an emotion of kind remorse. JOHNSON.

A kindly gird is a *gentle* or *friendly reproof*. Falstaff observes, that —“men of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at him :” and in the *Taming of a Shrew*, Baptista says : “——Tranio *bites* you now :” to which Lucentio answers :

“ I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio.” STEEVENS.

This token serveth for a flag of truce,  
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers :  
So help me God, as I dissemble not !

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

*K. Henry.* O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,  
How joyful am I made by this contract !—  
Away, my masters ! trouble us no more ;  
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content ; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* So will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what phyfic

The tavern affords.

[*Exeunt.*

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

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

An if your grace mark every circumstance,  
You have great reason to do Richard right :  
Especially, for those occasions  
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

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

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

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

*K. Henry.* If Richard will be true, not that alone,  
But all the whole inheritance I give,  
That doth belong unto the house of York,  
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

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

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

9 And, in reguerdon of that duty done,

9 —reguerdon—] Recompence, return. JOHNSON.

I gird thee with the valiant sword of York :  
 Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet ;  
 And rise created princely duke of York.

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

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

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

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

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

*Glo.* Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt all but Exeter.*

*Exe.* Ay, we may march in England, or in France,  
 Not seeing what is likely to ensue :  
 This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,  
 Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,  
 And will at last break out into a flame :  
 As fester'd members rot but by degrees,  
 'Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,  
 ' So will this base and envious discord breed.  
 And now I fear that fatal prophecy,  
 Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,  
 Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—  
 That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all ;  
 And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all :  
 Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish  
 His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

' So will this base and envious discord breed.] That is, so will  
 the malignity of this discord propagate itself, and advance.



## SCENE II.

*Roan in France.*

*Enter Joan la Pucelle disguis'd, and soldiers with sacks upon their backs, like countrymen.*

*Pucel.* These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,  
Through which our policy must make a breach:—  
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;  
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,  
That come to gather money for their corn.  
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall)  
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,  
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,  
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

*1 Sol.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city;  
And we be lords and rulers over Roan;  
Therefore we'll knock, [Knocks,  
*Watch.* *Qui va là?*

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

*Watch.* Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

*Pucel.* Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the  
ground. [Exeunt,

*Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alençon.*

*Dau.* Saint Dennis blefs this happy stratagem!  
And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

*Bast.* Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants:

<sup>2</sup> *Our sacks shall be the means to sack the city,*] Falstaff has the same quibble, shewing his bottle of sack: "Here's that will sack a city." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants.*] *Practise*, in the language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps in the softer sense *stratagem*. *Practisants* are therefore *confederates in stratagems*. JOHNSON.

Now she is there, how will she specify  
Where is the best and safest passage in ?

*Reig.* By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;  
Which, once discern'd, shews, that her meaning is,—  
⁴ No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter Joan la Pucelle on a battlement, thrusting out a  
torch burning.*

*Pucel.* Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,  
That joineth Roan unto her countrymen;  
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

*Bast.* See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,  
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

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

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

[*An alarm; Talbot in an excursion.*]

*Tal.* France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy  
tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,  
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,

⁵ That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. [*Exit.*]

⁴ *No way to that,—*] That is, *no way equal to that*, no way so fit as that. JOHNSON.

⁵ *That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.*] *Pride* signifies the *haughty power*. The same speaker says afterwards, act IV. scene vi:

*And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.*

One would think this plain enough. But what won't a puzzling critic obscure! Mr. Theobald says, *Pride of France is an absurd and unmeaning expression*, and therefore alters it to *prize of France*; and in this is followed by the Oxford editor. WARBURTON.

*An alarum: excursions. Enter Bedford, brought in sick, in a chair, with Talbot and Burgundy, without. Within, Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Bastard, and*  
*Alençon, on the walls.*

*Pucel.* Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?

I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,  
 Before he'll buy again at such a rate:

'Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taste?

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

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

*Bed.* Oh, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

*Pucel.* What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

*Tal.* Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despight,  
 Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!  
 Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,  
 And twit with cowardice a man half dead?  
 Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,  
 Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

*Pucel.* Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[*Talbot, and the rest, whisper together in council.*

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

*Tal.* Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

*Pucel.* Belike, you lordship takes us then for fools,  
 To try if that our own be ours, or no.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Alençon, on the walls.*—] Alençon sir T. Hanmer has replaced here, instead of Reignier, because Alençon, not Reignier, appears in the ensuing scene. JOHNSON.

*Tal.* I speak not to that railing Hecate,  
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;  
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

*Alen.* Signior, no.

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

*Pucel.* Captains, away: let's get us from the walls;  
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—  
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, fir, but to tell  
you

That we are here.

[*Exeunt from the walls,*

*Tal.* And there will we be too, ere it be long,  
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—  
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,  
(Prick'd on by public wrongs, sustain'd in France)  
Either to get the town again, or die:  
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,  
And as his father here was conqueror;  
As sure as in this late-betrayed town  
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;  
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

*Burg.* My vows are equal partners with thy vows,

*Tal.* But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,  
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,  
We will bestow you in some better place,  
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

*Bed.* Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me;  
Here will I sit before the walls of Roan,  
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

*Burg.* Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you,

*Bed.* Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,  
That

' ——— once I read,

*That stout Pendragon, in his litter, &c.]*

This hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to king Arthur.

Shakespeare, has imputed to Pendragon an exploit of Aurelius, who, says Holinshed, "even sicke of a flixe as he was, caused him-



That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,  
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes :  
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,  
Because I ever found them as myself.

*Tal.* Undaunted spirit in a dying breast !—  
Then be it so :—Heavens keep old Bedford safe !—  
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,  
But gather we our forces out of hand,  
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt Burgundy, Talbot, and forces.*]

*An alarm : excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolffe, and a Captain.*

*Cap.* Whither away, Sir John Fastolffe, in such haste ?

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

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

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

*Cap.* Cowardly knight ! ill fortune follow thee !  
[*Exit.*]

*Retreat : excursions. Pucelle, Alençon, and Dauphin fly.*

*Bed.* Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven shall please ;

himselfe to be carried forth in a litter : with whose presence his people were so encouraged, that encountering with the Saxons they wan the victorie." *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 99.

Harding, however, in his *Chronicle*, (as I learn from Dr. Gray) gives the following account of Uther Pendragon :

“ For which the king ordain'd a horse-litter  
“ To bear him so then unto Verolame,  
“ Where Ocea lay, and Oysa also in fear,  
“ That faint Albone's now hight of noble fame,  
“ Bet downe the walles ; but to him forth they came,  
“ Where in battayle Ocea and Oysa were slayn.  
“ The felde he had, and thereof was full fayne.”

STEEVENS.

For

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.  
 What is the trust or strength of foolish man?  
 They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,  
 Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.  
 [*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*]

*An alarum: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.*

*Tal.* Lost, and recover'd in a day again!  
 This is a double honour, Burgundy:—  
 Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

*Burg.* Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy  
 Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects  
 Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

*Tal.* Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle  
 now?

I think, her old familiar is asleep:  
 Now, where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his  
 gleeks?

What, all a-mort? Roan hangs her head for grief,  
 That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,  
 Placing therein some expert officers;  
 And then depart to Paris, to the king;

For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

*Burg.* What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

*Tal.* But yet, before we go, let's not forget  
 The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,  
 But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan;  
 A braver soldier never couched lance,  
 A gentler heart did never sway in court:  
 But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;  
 For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*The same. The plain near the city.*

*Enter the Dauphin, Bastard, Alençon, and Joan a Pucelle.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Dau.* Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,  
France were no place for Henry's warriors ;  
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,  
But be extirped from our provinces<sup>8</sup>.

*Alen.* For ever should they be expuls'd from France<sup>9</sup>,  
And

<sup>8</sup> *But be extirped from our provinces.] To extirp is to root out. So, in Lord Sterling's Darius, 1603 :*

“ The world shall gather to extirp our name.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — expuls'd from France,] i. e. expelled. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* :

“ The

And not have title of an earldom here.

*Pucel.* Your honours shall perceive how I will work,  
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drums beats afar off.*

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

[*Here beat an English march.*

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

[*French march.*

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

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

*Enter the duke of Burgundy, marching.*

*Dau.* A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

*Burg.* Who craves a parley with the Burgundy ?

*Pucel.* The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

*Burg.* What say'st thou, Charles ? for I am marching hence.

*Dau.* Speak, Pucelle ; and enchant him with thy words.

*Pucel.* Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France !  
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

*Burg.* Speak on ; but be not over-tedious.

*Pucel.* Look on thy country, look on fertile France,  
And see the cities and the towns defac'd  
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe !

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,

When

“ The *expulſed Apicata* finds them there.”

Again, in Drayton's *Muses Elizium* :

“ And if you *expulſe* them there,

“ They'll hang upon your braided hair.” STEEVENS.

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,] It is plain Shakespeare wrote,—*lovely babe*, it answering to *fertile France* above, which this domestic image is brought to illustrate. WARBURTON.

The



When death doth close his tender dying eyes,  
 See, see, the pining malady of France;  
 Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,  
 Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!  
 Oh, turn thy edged sword another way;  
 Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!  
 One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bo-  
 som,  
 Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign  
 gore;

Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,  
 And wash away thy country's stained spots!

*Burg.* Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,  
 Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

*Pucel.* Besides, all French and France exclaims on  
 thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,  
 That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,

And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?

Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—

Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?

And was he not in England prisoner?

But, when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free, without his ransom paid,

In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.

See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,

And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;

Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

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

JOHNSON.

*Burg.* I am vanquished; <sup>2</sup> these haughty words of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,  
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—  
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!  
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:  
My forces and my power of men are yours;—  
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

*Pucel.* <sup>3</sup> Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

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

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

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

*Dau.* Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;

And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.]

<sup>2</sup> ———— *these haughty words of hers*

*Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,]*

How these lines came hither I know not; there was nothing in the speech of Joan haughty or violent, it was all soft entreaty and mild expostulation. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!]* This seems to be an offering of the poet to his royal mistress's resentment, for Henry the Fourth's last great turn in religion, in the year 1593. WARBURTON.

The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. I have read a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French for their frequent changes. JOHNSON.

## SCENE IV.

*Paris. An apartment in the palace.*

*Enter king Henry, Gloster, Vernon, Basset, &c. To them Talbot, with soldiers.*

*Tal.* My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—  
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,  
I have a while given truce unto my wars,  
To do my duty to my sovereign :  
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd  
To your obedience fifty fortresses,  
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,  
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—  
Lest fall his sword before your highness' feet ;  
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,  
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,  
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

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

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

*K. Henry.* Welcome, brave captain, and victorious  
lord !

When I was young, (as yet I am not old)  
I do remember how my father said,  
A stouter champion never handled sword.  
Long since we were resolved of your truth,  
Your faithful service, and your toil in war ;  
Yet never have you tasted our reward,  
Or been reguerdon'd <sup>+</sup> with so much as thanks,  
Because 'till now we never saw your face :  
Therefore, stand up ; and, for these good deserts,

<sup>+</sup> *Or been reguerdon'd]* i. e. rewarded. The word was obsolete even in the time of Shakespeare. Chaucer uses it in the *Boke of Boetbius*. STEEVENS.

We here create you earl of Shrewsbury ;  
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt King, Glo. Tal.*

*Ver.* Now, Sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,  
Disgracing of these colours that I wear<sup>s</sup>  
In honour of my noble lord of York,—  
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

*Baf.* Yes, fir ; as well as you dare patronage  
The envious barking of your saucy tongue  
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

*Ver.* Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

*Baf.* Why, what is he ? as good a man as York.

*Ver.* Hark ye ; not so : in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

*Baf.* Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,  
That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death ;  
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.  
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave  
I may have liberty to venge this wrong ;  
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

<sup>s</sup> — *these colours that I wear*] This was the badge of a rose,  
and not an officer's scarf. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop.”

Act III. Scene the last. TOLLET.

“ *That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death ;*] Shakespeare wrote :

————— *draws a sword i'th' presence 't's death ;*

*i. e.* in the court, or in the presence chamber. WARBURTON.

This reading cannot be right, because, as Mr. Edwards observed, it cannot be pronounced. It is, however, a good comment, as it shews the author's meaning. JOHNSON.

I believe the line should be written as it is in the folio :—

*That, who so draws a sword*—————

*i. e.* (as Dr. Warburton has observed) with a menace in the court, or in the presence-chamber. STEEVENS.

Johnson, in his collection of *Ecclesiastical Laws*, has preserved the following, which was made by Ina, king of the West Saxons 693. “ If any one fight in the king's house, let him forfeit all his estate, and let the king deem whether he shall live or not.” I am told that there are many other ancient canons to the same purpose. Grey.

STEEVENS.

*Ver.*



*Ver.* Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;  
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exe nt.*]

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

*Paris. A room of state.*

*Enter king Henry, Gloster, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, and Governor of Paris.*

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

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

*Glo.* Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—  
That you elect no other king but him :  
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends ;  
And none your foes, but <sup>7</sup> such as shall pretend  
Malicious practices against his state :  
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

*Enter Sir John Fastolfe.*

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

*Tal.* Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee !  
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,  
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [*plucking it off.*]  
(Which I have done) because unworthily  
Though wast installed in that high degree.—  
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :

<sup>7</sup> —such as shall pretend] To pretend is to design, to intend.

This dastard, at the battle of Poictiers<sup>8</sup>,—  
 When but in all I was six thousand strong,  
 And that the French were almost ten to one,—  
 Before we met, or that a stroke was given,  
 Like to a trusty squire, did run away;  
 In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;  
 Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,  
 Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.  
 Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;  
 Or whether that such cowards ought to wear  
 This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

*Glo.* To say the truth, this fact was infamous,  
 And ill beseeming any common man;  
 Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

*Tal.* When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,  
 Knights of the garter were of noble birth;  
 Valiant, and virtuous, full of<sup>9</sup> haughty courage,  
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars;  
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,  
 But always resolute in most extremes.  
 He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,  
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,  
 Profaning this most honourable order;  
 And should (if I were worthy to be judge)

<sup>8</sup> —[at the battle of Poictiers.] The battle of Poictiers was fought in the year 1357, the 31st of king Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th year of the reign of king Henry VI. viz. 1428. This blunder may be justly imputed to the players or transcribers; not can we very well justify ourselves for permitting it to continue so long, as it was too glaring to have escaped an attentive reader. The action of which Shakespeare is now speaking, happened (according to Holinshed) “neere unto a village in Beaufie called *Pataie*,” which we should read, instead of *Poictiers*. “From this battell departed without anie stroke striken, *Sir John Fastolfe*, the same yeere by his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter, &c.” Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 601.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —[haughty courage,] *Haughty* is here in its original sense for *high*. JOHNSON,

Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain  
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

*K. Henry.* Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st  
thy doom :

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;  
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[*Exit Fastolfe.*]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter  
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

*Glo.* What means his grace, that he hath chang'd  
his stile ?

No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the king?*

[*Reading.*]

Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign ?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will ?

What's here ?—*I have, upon especial cause,*— [Reads.]

*Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,*

*Together with the pitiful complaints*

*Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—*

*Forsaken your pernicious faction,*

*And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.*

O monstrous treachery ! Can this be so ;

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile ?

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

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

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

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

*K. Henry.* Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk  
with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse :—

My lord, how say you ? are you not content ?

*Tal.* Content, my liege ? Yes ; but that I am pre-  
vented,

\* Pretend *some alteration in good will?*] Thus the old copy. To pretend seems to be here used in its Latin sense, i. e. to hold out, to stretch forward. Modern editors read *portend*. STEEVENS.

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

*K. Henry.* Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:

Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;  
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

*Tal.* I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,  
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit Tal.*]

*Enter Vernon, and Basset.*

*Ver.* Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

*Basf.* And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

*York.* This is my servant; Hear him, noble prince!

*Som.* And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!

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

Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?  
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

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

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

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

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

*Basf.* Crossing the sea from England into France,  
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,  
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;  
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves  
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,  
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth<sup>2</sup>,  
About a certain question in the law,  
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;  
With other vile and ignominious terms:  
In confutation of which rude reproach,  
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,  
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *did repugn the truth,*] To *repugn* is to resist. The word is used by Chaucer. STEEVENS.



*Ver.* And that is my petition, noble lord :  
 For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,  
 To set a gloss upon his bold intent,  
 Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him ;  
 And he first took exceptions, at this badge,  
 Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower  
 Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

*York.* Will not this malice, Somerset, be left ?

*Som.* Your private grudge, my lord of York, will  
 out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

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

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,  
 Such factious emulations shall arise !—

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,  
 Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

*York.* Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,  
 And then your highness shall command a peace.

*Som.* The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;  
 Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

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

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

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

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

And perish ye, with your audacious prate !

Presumptuous vassals ! are you not ashamed,

With this immodest clamorous outrage

To trouble and disturb the king and us ?—

And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,

To bear with their perverse objections ;

Much less, to take occasion from their mouths

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves ;

Let me persuade you take a better course.

*Exe.* It grieves his highness ;—Good my lords, be  
 friends.

*K. Henry.* Come hither, you that would be com-  
 batants :

Hence-

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,  
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—

And you, my lords,—remember where we are ;

In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation :

If they perceive dissention in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree,

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel ?

Beside, What infamy will there arise,

When foreign princes shall be certify'd,

That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,

King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France ?

O, think upon the conquest of my father,

My tender years ; and let us not forego

That for a trifle, which was bought with blood !

Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

*[Putting on a red rose.]*

That any one should therefore be suspicious

I more incline to Somerset, than York :

Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both :

As well they may upbraid me with my crown,

Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.

But your discretions better can persuade,

Than I am able to instruct or teach :

And therefore, as we hither came in peace,

So let us still continue peace and love.—

Cousin of York, we institute your grace

To be our regent in these parts of France :—

And good my lord of Somerset, unite

Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;—

And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Go cheerfully together, and digest

Your angry choler on your enemies.

Ourselves, my lord protector, and the rest,

After some respite, will return to Calais ;

From thence to England ; where I hope ere long

To

To be presented, by your victories,  
With Charles, Alençon, and that traiterous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

*Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.*

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

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

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

*York.* <sup>3</sup> And, if I wist, he did,—But let it rest;  
Other affairs must now be managed. [*Exeunt.*]

*Manet Exeter.*

*Exe.* Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy  
voice :

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,  
I fear, we should have seen decypher'd there  
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broils,  
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.  
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees  
This jarring discord of nobility,  
This should'ring of each other in the court,  
This factious bandying of their favourites,

<sup>3</sup> In the former editions,

*And if I wish be did*—] By the pointing reform'd, and a  
single letter expung'd, I have restor'd the text to its purity. *And,*  
*if I wis, be did*—Warwick had said, the king meant no harm in  
wearing Somerset's rose: York testily replies, "Nay, if I know  
any thing, he did think harm." THEOBALD.

This is followed by the succeeding editors, and is indeed plau-  
sible enough; but perhaps this speech may become sufficiently in-  
telligible without any change, only supposing it broken.

*And if—I wish—be did.*

or, perhaps :

*And if be did, I wish*— JOHNSON.

I read, *I wisht*. The pret. of the old obsolete verb *I wis*,  
which is used by Shakespeare in *The Merchant of Venice* :

"There be fools alive, *I wis*,

"Silver'd o'er, and so was this." STEEVENS.

But

But that he doth presage some ill event.

'Tis much, when scepters are in children's hands ;

But more, when envy breeds unkind division ;

There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*Before the walls of Bourdeaux.*

*Enter Talbot, with trumpets and drum.*

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

*Enter General aloft.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,  
Servant in arms to Harry king of England ;  
And thus he would, — Open your city gates,  
Be humbled to us ; call my sovereign yours,  
And do him homage as obedient subjects,  
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power :  
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,  
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;  
Who, in a moment, even with the earth  
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,  
If you forsake <sup>4</sup> the offer of their love.

*Gen.* Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,  
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge !  
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.  
On us thou canst not enter, but by death :  
For, I protest, we are well fortify'd,  
And strong enough to issue out and fight :  
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,  
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee :  
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,

<sup>4</sup> — *their love.*] The old editions read : — *the offer of their love.*  
• Sir T. Hanmer altered it to *our.* JOHNSON.



To wall thee from the liberty of flight;  
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,  
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,  
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.  
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,  
 To rive their dangerous artillery  
 Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.  
 Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,  
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:  
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,  
 That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;  
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,  
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,  
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,  
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,  
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;  
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exit from the walls.*

<sup>5</sup> *To rive their dangerous artillery*] I do not understand the phrase *to rive artillery*, perhaps it might be to *drive*; we say *to drive a blow*, and to *drive at a man*, when we mean to express furious assault. JOHNSON.

*To rive* seems to be used with some deviation from its common meaning in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv. sc. ii:

“The soul and body *rive* not more at parting.”

STEEVENS.

*Rive* their artillery seems to mean charge their artillery so much as to endanger their bursting. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ajax bids the trumpeter blow so loud, as to crack his lungs and *split* his brazen pipe. TOLLET.

<sup>6</sup> — *due thee withal*;] *To due* is to *endue*, to *deck*, to *grace*.

JOHNSON.

The old copy reads, — *dew thee withal*; and perhaps rightly. The *dew of praise* is an expression I have met with in other poets:

Shakespeare uses the same verb in *Macbeth*:

“To *dew* the sovereign flow'r, and drown the weeds.”

Again, in the second part of *King Henry VI*:

“———give me thy hand,

“That I may *dew* it with my mournful tears.”

STEEVENS.

*Tal.*

*Tal.* <sup>7</sup> He fables not, I hear the enemy;—  
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—  
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!  
 How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;  
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,  
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!  
 If we be English deer, <sup>8</sup> be then in blood:  
<sup>9</sup> Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch;  
 But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,  
 Turn on the bloody hounds <sup>1</sup> with heads of steel,  
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:  
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,  
 And they shall find dear deer of <sup>2</sup> us, my friends.—  
 God, and faint George! Talbot, and England's right!  
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Another part of France.*

*Enter a Messenger, meeting York, who enters with a trumpet, and many soldiers.*

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

<sup>7</sup> —*He fables not,*—] This expression Milton has borrowed in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*:

“She fables not, I feel that I do fear.”

It occurs again in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

“——good father fable not with him.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —*be then in blood;*] Be in high spirits, be of true mettle.  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Not rascal-like,*—] A rascal deer is the term of chase for lean poor deer. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —*with heads of steel,*] Continuing the image of the deer, he supposes the lances to be their horns. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —*dear deer of us,*] The same quibble occurs in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

“Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

“Though many a dearer, &c.” STEEVENS.

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

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

*Enter Sir William Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Thou princely leader of our English strength,  
Never so needful on the earth of France,  
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;  
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,  
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:  
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!  
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

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

<sup>3</sup> *And am I lowted—*] To *lowt* may signify to *depress*, to *lower*, to *dishonour*; but I do not remember it so used. We may read, *And I am flouted. I am mocked*, and treated with contempt. JOHNSON.

To *lowt*, in Chaucer, signifies to *submit*. To *submit* is to *let down*. So, Dryden:

“ Sometimes the hill *submits* itself a while

“ In small descents, &c.” STEEVENS.

*Lucy.*

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

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

*Lucy.* Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's  
soul!

And on his son young John; whom, two hours since,  
I met in travel towards his warlike father!

This seven years did not Talbot see his son;  
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

*York.* Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,  
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?  
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,  
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—

*Lucy.* farewel: no more my fortune can,  
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—  
Maine, Bloys, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,  
'Long all of Somersset, and his delay.

*Lucy.* Thus, while<sup>4</sup> the vulture of sedition  
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,  
Sleeping neglectiōn doth betray to loss  
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,  
That ever-living man of memory,  
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,  
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

*Another part of France.*

*Enter Somersset, with his army.*

*Som.* It is too late; I cannot send them now:  
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,  
Too rashly plotted; all our general force

<sup>4</sup> —the vulture—] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus.



Might with a fally of the very town  
 Be buckled with : the over-daring Talbot  
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour  
 By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure :  
 York set him on to fight, and die in shame,  
 That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name;  
*Capt.* Here is sir William Lucy, who with me  
 Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

*Enter Sir William Lucy.*

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

*Lucy.* Whither, my lord ? from bought and sold  
 lord Talbot ;

Who, <sup>5</sup> ring'd about with bold adversity,  
 Cries out for noble York and Somerset,  
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions.  
 And whiles the honourable captain there  
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,  
 And, <sup>6</sup> in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,  
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,  
 Keep off aloof with <sup>7</sup> worthless emulation.  
 Let not your private discord keep away  
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,  
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,  
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds :  
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,  
 Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,  
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

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

*Lucy.* And York as fast upon your grace exclaims ;

<sup>5</sup> — ring'd about—] Environed, encircled. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —in advantage ling'ring,—] Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —worthless emulation.] In this line *emulation* signifies merely rivalry, not struggle for superior excellence. JOHNSON.

Swearing, that you withhold his levied host,  
Collected for this expedition.

*Som.* York lies; he might have sent, and had the  
horse:

I owe him little duty, and less love;  
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

*Lucy.* The fraud of England, not the force of  
France,

Hath now entrapt the noble-minded Talbot:  
Never to England shall he bear his life;  
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

*Som.* Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:  
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

*Lucy.* Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:  
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;  
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

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

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

## SCENE V.

*A field of battle near Bourdeaux.*

*Enter Talbot, and his son.*

*Tal.* O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,  
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;  
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,  
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,  
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.  
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—  
Now art thou come unto<sup>s</sup> a feast of death,  
A terrible and unavoyded danger:  
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;  
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape

<sup>s</sup> —a feast of death,] To a field where death will be feasted  
with slaughter. JOHNSON.

By sudden flight : come, dally not, begone.

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

To make a bastard, and a slave of me :  
The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,  
That basely fled, when <sup>9</sup> noble Talbot stood.

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

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

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

*John.* Then, let me stay ; and, father, do you fly :  
Your loss is great, so ' your regard should be ;  
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.  
Upon my death the French can little boast ;  
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.

Flight cannot stain the honour you have won ;  
But mine it will, that no exploit have done :  
You fled for vantage, every one will swear ;  
But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.  
There is no hope that ever I will stay,  
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.

Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,  
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>9</sup> *noble Talbot stood.*] For what reason this scene is written in rhyme I cannot guess. If Shakespeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been a part of some other poem which was never finished, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inserted it here. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *—your regard—*] Your care of your own safety. JOHNSON.

*John.* Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight  
abuse it?

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

*John.* You cannot witness for me, being slain.  
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

*Tal.* And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?  
My age was never tainted with such shame.

*John.* And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?  
No more can I be sever'd from your side,  
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:  
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;  
For live I will not, if my father die.

*Tal.* Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,  
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.  
Come, side by side together live and die;  
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's son is hemm'd about,  
and Talbot rescues him.*

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

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

*Tal.* When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword  
struck fire,  
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire  
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,  
Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,

Beat



Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,  
 And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.  
 The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood  
 From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood  
 Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;  
 And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed  
 Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,  
 Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,  
 And mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,  
 Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,  
 Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—*  
 Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
 Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;  
 Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou fare?  
 Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,  
 Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?  
 Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;  
 The help of one stands me in little stead.  
 Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,  
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat.  
 If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,  
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:  
 By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,  
 'Tis but the shortning of my life one day:  
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,  
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:  
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;  
 All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

*John.* The sword of Orleans hath not made me  
 smart,

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:  
 'Oh what advantage, bought with such a shame,

To

<sup>2</sup> *On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
 To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!]*

This passage seems to lie obscure and disjointed. Neither the grammar is to be justified; nor is the sentiment better. I have ventur'd at a slight alteration, which departs so little from the reading which has obtain'd, but so much raises the sense, as well as

To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!  
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
 The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!  
 And like me to the peasant boys of France;  
 To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!  
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,  
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:  
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;  
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

*Tal.* Then follow thou thy desperate fire of Crete,  
 Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:  
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;  
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

*Alarum: excursions. Enter old Talbot, led by the French.*

*Tal.* Where is my other life?—mine own is  
 gone;—

O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—  
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!  
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—  
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,

takes away the obscurity, that I am willing to think it restores  
 the author's meaning:

*Out on that vantage.* THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, *O what advantage*, which I have fol-  
 lowed, though Mr. Theobald's conjecture may be well enough  
 admitted. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *And like me to the peasant boys of France;*] *To like one to the*  
*peasants* is, to compare, to level by comparison; the line is there-  
 fore intelligible enough by itself, but in this sense it wants con-  
 nection. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *And leave me*, which makes a  
 clear sense and just consequence. But as change is not to be al-  
 lowed without necessity, I have suffered *like* to stand, because I  
 suppose the author meant the same as *make like*, or *reduce to a le-*  
*vel with.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!*] That is, death  
 stained and dishonoured with captivity. JOHNSON.

His

His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,  
 And, like a hungry lion, did commence  
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;  
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,  
 'Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,  
 Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,  
 Suddenly made him from my side to start  
 Into the clust'ring battle of the French:  
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench  
 His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd  
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

*Enter John Talbot, borne.*

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

*Tal.* <sup>6</sup> Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to  
 scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,  
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,  
 Two Talbots, <sup>7</sup> winged through the lither sky,

In

<sup>5</sup> *Tend'ring my ruin,*—] Watching me with tenderness in my fall. JOHNSON.

I would rather read,—*Tending my ruin,* &c. TYRWHITT.

I adhere to the old reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Polonius says to Ophelia:

“———Tender yourself more dearly.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Thou antic death,*—] The fool, or antic of the play, made sport by mocking the graver personages. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——winged through the lither sky,] *Lither* is flexible or yielding. In much the same sense Milton says:

“———He with broad sails

“Winnow'd the *buxom* air.”

That is, the obsequious air. JOHNSON.

*Lither* is the comparative of the adjective *lithe*.

So, in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591:

“———to breed numbness or *litherness*.”

*Litherness* is *limberness* or *yielding weakness*.

Again, in *Look about You*, 1600:

“I'll bring his *lither* legs in better frame.”

Milton might have borrow'd the expression from Spenser, or Gower, who uses it in the Prologue to his *Confessio Amantis*:

In thy despight, shall 'scape mortality.—

O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,  
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath :

Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no ;

Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—

Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks ; as who should say—

Had death been French, then death had died to-  
day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms ;

My spirit can no longer bear these harms.

Soldiers, adieu ! I have what I would have,

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[Dies.

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

*Continues near Bourdeaux.*

*Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard and Joan  
la Pucelle.*

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

*Bast.* How the young<sup>s</sup> whelp of Talbot's, raging-  
wood,

Did

“ That unto him whiche the head is,

“ The membres *buxom* shall bowe.”

In the old service of matrimony, the wife was enjoined to be *buxom* both at bed and board. *Buxom* therefore anciently signified obedient or yielding. Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595, uses the word in the same sense: “ —are so *buxome* to their shameless desires, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> —whelp of Talbot's, raging brood,] Thus the modern editions. I have restored the old reading. *Raging-wood* signifies *raging mad*.

So, Heywood in his *Dialogues containing a number of effectual proverbes*, 1562 :

“ —and



Did flesh his puny sword<sup>9</sup> in Frenchmen's blood!

*Pucel.* Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,  
*Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:*

But—with a proud, majestic, high scorn—  
He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born—  
To be the pillage<sup>1</sup> of a giglot wench:*

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,  
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

*Bur.* Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight;  
See, where he lies inhered in the arms  
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

*Bast.* Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

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

“ ———— and God wot

“ He is wood at a word, little pott soone hot.”

And again:

“ ———— as good

“ As she gave him. She was, as they say, *born-wood.*”

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

“ He will fight as he were wood.”

Again, in the *Mystery of Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

“ Like as a *wodman* he gan to fray.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —in *Frenchmen's blood!*] The return of rhyme where young Talbot is again mentioned, and in no other place, strengthens the suspicion that these verses were originally part of some other work, and were copied here only to save the trouble of composing new. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —of a *giglot wench.*] *Giglot* is a *wanton*, or a *strumpet*.  
JOHNSON.

The word is used by Gascoigne and other authors, though now quite obsolete.

So, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1599:

“ Whose choice is like that Greekish *giglot's* love,

“ That left her lord, prince Menelaus.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —in *the bowels of the French,*] So, in the first part of *Jeronimo*, 1605:

“ Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in *the battle's bowels.*”

STEEVENS.

*Enter Sir William Lucy.*

*Lucy.* <sup>3</sup> Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent;  
to know

Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

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

*Lucy.* Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a meer French  
word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,  
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

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

*Lucy.* Where is the great Alcides of the field,  
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?  
Created, for his rare success in arms,  
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;  
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,  
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,  
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Shef-  
field,

The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;  
Knight of the noble order of saint George,  
Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece;  
Great marshal to Henry the sixth,  
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

*Pucel.* Here is a silly stately stile, indeed!  
The Turk <sup>4</sup>, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,  
Writes not so tedious a stile as this.—

<sup>3</sup> *Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know  
Who hath obtain'd*——]

*Lucy's* message implied that he knew who had obtained the victory: therefore sir T. Hanmer reads:

*Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *The Turk, &c.*] Alluding probably to the ostentatious letter of Sultan Solyman the Magnificent, to the emperor Ferdinand, 1562; in which all the Grand Signior's titles are enumerated. See Knolles's *Hist. of the Turks*, 5th edit. p. 789. GRAY.

Him, that thou magnify'st with all these titles,  
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

*Lucy.* Is Talbot slain ; the Frenchmen's only  
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis ?

Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,

That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces !

Oh, that I could but call these dead to life !

It were enough to fright the realm of France :

Were but his picture left among you here,

It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies ; that I may bear them hence,

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

*Pucel.* I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,

He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.

For God's sake, let him have 'em ; to keep them here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

*Char.* Go, take their bodies hence.

*Lucy.* I'll bear

Them hence : but from their ashes shall be rear'd

A phœnix, that shall make all France afeard.

*Char.* So we be rid of them, do with him what thou  
wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein ;

All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*England.*

*Enter King Henry, Gloster, and Exeter.*

*K. Henry.* Have you perus'd the letters from the  
pope,

The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac ?

*Glo.* I have, my lord ; and their intent is this,—

They humbly sue unto your excellence,

To have a godly peace concluded of,

Between the realms of England and of France:

*K. Henry.*

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

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

*K. Henry.* Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,  
It was both impious and unnatural,  
That such immanity<sup>5</sup> and bloody strife  
Should reign among professors of one faith.

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

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

*Enter a Legate, and two ambassadors, with Winchester  
as cardinal.*

*Exe.* <sup>6</sup> What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,  
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!  
Then, I perceive, that will be verifi'd,  
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—

<sup>5</sup> —immanity] i. e. barbarity, savageness. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,  
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!*]

This (as Mr. Edwards has observed in his MS. notes) argues a great forgetfulness in the poet. In the first act Gloster says:

*I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat;*  
and it is strange that the duke of Exeter should not know of his advancement. STEEVENS.



*If once he come to be a cardinal,  
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.*

*K. Henry.* My lords ambassadors, your several suits  
Have been consider'd and debated on.  
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:  
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd  
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;  
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean  
Shall be transported presently to France.

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

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

[*Exeunt king, and train.*]

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

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

*Win.* Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,  
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.  
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,  
That, nor in birth, nor for authority,  
The bishop will be over-borne by thee:  
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,  
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> *That, nor in birth,—*] I would read *for* birth. That is, thou shalt not rule me though thy birth is legitimate and thy authority supreme. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads, *neither.* STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

*France.*

*Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alençon, and Joan la Pucelle.*

*Dau.* These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits :

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,  
And turn again unto the warlike French.

*Alen.* Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,  
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

*Pucel.* Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;  
Else, ruin combat with their palaces !

*Enter a Scout.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Dau.* Then on, my lords ; And France be fortunate !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

*Alarum : excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.*

*Pucel.* The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—

Now help, <sup>9</sup> ye charming spells, and periapts ;  
 And ye choice spirits, that admonish me,  
 And give me signs of future accidents! [*Thunder.*  
 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
 Under the lordly <sup>1</sup> monarch of the north,  
 Appear, and aid me in this enterprize !

*Enter Fiends.*

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof  
 Of your accustom'd diligence to me.  
 Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd

<sup>9</sup> —*ye charming spells, and periapts ;*] Charms sow'd up. Ezek. xiii. 18. *Woe to them that sow pillows to all arm-holes, to hunt souls.* POPE.

Periapts were worn about the neck as preservatives from disease or danger. Of these, the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious.

Whoever is desirous to know more about them, may consult Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c.

STEEVENS.

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

<sup>1</sup> —*monarch of the north,*] The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton therefore assembles the rebel angels in the north. JOHNSON.

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

<sup>2</sup> Out of the powerful regions under earth,  
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[*They walk, and speak not.*]

Oh, hold me not with silence over-long!  
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,  
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,  
In earnest of a further benefit;  
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[*They hang their heads.*]

No hope to have redress?—My body shall  
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,  
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?  
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,  
Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*]

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,  
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,  
And let her head fall into England's lap.  
My ancient incantations are too weak,  
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:—  
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit*]

*Excursions. Pucelle and York fight hand to hand.  
Pucelle is taken. The French fly.*

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

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!  
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,  
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

*Pucel.* Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

*York.* Oh, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;  
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

<sup>2</sup> *Out of the powerful regions under earth,]* I believe Shakespeare wrote *legions*. WARBURTON.

*Pucel.*



*Pucel.* A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd  
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

*York.* Fell, banning hag<sup>3</sup>! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

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

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

*Alarum.* Enter Suffolk, leading in lady Margaret.

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

Oh fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;  
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,  
And lay them gently on thy tender side.  
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

*Mar.* Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,  
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

*Suf.* An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.  
Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:  
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.  
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,  
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend. [She is going.]  
Oh, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;  
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.

<sup>4</sup> As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,  
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So

<sup>3</sup> ——— *fell banning hag!*] To *ban* is to curse. So, in the *Few of Malta*, 1633:

“ I *ban* their souls to everlasting pains.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, &c.*] This comparison, made between things which seem sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of lady Margaret's

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.  
 Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak;  
 I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:  
 Fie, De la Poole! <sup>5</sup> disable not thyself;  
 Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?  
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's fight?  
 Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,  
 Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

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

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

*Mar.* Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I  
 pay?

*Suf.* She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:  
 She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*]

*Mar.* Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

*Suf.* Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;  
 Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*]

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

*Suf.* There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card <sup>6</sup>.

*Mar.* He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

*Suf.* And yet a dispensation may be had.

*Mar.* And yet I would that you would answer me.

*Suf.* I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?  
 Why, for my king: Tush! that's <sup>7</sup> a wooden thing.

*Mar.*

beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle: which was bright,  
 but gave no pain by its lustre. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *disable not thyself*;] Do not represent thyself so weak.  
 To *disable* the judgment of another was, in that age, the same  
 as to destroy its credit or authority. JOHNSON.

So, in *As You Like It*, act V:—"If again, it was not well cut,  
 he *disabled my judgment*." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *a cooling card*.] So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"I'll have a present *cooling card* for you." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *a wooden thing*.] Is an *awkward business*, an *undertaking*  
 not likely to succeed.

So, in Lyly's *Galathea*, 1592: "Would I were out of these  
 woods, for I shall have but *wooden luck*."

Again,

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

*Suf.* Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,

And peace established between these realms:

But there remains a scruple in that too :

For though her father be the king of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*]

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

*Suf.* It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much :

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

*Mar.* What though I be enthral'd ? he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*]

*Suf.* Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

*Mar.* Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French ;

And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*]

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

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

[*Aside.*]

*Suf.* Lady, wherefore talk you so ?

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

*Suf.* Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen ?

*Mar.* To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,

Than is a slave in base servility ;

For princes should be free.

*Suf.* And so shall you,

If happy England's royal king be free.

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

*Suf.* I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen ;

To put a golden scepter in thy hand,

And set a precious crown upon thy head,

Again, in his *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600 :

“ My master takes but *wooden* pains.”

Again, in the *Knave of Spades*, &c. no date.

“ To make an end of that same *wooden* phrase.”

STEEVENS.

If thou wilt condescend to be my——

*Mar.* What?

*Suf.* His love.

*Mar.* I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

*Suf.* No, gentle madam; I unworthy am  
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,  
And have no portion in the choice myself.  
How say you, madam; are you so content?

*Mar.* An if my father please, I am content.

*Suf.* Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:  
And, madam, at your father's castle walls  
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

*Sound.* Enter Reignier on the walls.

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

*Reig.* To whom?

*Suf.* To me.

*Reig.* Suffolk, what remedy?

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

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

*Reig.* Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

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

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

[Exit from the walls.

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

*Trumpets sound.* Enter Reignier, below.

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

*Suf.*



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

What answer makes your grace unto my suit ?

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

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

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

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

*Suf.* Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,  
Because this is in traffic of a king :  
And yet, methinks, I could be well content  
To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*

I'll over then to England with this news,  
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd :  
So, farewell, Reignier ! Set this diamond safe  
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

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

*Mar.* Farewel, my lord ! Good wishes, praise, and  
prayers,  
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*She is going.*

*Suf.* Farewel, sweet madam ! But hark you, Mar-  
garet ;  
No princely commendations to my king ?

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

*Suf.* Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.  
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—  
No loving token to his majesty ?

*Mar.* Yes, my good lord ; a pure unspotted heart,  
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

*Suf.* And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

*Mar.* That for thyself;—I will not so presume,  
 8 To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt Reignier, and Margaret.*]

*Suf.* O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;  
 Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;  
 There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.  
 Sollicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:  
 Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,  
 9 Mad, natural graces that extinguish art;  
 Repeat their semblance often on the seas,  
 That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,  
 Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[*Exit,*]

## SCENE V.

*Camp of the duke of York in Anjou.*

*Enter York, Warwick, a Shepherd, and Pucelle.*

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

*Shep.* Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart out-  
 right!

Have I sought every country far and near,  
 And, now it is my chance to find thee out,

\* *To send such peevish tokens*—] *Peevish*, for childish.

WARBURTON.

See a note on *Cymbeline*, act I. sc. vii: "He's strange and  
*peevish*." STEEVENS.

9 *Mad, natural graces*—] So the old copy. The modern  
 editors have been content to read *her* natural graces. By the  
 word *mad*, however, I believe the poet only meant *wild* or  
 uncultivated. In the former of these significations he appears  
 to have used it in *Othello*—*be she lov'd prov'd mad*. Which  
 Dr. Johnson has properly interpreted. We call a wild girl, to  
 this day, a *mad-cap*.

*Mad*, in some of the ancient books of gardening, is used as an  
 epithet to plants which grow rampant and wild. STEEVENS.

Must

Must I behold thy timeless<sup>1</sup> cruel death?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

*Pucel.* Decrepit miser<sup>2</sup>! base ignoble wretch!

I am descended of a gentler blood;

Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

*Shep.* Out, out! — My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows:

Her mother liveth yet, can testify

She was the first-fruit of my batchelorship.

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

*York.* This argues what her kind of life hath been;

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

*Shep.* Fie, Joan! <sup>3</sup> that thou wilt be so obstacle!  
God

<sup>1</sup> —timeless] is *untimely*. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:

“Thy strength was buried in his *timeless* death.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Decrepit miser*!] *Miser* has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a miserable creature. So, in the *Interlude of Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

“But as for these *misers* within my father's tent.”

Again, in Lord Sterling's tragedy of *Cræsus*, 1604:

“Or thinkst thou me of judgment too remiss,

“A *miser* that in miserie remains,

“The bastard child of fortune, barr'd from blifs,

“Whom heaven doth hate, and all the world disdains?”

Again, in Holinshed, p. 760, where he is speaking of the death of Richard III: “And so this *miser*, at the same verie point, had like chance and fortune, &c.” Again, p. 951, among the last words of lord Cromwell: “—for if I should so doo, I were a very wretch and a *miser*.” Again, *ibid*: “—and so patiently suffered the stroke of the ax, by a ragged and butcherlie *miser*, which ill-favouredlie performed the office.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —that thou wilt be so obstacle!] A vulgar corruption of *obstinate*, which I think has oddly lasted since our author's time till now. JOHNSON.

The same corruption may be met with in other writers. Thus, in Chapman's *May-day*, 1611:

“An *obstacle* young thing it is.”

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631:

“Be not *obstacle*, old duke.”

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh ;  
 And for thy sake have I shed many a tear :  
 Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

*Pucel.* Peasant, avaunt !—You have suborn'd this  
 man,

Of purpose to obscure <sup>4</sup> my noble birth.

*Shep.* 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,  
 The morn that I was wedded to her mother. —  
 Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.  
 Wilt thou not stoop ? Now cursed be the time  
 Of thy nativity ! I would, the milk  
 Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,  
 Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake !  
 Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,  
 I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee !  
 Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab ?  
 O, burn her, burn her ; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

*York.* Take her away ; for she hath liv'd too long,  
 To fill the world with vicious qualities.

*Pucel.* First, let me tell you whom you have con-  
 demn'd :

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,  
 But issu'd from the progeny of kings ;  
 Virtuous, and holy ; chosen from above,  
 By inspiration of celestial grace,  
 To work exceeding miracles on earth.  
 I never had to do with wicked spirits :  
 But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,  
 Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
 Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—  
 Because you want the grace that others have,

Again, in *Gower de Confessione Amantis*, B. II :

“ He thanked God of his miracle,

“ To whose might may be none *obstacle.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— my noble birth.

——— 'Tis true, I gave a noble—— ]

This passage seems to corroborate an explanation, somewhat far-  
 fetched, which I have given in *Henry IV.* of the *nobleman* and  
*Royal man.* JOHNSON.



You judge it straight a thing impossible  
 To compass wonders, but by help of devils.  
<sup>5</sup> No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been  
 A virgin from her tender infancy,  
 Chaste and immaculate in very thought;  
 Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,  
 Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

*York.* Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

*War.* And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,  
 Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:  
 Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,  
 That so her torture may be shortened.

*Pucel.* Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—  
 Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;  
 That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—  
 I am with child, ye bloody homicides:  
 Murder not then the fruit within my womb,  
 Although ye hale me to a violent death.

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

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

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

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

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

*York.* <sup>6</sup> Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!  
 It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

*Pucel.*

<sup>5</sup> No, misconceived!—] i. e. No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!] Machiavel being mentioned somewhat before his time, this line is by some of the editors given to the players, and ejected from the text. JOHNSON.

The character of Machiavel seems to have made so very deep an impression on the dramatic writers of this age, that he is many times

*Pucel.* O, give me leave, I have deluded you ;  
 'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,  
 But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

*War.* A marry'd man ! that's most intolerable.

*York.* Why, here's a girl ! I think, she knows not  
 well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

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

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

*Pucel.* Then lead me hence ;—with whom I leave  
 my curse :

May never glorious sun reflex his beams  
 Upon the country where you make abode !  
 But darkness, and the gloomy shade of death<sup>7</sup>  
 Environ you ;<sup>8</sup> 'till mischief, and despair,  
 Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves !

[*Exit guarded.*]

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

times as prematurely spoken of. So, in the *Valiant Welchman*,  
 1615, one of the characters bids *Caradoc*, i. e. *Caractacus*,

“ ————read *Machiavel* :

“ Princes that would aspire, must mock at hell.”

Again :

“ ————my brain

“ Italianates my barren faculties

“ To *Machiavelian* blackness——” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —darkness and the gloomy shade of death—] The expression  
 is scriptural: “ Whereby the day-spring from on high hath  
 visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow  
 of death.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ————till mischief and despair

Drive you to break your necks, ——]

Perhaps Shakespeare intended to remark in this execration, the  
 frequency of suicide among the English, which has been com-  
 monly imputed to the gloominess of their air. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter Cardinal Beaufort, &c.*

*Car.* Lord regent, I do greet your excellene  
With letters of commiffion from the king.  
For know, my lords, the ftates of Chriften-  
dom, Mov'd with remorse at thefe outrageous broils,  
Have earneftly implor'd a general peace  
° Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;  
And fee at hand the Dauphin, and his train,  
Approacheth, to confer about fome matters.

*York.* Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?  
After the flaugher of fo many peers,  
So many captains, gentlemen, and foldiers,  
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,  
And fold their bodies for their country's benefit,  
Shall we at laft conclude effeminate peace?  
Have we not loft moft part of all the towns,  
By treason, falshood, and by treachery,  
Our great progenitors had conquered?—  
Oh, Warwick, Warwick! I forefee with grief  
The utter lofs of all the realm of France.

*War.* Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,  
It fhall be with fuch ftrict and fevere covenants,  
As little fhall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter Charles, Alençon, Bastard, and Reignier.*

*Char.* Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,  
That peaceful truce fhall be proclaim'd in France,

° *Betwixt our nation and th' aspiring French;*] But would an  
ambaffador, who came to perfuade peace with France, ufe it as  
an argument, that France was *aspiring*? Shakefpeare without  
doubt wrote:

——— *th' refpiring French;*

*i. e.* who had but juft got into breath again, after having been  
almost hunted down by the Englifh. WARBURTON.

The ambaffador yet ufes no argument, but if he did, *refpir-  
ing* would not much help the caufe. Shakefpeare wrote what  
might be pronounced, and therefore did not write *th' refpiring.*

JOHNSON.

We

We come to be informed by yourselves  
What the conditions of that league must be.

*York.* Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler choaks  
The hollow passage of my <sup>1</sup> poison'd voice,  
By sight of these our <sup>2</sup> baleful enemies.

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

*Alen.* Must he be then as shadow of himself?  
Adorn his temples <sup>3</sup> with a coronet;  
And yet, in substance and authority,  
Retain but privilege of a private man?  
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

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

<sup>1</sup> — *poison'd voice*,] *Poison'd voice* agrees well enough with *baneful enemies*, or with *baleful*, if it can be used in the same sense. The modern editors read, *prison'd voice*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *baleful enemies*.] *Baleful* is *sorrowful*; I therefore rather imagine that we should read *baneful*, *hurtful*, or *mischievous*.

JOHNSON.

*Baleful* had anciently the same meaning as *baneful*. It is an epithet very frequently bestow'd on poisonous plants and reptiles. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ With *baleful* weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *with a coronet*;] *Coronet* is here used for a *crown*.

JOHNSON.



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

*York.* Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means  
Us'd intercession to obtain a league;  
And, now the matter grows to compromise,  
Stand'st thou aloof <sup>4</sup> upon comparison?  
Either <sup>5</sup> accept the title thou usurp'st,  
Of benefit proceeding from our king,  
And not of any challenge of desert,  
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

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

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

[*Aside, to the Dauphin.*

*War.* How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condi-  
tion stand?

*Char.* It shall:

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest  
In any of our towns of garrison.

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

[*Charles, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*

<sup>4</sup> —upon comparison? Do you stand to compare your present  
state, a state which you have neither right or power to maintain,  
with the terms which we offer? JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —accept the title thou usurp'st,

Of benefit——]

Benefit is here a term of law. Be content to live as the benefi-  
ciary of our king. JOHNSON.

So,

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

## S C E N E VI.

*England.*

*A room in the palace.*

*Enter Suffolk, in conference with king Henry ;  
 Gloster, and Exeter.*

*K. Henry.* Your wond'rous rare description, noble  
 earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me :  
 Her virtues, graced with external gifts,  
 Do breed love's settled passions in my heart :  
 And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts  
 Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide ;  
 ' So am I driven, by breath of her renown,  
 Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive  
 Where I may have fruition of her love.

*Suf.* Tush, my good lord ! this superficial tale  
 Is but a preface of her worthy praise :  
 The chief perfections of that lovely dame,  
 (Had I sufficient skill to utter them)  
 Would make a volume of enticing lines,  
 Able to ravish any dull conceit.  
 And, which is more, she is not so divine,  
 So full replete with choice of all delights,  
 But, with as humble lowliness of mind,  
 She is content to be at your command ;  
 Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,

<sup>6</sup> *So am I driven,*—] This simile is somewhat obscure ; he seems to mean, that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest.

To love and honour Henry as her lord.

*K. Henry.* And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.  
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,  
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

*Glo.* So should I give consent to flatter sin.  
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd  
Unto another lady of esteem;  
How shall we then dispense with that contract,  
And not deface your honour with reproach?

*Suf.* As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;  
Or one, that, ' at a triumph having vow'd  
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists  
By reason of his adversary's odds:  
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,  
And therefore may be broke without offence.

*Glo.* Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than  
that?

Her father is no better than an earl,  
Although in glorious titles he excel.

*Suf.* Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,  
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;  
And of such great authority in France,  
As his alliance will confirm our peace,  
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

*Glo.* And so the earl of Armagnac may do,  
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

*Exe.* Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;  
While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

*Suf.* A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your  
king,  
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,  
To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.  
Henry is able to enrich his queen,  
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:  
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,

<sup>7</sup> —at a triumph—] That is, at the sports by which a triumph is celebrated. JOHNSON.

As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.  
 But marriage is a matter of more worth,  
 Than to be dealt in<sup>s</sup> by attorneyship ;  
 Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,  
 Must be companion of his nuptial bed :  
 And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,  
 It most of all these reasons bindeth us,  
 In our opinions she should be preferr'd.  
 For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,  
 An age of discord and continual strife ?  
 Whereas the contrary bringeth forth blifs,  
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.  
 Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,  
 But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?  
 Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,  
 Approves her fit for none, but for a king :  
 Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,  
 (More than in woman commonly is seen) will  
 Answer our hope in issue of a king ;  
 For Henry, son unto a conqueror,  
 Is likely to beget more conquerors,  
 If with a lady of so high resolve,  
 As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.  
 Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with me,  
 That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

*K. Henry.* Whether it be through force of your  
 report,

My noble lord of Suffolk ; or for that  
 My tender youth was never yet attaint  
 With any passion of inflaming love,  
 I cannot tell ; but this I am assur'd,  
 I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,  
 Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,  
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
 Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord, to France ;

<sup>s</sup> —by attorneyship,—] By the intervention of another man's choice ; or the discretionary agency of another. JOHNSON.



Agree to any covenants ; and procure  
 That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
 To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd  
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen :  
 For your expences and sufficient charge,  
 Among the people gather up a tenth.  
 Be gone, I say ; for, 'till you do return,  
 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares. —  
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence :  
 ° If you do censure me by what you were,  
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
 This sudden execution of my will.  
 And so conduct me, where from company,  
 I may revolve and <sup>1</sup> ruminatè my grief.

[Exit.

Glo.

° *If you do censure me &c.*] To *censure* is here simply to *judge*.  
*If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —*ruminatè my grief.*] *Grief* in the first line is taken generally for *pain* or *uneasiness* ; in the second specially for *sorrow*.

Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick those plays not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events ; that it was written and played before Henry the Fifth is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts :

*Henry the sixth in swaddling bands crown'd king,  
 Whose state so many had the managing  
 That they lost France, and made his England bleed  
 Which oft our stage hath shewn.*

*France is lost* in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

The second and third parts of *Henry VI.* were printed in 1600. When *Henry V.* was written, we know not, but it was printed likewise in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the first

*Glo.* Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.  
 [*Exeunt Gloster, and Exeter.*]

*Suf.* Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;  
 With hope to find the like event in love,  
 But prosper better than the Trojan did.  
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;  
 But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

[*Exit.*]

part: the first part of *Henry VI.* had been often *shewn on the stage*, and would certainly have appeared in its place had the author been the publisher. JOHNSON.

P A R T

HENRY

H E N R Y VI.

P A R T II.

## Persons Represented.

King Henry the Sixth.

Humphrey, duke of Gloster, *uncle to the king.*

Cardinal Beaufort, *bishop of Winchester.*

Duke of York, *pretending to the crown.*

Duke of Buckingham,

Duke of Somerset, } *of the king's party.*

Duke of Suffolk,

Earl of Salisbury, } *of the York faction.*

Earl of Warwick, }

Lord Clifford, *of the king's party.*

Lord Say.

Lord Scales, *governor of the Tower.*

Sir Humphrey Stafford.

Young Stafford, *his brother.*

Alexander Iden, *a Kentish gentleman.*

Young Clifford, *son to lord Clifford.*

Edward Plantagenet,

Richard Plantagenet, } *sons to the duke of York.*

Vaux, *a sea captain, and Walter Whitmore, pirates.*

A Herald. Hume and Southwell, *two priests.*

Bolingbroke, *an astrologer.*

A spirit, *attending on Jordan the witch.*

Thomas Horner, *an armourer. Peter, his man.*

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint 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.*

Dame Eleanor, *wife to the duke of Gloster.*

Mother Jordan, *a witch.*

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.*



SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY VI.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Palace.*

*Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter king Henry, duke Humphrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beaufort, on the one side; the Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.*

<sup>2</sup> *Suf.* As by your high imperial majesty  
I had in charge at my depart for France,

As

<sup>1</sup> *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. *Second Part of King 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 houses of York and Lancaster: and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present scene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign; and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign; so that it comprizes the history and transactions of ten years,

THEOBALD.

It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company that this play, &c. was entered by Tho. Millington, March 12, 1593. It was altered by *Crowne*, and acted in the year 1681. STEEVENS.

<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

As procurator to your excellence,<sup>3</sup>  
 To marry princess Margaret for your grace;  
 So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—  
 In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,  
 The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, Alen-  
 çon,  
 Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bi-  
 shops,—

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd :  
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,  
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
 Deliver up my title in the queen  
 To your most gracious hand, that are the substance  
 Of that great shadow I did represent ;  
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

*K. Henry.* Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Mar-  
 garet :

I can express no kinder sign of love,  
 Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,  
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !  
 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,  
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

*Q. Mar.* Great king of England, and my gracious  
 lord ;

first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the se-  
 cond and third parts were not written without dependance on the  
 first, though they were printed as containing a complete period of  
 history. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *As procurator to your excellence, &c.*] So, in Holinshed,  
 p. 625: "The marquesse of Suffolk as procurator to king  
 Henrie, espoused the said ladie in the church of saint Martins.  
 At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the  
 bride; the French king himself that was uncle to the husband,  
 and the French queen also that was aunt to the wife. There  
 were also the dukes of Orleance, of Calabre, of Alanson, and  
 of Britaine, seaven earles, twelve barons, twenty bishops, &c."

STEEVENS.

\* The mutual conference that my mind hath had—  
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;  
In courtly company, or at my beads,—  
With you<sup>s</sup> mine alder-lievest sovereign,  
Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,  
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

*K. Henry.* Her sight did ravish: but her grace in  
speech,

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys;  
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—  
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

*All.* Long live queen Margaret, England's 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 Poole, marquis of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said*

\* *The mutual conference—*] I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination. JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> *—mine alder-lievest sovereign,*] *Alder-lievest* is an old English word given to him to whom the speaker is supremely attached: *lievest* being the superlative of the comparative *lewar*, rather, from *lief*. So, Hall in his *Chronicle*, Henry VI. folio 12. "Ryght hyghe and mighty prince, and my ryght noble, and, after one, *levest* lord." WARBURTON.

*Alder-lievest—*] Is a corruption of the German word *alder-lichste*, beloved above all things.

The word is used by Chaucer; and is put by Marston into the mouth of his Dutch courtesan:

"O mine *alder-lievest* love."

Again: "—pretty sweetheart of mine *alder-lievest* affection."

Again, in Gascoigne: "—and to mine *alder-lievest* lord I must indite."

STEEVENS.

Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter to Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.

Item, That the dutchies of Anjou and of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her fa—

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;

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

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

Win. Item, it is further agreed between them,—that the dutchies of Anjou and 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-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 in the parts of France,  
'Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—  
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buck-  
ingham,

Somerfet, Salisbury, and Warwick;  
We thank you all for this great favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.  
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,  
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,

*We thank you for all this great favour done,*] Undoubtedly we should read, from a regard both to the sense and the metre:

*We thank you all for this great favour done.* REVISAL.

The first folio confirms the propriety of this conjecture.

STEEVENS.

Your



Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
 What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
 His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?  
 Did he so often lodge in open field,  
 In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,  
 To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
 And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
 To keep by policy what Henry got?  
 Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,  
 Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,  
 Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?  
 Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,  
 With all the learned council of the realm,  
 Study'd so long, sat in the council-house,  
 Early and late, debating to and fro  
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?  
 Or hath his highness in his infancy  
 Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes;  
 And shall these labours, and these honours, die?  
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?  
 O peers of England, shameful is this league!  
 Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;  
 Blotting your names from books of memory;  
 Razing the characters of your renown;  
 Reversing monuments of conquer'd France;  
 Undoing all, as all had never been!

*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?  
 ' This peroration with such circumstance?  
 For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

*Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;  
 But now it is impossible we should:  
 Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,  
 Hath given the dutchies of Anjou and Maine  
 Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style

<sup>7</sup> *This peroration with such circumstance?*] This speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation. JOHNSON.

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 ?  
Mort Dieu !

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

*Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,  
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,  
For costs and charges in transporting her !  
She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,  
Before———

*Car.* My lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot ;  
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

*Glo.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind ;  
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,  
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.  
Rancour will out : Proud prelate, in thy face  
I see thy fury : if I longer stay,  
We shall begin our ancient bickerings ?.—

Fare-

\* *And are the cities, &c.]* The indignation of Warwick is natural, and I wish it had been better expressed ; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*. JOHNSON.

° *Bickerings.]* To *bicker* is to *strife*. In the ancient metrical

Farewel, my lords; and say, when I am gone,  
I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long. *[Exit.*

*Car.* So, there goes our protector in a rage.

'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy :

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all ;

And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.

Consider, lords—he is the next of blood,

And heir apparent to the English crown ;

Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

' And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.

Look to it, lords ; let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts ; be wise, and circumspect.

What though the common people favour him,

Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster ;*

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—

*Jesu maintain your royal excellence !*

With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey !*

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,

He will be found a dangerous protector.

cal romance of *Guy E. of Warwick*, bl. 1. no date, the heroes consult whether they should *bicker* on the walls, or descend to battle on the plain. Again, in the genuine ballad of *Chevy Chase* :

“ Bomen *bickarte* upon the bent

“ With their browd aras cleare.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song IX :

“ From *bickering* with his folk to keep us Britains back.”

Again, in the *Spanish Masquerado*, by Greene, 1589 :

“ —sundry times *bickered* with our men, and gave them the

foyle.” Again, in Holinshed, p. 537 : “ At another *bickering*

also it chanced that the Englishmen had the upper hand.” Again,

p. 572 : “ At first there was a sharpe *bickering* betwixt them, but

in the end victorie remained with the Englishmen.” *Levi pugna*

*congregior* is the expression by which Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or

*Quadruple Diet.* 1580, explains the verb to *bicker*. STEEVENS.

' *And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,*] Certainly Shakespeare wrote *east*. WARBURTON.

There are wealthy kingdoms in the *west* as well as in the *east*, and the western kingdoms were more likely to be in the thought of the speaker. JOHNSON.

*Buck.* Why should he then protect our sovereign,  
He being of age to govern of himself?—  
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,  
And all together,—with the duke of Suffolk,—  
We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

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

*Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's  
pride,

And greatness of his place be grief to us,  
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;  
His insolence is more intolerable  
Than all the princes in the land beside;  
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

*Buck.* Thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,  
Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*]

*Sal.* Pride went before, ambition follows him.  
While these do labour for their own preferment,  
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.  
I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster  
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.  
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—  
More like a soldier, than a man o'the church,  
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—  
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself  
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—  
Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!  
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,  
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,  
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—  
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,  
In bringing them to civil discipline;  
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,  
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,  
Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the peo-  
ple:—

Join we together, for the public good;



In what we can, to bridle and suppress  
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,  
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ;  
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,  
While they do tend the profit of the land<sup>2</sup>.

*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.

[*Ex. Warwick and Salisbury.*

*York.* Anjou and Maine are given to the French ;  
Paris is lost ; the state of Normandy  
Stands<sup>3</sup> 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 pennyworth of their pillage,  
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,  
Still revelling, like lords, 'till all be gone :

<sup>2</sup> ——— the profit of the land.] I think we might read, more clearly — to profit of the land, — i. e. to profit themselves by it, unless 'tend be written for attend. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— on a tickle point, ———] Tickle is very frequently used for ticklish by poets contemporary with Shakespeare. So, Heywood in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562 :

“ Time is tickell, we may matche time in this,

“ For we be even as tickell as time is.”

Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605 :

“ Now stands our fortune on a tickle point.”

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599 :

“ The rest by turning of my tickle wheel.” STEEVENS.

While as the silly owner of the goods  
 Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,  
 And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,  
 While all is shar'd, and all is borne away ;  
 Ready to starve, and 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 <sup>4</sup>.  
 Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French !  
 Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,  
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.  
 A day will come, when York shall claim his own ;  
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,  
 And make a shew of love to proud duke Humphrey,  
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,  
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit :  
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,  
 Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,  
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
 Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.  
 Then, York, be still a while, 'till time do serve :  
 Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,  
 To pry into the secrets of the state ;  
 'Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,  
 With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,  
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars :  
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,  
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd ;  
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,  
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;  
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,  
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit York.]

<sup>4</sup> —the prince's heart of Calydon.] Meleager. STEVENS.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*The duke of Gloster's house.**Enter duke Humphrey and his wife Eleanor.*

*Elean.* Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,  
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
 Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,  
 As frowning at the favours of the world?  
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the fullen earth,  
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
 What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,  
 Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?  
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
 Until thy head be circled with the same.  
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—  
 What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:  
 And, having both together heav'd it up,  
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;  
 And never more abase our sight so low  
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

*Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy  
 lord,  
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:  
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,  
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world!  
 My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

*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 the cardinal;  
 And on the pieces of the broken wand

Were

Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,  
And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.

This was my dream ; what it doth bode, God knows.

*Elean.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument,  
That he, that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,  
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke :

Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,

In the cathedral church of Westminster,

And in that chair where kings and queens are  
crown'd ;

Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,  
And on my head did set the diadem.

*Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide 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 a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,

You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,

Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk<sup>s</sup>.

*Glo.*

<sup>s</sup> Whereas *the king and queen do mean to hawk.*] Whereas is the same as *where*; and seems to be brought into use only on account of its being a dissyllable. So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594 :

“ But see *whereas* Lucretius is return'd.

“ Welcome, brave Roman !”



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

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

[*Exit Gloster.*

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

*Enter Hume.*

*Hume.* Jesu preserve your royal majesty !

*Elean.* My majesty ! why, man, I am but grace.

*Hume.* But, by the grace of God, and Hume's ad-  
vice,

Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

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

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch ;  
And Roger Bolingbroke, 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,

The word is several times used in this piece, as well as in some  
others ; and always with the same sense.

Again, in the 5<sup>th</sup> sonnet of *Lord Sterline*, 1604 :

“ I dream'd the nymph, that o'er my fancy reigns,

“ Came to a part *whereas* I paus'd alone : ”

Again, in the *Trial of Treasure*, 1567 :

“ *Whereas* she is resident, I must needs be.”

Again, in *Daniel's Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1599 :

“ That I should pass *whereas* Octavia stands

“ To view my misery, &c.” STEVENS.

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

<sup>6</sup> *Elean.* It is enough ; I'll think upon the questions :  
When from faint Albans we do make return,  
We'll see those things effected to the full.  
Here, Hume, take this reward ; make merry, man,  
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit Eleanor.*

*Hume.* Hume must make merry with the dutchefs'  
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 dutchefs,

And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, A crafty knave does need no broker<sup>7</sup> ;

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.

<sup>6</sup> *Elean.* *It is enough ; &c.*] This speech stands thus in the old quarto :

“ *Elean.* Thanks, good sir John,

“ Some two days hence I guess will fit our time ;

“ Then see that they be here.

“ For now the king is riding to St. Albans,

“ And all the dukes and earls along with him.

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

“ And on the backside of mine orchard here

“ There cast their spells in silence of the night,

“ And so resolve us of the thing we wish :—

“ Till when, drink that for my sake, and farewell.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *A crafty knave does need no broker ;*] This is a proverbial sentence. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

Well,

Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,  
 Hume's knavery will be the dutchefs' wreck;  
 And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:  
<sup>8</sup> Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E III.

*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>9</sup> in the quill.

2 *Pet.*

<sup>8</sup> *Sort how it will, ——— ]* Let the issue be what it will.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *——— in the quill.]* *In quill* is fir Thomas Hanmer's reading; the rest have *in the quill*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps our supplications *in the quill*, or *in quill*, means no more than our *written* or *penn'd* supplications. We still say, a drawing *in chalk*, for a drawing executed by the use of chalk. STEEVENS.

*In the quill.]* This may mean, with great exactness and observance of form, or with the utmost punctilio of ceremony. The phrase seems to be taken from part of the dress of our ancestors, whose ruffs were *quilled*. While these were worn, it might be the vogue to say, such a thing is in the *quill*, i. e. in the reigning mode of taste. TOLLET.

To this observation I may add, that after printing began, the similar phrase of a thing being *in print*, was used to express the same circumstance of exactness. "All this," (declares one of the quibbling servants in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*) "I say *in print*, for in print I found it." STEEVENS.

*Deliver our supplications in quill.]* This may be supposed to have been a phrase formerly in use, and the same with the French *en quille*, which is said of a man, when he stands upright upon his feet without stirring from the place. The proper sense of *quille* in French is a nine-pin, and in some parts of England, nine-pins are still called *cayls*, which word is used in the statute

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.

2 *Mar.* For my lord protector! are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

*Suf.* Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed. What's your's? what's here! [*reads.*] *Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*—How now, fir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, fir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

*Peter.* Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

2 *Mar.* What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

*Peter.* That my mistress 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

33 *Hen. VIII. c. ix.* *Quelle* in the old British language also signifies any piece of wood set upright, HAWKINS.



for his master with a purfuivant 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 petitions.*]

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 Gloster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

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

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

I thought, king Henry had resembled thee,

In courage, courtship, and proportion:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:

His champions are—the prophets, and apostles;

His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

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 cause

Your highness came to England, so will I

In England work your grace's full content.

Q. *Mar.* Beside the haught protector, have we  
Beaufort,

The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,

And grumbling York : and not the least of these,  
But can do more in England than the king.

*Suf.* And he of these, that can do most of all,  
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils :  
Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.

*Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so much,  
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.  
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,  
More like an empress, than duke Humphrey's wife ;  
Strangers in court do take her for the queen :  
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,  
And in her heart she scorns our poverty :  
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?

Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,  
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,  
The very train of her worst wearing-gown  
Was better worth than all my father's lands,  
'Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

*Suf.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her ;  
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,  
That she will light to listen to 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 Humphrey in disgrace.  
As for the duke of York,—<sup>2</sup> this late complaint  
Will make but little for his benefit :

So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,  
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

<sup>1</sup> —lim'd a bush for her ;] So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 :

“ Lime your twigs to catch this weary bird.”

Again, in the *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613 :

“ A crimson bush that ever limes the soul.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —this late complaint] That is, The complaint of Peter the armourer's man against his master, for saying that York was the rightful king. JOHNSON.

To them enter king Henry, duke Humphery, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the dutchefs of Glofter.

*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 <sup>3</sup> be deny'd the regentship.

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

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

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

*War.* The cardinal's not my better in the field.

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

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

*Sal.* Peace, son ;—and shew some reason, Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

*Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

*Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself To give <sup>4</sup> his censure : these are no women's matters.

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

To be protector of his excellence ?

*Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm ; And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

*Suf.* Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.

Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou ?)

<sup>3</sup> ———be deny'd———] The folio reads *denay'd*. I have noted the variation only to observe, that the one word is frequently used for the other among the old writers. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ———his censure:] Through all these plays *censure* is used in an indifferent sense, simply for judgment or opinion.

The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck :  
 The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas ;  
 And all the peers and nobles of the realm  
 Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

*Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd ; the clergy's  
 bags  
 Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

*Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's  
 attire,  
 Have cost a mass of 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 Gloster. The Queen drops her fan.*  
 Give me my fan : What, minion ! can you not ?

[*Gives the Dutchess a box on the ear.*  
 I cry you mercy, madam ; Was it you ?

*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<sup>s</sup>.

*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 :

<sup>s</sup> *I'll set my ten commandments in your face.*] So, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607 :

“—your harpy has set his ten commandments on my back.”  
 Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1638 :

“ I would set a tap abroad, and not live in fear of my wife's  
 ten commandments.”

Again, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569 :

“ Now ten times I beseeche him that hie sits,

“ Thy wives x com. may serche thy five wits.”



Though in this place most master wears no breeches,  
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

<sup>6</sup> [Exit Eleanor.

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

[Exit Buckingham.

*Re-enter duke Humphrey.*

*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, money, or furniture,  
'Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.  
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,

<sup>6</sup> *Exit Eleanor.*] The quarto adds, after the exit of Eleanor, the following :

“ *King.* Believe me, love, that thou wert much to blame.

“ I would not for a thousand pounds in gold,

“ My noble uncle had been here in place. —

“ See, where he comes ! I am glad he met her not.”

STEEVENS.

'Till

'Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

*War.* That can I witness; and a fouler fact  
Did never traitor in the land commit.

*Suf.* Peace, head-strong Warwick!

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

*Enter 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.* 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 falsely accus'd by the villain.

*Peter.* <sup>7</sup> By these ten bones, my lords, [*holding up  
his hands*] he did speak them to me in the garret  
one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's  
armour.

*York.* Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,

<sup>7</sup> *By these ten bones, &c.*] We have just heard a dutchess threaten to set her ten commandments in the face of a queen. The jests in this play turn rather too much on the enumeration of fingers.

This adjuration is, however, very ancient. So, in the mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

“But by their *bonys ten*, thei be to you untrue.”

It occurs likewise more than once in the morality of *Hycke Scorne*. Again, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1637:

“By these *ten bones*, sir, by these eyes and tears.”

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

“By these *tenne boues* I will, I have sworne.” STEEVENS.

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 majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

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

*Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.

Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,  
Because in York this breeds suspicion :  
And let these have a day appointed them  
For single combat, in convenient place ;  
For he hath witness of his servant's malice :  
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

\* *K. Henry.* Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,  
We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.

\* *K. Henry.* *Then be it so, &c.*] These two lines I have inserted from the old quarto ; and, as I think, very necessarily. For, without them, the king has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion : and the duke of Somerset is made to thank him for the regency before the king has deputed him to it.

THEOBALD.

After the lines inserted by Theobald, the king continues his speech thus :

—————over the French ;  
And to defend our right 'gainst foreign foes,  
And so do good unto the realm of France.  
Make haste, my lord ; 'tis time that you were gone :  
The time of truce, I think, is full expir'd.

*Som.* I humbly thank your royal majesty,  
And take my leave, to post with speed to France.

[*Exit Somerset.*]

*King.* Come, uncle Gloster ; now let's have our horse,  
For we will to St. Albans presently.  
Madam, your hawk they say, is swift of flight,  
And we will try how she will fly to-day. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

STEEVENS.

*Som.*

*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 <sup>9</sup> a man prevaileth against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!—

*Glo.* Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

*K. Henry.* Away with them to prison: and the day Of combat shall be the last of the next month.— Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish.*    *Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E   I V .

*Duke Humphrey's garden.*

<sup>1</sup> *Enter mother Jourdain, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbroke.*

*Hume.* Come, my masters; the dutchefs, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

*Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

*Hume.* Ay; What else? fear you not her courage.

*Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate,

<sup>9</sup> —a man—] The old copy reads of my man. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Enter, &c.*] The quarto reads:

*Enter Eleanor, Sir John Hum, Roger Bolingbrook a conjurer, and Margery Jourdain a witch.*

*Eleanor.* Here, sir John, take this scroll of paper here, Wherein is writ the questions you shall ask:

And I will stand upon this tower here,

And hear the spirit what it says to you;

And to my questions write the answers down.

[*She goes up to the tower.*]

STEEVENS.



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 all.  
To this geer ; the sooner the better.

*Boling.* Patience, good lady ; wizards know their  
times :

<sup>2</sup> Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,  
The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;

<sup>2</sup> *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 appellant.* lib. xvi. cap. 39. 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.

I believe this display of learning might have been spared. *Silent*, though an adjective, is used by Shakespeare as a substantive. So, in *The Tempest*, the *vast* of night is used for the greatest part of it. The old quarto reads, *the silence of the night*. The variation between the copies is worth notice.

*Bolingbrook makes a circle.*

*Bol.* Dark night, dread night, the *silence* of the night,  
Wherein the furies mask in hellish troops,  
Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus' lake  
The spirit Ascalon to come to me ;  
To pierce the bowels of this central earth,  
And hither come in twinkling of an eye !  
Ascalon, ascend ! ascend !”

In a speech already quoted from the quarto, Eleanor says, they have

——— cast their spells in *silence of the night*.

And in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, is the same expression :

“ Who taught the nyghtyngall to recorde besyly

“ Her strange entunes in *silence of the nyght* ?”

Again, in the *Faithful Shepherdes* of B. and Fletcher :

“ Through still *silence of the night*,

“ Guided by the glow-worm's light.” STEEVENS.

The time when scritch-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl<sup>3</sup>,  
When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,  
That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, fit 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; Bolingbroke, or Southwel reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the spirit riseth.*

*Spirit.* Adsum.

*M. Jourd.* Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power  
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;  
For, 'till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

*Spirit.* Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done<sup>4</sup>!

*Boling.* First, of the king. What shall of him become?  
[*Reading out of a paper.*

*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.* 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 upon the sandy plains,

<sup>5</sup> Than where castles mounted stand.

Have

<sup>3</sup> —ban-dogs howl,] The etymology of the word *ban-dogs* is unsettled. They seem, however, to have been designed by poets to signify some terrific beings whose office it was to make night hideous, like those mentioned in the first book and eighth satire of *Horace*:

“ —————serpentes, atque videres

“ *Infernas errare canes.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — that I had said and done!] It was anciently believed that spirits who were raised by incantations, remain'd above ground, and answer'd questions with reluctance. See both *Lucan* and *Statius*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Than where castles mounted stand.*] I remember to have read this

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 commonweal

Are deep indebted for this piece of pains ;

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon’d for these good deserts.

*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 ?

[*Shewing her the papers.*

Away with them ; let them be clapp’d up close,

this prophecy in some of our old chronicles, where, I think, it ran thus :

“ Safer shall he be on sand,

“ Than where castles mounted stand :”

at present I do not recollect where. STEEVENS.

o *False fiend, avoid !*] Instead of this short speech at the dismissal of the spirit, the old quarto gives us the following :

“ Then down, I say, unto the damned pool

“ Where Pluto in his fiery waggon sits,

“ Riding, amidst the sing’d and parched smoaks,

“ The road of *Dytas*, by the river Styx ;

“ There howle and burn for ever in those flames :—

“ ’Zounds ! we are betray’d !”

*Dytas* is written by mistake for *Ditis*, the genitive case of *Dis*, which is used instead of the nominative by more than one ancient author.

So, in Tho. Drant’s Translation of the fifth Satire of *Horace*, 1567 :

“ And by that meanes made manye soules lord *Ditis* hall  
to seeke.” STEEVENS.

And

And kept afunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—  
Stafford, take her to thee.—

We'll see your trinkets here forth-coming all;

Away! [*Exeunt guards with Fouldain, Southwell, &c.*  
*York.* <sup>7</sup> Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd  
her well:

A pretty plot, well chose to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here? [*Reads.*

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

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

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

Well, to the rest:

*Tell me what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?*

*By Water shall he die, and take his end.*

*What shall betide the duke of Somerset?*

*Let him shun castles;*

*Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,*

*Than where castles mounted stand.*

Come, come, my lords:

<sup>8</sup> These oracles are hardily attain'd,

And hardly understood.

<sup>7</sup> *Lord Buckingham, methinks &c.*] This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play. POPE.

<sup>8</sup> *These oracles are hardily 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 restored the text:

*These oracles are hardily 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 perplexed that they are *hardly* to be understood. THEOBALD.



The king is now in progress towards saint Albans;  
 With him, the husband of this lovely lady:  
 Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;  
 A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

*Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of  
 York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

*York.* At your pleasure, my good lord.  
 Who's within there, ho!

*Enter a Serving-man.*

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

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

*At Saint Albans.*

*Enter king Henry, Queen, Gloster, Cardinal, and  
 Suffolk, with Falconers hallooing.*

*Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, ' for flying at the  
 brook,

I saw not better sport these seven years' day:  
 Yet, by your leave, ' the wind was very high;  
 And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

' —for flying at the brook,] The falconer's term for hawk-  
 ing at water-fowl. JOHNSON.

' ————— 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. JOHNSON.

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

And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—  
To see how God in all his creatures works!  
Yea, man and birds<sup>2</sup>, are fain of climbing high.

*Suf.* No marvel, an it like your majesty,  
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;  
They know, their master loves to be aloft<sup>3</sup>,  
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

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

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

*Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?

Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?

—old *Joan had not gone out*, i. e. the wind was so high it was ten to one that old *Joan* would not have taken her flight at the game. PERCY.

The ancient books of hawking do not enable me to decide on the merits of such discordant explanations. It may yet be remarked, that the terms belonging to this once popular amusement, were in general settled with the utmost precision; and I may at least venture to declare, that a mistress might have been kept at a cheaper rate than a falcon. To compound a medicine to cure one of these birds of worms, it was necessary to destroy no fewer animals than a *lamb*, a *culver*, a *pigeon*, a *buck*, and a *cat*. I have this intelligence from the *Booke of Haukinge*, &c. bl. l. no date. This work (as I learn from sir John Hawkins's very elegant edition of *Walton's Complete Angler*) was written by dame Julyana Bernes, prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Albans, (where Shakespeare has fixed the present scene) and was first printed at Westmestre by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— are fain of climbing high.] *Fain*, in this place, signifies *fond*. The word (as I am informed) is still used in Scotland.

So, in Heywood's *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562:

“Fayre words make foolēs faine.”

Again, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“Her brother's life will make her glad and faine.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— to be aloft,] Perhaps alluding to the adage:

“High flying hawks are fit for princes.”

See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

*K. Henry.*

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

*Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts

<sup>4</sup> Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;  
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,  
That smooth'st it so with king and common-weal!

*Glo.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown so peremptory?

*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;  
<sup>5</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.

<sup>4</sup> *Beat &c.]* To bait or beat (*bathe*) is a term in falconry.

JOHNSON.

To *bathe* and to *beat*, or *bate*, are distinct terms in this diversion. To *bathe* a hawk was to wash his plumage. To *beat*, or *bate*, was to flutter with his wings. To *beat on a crown* is equivalent to an expression which is still used—to *hammer*, i. e. to work in the mind. Shakespeare employs it in another play:

“Wilt thou still be *hammering* treachery?”

So, in Lylly's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:

“With him whose restless thoughts do *beat on thee*.”

Again, in Doctor *Dodypoll*, 1600:

“Since my mind *beats on it* mightily.”

Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

“I feel within my cogitations *beating*.”

Later editors concur in reading, *Bent on a crown*. I follow the old copy. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</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 after 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 perfect sense without them. I read, but somewhat at random:

*A churchman, with such holiness can you do it?*

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

*Glo.* As who, my lord ?

*Suf.* Why, as yourself, my lord ;  
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

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

*Q. Mar.* And thy ambition, Gloster.

*K. Henry.* I prythee, 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 :  
an if thou dar'st,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.

*K. Henry.* How now, my lords ?

*Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloster,  
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,  
We'd had had more sport.—<sup>6</sup> Come with thy two-  
hand sword. [*Aside to Gloster.*]

*Glo.* True, uncle.

Are you advis'd ?—the east side of the grove ?

<sup>6</sup> —Come with thy two-hand sword.

*Glo.* True, uncle, are ye advis'd—the east-side of the grove.  
Cardinal, I am with you.]

Thus is the whole speech placed to Gloster, in all the editions : but, surely, with great inadvertence. It is the cardinal who first appoints the east-side of the grove : and how finely does it express rancour and impetuosity for fear Gloster should mistake, to repeat the appointment, and ask his antagonist if he takes him right ! THEOBALD.

The *two-hand sword* is mentioned by Holinshed, p. 833 :  
“—And he that touched the tawnie shield should cast a spear on foot with a target on his arme, and after to fight with a *two-hand sword.*” STEEVENS.

*Glo.*



Cardinal, I am with you.

[*Aside.*

*K. Henry.* Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

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

Or all my fence shall fail?

[*Aside.*

*Car.* [*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 music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hopes of harmony?

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

*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 saint Alban's shrine,  
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;  
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

*K. Henry.* Now, God be prais'd! that to believing  
souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of saint Albans, and his brethren, bear-  
ing Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife  
following.*

*Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,  
To present your highness with the man.

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

<sup>7</sup> ———my fence shall fail.] *Fence* is the art of defence. So,  
*Much Ado about Nothing*:

“Despight his nice fence, and his active practice,”

*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 could'st 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 nor night unhallow'd pass,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Queen.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

*Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep By good saint Alban; \* who said,—*Saunder, come; Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*

*Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

*Car.* What, art thou lame?

*Simp.* Ay, God Almighty help me!

\* ——— who said,—*Saunder, &c.*] The former copies:

——— who said, *Simon, come;*

*Come offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*

Why, *Simon*? The chronicles that take notice of Gloster's detecting this pretended miracle, tell us, that the impostor, who asserted himself to be cured of blindness, was called *Saunder Simpcox*—*Simon* was therefore a corruption. THEOBALD.

*Suf.* How cam'st thou so?

*Simp.* A fall off of a tree.

*Wife.* A plum-tree, master.

*Glo.* How long hast thou been blind?

*Simp.* O, born so, master.

*Glo.* What, and would'st climb a tree?

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

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

*Glo.* Mafs, thou lov'd'st plums well, that would'st venture so.

*Simp.* Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

*Glo.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—

In my opinion, yet thou 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.

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

*Glo.* Tell me, firrah, 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.* Then Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave  
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,  
Thou might'st as well have known all our names, as  
thus

To name the several colours we do wear.  
Sight may distinguish 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 again?

*Simp.* O, master, that you could!

*Glo.* My masters of saint Alban's,  
Have you not beadles in your town, and things  
Call'd whips?

*Mayor.* Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

*Glo.* Then send for one presently.

*Mayor.* Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.  
[*Exit Messenger.*]

*Glo.* Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. 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 that same  
stool.

*Bead.* I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off  
with your doublet quickly.

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

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over  
the stool, and runs away; and the people follow  
and cry, A Miracle!*]

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

*Queen.*



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

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

*Wif.* Alas, fir, we did it for pure need.

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

[*Exit Beadle, with the woman, &c.*]

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

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

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

*Enter Buckingham.*

*K. Henry.* What tidings with our cousin Buck-  
ingham?

*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.  
A sort of naughty persons, <sup>9</sup> 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  
<sup>2</sup> Your lady is forth-coming yet at London.  
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;  
<sup>3</sup> 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Afide to Gloster.*]

*Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my  
heart!

<sup>9</sup> — *lewdly bent,*] *Lewdly*, in this place, and in some others, does not signify *wantonly*, but *wickedly*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Your lady is forth-coming* — ] That is, Your lady is in custody. JOHNSON.

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.* Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest ;  
 And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

*Glo.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,  
 How I have lov'd my king, and common-weal :

And, for my wife, I know not how it stands ;

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard :

Noble she is ; but, if she have forgot

Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

I banish her, my bed, and company ;

And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,

That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

*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 ;

<sup>2</sup> And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> *And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,*

*Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.]*

The sense will, I think, be mended if we read in the optative mood :

————— *justice' equal scale,*

*Whose beam stand sure, whose rightful cause prevail !*

JOHNSON.

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*The duke of York's garden.**Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.*

*York.* Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave,  
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,

<sup>3</sup> In craving your opinion of my title,  
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

*Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.

*War.* Sweet York, begin : and if thy claim be good,  
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

*York.* Then thus :—

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons :

The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales ;

The second, William of Hatfield ; and the third,

Lionel, duke of Clarence ; next to whom,

Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster :

The fifth, was Edmund Langley, duke of York ;

The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of  
Gloster ;

William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.

Edward, the Black Prince, 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,

<sup>3</sup> *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. JOHNSON.

And him to Pomfret; where, as both you know,  
Harmless Richard was murder'd traiterously.

*War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth;  
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

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

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

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

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

I claim the crown) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,  
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.

Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:

Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

*Sal.* This Edmund, 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 son  
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.

By her I claim the kingdom: she then was heir

To Roger, earl of March; who was the son

Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,

Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:

So, if the issue of the elder son

Succeed before the younger, I am king.

*War.* What plain proceeding is more plain than  
this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,  
The fourth son; York claimeth it from the third.

'Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:

It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,

And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—

Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;

And



And, in this private plot, be we the first,  
That shall salute our rightful sovereign  
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

*Both.* Long live our sovereign Richard, England's  
king!

*York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not your  
king

'Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd  
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:  
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;  
But with advice, and silent secrecy.

Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,  
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,  
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,  
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,  
'Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,  
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:  
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,  
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

*Sal.* My lord, break we off; we know your mind  
at full.

*War.* My heart assures me, that the earl of War-  
wick

Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

*York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—  
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick  
The greatest man in England, but the king. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*A hall of justice.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter king Henry, queen Margaret, Gloster,  
York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Dutchess, mother Jour-  
dain, Southwel, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.*

*K. Henry.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham,  
Gloster's wife:

In fight 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 burnt to ashes,  
 And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—  
 You, madam, for you are more nobly born,  
 Despoiled of your honour in your life,  
 Shall, after three days open penance done,  
 Live in your country here, in banishment,  
 With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

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

*Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee ;  
 I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

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

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.  
 Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age  
 Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground !—  
 I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go ;  
 † Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

*K. Henry.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster : ere thou go,

Give up thy staff ; Henry will to himself  
 Protector be ; and God shall be my hope,  
 My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet :  
 And go in peace, Humphrey ; no less belov'd,  
 Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

‡ *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

† *Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.*] That is, Sorrow would have ; sorrow requires solace, and age requires ease.

JOHNSON.

§ *God and king Henry govern England's realm :*] The word realm

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

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

As willingly do I the same resign,  
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;  
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,  
As others would ambitiously receive it.  
Farewel, good king: When I am dead and gone,  
May honourable peace attend thy throne!

[*Exit Gloster.*]

*Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;

And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,  
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—  
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.

<sup>6</sup> This staff of honour raught:—There let it stand,  
Where best it fits to be, in Henry's hand.

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

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

*York.* <sup>7</sup> Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,  
This is the day appointed for the combat;  
And ready are the appellant and defendant,  
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,  
So please your highness to behold the fight.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely there-  
fore

*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 improbable that the author wrote, *govern England's helm.* JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding scene of this play:

And you yourself shall steer the happy *helm.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *This staff of honour raught:—*] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*, and is frequently used by Spenser, as in the following instance, b. iii. c. ix. f. 20:

“ Her golden lockes that were in tramels gay

“ Upbounden, did themselves adowne display,

“ And *raught* unto her heeles.”—— STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Lords, let him go.*] i. e. Let him pass out of your thoughts. uke Humphrey had already left the stage. STEEVENS.

Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

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

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

*York.* I never saw a fellow<sup>s</sup> worse bested,  
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appelland,  
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*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>s</sup> with a sand-bag fastened to it ; and at the other door enters 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<sup>t</sup> a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.*

<sup>s</sup> ——— *worse bested,*] In a worse plight. JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> ——— *with a sand-bag fastened to it ;*] As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and sword ; so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag cramm'd hard with sand. To this custom Hudibras has alluded in these humorous lines :

“ Engag'd with money-bags, as bold

“ As men with *sand-bags* did of old.” WARBURTON.

Mr. Symphon, in his notes on Ben Jonson, observes, that a passage in St. Chrysostom very clearly proves the great antiquity of this practice. STEEVENS.

<sup>t</sup> ——— *a cup of charneco.*] On which the Oxford Editor thus criticizes 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 wine of Orleance, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux. There wanted neither sherry, sack, nor *charneco*, maligo, nor amber-colour'd candy, nor liquorish



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 credit of the prentices.

*Peter.* I thank you all : drink, and pray for me, I pray you ; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron ;—and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer :—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, blefs me, I pray God ! for I am never able

quorish ipocras, brown beloved bastard, fat aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor.”—And as *charneca* 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.

The vulgar name for this liquor was *charingo*. I meet with it in an old catch set to music by Lawes. HAWKINS.

In a pamphlet entitled, *Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madnesse*, printed in 1596, it is said, that “ the only medicine for the flegm is three cups of *charneco* fasting.”

In *A Collection of Epigrams and Satires*, without date, but of the same age, this liquor is mentioned again :

“ ——— happy is the man doth rightly know

“ The virtue of three cups of *charneco*.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money* :

“ Where no old *charneco* is, nor no anchovies.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630, 2d Part :

“ Imprimis, a pottle of Greek wine, a pottle of Peter-fameene, a pottle of *charneco*, and a pottle of Ziattica.”

Again, in the *Fair Maid of the West*, 1615 :

“ Aragoosa, or Peter-see-me, canary, or *charneco*.”

STEEVENS.

—*a cup of charnico.*] Mention is made of this liquor in an ancient collection of *Epigrams*, now in my possession :

“ When Seigneur Sack-and-Sugar drink-drown'd reels,

“ He vows to hew the spurs from fellow's heels ;

“ When calling for a quart of *charnico*,

“ Into a loving league they present grow : &c.” PERCY.

to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

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

*Peter.* Peter, forsooth.

*Sal.* Peter! what more?

*Peter.* Thump.

*Sal.* Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

*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, not the king, nor the queen; And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, ' as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

*York.* Dispatch:—<sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> ——— as *Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.*] I have added this from the old quarto. WARBURTON.

*Ascapart*—the giant of the story—a name familiar to our ancestors, is mentioned by Dr. Donne:

“ Those *Ascaparts*, men big enough to throw

“ Charing-croſs for a bar, &c.” JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> The figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *this knave's tongue begins to double.*] So, in Holinshed, whose narrative Shakespeare has deserted, by making the armourer confess treason.

“ ——— When he should have come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went; and so was slain without guilt; as for the false servant he lived not long,” &c. STEEVENS.

*Peter.* O God! have I overcome mine enemy in this presence?

O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

*K. Henry.* Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt<sup>3</sup>;

And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The street.*

*Enter duke Humphrey, and his men, in mourning cloaks.*

*Glo.* Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;

And, after summer, evermore succeeds

Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:

So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet<sup>4</sup>.—

Sirs, what's o' clock?

*Serv.* Ten, my lord.

*Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,

To watch the coming of my punish'd dutchess:

<sup>3</sup> For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt.] According to the ancient usage of the duel, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. We have a remarkable instance of this in an account of the *Duellum inter Dominum Johannem Hanneſly, Militem, & Robertum Katlenton, Armigerum, in quo Robertus fuit occiſus.* From whence, ſays the hiſtorian, “*magna fuit evidentia quod militis cauſa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius ſequebatur.*” A. Murimuth, ad ann. 1380, p. 149. BOWLE.

<sup>4</sup> —as ſeaſons fleet.] To fleet is to change. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“——now the *fleeing* moon

“No planet is of mine.” STEEVENS.

' Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,  
 To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.  
 Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook  
 The abject people, gazing on thy face,  
 With envious looks still laughing at thy shame ;  
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,  
 When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.  
 But, soft ! I think, she comes ; and I'll prepare  
 My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the Dutchess in a white sheet, her feet bare, and  
 a taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley,  
 a sheriff, and officers.*

*Serv.* So please your grace, we'll take her from the  
 sheriff.

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

*Elean.* Come you, my lord, to see my open shame ?  
 Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze !  
 See, how the giddy multitude do point,  
 And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee !  
 Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks ;  
 And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,  
 And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

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

*Elean.* Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself :  
 For, whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,  
 And thou a prince, protector of this land,  
 Methinks, I should not thus be led along,

' *Uneath*—] i. e. Scarcely. POPE.

So, in the metrical romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no  
 date :

“ *Uneathes* we came from him certain,  
 “ That he ne had us all slain.”

*Eath* is the ancient word for *ease* or *easy*. So, in *Spenser's  
 Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 6 :

“ More *eath* was new impression to receive.”

*Uneath* is commonly used by the same author for *not easily*.

STEEVENS.

Mail'd



Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;  
 And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice  
 To see my tears, and hear my deep-set groans.  
 The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;  
 And, when I start, the envious people laugh,  
 And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?  
 Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;  
 Or count them happy, that enjoy the fun?  
 No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;  
 To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.  
 Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;  
 And he a prince, and ruler of the land:  
 Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,  
 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 axe of death  
 Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.  
 For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all  
 With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—  
 And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,  
 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,  
 And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:  
 But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,  
 Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

*Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;  
 I must offend, before I be attainted:  
 And had I twenty times so many foes,  
 And each of them had twenty times their power,  
 All these could not procure me any scathe<sup>7</sup>,  
 So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

<sup>6</sup> *Mail'd up in shame,*—] Wrapped up; bundled up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —any scathe,] *Scathe* is harm, or mischief, Chaucer, Spenser, and all our ancient writers, are frequent in their use of this word. STEEVENS.

Would'ft 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.

<sup>8</sup> 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 given in charge, may't please your  
 grace.

*Glo.* Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray  
 You use her well : <sup>9</sup> the world may laugh again ;  
 And I may live to do you kindness, if  
 You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

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

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

*[Exit Gloster.]*

*Elean.* Art thou gone too ? All comfort go with  
 thee !

For none abides with me : my joy is—death ;

<sup>8</sup> *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. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *— the world may laugh —* ] That is, The world may look again favourably upon me. JOHNSON.

Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,  
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—

Stanley, I pr'ythee, 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. Like to a dutchess, and duke Humphrey'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; and, madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—  
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this  
sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

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.*]

<sup>1</sup> ——— *I long to see my prison.*] This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned, as it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers. JOHNSON.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The abbey at Bury.*

*Enter king Henry, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, and Buckingham, &c. 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 proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself ?  
We know the time, since he was mild and affable ;  
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,  
Immediately he was upon his knee,  
That all the court admir'd him for submission :  
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,  
When every one will give the time of day,  
He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,  
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,  
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.  
Small curs are not regarded, when they grin ;  
But great men tremble, when the lion roars ;  
And Humphrey is no little man in England.  
First, note, that he is near you in descent ;  
And, should you fall, he is the next will mount,  
\* Me seemeth then, it is no policy, —  
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,

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

And



And his advantage following your decease,—  
 That he should come about your royal person,  
 Or be admitted to your highness' council.  
 By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts ;  
 And, when he please to make commotion,  
 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.  
 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted ;  
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,  
 And choak the herbs for want of husbandry.  
 The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,  
 Made me collect these dangers in the duke.  
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear ;  
 Which fear if better reasons can supplant,  
 I will subscribe, and say—I wrong'd the duke.  
 My 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<sup>3</sup> your grace's tale.  
 The dutchess, by his subornation,  
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices :  
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,  
 Yet, by reputed of his high descent<sup>4</sup>,  
 (As next the king, he was successive heir,)  
 And such high vaunts of his nobility,  
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick dutchess,  
 By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.  
 Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deepest ;  
 And in his simple shew he harbours treason.  
 The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.

<sup>3</sup> ———— *your grace's tale.*] Suffolk uses *highness* and *grace* promiscuously to the queen. *Majesty* was not the settled title till the time of king James the First. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Yet by reputed of his high descent,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*repeating*. *Reputed of his high descent,* is *valuing himself upon it*. The same word occurs in the 5th act :  
 And in my conscience do *repute* his grace, &c. STEEVENS.

No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man  
 Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

*Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

*York.* And did he not, in his protectorship,  
 Levy great sums of money through the realm,  
 For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?  
 By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

*Buck.* Tut! these are petty faults to faults un-  
 known,  
 Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Hum-  
 phrey.

*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 dangerous than this  
 fond affiance!

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,  
 For he's disposed as the hateful raven.

Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,  
 For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.

Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?

Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all  
 Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter Somerset.*

*Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!

*K. Henry.* Welcome, lord Somerset. What news  
 from France?

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

*K. Henry.*

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

*York.* <sup>5</sup> Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

And caterpillars eat my leaves away:

But I will remedy <sup>6</sup> this gear ere long,

Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Gloster.*

*Glo.* All happiness unto my lord the king!

Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

*Suf.* Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

*Glo.* Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,  
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The purest spring is not so free from mud,

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

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

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;

By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

*Glo.* Is it but thought so? What are they, that think it?

<sup>5</sup> *Cold news for me; &c.*] These two lines York had spoken before in the first act of this play. He is now meditating on his disappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his present loss. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *this gear* — ] *Gear* was a general word for things or matters. JOHNSON.

So, in the story of *King Darius*, an interlude, 1565:

“Wyll not yet this *gere* be amended,

“Nor your sinful acts corrected?” STEEVENS.

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 Eng-  
 land!

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 mine own proper store,  
 Because I would not tax the needy commons,  
 Have I dispursed to the garrisons,  
 And never ask'd for restitution.

*Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

*Glo.* I say no more than truth, so help me God!

*York.* In your protectorship, you did devise  
 Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,  
 That England was defam'd by tyranny.

*Glo.* Why, 'tis well known, that, whiles I was pro-  
 tector,

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, <sup>7</sup> these faults are easy, quickly an-  
 swer'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,

<sup>7</sup> ————these faults are easy,———] *Easy* is slight, inconsiderable, as in other passages of this author. JOHNSON.



That you will clear yourself from<sup>s</sup> 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;  
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.  
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,  
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;  
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue  
The envious load that lies upon his heart;  
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,  
Whose 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>9</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;

<sup>s</sup> ———all suspicion;] The folio reads—*all suspence*.  
Perhaps the author wrote—*suspect*. So, in a following scene:

“If my *suspect* be false, forgive me, God!” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ———*liefest* ———] Is *dearest*. JOHNSON.  
So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. i:

“———Madam, my *lief*,  
“For God's dear love, &c.”

Again, c. ii:

“———Fly, oh my *liefest* lord.” STEEVENS.

The ancient proverb will be well effected,—  
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

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

*Suf.* Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,  
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,  
As if she had suborned some to swear  
False allegations to o'erthrow his state ?

*Q. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.

*Glo.* Far truer spoke, than meant : I lose, indeed ;—  
Beswew the winners, for they play me false !—  
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

*Buck.* He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all  
day :—

Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

*Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

*Glo.* Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,  
Before his legs be firm to bear his body :  
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.  
Ah, that my fear were false ! ah, that it were !  
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[Exit guarded.]

*K. Henry.* My lords, what to your wisdom icemeth  
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 mine eyes ;  
My body round engirt with misery ;  
For what's more miserable than discontent ?—  
Ah, uncle Humphrey ! in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty ;  
 And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,  
 That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.  
 What low'ring star now envies thy estate,  
 That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,  
 Do seek subversion of thy harmless life ?  
 Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong :  
 And as the butcher takes away the calf,  
 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,  
 Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house ;  
 Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.  
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,  
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,  
 And can do nought but wail her darling's loss ;  
 Even so myself bewail good Gloster's case,  
 With sad unhelpful tears ; and with dimm'd eyes  
 Look after him, and cannot do him good ;  
 So mighty are his vowed enemies.  
 His fortunes I will weep ; and, 'twixt each groan,  
 Say—*Who's a traitor ? Gloster he is none.* [Exit.

*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. THIRLBY.

This emendation is admitted by the succeeding editors ; and I had once put it in the text. I am, however, inclined to 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 another, so that *strive* is the best word, but *stray* is the right. JOHNSON.

There needs no alteration. It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to stray from the direct road. The duke of Gloster is borne away like the calf, that is, he is taken away upon his feet ; but he is not carried away as a burthen on horseback, or upon men's shoulders, or in their hands. TOLLET.

*Q. Mar.* <sup>2</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 : and Gloster's shew  
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;  
Or as the snake, roll'd on a flowering bank,  
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,  
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,  
(And yet, herein, I judge my own wit good)  
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,  
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

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

*Suf.* But, in my mind, that were no policy :  
The king will labour still to save his life,  
'The commons haply rise to save his life ;  
And yet we have but trivial argument,  
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

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

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

*York.* <sup>3</sup>'Tis York that hath more reason for his  
death.—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—

<sup>2</sup> *Free lords, &c.*] By this she 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.

<sup>3</sup> *'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.*] Why York had more reason than the rest for desiring Humphrey's death, is not very clear ; he had only decided the deliberation about the re-gency of France in favour of Somerset. JOHNSON.

York had more reason, because duke Humphrey stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself as the termination of his ambitious views. So act III. sc. v :

*For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
And Henry put apart, the next for me.* STEEVENS.



Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—  
 Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set  
 To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,  
 As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

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

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madness then,

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?  
 Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,  
 His guilt should be but idly posted over,  
 Because his purpose is not executed.

\* No; let him die, in that he is a fox,  
 By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,  
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;  
 As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege.  
 And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:  
 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,  
 Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,  
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit.<sup>5</sup>

Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

\* No; let him die, in that he is a fox,  
 By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,  
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;  
 As Humphrey 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 Humphrey 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. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —for that is good deceit

Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.]

Mates him means—that first puts an end to his moving. To *mate* is a term in chess, used when the king is stopped from moving, and an end put to the game. PERCY.

*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>6</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, <sup>7</sup> and censure well the deed,  
 And I'll provide his executioner,  
 I tender so the safety of my liege.

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

*Q. Mar.* And so say I.

*York.* And I : and now we three have spoke it,  
<sup>8</sup> It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

*Enter a Post.*

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

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

*York.* That Somerset be sent a regent thither :  
<sup>9</sup> 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd ;  
 Witness the fortune he hath had in France.—

*Som.* If York, with all his far-fet policy,

<sup>6</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. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *and censure well the deed,*] That is, approve the deed, judge the deed good. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *It skills not ———*] It is of no importance. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir T. More's *Utopia*, translated by R. Robinson, 1624 :  
 " I will describe to you one or other of them, for it skilleth not greatly which." MALONE.

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.  
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,  
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :  
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,  
Collected choicely, from each county some,  
And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

*York.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

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

*York.* I am content : Provide me soldiers, lords,  
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

*Suf.* A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd,  
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

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

*York.* My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,  
At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;  
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

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

[*Exeunt all but York.*]

*York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution :

Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art

Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying :

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

And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought ;

And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Well, nobles, well ; 'tis politickly done,

To send me packing with an host of men :

I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

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

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

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

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,

I will stir up in England some black storm,

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell :

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage

Until the golden circuit on my head,

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,

Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

And, for a minister of my intent,

I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,

John Cade of Ashford,

To make commotion, as full well he can,

Under the title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade

Oppose himself against a troop of kerns ;

— *mad-bred flaw.*] *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind.  
JOHNSON.



And fought so long, 'till that his thighs with darts  
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :  
 And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him  
 Caper upright like to ' a wild Morisco,  
 Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.  
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,  
 Hath he conversed with the enemy ;  
 And undiscover'd come to me again,  
 And given me notice of their 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' minds,  
 How they affect the house and claim of York.  
 Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured ;  
 I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,  
 Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.  
 Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will)  
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,  
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd :

<sup>1</sup> ——— a wild Morisco,] A Moor in a military dance, now called Morris, that is, a Moorish dance. JOHNSON.

In *Albion's Triumph*, a masque, 1631, the seventh entry consists of *mimicks* or *Moriscos*.

Again, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607 :

“ Your wit skips a *Morisco*.”

The *Morris-dance* was the *Tripudium Mauritanicum*, a kind of hornpipe. Junius describes it thus: “ ———faciem plerunque inficiunt fuligine, et peregrinum vestium cultum assumunt, qui ludicris talibus indulgent, ut Mauri esse videantur, aut e longius remotâ patriâ credantur advolasse, atque insolens recreationis genus advexisse.”

In the churchwardens' accompts of the parish of St. Helen's in Abington, Berkshire, from the first year of the reign of Philip and Mary, to the thirty-fourth of queen Elizabeth, the *Morrice* bells are mentioned. Anno 1560, the third of Elizabeth,—“ For two doffin of *Morres* bells.” As these appear to have been purchased by the community, we may suppose this diversion was constantly practised at their public festivals. See the plate of *Morris-dancers* at the end of the first part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it. STEEVENS.

For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
And Henry put apart, the next for me.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.<sup>2</sup>

*An apartment in the palace.*

*Enter two or three, running over the stage, from the murder of duke Humphrey.*

*First M.* Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,  
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

*Second M.* O, that it were to do!—What have we  
done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

*Enter Suffolk.*

*First M.* Here comes my lord.

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

*First M.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

*Suf.* Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my  
house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand:—

Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,  
According as I gave directions?

<sup>2</sup> *Scene II.] This scene, and the directions concerning it, stand thus in the quarto edition:*

*Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest, and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolk to them.*

*Suff.* How now, sirs! what have you dispatch'd him?

*One.* Aye, my lord; he's dead, I warrant you.

*Suff.* Then see the cloaths laid smooth about him still,  
That when the king comes, he may perceive  
No other, but that he dide of his own accord,

*2.* All things is handsome, now my lord.

*Suff.* Then draw the curtains again, and get you gone,  
And you shall have your firm reward anon.

[Exit murderers. STEEVENS.

*First M.*

*First M.* 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 straight:  
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,  
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

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

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

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,  
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,  
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

*Q. Mar.* God forbid, any malice should prevail,  
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!  
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

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

*Re-enter Suffolk.*

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

Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

*Q. Mar.* Marry, God forefend!

*Car.* God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,  
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The king swoons.*]

<sup>2</sup> *I thank thee: &c.*] In former editions;

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

This is king 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.*

THEOBALD.

*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 heavenly God!

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

*Suf.* Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

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

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

*Q. Mar.* Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?  
Although the duke was enemy to him,  
Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death:  
And for myself,—foe as he was to me,  
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,  
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,  
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,  
Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,

<sup>3</sup> —right now—] Just now, even now. JOHNSON.



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: Ay me, unhappy!  
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

*K. Henry.* Ah, woe is me for Gloster, 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?

<sup>4</sup> *Be woe for me, —*] That is, Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?*] This allusion which has been borrowed by many writers from the Proverbs of Solomon, and *Psalms* lviii. may receive an odd illustration from the following passage in *Gower de Confessione Amantis*, B. I. fol. x.

“ A serpent, which that aspidis  
 “ Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,  
 “ That he the stone noblest of all  
 “ The whiche that men carbuncle call,  
 “ Bereth in his heed above on hight;  
 “ For whiche whan that a man by flight  
 “ (The stone to wynne, and him to dante)  
 “ With his carecte him wolde enchante,  
 “ Anone as he perceiveth that,  
 “ He leyth downe his one eare all flat  
 “ Unto the grounde, and halt it fast:  
 “ And eke that other eare als faste  
 “ He stoppeth with his taille so sore  
 “ That he the wordes, lasse nor more,  
 “ Of his enchantment ne bereth:  
 “ And in this wise himselfe he skiereth,  
 “ So that he hath the wordes wayved,  
 “ And thus his eare is nought deceived.”

Shakespeare has the same allusion in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice of any true decision.” STEEVENS,

Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.  
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?  
 Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:  
 Erect his statue then, and worship it,  
 And make my image but an ale-house sign.  
 Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;  
 And twice by <sup>o</sup> aukward wind from England's bank  
 Drove back again unto my native clime?  
 What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind  
 Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?  
 What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,  
 And he that 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:  
<sup>7</sup> The splitting rocks cow'd in the sinking sands,  
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides;  
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
 Might in thy palace perish Margaret <sup>8</sup>.  
 As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,  
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,  
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm:  
 And when the dusky sky began to rob  
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,

<sup>6</sup> ——— aukward wind—] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read *adverse winds*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The splitting rocks &c.*] The sense seems to be this.—The rocks hid themselves in the sands, which sunk to receive them into their bosom. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Might in thy palace perish Margaret.*] The verb *perish* is here used actively. So, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ——— let not my sins

“ *Perish* your noble youth.” STEEVENS.

I took a costly jewel from my neck,—  
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—  
 And threw it towards thy land; the sea receiv'd it;  
 And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:  
 And even with this, I lost fair England's view,  
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;  
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,  
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.  
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue  
 (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)  
 To fit and witch me, as Ascanius did,  
 When he to madding Dido, would unfold  
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?  
 Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like  
 him?  
 Ay 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 Humphrey traiterously is murder'd  
 By Suffolk's and the cardinal Beaufort's means.

*To fit and watch me, as Ascanius did,  
 When he to madding Dido would unfold  
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?]*

The poet here is unquestionably alluding to Virgil (*Æneid I.*) but he strangely blends fact with fiction. In the first place, it was Cupid in the semblance of Ascanius, who sat in Dido's lap, and was fondled by her. But then it was not Cupid who related to her the process of Troy's destruction, but it was Æneas himself who related this history. Again, how did the supposed Ascanius fit and watch her? Cupid was ordered, while Dido mistakenly caressed 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 immediately draw this inference:  
*Am I not witch'd like her?* THEOBALD.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees,  
That want their leader, scatter up and down,  
And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
Until they hear the order of his death.

*K. Henry.* That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true ;

But how he died, God knows, ' not Henry :  
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
And comment then upon his sudden death.

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

[*Warwick goes 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 Humphrey's life !  
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God ;  
For judgment only doth belong to thee !  
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips  
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain  
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears ;  
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :  
But all in vain are these mean obsequies ;  
And, to survey his dead and earthy image,  
What were it but to make my sorrow greater ?

[*A bed, with Gloster's body, put forth.*

*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*

\* ——— not Henry :] The poet commonly uses Henry as a word of three syllables. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> For seeing him, I see my life in death.] Though, by a violent opera-



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

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

*War.* See, how the blood is settled in his face!  
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,

Of

operation, some sense may be extracted from this reading, yet I think it will be better to change it thus:

*For seeing him, I see my death in life.*

That is, Seeing him I live to see my own destruction. Thus it will aptly correspond with the first line:

*Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.*

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

JOHNSON.

—*I see my life in death.*] Surely the poet's meaning is obvious as the words now stand.—*I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.* PERCY.

<sup>3</sup> *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 corse.*

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.

JOHNSON.

This is not the first time that Shakespeare has confounded the terms that signify *body* and *soul*, together. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“———damned spirits all

“That in cross-ways and floods have *burial*.”

It is surely the *body* and not the *soul* that is committed to the earth, or whelm'd in the water. The word *ghost*, however, is licentiously used by our ancient writers. In Spenser's *Faery Queen*,

Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,  
 Being all descended to the labouring heart ;  
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;  
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth  
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But, see, his face is black, and full of blood ;  
 His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,  
 Staring full ghastly like a strangled man :  
 His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with strug-  
 gling ;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd  
 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 Beaufort, had him in protection ;  
 And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

*War.* But both of you were vow'd duke Hum-  
 phrey's foes ;

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep :  
 'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend ;  
 And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

*Queen*, B. II. c. viii. Sir *Gayon* is in a swoon, and two knights  
 are about to strip him, when the *Palmer* says :

“ ——— no knight so rude I weene

“ As to doen outrage to a sleeping *ghost*.”

Again, in the short copy of verses printed at the conclusion of  
 the three first books of *Spenser's Faerie Queen*, 1596 :

“ And grones of buried *ghostes* the heavens did perse.”

Again, in our author's *K. Richard II.* :

“ The *ghosts* they have depos'd.”

Again, in Sir A. Gorges's translation of *Lucan*, B. IX :

“ ——— a peasant of that coast

“ Bids him not tread on Hector's *ghost*.” STEEVENS.

*Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen  
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

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

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

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

*Suf.* I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;  
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,  
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,  
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—  
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exit Cardinal.*]

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

*Q. Mar.* He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

*War.* Madam, be still; with reverence may I  
say it;

For every word, you speak in his behalf,  
Is slander to your royal dignity.

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

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

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

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

*War.* Away even now, or I will drag thee hence :  
 Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,  
 And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt.*

*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 ?

*Re-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 traiterous 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 straight be done to death,  
 Or banished fair England's territories,  
 They will by violence tear him from your palace,  
 And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.

They



They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;  
 They say, in him they fear your highness' death;  
 And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—  
 Free from a stubborn opposite intent,  
 As being thought to contradict your liking,—  
 Makes them thus forward in his banishment.  
 They say, in care of your most royal person,  
 That, if your highness should intend to sleep,  
 And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,  
 In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;  
 Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,  
 Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,  
 That slyly glided towards your majesty,  
 It were but necessary you were wak'd;  
 Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,  
 The mortal worm<sup>4</sup> might make the sleep eternal;  
 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,  
 That they will guard you, wh'er you will, or no,  
 From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;  
 With whose envenomed and fatal sting,  
 Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,  
 They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

*Commons* [*within.*] An answer from the king, my lord  
 of Salisbury.

*Suf.* 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,  
 Could send such message to their sovereign:  
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,  
 To shew how quaint an orator you are:  
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won,  
 Is—that he was the lord ambassador,  
 Sent from<sup>5</sup> a sort of tinkers to the king.

<sup>4</sup> *The mortal worm*——] Serpents in general, were anciently called *worms*. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607, Pope Alexander says when he takes off the aspicks from the young princes:

“How now, proud *worms*? how tastes yon princes' blood?”  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——*a sort*——] Is a *company*. JOHNSON.  
 So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“—ruffet-pated choughs, many in *sort*.” STEEVENS.

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

*K. Henry.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me, I thank them for their tender loving care :  
And had I not been cited so by them,  
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;  
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy  
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.  
And therefore,—by his majesty I swear,  
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—  
He shall not breathe infection in this air  
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*

*Q. Mar.* 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 encrease unto my wrath.  
Had I but said, I would have kept my word ;  
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable :—  
If, after three days space, thou here be'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 all but Suffolk, and the Queen.*

*Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you !  
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,  
Be play-fellows to keep you company !  
There's two of you ; the devil make a third !  
And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps !

*Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,  
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

*Q. Mar.* Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch !

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies ?

*Suf.*

*Suf.* A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

<sup>6</sup> Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,  
I would invent as bitter searching terms,  
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,  
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave;  
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;  
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;  
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;  
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:  
And even now my burden'd heart would break,  
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!  
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!  
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!<sup>7</sup>  
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!<sup>8</sup>  
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!  
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;  
And boding scritch-owls make the concert full!  
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell——

*Mar.* Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself;

<sup>6</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. JOHNSON.

The same allusion occurs in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, by Randolph:

“This is the *mandrake's* voice that undoes me.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *a cypress tree!*] *Cypress* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *murdering basilisks!* — *Lizard's stings!*] It has been said of the *basilisk* that it had the power of destroying by a single glance of its eye. A *lizard* has no sting, but is quite inoffensive. STEEVENS.

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 bade me ban, and will you bid me  
leave ?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,  
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

*Q. Mar.* 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 woeful monuments.  
Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand ;

[*Kisses his hand.*]

' That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,  
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee !  
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief ;  
'Tis but 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 !—Even thus two friends condemn'd  
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,

' *You bade 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. JOHNSON.

' *That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,  
Through whom 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. JOHNSON.



Loth'er a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell ; and farewell life with thee !

*Suf.* Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,  
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence ;

A wilderness is populous enough,

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company :

For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world ;

And where thou art not, desolation.

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

Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

*Enter Vaux.*

*Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast ? what news,  
I pry'thee ?

*Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty,  
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death :  
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,  
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,  
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.  
Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost  
Were by his side ; sometime, he calls the king,  
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,  
The secrets of his 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 <sup>3</sup> at an hour's poor loss,

Omit-

<sup>2</sup> *Ay me ! what is this world ? what news are these ?*] Instead of this line, the quarto reads :

Oh ! what is worldly pomp ? all men must die,  
And woe am I for Beaufort's heavy end. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ———at an hour's poor loss,] She means, I believe, at a loss which any hour spent in contrivance and deliberation will enable

Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?  
 Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,  
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears;  
 Theirs for the earth's encrease, mine for my sorrows?  
 Now, get thee hence.—The king, thou know'st, is  
 coming;

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

*Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live:  
 And in thy sight to die, what were it else,  
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
 As mild and gentle as the cradle babe,  
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips:  
 Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,  
 And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,  
 To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;  
 So shouldst thou either <sup>4</sup> 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,

her to supply. Or perhaps she may call the sickness of the car-  
 dinal the loss of an hour, as it may put some stop to her schemes.

JOHNSON.

I believe the poet's meaning is, *Wherefore do I grieve that  
 Beaufort has died an hour before his time*, who, being an old man,  
 could not have had a long time to live? STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— turn thy flying soul,] Perhaps Mr. Pope was indebted  
 to this passage in his *Eloisa to Abelard*, where he makes that vo-  
 carist of exquisite sensibility say:

“ See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,  
 “ Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.”

STEEVENS.

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 cask  
That ever did contain a thing of worth.  
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;  
This way fall I to death.

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

### SCENE III.

*The Cardinal's bed-chamber.*

*Enter king Henry<sup>6</sup>, Salisbury, Warwick, and others, to the Cardinal in bed.*

*K. Henry.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

*Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

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

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

*War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

*Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.  
Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?  
Can I make men live, wh'er they will or no?—  
Oh! torture me no more, I will confess.—  
Alive again? then shew me where he is;

<sup>5</sup> *I'll have an Iris*——] Iris was the messenger of Juno.  
JOHNSON.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

“———this distemper'd messenger of wet,

“The many-colour'd Iris——” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Enter king Henry, &c.*] The quarto offers the following stage directions. *Enter King and Salisbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.* STEEVENS.

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—  
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—  
 Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,  
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—  
 Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary  
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

*K. Henry.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,  
 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<sup>7</sup>, 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>8</sup> Forbear to judge, for we are sinners  
 all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;  
 And let us all to meditation, <sup>9</sup> [*Exeunt,*

ACT

<sup>7</sup> *Hold up thy hand,*] Thus in the spurious play of *K. John*,  
 1611, Pandulph sees the king dying, and says:

“Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,  
 “*Lift up your hand,* in token you forgive.”

Again:

“*Lift up thy hand,* that we may witness here,  
 “Thou die'st the servant of our Saviour Christ;—  
 “Now join betide thy soul!”

This *K. John* was first published in 1591. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Forbear to judge, &c.*]

“*Peccantes culpare cave, nam labimur omnes,  
 “Aut sumus, aut fuimus, vel possumus esse quod hic est.*”

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> [*Exeunt,*] This is one of the scenes which have been applauded



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The coast of Kent.*

*Alarm. Fight at sea*<sup>1</sup>. Ordnance goes off. Enter captain Whitmore, and other pirates, with Suffolk, and other prisoners.

Cap.<sup>2</sup> The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day<sup>3</sup>  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;  
And now loud-howling wolves arouse<sup>4</sup> the jades  
That drag the tragic melancholy night;

ed by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudice shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Fight at sea.*] Perhaps Ben Jonson was thinking of this play, when he put the following declaration into the mouth of Morose in the *Silent Woman*. "Nay, I would fit out a play that were nothing but *fights at sea*, drum, trumpet, and target." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</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 confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *—remorseful day.*] *Remorseful* is pitiful. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"——a gentleman,

"Valiant, wise, *remorseful*, well accomplish'd."

The same idea occurs in *Macbeth*:

"Scarf up the tender eye of *pitiful day*." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *——the jades*

*That drag the tragic melancholy night,*

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

*Clip dead mens' 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. JOHNSON.

Who

Who with their drowfy, flow, and flagging wings  
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws  
Breathe foul contagious darknes 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.*

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

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

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

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

And bear the name and port of gentlemen ?—

Cut both the villains' throats ;—for die you shall ;

<sup>5</sup> 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 Whit-  
more,

<sup>5</sup> *Nor can these lives—*] The old copy reads *the lives of these.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Look on my George,—*] In the first edition it is *my ring.*

WARBURTON.

How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

*Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,  
And told me—that by *Water* I should die<sup>7</sup>;  
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 fell 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;  
<sup>8</sup> Jove sometime went disguis'd, And why not I?

*Cap.* But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

*Suf.* Obscure and <sup>9</sup> lowly swain, king Henry's  
blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster,  
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

<sup>7</sup> —by Water—] So, in queen Margaret's letter to this duke of Suffolk, by Michael Drayton:

“ I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass,

“ Never the sea yet half so dangerous was,

“ And one foretold, by *water* thou should'st die, &c.”

A note on these lines says, “ The witch of Eye received answer from her spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of *water*.” See the fourth scene of the first act of this play.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Jove sometime went disguis'd, &c.*] This verse is omitted in all but the first old edition, without which what follows is not sense. The next line also:

*Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,*  
was falsely put in the Captain's mouth. POPE.

<sup>9</sup> ———lowly swain,—] The quarto reads *lowly swain*.

STEEVENS.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrop?  
 And bare-head plodded by my foot-cloth mule,  
 And thought thee happy when I shook my head?  
 How often hast thou waited at my cup,  
 Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,  
 When I have feasted with queen Margaret?  
 Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;  
 Ay, and allay this thy 'abortive pride:  
 How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,  
 And duly waited for my coming forth?  
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,  
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

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

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

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

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

*Suf.* <sup>2</sup> Thou dar'st not for thine own.

*Cap.* <sup>3</sup> Poole? Sir Poole? lord?

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt  
 Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

<sup>1</sup> ————*abortive pride*:] Pride that has had birth too soon,  
 pride issuing before its time. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Thou dar'st not* &c.] In the quarto edition the passage stands  
 thus:

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

*Cap.* Yes, Pole.

*Suf.* Pole?

*Cap.* Ay, Pole, puddle, kennel, sink, and dirt,  
 I'll stop that yawning mouth of thine.

I think the two intermediate speeches should be inserted in the  
 text, to introduce the captain's repetition of *Poole*, &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *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*. JOHNSON.



Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,  
 For swallowing the treasure of the realm :  
 Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground ;  
 And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's  
 death,

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,  
 Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again :  
 And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,  
 For daring to affy \* a mighty lord  
 Unto the daughter of a worthless king,  
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.  
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,  
 And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd  
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.  
 By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France :  
 The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,  
 Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy  
 Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,  
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.  
 The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—  
 Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—  
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms :  
 And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,  
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king,  
 And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—  
 Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours  
 Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,  
 Under the which is writ—*In vitis nubibus.*  
 The commons here in Kent are up in arms :  
 And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,

\* ——— to affy ——— ] To *affy* is to betroth in marriage. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Pierce Gaveston* :

“ In bands of wedlock did to me *affy*

“ A lady, &c.”

Again, in the 17th Song of the *Polyolbion* :

“ ——— the Almaine emperor's bride

“ Which after to the earl of Anjou was *affy'd.*”

STEEVENS.

Is crept into the palace of our king,  
And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.

*Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder  
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!  
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,  
Being captain of a pinnace<sup>5</sup>, threatens more  
‘Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.  
Drones suck not eagles’ blood, but rob bee-hives.  
It is impossible, that I should die  
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.  
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:  
I go of message from the queen to France;  
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

<sup>5</sup> *Being captain of a pinnace,*] A pinnace did not anciently signify, as at present, a man of war’s boat, but a ship of small burthen. So, in *Winwood’s Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 118: “The king (James I.) naming the great ship, Trade’s Increase; and the prince, a pinnace of 250 tons (built to wait upon her) Pepper-corn.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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. ii. cap. 11.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Farmer observes that Shakespeare might have met with this pirate in two translations. Robert Whynton, 1533, calls him “Bargulus, a pirate upon the see of Illiry;” and Nicholas Grimald, about twenty-three years afterwards, “Bargulus, the Illyrian robber.”

Bargulus does not make his appearance in the quarto; but we meet with another hero in his room. The Captain, says Suffolk,  
Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,  
The great Macedonian pirate.

I know nothing more of this *Abradas*, than that he is mentioned by Greene in his *Penelope’s Web*, 1601:

“*Abradas* the great Macedonian pirat thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean.” STEEVENS.

In Cotgrave’s *Dictionary*, *Abbras* is the name of a terrible gyant in the old Romants: whence, *Ce fier Abbras*; this kil-cow, skatecrow, bugbear, swash-buckler, horrible hackster.

TOLLET.

Cap.

Cap. Walter,—

Wit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*?—'tis 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, entreat him, speak him fair.

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

Far be it, we should honour such as these  
With humble suit: no, rather let my head  
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,  
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;  
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,  
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.  
True nobility is exempt from fear:—  
More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more:  
Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can<sup>8</sup>.—

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot!—  
Great men oft die by vile bezonians<sup>9</sup>:  
A Roman sworder<sup>1</sup> and banditto slave

<sup>7</sup> *Gelidus timor occupat artus*:] *Ovid. de Tristibus*, 313.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Come soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.*] Surely this line belongs to the next speech. No cruelty was meditated beyond decollation; and without such an introduction, there is an obscure abruptness in the beginning of Suffolk's reply to the captain. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —*bezonians.*] See a note on the 2d part of *Henry IV*, act V. sc. iii:

*Bisognoso*, is a mean low man.

So, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

“—if he come to me like your *Besognio* or your boor.”

Again, in Markham's *English Husbandman*, p. 4:

“The ordinary tillers of the earth, such as we call husbandmen; in France peasants, in Spaine *besonyans*, and generally the clouthoe.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *A Roman sworder*, &c.] i. e. Herennius a centurion, and Popilius Laenas, tribune of the soldiers. STEEVENS.

Mur-

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand;  
 Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,  
<sup>3</sup> 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, with all but the first Gentleman.

Re-enter Whitmore, with Suffolk's body.

Whit. <sup>4</sup> There let his head and lifeless 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.

<sup>2</sup> —*Brutus' bastard hand*] Brutus was the son of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Cæsar.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Pompey the great; &c.*] The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other. JOHNSON.

This circumstance might be advanced as a slight proof, in aid of many stronger, that our poet was no classical scholar. Such a one could not easily have forgotten the manner in which the life of Pompey was concluded. Spenser likewise abounds with deviations from established history and fable. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *There let his head, &c.*] Instead of this speech the quarto gives us the following:

Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the queen,  
 And ransomless this prisoner shall go free,  
 To see it safe delivered unto her. STEEVENS.

SCENE



## S C E N E II.

*Another part of Kent.*

*Enter George Bevis and John Holland.*

*Bevis.* Come, and get thee a sword<sup>s</sup>, 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 gentlemen came up.

*Bevis.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handycrafts-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 to say as,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

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

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

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

*Hol.* And Dick the butcher,—

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

<sup>s</sup> ——— get thee a sword,] The 4to reads—put a long staff in thy pike, &c. STEEVENS.

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 <sup>6</sup> a cade of herrings. [Aside.

Cade. For <sup>7</sup> 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 brick-layer. [Aside.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,——

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife. [Aside.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,——

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

<sup>6</sup> —— a cade of herrings.] That is, A barrel of herrings. I suppose the word *keg*, which is now used, is *cade* corrupted.

JOHNSON.

Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against a *cade of herrings*, and says; "That the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in *ca*des, and from him they have their name." *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— our enemies shall fall before us,——] He alludes to his name *Cade*, from *cado*, Lat. *to fall*. He has too much learning for his character. JOHNSON.

*We John Cade, &c.*] This passage, I think, should be regulated thus.

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father, for our enemies shall fall before us;——

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. Inspired with the spirit &c. TYRWHITT.

Smith.

*Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with  
er<sup>s</sup> furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

[*Aside.*

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

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

[*Aside.*

*Cade.* Valiant I am.

*Smith.* 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

*Cade.* I am able to endure much.

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

[*Aside.*

*Cade.* I fear neither sword nor fire.

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

[*Aside.*

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

[*Aside.*

*Cade.* Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and  
vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven  
half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd  
pot shall have ten hoops<sup>9</sup>; and I will make it felony,  
to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in com-  
mon, 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:—<sup>1</sup> there shall  
be

<sup>8</sup> — furr'd pack, —] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the  
hair outward. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops;] In the *Guls  
Horn-Booke*, a satirical pamphlet by Decker, 1609, *hoops* are  
mentioned among other drinking measures: "—his *hoopes*, cans,  
half-cans, &c." And, in Nash's *Pierce Penniless his Supplication  
to the Devil*, 1595: "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented  
to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more."

STEVENS.

<sup>1</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.

be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

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

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

*Enter some, bringing in the clerk of Chatham.*

*Smith.* The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

*Cade.* O monstrous!

*Smith.* We took him setting of boys copies.

*Cade.* Here's a villain!

*Smith.* H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

*Cade.* Nay, then he is a conjurer.

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

*Cade.* I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, 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.*<sup>2</sup> They use to write it on the top of letters —'Twill go hard with you.

*Cade*

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.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> They use to write it on the top of letters;] i. e. Of letter missive, and such like public acts. See Mabillon's *Diplomata*.

WARBURTON.



*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 confess'd: 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's our general?

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

*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly! fir Humphrey Stafford and his brother, are hard by, with the king's forces.

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

*Mich.* No.

*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently; Rise up fir 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; Rise up fir Dick Butcher. Now sound up the drum.

In the old anonymous play, called *The famous Victories of Henry V. containing the honourable Battell of Agin-court*, I find the same circumstance. The archbishop of Burges (*i. e.* Bruges) is the speaker, and addresses himself to king Henry:

“ I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe

“ Conduct, under your broad seal *Emanuel.*”

The king in answer says:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ deliver him safe conduct

“ Under our broad seal *Emanuel.*” STEEVENS.

*Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.*

*Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,  
Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,  
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom ;—  
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

*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, <sup>3</sup> 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 shearman, 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' 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.

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

<sup>3</sup> — *I pass not ;*] I pay them no regard. JOHNSON.  
So, in Drayton's *Quest of Cynthia* :

“ Transform me to what shape you can,  
“ *I pass not* what it be.” STEEVENS.

*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. *Aside.*—  
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 con-  
tent 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 pui-  
fance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that  
lord Say hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it  
an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French,  
and therefore he is a traitor.

*Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

*Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen  
are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this; Can he,  
that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good  
counsellor, or no?

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

*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 childrens' fight,  
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 will not leave one lord, one gentleman:  
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;

For they are thrifty honest men, and such  
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

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

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

## S C E N E III.

*Another part of the field. The parties fight, and 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 behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in  
thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus I will re-  
ward thee,—The <sup>4</sup> Lent shall be as long again as it is;  
and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred  
lacking one.

*Dick.* I desire no more.

*Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less.  
<sup>5</sup> This monument of the victory will I bear; and the  
bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse' heels, 'till I do  
come to London, where we will have the mayor's  
sword borne before us.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Lent shall be as long as it is,* ———] Methinks it might  
be read more humorously, *Lent shall be as long again as it is.*

JOHNSON.

The old quarto reads *as long again as it is.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *This monument of the victory will I bear;* —] Here Cade must  
be supposed to take off Stafford's armour. So, Holinshed:

“Jack Cade, upon victory against the Staffords, apparelled  
himself in sir Humphrey's brigandine, set-full of gilt nails, and  
for in some glory returned again toward London.” STEEVENS.

*Dick.*



*Dick.* <sup>6</sup> 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.]

## S C E N E IV.

*Black-Heath.*

*Enter king Henry with a supplication, and queen Margaret with Suffolk's head; the duke of Buckingham, and and the lord Say.*

*Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;  
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.  
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?  
Here may his head 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 entreat:  
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

<sup>7</sup> Ru'd, like a wandering planet, over me;  
And could it not enforce them to relent,

<sup>6</sup> *If we mean to thrive and do good, &c.*] I think it should be read thus, *If we mean to thrive, do good; break open the gaols, &c.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Ru'd like a wandering planet—*] Predominate irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over the lives of those that are born under their influence. JOHNSON.

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, my love, if that I had been dead,

Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

*Q. Mar.* No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

*Mes.* The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,  
Descended from the duke of Clarence' 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 Kenelworth,  
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.

\* ———retire to Killingworth,] Thus all the modern editors, but we should read to *Kenelworth*; or perhaps *Killingworth* might be the old pronunciation. STEEVENS.

In the letter concerning *Q. Elizabeth's* entertainment at this place, we find, "the castle hath name of *Kyllelingwoorth*; but of truth, grouounded upon saythfull story, *Kenelwoorth*."

FARMER.

*K. Henry.*

*K. Henry.* Lord Say, the traitor hateth thee,  
Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

*Say.* So might your grace's person be in danger;  
The fight 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 Mes.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;  
The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses:  
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,  
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,  
To spoil the city, and your royal court.

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

*K. Henry.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will  
succour us.

*Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

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

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

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

## S C E N E V.

*London.*

*Enter lord Scales, and others, on the walls of the Tower.  
Then enter two or three Citizens below.*

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

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

*Scales.* Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;  
But I am troubled here with them myself,

The

The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.  
 But get you into Smithfield, gather head,  
 And thither will I send you Matthew Gough :  
 Fight for your king, your country, and your lives ;  
 And so farewell, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E VI.

*Cannon-Street.*

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

*Cade.* Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

*Enter a Soldier running.*

*Sol.* Jack Cade ! Jack Cade !

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

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

*Dick.* My lord, there's an army gather'd 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.

° *Knock him down there.*] So, Holinshed, p. 634 : " He also put to execution, &c. and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewraie his base lineage, disparaging him for his usurped name of Mortimer." STEEVENS.



## SCENE VII.

*Smithfield.*

*Alarum.* Enter Jack Cade with his company. They fight with the king's forces, and Matthew Gough<sup>1</sup> is slain.

*Cade.* So, fir:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

*Dick.* I have a fuit 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<sup>2</sup>.

*John.* Mafs, 'twill be fore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [*Aside.*

*Smith.* Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheefe. [*Aside.*

*Cade.* I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Matthew Gough*] “A man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in service of the king and his father.” *Holinshed*, p. 635. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *That the laws of England may come out of your mouth.*] This alludes to what *Holinshed* has related of *Wat Tyler*, p. 432. “It was reported indeed, that he should saie with great pride, putting his hands to his lipps, that within four daies all the lawes of England should come forth of his mouth.” TYRWHITT.

Enter

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mef.* 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 Bevis, with the lord Say.*

*Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.— Ah, <sup>3</sup> thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most 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 <sup>4</sup> printing to be us'd; and, contrary to the king,

<sup>3</sup> ——— *thou say, thou serge,* ———] *Say* was the old word for *filk*; on this depends the series of degradation, from *say* to *serge*, from *serge* to *buckram*. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. I. c. iv:

“ All in a kirtle of discolour'd *say*

“ He clothed was.”

Again, in his *Perigot and Cuddy's Roundelay*:

“ And in a kirtle of green *say*.”

It appears, however, from the following passage in the *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. ii. that *say* was not *filk*:

“ His garment neither was of *filk* nor *say*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *printing to be us'd;* ———] Shakespeare is a little too early with this accusation. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare might have been led into this mistake by Daniel, in the sixth book of his *Civil Wars*, who introduces *printing* and *artillery* as contemporary inventions:

“ Let there be found two fatal instruments,

“ The one to publish, th' other to defend

“ Impious

king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and, <sup>5</sup> because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not <sup>6</sup>?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not <sup>7</sup> to let thy horse

“ Impious contention, and proud discontents;

“ Make that *instamped characters* may send

“ Abroad to thousands thousand men's intent;

“ And, in a moment, may dispatch much more

“ Than could a world of pens perform before.”

Shakespeare's absurdities may always be countenanced by those of writers nearly his contemporaries.

In the tragedy of *Herod and Antipater*, by Gervase Markham and William Sampson, who were both scholars, is the following passage:

“ Though *cannons* roar yet you must not be deaf.”

Spenser mentions *cloth* made at Lincoln during the ideal reign of K. Arthur, and has adorn'd a castle at the same period “ with cloth of *Arras* and of *Toure*.” Chaucer introduces *guns* in the time of Antony and Cleopatra, and (as Mr. Warton has observed) Salvator Rosa places a *cannon* at the entrance of the tent of Holofernes. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</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. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *Thou dost ride on a footcloth, —*] A *footcloth* was a horse with housings which reached as low as his feet. So, in the tragedy of *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610:

“ I have seen, since my coming to Florence, the son of a pedlar mounted on a *footcloth*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *to let thy horse wear a cloak, —*] This is a reproach truly characteristical. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of mankind as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious. JOHNSON.

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 <sup>s</sup> *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<sup>9</sup>:  
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;  
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;  
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.  
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;  
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.  
Justice with favour have I always done;  
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.  
When have I aught exacted at your hands?

Kent

<sup>s</sup> —— *bona terra, mala gens.*] After this line the quarto proceed thus:

“*Cade.* Bonum terrum, what's that?”

“*Dick.* He speaks French.”

“*Will.* No, 'tis Dutch.”

“*Nick.* No, 'tis Outalian: I know it well enough.”

Holinshed has likewise stigmatized the Kentish men, p. 677. “The *Kentish-men*, in this season (whose minds be ever moveable at the change of princes) came, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:*] So, in Cæsar's *Comment.* B. V. “Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui *Cantium* incolunt.” The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1590. “Of all the inhabitantes of this isle, the *civil'st* are the *Kentishfoke.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</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 preferred clerks to maintain Kent and



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:  
 And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,  
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—  
 Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,  
 You cannot but forbear to murder me.  
 This tongue hath parly'd unto foreign kings  
 For your behoof,——

*Cade.* Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

*Say.* Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

*George.* O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks!

*Say.* These cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

*Cade.* Give him a box o'the 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.*

and the king. This is not very clear; and besides he gives in the following line another reason of his bounty, that learning raised him, and therefore he supported learning. I am inclined to think Kent slipped into this passage by chance, and would read:

*When have I aught exacted at your hand,*

*But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?* JOHNSON.

I concur with Dr. Johnson in believing the word *Kent* to have been shuffled into the text by accident. Lord Say, as the passage stands at present, not only declares he had preferred men of learning to maintain *Kent, the king, the realm*, but adds tautologically *you*; for it should be remembered that they are Kentish men to whom he is now speaking. I would read, *Bent* to maintain, &c. i. e. *strenuously resolved to the utmost, to &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Why dost thou quiver, man? &c.*] Otway has borrowed this thought in *Venice Preserved*:

*Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provokes me ?

*Cade.* Nay, he nods at us ; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no : Take him away, and behead him.

*Say.* Tell me, wherein have I offended most ?

Have I affected wealth, or honour ; speak ?

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold ?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold ?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death ?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live !

*Cade.* I feel remorse in myself with his words : but I'll bridle it ; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life<sup>3</sup>. Away with him ! he has a familiar under his tongue<sup>4</sup> ; he speaks not o'God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently ; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

*All.* It shall be done.

*Say.* Ah, countrymen ! if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

“ *Spinosa.* You are trembling, sir.

“ *Renault.* 'Tis a cold night indeed, and I am aged,

“ Full of decay and natural infirmities.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.*] This sentiment is not merely designed as an expression of ferocious triumph, but to mark the eternal enmity which the vulgar bear to those of more liberal education and superior rank. The vulgar are always ready to depreciate the talents which they behold with envy, and insult the eminence which they despair to reach. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *a familiar under his tongue ;*] A familiar is a dæmon who was supposed to attend at call. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ Love is a familiar ; there is no angel but love :”

STEEVENS.

How

How would it fare with your departed souls ?  
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

*Cade.* Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with lord Say.*]

The proudest peer 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 to me her  
maiden-head \* ere they have it : Men shall hold of me  
*in capite* ; and we charge and command, that their  
wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

*Dick.* My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside,  
and take up commodities upon our bills ?

*Cade.* Marry, presently.

*All.* O brave !

*Re-enter one with the heads.*

*Cade.* But is not this braver ?—Let them kiss one  
another <sup>6</sup> ; for they lov'd well, when they were alive.  
Now part them again, lest they consult about the giv-  
ing 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, we will ride through  
the streets ; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—  
Away ! [ *Exeunt.*

\* — [*shall pay to me her maidenhead, &c.*] Alluding to an ancient  
usage on which B. and Fletcher have founded their play called the  
*Custom of the Country*. See Mr. Seyward's note at the beginning  
of it. See also Cowell's *Law Dict.* in voce *Marchet*, &c. &c. &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — [*Take up commodities upon our bills?*] Perhaps this is an  
equivoque alluding to the *brown bills*, or halberds, with which  
the commons were anciently armed. PERCY.

<sup>6</sup> [*Let them kiss one another ;*] This is from the *Mirror for Magi-  
strates* in the legend of *Jack Cade* :

“ With these two heads I made a pretty play,  
“ For pight on poales I bore them through the strete,  
“ And for my sport made *each kisse other swete*.”

FARMER.

It is likewise found in Holinshed, p. 634 : “ and as it were in a  
spite caused them in every street *to kisse together*.” STEEVENS.

## SCENE VIII.

*Southwark.**Alarum, and retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his rabblement.**Cade.* Up Fish-street! down faint 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 mis-led;  
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,  
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.*Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,  
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;  
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?  
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,  
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!  
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,  
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,  
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.*All.* God save the king! God save the king!*Cade.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so  
brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him?  
will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about  
your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through  
London gates, that you should leave me at the  
White-hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would  
never have given out these arms, 'till you had reco-  
ver'd



ver'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 burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces : For me,—I will make shift for one ; and so—God's curse 'light upon you all !

*All.* We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

*Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth, That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him ? Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meanest of you earls and dukes ? Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to ; Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends, and us. Wer't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar, The fearful French, whom you late vanquish'd, 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>7</sup> Henry hath money, you are strong and manly ; God on our side, doubt not of victory.

*All.* A Clifford ! a Clifford ! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

*Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude ? the name of Henry the fifth hales

<sup>7</sup> *Henry hath money,*—] Dr. Warburton reads, *Henry hath mercy*, but he does not seem to have attended to the speaker's drift, which is to lure them from their present design by the hope of French plunder. He bids them spare England, and go to France, and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition ; that they have *strength*, and the king has *money*. JOHNSON.

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, makes me betake me to my heels. [Exit.

*Buck.* What, is he fled ? go some, and follow him ; And he, that brings his head unto the king, Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[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   I X.

*Kenelworth castle.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter king Henry, queen Margaret, and Somerset, on the terras.*

*K. Henry.* Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,  
And could command no more content than I ?  
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,  
But I was made a king, at nine months old ;  
Was never subject long'd to be a king,  
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

*Enter Buckingham, and Clifford.*

*Buck.* Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty !

*K. Henry.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd ?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong ?

*Enter.*

*Enter below, multitudes with halters about their necks.*

*Clif.* He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do  
yield ;

And humbly thus with halters on their necks  
Expect you 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 infortunate,  
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind :  
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,  
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

*All.* God save the king ! God save the king !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Please it your grace to be advertised,  
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland :  
And with a puissant and a mighty power,  
Of Gallow-glass<sup>s</sup>, and stout Kernes<sup>s</sup>,  
Is marching hitherward in proud array ;  
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,  
His arms are only to remove from thee  
The duke of Somers<sup>et</sup>, whom he terms a traitor.

*K. Henry.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and  
York distress'd ;

Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,  
<sup>9</sup> Is straitway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate :

But

<sup>8</sup> *Of Gallowglass<sup>s</sup> and stout Kernes,*] These were two orders of foot soldiers among the Irish. See Dr. Warburton's note on the second scene of the first act of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Is straitway claim'd and boarded with a pirate:]* So the edi-

But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd ;  
 And now is York in arms, to second him.—  
 I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him ;  
 And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.  
 Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower ;—  
 And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,  
 Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

*Som.* My lord,  
 I'll yield myself to prison willingly,  
 Or unto death, to do my country good.

*K. 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.*

tions read ; and one would think it plain enough ; alluding to York's claim to the crown. Cade's head-long tumult was well compared to a *tempest*, as York's premeditated rebellion to a *piracy*. But see what it is to be critical ; 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 appeared in arms :

*But now is Cade driv'n back, his men dispers'd ;*

*And now is York in arms to second him.* WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton begins his note by roundly asserting that the editions read *claim'd*. The passage, indeed, is not found in the quarto ; but the folio, 1623, which is the only copy of authority, reads *calme*. Theobald says, that the third folio had anticipated his correction. I believe *calm'd* is right. The commotion raised by Cade was over, and the mind of the king was subsiding into a *calm*, when York appeared in arms, to raise fresh disturbances, and deprive it of its momentary peace. STEEVENS.

SCENE



## S C E N E X.

*A garden in Kent<sup>1</sup>.**Enter Jack Cade.*

*Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time,<sup>2</sup> but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

<sup>1</sup> *A garden in Kent.*] Holinshed, p. 635, says: "—a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited for his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in *Suffex*, so that there he was slaine at Hothfield, &c."

Instead of the soliloquy with which the present scene begins, the quarto has only this stage direction. *Enter Jack Cade at one doore, and at the other M. Alexander Eyden and his men, and Jack Cade lies down picking of hearbes, and eating them.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —but for a sallet, my brain-pan &c.] A sallet by corruption from *cælata*, a helmet (says Skinner) *quia galeæ cælatæ fuerunt.* POPE.

So, in sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, "—One of the company seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his *sallet*."

Again, *Ibid*: "Some were driven to fill their *salletts* and murrians with water."

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"This will beare away a good rappe,

"As good as a *sallet* to me verilie." STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter Iden, with Servants.*

*Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,

And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ?  
This small inheritance, my father left me,  
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.  
I seek not to wax great by others' waining ;  
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy ;  
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,  
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

*Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king for 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'er thou be, I know thee not ; Why then should I betray thee ? Is't not enough, to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner, But thou wilt brave me with these faucy terms ?

*Cade.* Brave thee ? ay, by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well : I have eat no meat these five days ; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

*Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,  
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.  
Oppose thy 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

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.

<sup>3</sup> As for more words, whose greatness answers words,  
 Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

*Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion  
 that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or  
 cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef  
 ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my  
 knees, thou may'st be turn'd to 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 uncon-  
 quer'd soul of Cade is fled.

*Iden.* Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous  
 traitor ?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,  
 And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead <sup>4</sup> :  
 Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point ;  
 But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,

<sup>3</sup> *As for more words, whose greatness answers words,  
 Let this my sword report what speech forbears.]*

Sir Thomas Hanmer, and, after him, Dr. Warburton, 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.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —*when I am dead :*] How Iden was to hang a sword over his own tomb, after he was dead, it is not easy to explain. The sentiment is more correctly expressed in the quarto :

Oh sword, I'll honour thee for this, and in my chamber  
 Shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age,  
 For this great service thou hast done to me. STEEVENS.

'To emblaze the honour that 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.

[*Dies.*

*Iden.* <sup>5</sup> How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

<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. JOHNSON.

<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, the 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 negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction. JOHNSON.

The quarto is more favourable both to Iden's morality and language. It omits this savage wish, and makes him only add, after the lines I have just quoted:

I'll drag him hence, and with my sword

Cut off his head, and bear it to the king.

The player editors seem to have preferred want of humanity and common sense, to fewness of lines, and defect of versification.

STEEVENS.



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Fields near Saint Albans.*

*Enter York, attended, 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.

<sup>7</sup> Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear ?  
Let them obey, that know not how to rule ;  
This hand was made to handle nought but gold :  
I cannot give due action to my words,  
Except a sword, or scepter, <sup>8</sup> balance it.

<sup>9</sup> A scepter shall it have, have I a soul ;  
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

*Enter Buckingham.*

Whom have we here ? Buckingham, to disturb me ?  
The king hath sent him, sure : I must dissemble.

*Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

*York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy  
greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure ?

<sup>7</sup> *Ab, sancta majestas !*] Thus the old copy ; instead of which the modern editors read, *Ab, majesty!* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *balance it.*] That is, Balance my hand. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *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. JOHNSON.

I rather think York means to say—If I have a *soul*, my hand shall not be without a scepter. STEEVENS.

*Buck.*

*Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,  
To know the reason of these arms in peace;  
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—  
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,  
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,  
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

*York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.  
Oh, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,  
I am so angry at these abject terms;  
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,  
On sheep and oxen could I spend my fury!  
I am far better born than is the king;  
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:  
But I must make fair weather yet a while,  
'Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—  
O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,  
That I have given no answer all this while;  
My mind was 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 saint George's field,  
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.—  
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,  
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,—  
As pledges of my fealty and love,  
I'll send them all as willing as I live;  
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have  
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

*Buck.*

*Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission:  
We twain will go into his highness' tent. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter king Henry, and Attendants.*

*K. Henry.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm  
to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

*York.* In all submission and humility,

York doth present himself unto your highness.

*K. Henry.* Then what intend these forces thou dost  
bring?

*York.* To heave the traitor Somersset from hence;

And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,

Whom since I hear to be discomfited.

*Enter Iden, with Cade's head.*

*Iden.* If one so rude, and of so mean condition,

May pass into the presence of a king,

Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,

The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

*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 majesty.

*K. Henry.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy  
degree?

*Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name;

A poor esquire of Kent, that loves the king.

*Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss

He were created knight for his good service.

*K. Henry.* Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels.*] Rise up  
a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;

And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

*Iden,*

*Iden.* ' May Iden live to merit such a bounty,  
And never live but true unto his liege!

*K. Henry.* See, Buckingham! Somersfet comes with  
the queen;  
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Enter queen Margaret, and Somersfet.*

*Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his  
head,  
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

*York.* How now! is Somersfet at liberty?  
Then, York, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,  
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.  
Shall I endure the sight of Somersfet?—  
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,  
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?  
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;  
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,  
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.  
That head of thine doth not become a crown;  
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,  
And not to grace an awful princely scepter.  
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;  
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,  
Is able with the change to kill and cure.  
Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,  
And with the same to act controlling laws.  
Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more  
O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

*Som.* O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,  
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:  
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

\* *May Iden &c.]* Iden has said before:

*Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,  
And may enjoy, &c.*

Shakespeare makes Iden rail at those enjoyments which he supposes to be out of his reach; but no sooner are they offered to him but he readily accepts them. ANONYMOUS.

*York.*



York. Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.—

[Exit an Attendant.]

<sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> 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,  
<sup>3</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> *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 ventured to transpose them. WARBURTON.

I believe these lines should be replaced in the order in which  
they stood till Dr. Warburton transposed them. By *these* York  
means *his knees*. He speaks, as Mr. Upton would have said,  
*δουλομας*: laying his hand upon, or at least pointing to, his knees.

TYRWHITT.

The speech originally stood thus:

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:—

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,

They'll pawn their swords of my enfranchisement.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those]* Considering 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. JOHNSON.

*Enter Clifford.*

*Q. Mar.* And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

*Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

*York.* We thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look: We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again; For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

*Clif.* This is my king, York, I do not mistake; But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:— To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

*K. Henry.* Ay, Clifford; <sup>4</sup> 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>5</sup> Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That

<sup>4</sup> ——— a bedlam and ambitious humour] The word *bedlam* was not used in the reign of king Henry the Sixth, nor was Bethlehem Hospital (vulgarly called Bedlam) converted into a house or hospital for lunatics till the reign of king Henry the Eighth, who gave it to the city of London for that purpose. DR. GRAY.

<sup>5</sup> Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

——— Bid Salisbury and Warwick come ——]

The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their cognizance; but the Talbots, who were formerly earls of Shrewsbury,

That, with the very shaking of their chains,  
They may astonish these fell lurking curs<sup>6</sup>;  
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

*Drums. Enter the earls 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<sup>7</sup> 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 clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:  
And such a piece of service will you do,  
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

*Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,  
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

*York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

*Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

*K. 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?

bury, had a *lion*; and the present earl of Talbot, a descendant of that family, has the same. SIR J. HAWKINS.

<sup>6</sup> ———fell lurking curs:] Mr. Roderick would read “fell barking;” the author of the *Revisal* “fell lurching;” but, perhaps, by *fell lurking* is meant, curs who are at once a compound of *cruelty* and *treachery*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Oft have I seen &c.*] Bear-baiting was anciently a royal sport. See Stow's *Account of Queen Elizabeth's Amusements of this kind*; and Langham's *Letter concerning that Queen's Entertaiment at Kenelworth Castle*. PERCY.

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 heaven for such  
 an oath?

*Sal.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;  
 But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.  
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
 To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,  
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,  
 To reave the orphan of his patrimony,  
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right;  
 And have no other reason for this wrong,  
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

*Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

*K. 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 were best go to bed, and dream again,  
 To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

*Old Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,  
 Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;

And



And that I'll write upon thy burgonet<sup>8</sup>,  
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

*War.* Now by my father's badge<sup>9</sup>, old Nevil's  
crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,  
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,  
(As on a mountain top the cedar shews,  
That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm)  
Even 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 these traitors, and their 'complices.

*R. Plan.* Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in  
spight,  
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

*Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatic<sup>1</sup>, that's more than thou  
canst tell.

*R. Plan.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

## S C E N E II.

*The field of battle at Saint Albans.*

*Enter Warwick.*

*War.* Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!  
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,

<sup>8</sup> ————*burgonet,*] Is a *helmet*. JOHNSON.  
So, in the *Martyr'd Soldier*, 1638:

“ ———— now tye

“ Strong charms upon my full-plum'd *burgonet*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *my father's badge,*] The quarto reads—*age*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Foul stigmatic,*] A *stigmatic* is one on whom nature has set a  
mark of deformity, a *stigma*. STEEVENS.

Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,  
 And dead mens' cries do fill the empty air,—  
 Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me !  
 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

*Enter York.*

How now, my noble lord ? what, all a-foot ?

*York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed ;  
 But match to match I have encounter'd him,  
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
 Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

*Enter Clifford.*

*War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.

*York.* Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other  
 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 Warwick.]*

*Clif.* What see'st thou in me, York ? why dost thou  
 pause ?

*York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in love,  
 But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

*Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,  
 But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

*York.* So let it help me now against thy sword,  
 As I in justice and true right express it !

*Clif.* My soul and body on the action both !—

*York.* A dreadful lay !—address thee instantly.

*[Fight, and Clifford falls.]*

\* *A dreadful lay !]* A dreadful wager ; a tremendous stake.

JOHNSON.

Clif,

Clif. *La fin couronne les oeuvres*<sup>3</sup>. [Dies<sup>4</sup>.

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [Exit.

*Enter young Clifford.*

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;  
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds  
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,  
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,  
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part  
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:  
He, that is truly dedicate to war,  
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,  
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,  
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,  
[Seeing his dead father.

<sup>5</sup> And the promised flames of the last day  
Knit earth and heaven together!  
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,  
Particularities and petty sounds  
To cease<sup>6</sup>!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

<sup>3</sup> *La fin couronne les oeuvres.*] The players read:

*La fin corrone les eumenes.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *York kills Clifford.*] Our author has here departed from the truth of history, a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance however serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland.

It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the third part of this historical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened:

*Lord Clifford and lord Stafford all abreast*

*Charg'd our main battle's front; and breaking in,*

*Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.* PERCY.

<sup>5</sup> *And the promised flames*——] *Promised*, for sent before their time. The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *To cease*!] is to *stop*, a verb active. So, in *Timon*:

“———be not *ceas'd*

“With slight denial——— STEEVENS.

To lose thy youth in peace, and <sup>7</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 fight,  
 My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,  
 It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;  
 No more will I their babes; tears virginal  
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;  
 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,  
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax <sup>8</sup>.  
 Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:  
 Meet I an infant of the house of York,  
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,  
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:  
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.  
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;

[Taking up the body.

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,  
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders <sup>9</sup>;  
 But then Æneas bare a living load,  
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit,

<sup>7</sup> ——— to atchieve] Is, to obtain. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.] So, in *Hamlet*:  
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
 And melt in her own fire. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> The quarto copy has these lines:

Even so will I.—But stay, here's one of them,  
 To whom my soul hath sworn immortal hate.

*Enter Richard, and then Clifford lays down his father, fights him,  
 and Richard flies away again.*

Out, crook-back'd villain, get thee from my sight!

But I will after thee, and once again

(When I have borne my father to his tent)

I'll try my fortune better with thee yet.

[Exit young Clifford with his father.

STEEVENS.

*Enter*



*Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.*

R. Plan. ' So, lie thou there ;— [*Somerset is killed.*  
For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,  
The Castle in faint Albans, Somerset  
Hath made the wizard <sup>2</sup> famous in his death.—  
Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still :  
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

*Fight. Excursions. Enter king Henry, and queen Margaret, and others.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord, you are slow ; for shame,  
away !

<sup>1</sup> So, lie thou there ;——

*For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,  
The Castle in faint Albans, Somerset  
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. JOHNSON.

Thus the passage stands in the quarto :

*Rich.* So lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood !  
What's here ? the sign of the Castle ?  
Then the prophecy is come to pass ;  
For Somerset was forewarned of castles,  
The which he always did observe ; and now,  
Behold, under a paltry ale-house sign,  
The Castle in faint Albans, Somerset  
Hath made the wizard famous by his death.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— *famous in his death.* —— ] The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdain, 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.

*K. Henry*

*K. Henry.* Can we out-run the heavens? good Margaret, fly.

*Q. Mar.* What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,  
To give the enemy way; and to secure us  
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom  
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,  
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)  
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;  
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,  
May readily be stopp'd.

*Enter young Clifford.*

*Clif.* But that my heart's on future mischief set,  
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;  
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit  
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts<sup>3</sup>.  
Away, for your relief! and we will live  
To see their day, and them our fortune give:  
Away, my lord, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

*York.* Of Salisbury, who can report of him;  
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets  
Aged contusions and all<sup>4</sup> brush of time;

<sup>3</sup> ——— all our present parts.] Should we not read?—*party.*

TYRWHITT.

<sup>4</sup> — brush of time;] Read *bruise* of time. *WARBURTON.*

The *brush of time*, is the gradual detrition of time. The old reading I suppose to be the true one. So, in *Timon*:

“—————one winter's *brush.*” *STEEVENS.*

And

And, like a <sup>5</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 holp him to his horse,  
<sup>6</sup> 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 the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:  
God knows, how long it is I have to live;  
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day  
You have defended me from imminent death.—  
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;  
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,  
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them;  
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,  
To call a present court of parliament.  
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—

<sup>5</sup> — gallant in the brow of youth,] The *brow of youth* is an  
expression not very easily explained. I read *the blow of youth*;  
the blossom, the spring. JOHNSON.

The *brow of youth*, is the *height* of youth, as the *brow* of a  
hill is its summit. So, in *Othello*:

“ ——— the head and *front* of my offending.”

Again, in *K. John*:

“ Why here walk I in the black *brow* of night.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Three times bestrid him*;—] That is, Three times I saw  
him fallen, and, striding over him, defended him till he reco-  
vered. JOHNSON.

What

What says lord Warwick, shall we after them?

*War.* After them! nay, before them, if we can.

Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:

Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,

Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—

Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to London all:

And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*]

HENRY





## Persons Represented.

King Henry the Sixth.

Edward, *Prince of Wales, his son.*

Duke of Somerset,

Earl of Northumberland,

Earl of Oxford,

Earl of Exeter,

Earl of Westmoreland,

Lord Clifford,

Richard, Duke of York.

Edward, *earl of March, afterwards king,*

George, Duke of Clarence,

Richard, Duke of Gloucester,

Edmund, E. of Rutland,

Duke of Norfolk,

Marquis of Montague,

Earl of Warwick,

Earl of Salisbury,

Earl of Pembroke,

Lord Hastings,

Lord Stafford,

Sir John Mortimer,

Sir Hugh Mortimer,

Lord Rivers, *brother to the lady Gray.*

Sir John Montgomery, *lieutenant of the Tower.*

*Mayor of York, Sir John Somerville.*

Humphrey, and Sinklo, *two huntsmen.*

Lewis XI. *king of France.*

Queen Margaret. *Bona, sister to the French king.*

Lady Gray, *afterwards queen to Edward IV.*

*Soldiers and other Attendants on K. Henry and K. Edward,  
 &c.*

*In part of the third act, the Scene is laid in France;  
 during all the rest of the play, in England.*

· T H I R D P A R T O F  
K I N G H E N R Y V I .

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

London. The Parliament House.

*Alarum.* Enter duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and others, with white roses in their hats.

*War.* <sup>2</sup> I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands.  
*York.* While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,  
He

\* *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*, 1600. POPE.

*Third Part of King 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 King Henry the Sixth; or, The Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster*) opens just after the first battle at Saint Albans, wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of king 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.

The present historical drama was altered by Crowne, and brought on the stage in the year 1680, under the title of *The Miseries of Civil War*. Surely the works of Shakespeare could have been little read at that period; for Crowne in his prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own composition:

“ For by his feeble skill 'tis built alone,

“ The divine Shakespeare *did not lay one stone.*”

whereas the very first scene is that of Jack Cade copied almost verbatim from the second part of *K. Hen. VI.* and several others from this third part, with as little variation. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I won-*

He sily stole away, and left his men :  
 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 battle's front, and, breaking in,  
 Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

*Edw.* Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,  
 Is either slain, or wounded dangerously :  
 I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;  
 That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Shewing his bloody sword.*

*Mount.* And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's  
 blood, [To Warwick, shewing his.  
 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 your grace dead, my lord of Somerset ?

*Norf.* Such hope have all the line of John of  
 Gaunt !

*Rich.* Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

*War.* And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,  
 Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,  
 I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king,  
 And this the regal seat : possess it, York ;  
 For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

*York.* Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;  
 For hither are we broken in by force.

*Norf.* We'll all assist you ; he, that flies, shall die.

<sup>2</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, JOHNSON.



*York.* Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords ;—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

*War.* And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to put us 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 cowardice Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

*York.* Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute ; I mean to take possession of my right.

*War.* Neither the king, nor he that loves him best, The proudest he that holds up Lancaster, Dares stir a wing, ' if Warwick shake his bells. I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares :— Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

[*Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself.*]

*Enter king Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and others, at the further end of the stage.*

*K. Henry.* My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,

Even in the chair of state ! belike, he means, (Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer) To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.— Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father ;—

<sup>3</sup> — *if Warwick shake his bells.*] The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to *dare* the birds ; that is, to fright them from rising. JOHNSON.

And thine, lord Clifford; and you both vow'd re-  
venge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

*North.* If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!

*Clif.* The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in  
steel.

*West.* What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him  
down:

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

*K. Henry.* Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

*Clif.* Patience is for poltroons, and such as he:  
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

*North.* Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

*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 it from the thoughts of Henry's  
heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*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 art deceiv'd, I am thine.

*Exe.* For shame, come down; he made thee duke  
of York.

*York.* 'Twas my inheritance, as the kingdom is<sup>4</sup>.

*Exe.* Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

*War.* Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,  
In following this usurping Henry.

<sup>4</sup> ———as the kingdom is.] Thus the quarto 1600, and that with-  
out date. The folio erroneously reads:

—————as the carldom was. STEEVENS.

*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 Westmoreland shall maintain.

*War.* And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget, That we are those, which chas'd you from the field, And slew your fathers, and with colours spread March'd through the city to the palace-gates,

*North.* 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;

<sup>3</sup> *I am the son of Henry the Fifth,*] The military reputation of Henry the Fifth is the sole support of his son. The name of Henry the Fifth dispersed the followers of Cade. JOHNSON.

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.

*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.* An if he may, then am I lawful king :

For Richard, in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth ;

Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

*York.* He rose against him, being his sovereign,  
And made him to resign the crown perforce.

*War.*



*War.* Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,  
 6 Think you, 'twere prejudicial to the crown?

*Exe.* No; for he could not so resign his crown,  
 But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

*K. Henry.* Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

*Exe.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

*York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer  
 not?

*Exe.* My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.

*K. 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 all.

*North.* Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern  
 power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—  
 Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—  
 Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

*Clif.* King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,  
 Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,  
 Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

*K. Henry.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my  
 heart!

*York.* Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—  
 What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

*War.* Do right unto this princely duke of York;  
 Or I will fill the house with armed men,

6 *Think you, 'twere prejudicial to the crown?*] The phrase *prejudicial to the 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.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Percy observes on Dr. Johnson's note, that *son* could not have been the right word, as Richard the II. had no issue; and our author would hardly have used it simply for *heir general.* *Prejudicial to the crown*, is right,—i. e. to the prerogative of the crown. STEEVENS.

And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,  
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the soldiers shew themselves.*]

*K. Henry.* My lord of Warwick, hear me but one  
word;—

Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

*York.* Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,  
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

*K. 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's go tell the queen these news,

*West.* Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate king,  
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

*North.* Be thou a prey unto the house of York,  
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

*Clif.* In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!  
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

*Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland,*

*War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

*Exe.* <sup>7</sup> 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 disinherit.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

<sup>7</sup> *They seek revenge, —*] They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion. JOHNSON.

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath  
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,  
To honour me as thy king and sovereign; and  
Neither by treason, nor hostility,  
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

*York.* This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

*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.* Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!

[*Here the lords come forward.*]

*York.* Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

*War.* And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

*Norf.* And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

*Mont.* And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York, and his sons, Warwick, Norfolk, and Montague.*]

*K. Henry.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

*Enter the Queen, and Prince.*

*Exe.* Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

*K. Henry.* Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*]

*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 died a maid,  
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,  
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!  
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?  
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;  
Or felt that pain which I did for him once;  
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;

Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,  
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,  
And disinherited thine only son.

*Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me ;  
If you be king, why should not I succeed ?

*K. Henry.* Pardon me, Margaret ;—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, timorous wretch !  
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me ;  
And given unto the house of York such head,  
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance,  
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown ;  
\* What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,  
And creep into it far before thy time ?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais ;  
Stern 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, environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,  
Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour ;  
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,  
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,  
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,  
Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,  
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread :  
And spread they shall be ; to thy foul disgrace,  
And utter ruin of the house of York.

\* *What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,*] The queen's reproach is founded on a position long received among politicians, that the loss of a king's power is soon followed by loss of life.



Thus do I 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,

Will

\* *Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,  
Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,  
Tire on the flesh*——] Read *coast*, i. e. hover over it.

WARBURTON.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, appears to violate the metaphor, nor is *to coast* used as a term of falconry in any of the books professedly written on that subject. *To coast* is a sea-faring expression, and means to keep along shore. We may, however, maintain the integrity of the figure, by inserting the word *cote*, which is used in *Hamlet*, and in a sense convenient enough on this occasion :

“ We *coted* them on the way.”

*To cote* is to come up with, to overtake.

So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, a comedy, 1606 :

“ —— marry, we presently *coted* and outstript them.”

Yet I am not certain, that *to coast* is a sea-faring expression only. It is used in the following instance to denote speed :

“ And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry.”

Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*.

Again, in the *Loyal Subject*, by B. and Fletcher :

“ Take you those horse, and *coast* them.”

Again, in *The Maid of the Mill*, by the same authors, two gentlemen are entering, and a lady asks :

“ —— who are those that *coast* us ?”

Mr.

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 entreat them fair;—  
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

*Exe.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.*

*Enter Edward, Richard, and Montague.*

*Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

*Edw.* No, I can better play the orator.

*Mont.* But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter the duke of York.*

*York.* Why, how now, ' sons, and brother, at a strife?  
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

*Edw.*

Mr. Tollet observes, that Dr. Warburton's interpretation may be right, as Holinshed often uses the verb to *coast*, i. e. to hover, or range about any thing. See Vol. III. p. 352: "William Douglas still *coasted* the Englishmen, doing them what damage he might." So, again, p. 387, and 404, and in other writers.

STEEVENS.

To *tire* is to fasten, to fix the talons, from the French *tirer*.

JOHNSON.

To *tire* is to *peck*. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"——the vulture *tires*

"Upon the eagle's heart." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —— *those three lords* ——] That is, of Northumberland, Westmorland, and Clifford, who had left him in disgust.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —— *sons and brother* ——] I believe we should read *cousin* instead of *brother*, unless *brother* be used by Shakespeare as a term expressive of endearment, or because they embarked, like brothers, in one cause. Montague was only cousin to York,

and

*Edw.* <sup>3</sup> No quarrel, but a sweet contention.

*York.* About what ?

*Rich.* About that which concerns your grace, and us ;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

*York.* Mine, boy ? not 'till king Henry be dead.

*Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.

*Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,  
It will 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 canst not, son ; it is impossible.

and in the quarto he is so called. Shakespear uses the expression, *brother of the war*, in *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

It should be *sons and brothers* ; my *sons*, and *brothers* to each other. JOHNSON.

— *sons and brother*. This is right. In the two succeeding pages York calls Montague *brother*. This may be in respect to their being *brothers of the war*, as Mr. Steevens observes, or of the same council as in *K. Henry VIII.* who says to Cranmer, " You are a *brother* of us." Mountague was brother to Warwick ; Warwick's daughter was married to a son of York : therefore York and Montague were brothers. But as this alliance did not take place during the life of York, I embrace Mr. Steevens's interpretation rather than suppose that Shakespear made a mistake about the time of the marriage. TOLLET.

<sup>3</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 restored—*sweet contention*, i. e. the argument of their dispute was upon a grateful topic ; the question of their father's immediate right to the crown. THEOBALD.

*Rich.*

*Rich.* \* An oath is of no moment, being not took  
 Before a true and lawful magistrate,  
 That hath authority over him that swears :  
 Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;  
 Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,  
 Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.  
 Therefore, to arms : And, father, do but think,  
 How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;  
 Within whose circuit is Elysium,  
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.  
 Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest,  
 Until the white rose, that I wear, be 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 the duke of Norfolk,  
 And tell him privily of our intent.—  
 You, Edward, shalt unto my lord Cobham,  
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :  
 In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,  
 † Witty, and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—

While

\* *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. JOHNSON.

† In former editions :

*Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.]*

—] What a blessed harmonious line have the editors given us ! and what a promising epithet, in York's behalf, from the Kentishmen being so *witty* ! I cannot be so partial, however, to my own county, as to let this compliment pass. I make no doubt to read :

*Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.*

Now these five characteristics answer to lord Say's description of them in the preceding play :

“ Kent,



While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,  
But that I seek occasion how to rise;  
And yet the king not privy to my drift,  
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a Messenger.*

But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

*Gab.* <sup>7</sup> 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.*]

“ 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. JOHNSON.

I see no reason for adopting Theobald's emendation. *Witty*, anciently signified, of sound judgment. The poet calls Buckingham, “ the deep-revolving, *witty* Buckingham.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Enter a Messenger.*] Thus the quartos; the folio reads, *Enter Gabriel.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The queen, with all &c.*] I know not whether the author 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. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer.*

*York.* Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;  
The army of the queen 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.  
A woman's general; What should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*]

*Edw.* I hear their drums; Let's set our men in order;

And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

*York.* Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one;

Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*A field of battle, betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.*

*Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.*

*Rut.* Ah, whither shall I fly, to 'scape their hands!  
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

*Enter Clifford, and Soldiers.*

*Clif.* Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.  
As for the brat of this accursed duke,—  
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

*Tutor.* And I, my lord, will bear him company.

*Clif.*

*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 it fear,  
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

*Rut.* <sup>3</sup> 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 threat'ning look.  
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—  
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,  
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

*Clif.* In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's  
blood  
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should  
enter.

*Rut.* Then let my father's blood open it again;  
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,  
Were not revenge sufficient for me:  
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,  
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
It could not flake mine ire, nor ease my heart.  
'The sight of any of the house of York  
Is as a fury to torment my soul;  
And 'till I root out their accursed line,  
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.  
Therefore——

[*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.

<sup>3</sup> 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. JOHNSON.

*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 ;  
Left, 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.

[*Clifford stabs him.*]

*Rut.* <sup>9</sup> *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,  
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [Exit.]

#### S C E N E IV.

*Alarum.* Enter Richard duke of York.

*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field :  
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me<sup>1</sup> ;  
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 ;

<sup>9</sup> This line is in Ovid's *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon*. I have met with the same quotation in more than one of the old plays. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;] These were two bastard uncles by the mother's side, sir John and sir Hugh Mortimer. See Grafton's *Chronicle*. PERCY.



And thrice cry'd,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*  
 And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
 With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt  
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :  
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,  
 Richard cry'd,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*  
 And cry'd—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*  
*A scepter, or an earthly sepulchre!*

With this, we charg'd again : but, out, alas!

<sup>2</sup> 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 alarum 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.

*Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—  
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage ;  
 I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

*North.* Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

*Cliff.* Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,  
 With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.  
 Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,

<sup>2</sup> *We bodg'd again ;—*] Of this word the meaning is plain, but I never saw it in any other place. I suppose it is only the word *budged*, perhaps misprinted. JOHNSON.

I find *bodgery* used by Nashe in his *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593, for *botchery*.

“ Do you know your own misbegotten *bodgery* ?”

To *bodge* might therefore mean (as to *botch* does now) to do a thing imperfectly and awkwardly ; and thence to *fail* or *miscarry* in an attempt. MALONE.

And made an evening at the ' noon-tide prick.

*York.* My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth  
A bird that will revenge upon you all :

And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,  
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not ? what ! multitudes, and fear ?

*Clif.* So cowards fight, when they can fly no fur-  
ther ;

So doves do peck the faulcon's piercing talons ;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

*York.* O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,  
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time :  
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face ;  
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with coward-  
dice,

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, Northumber-  
land.

*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 ?  
4 It is war's prize to take all vantages ;

3 ——— *noon-tide prick.*] Or, noon-tide point on the dial.

JOHNSON.

4 *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.

JOHNSON.

And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*

*Clif.* Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

*North.* So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*York is taken prisoner.*

*York.* So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd  
booty ;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

*North.* What would your grace have done unto  
him now ?

*Queen.* Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumber-  
land,

Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here ;

<sup>5</sup> 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 prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies ?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland ?

Look, York ; I stain'd <sup>6</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,

<sup>5</sup> *That raught—*] i. e. *That reach'd.* The ancient preterite and participle passive of *reach.* So, Shakespeare in another place :

“ The hand of death has *raught* him.”

So, in *Tancred and Guismond*, 1592 :

“ ————she *raught* the cane,

“ And with her own sweet hand did give it me.”

Again, *ibid.* :

“ Therewith she *raught* from her alluring locks

“ This golden tress.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —*this napkin*—] A napkin is a handkerchief, JOHNSON.

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York ! but that I hate thee deadly,  
I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,  
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death ?

Why art thou patient, man ? thou 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 fee'd, I see, to make me sport ;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—

A crown for York ;—and, lords, bow low to him.—

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[*Putting a paper crown on his head* <sup>7</sup>.

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king !

Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair ;

And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it, that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath ?

As I bethink me, you should not be king,

'Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath ?

O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable !—

Off with the crown ; and, with the crown, his head ;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

*Cliff.* That is my office, for my father's death.

*Queen.* Nay, stay ; let's hear the orisons he makes.

*York.* She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves  
of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth !

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,

<sup>7</sup> *Putting a paper crown on his head.*] Shakespeare has on this occasion deviated from history. The paper crown was not placed on the duke of York's head 'till after it had been cut off. Rutland likewise was not killed by Clifford 'till after his father's death. STEEVENS.



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 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, tygres heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide !  
 How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?  
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;  
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
 Bidst thou me rage ? why, now thou hast ' thy wish :

<sup>2</sup> *Upon their woes* — ] So, the folio. The quarto reads *Upon his woes*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *'Tis government that makes them seem divine* ; ] *Government*, in the language of that time, signified evenness of temper, and decency of manners. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *thy wish* : ] So, the folio. The quarto reads *thy will*.

Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will :

<sup>2</sup> For raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.  
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies ;  
<sup>3</sup> And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—  
<sup>4</sup> Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false French-  
woman.

*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>2</sup> *For raging wind blows up incessant showers,*] Thus the folio.  
The quartos read :

*For raging winds blow up a storm of tears.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And every drop cries vengeance for his death,*] So, the folio.  
The quarto thus :

*And every drop begs vengeance as it falls,  
On thee, &c.* STEEVENS.

<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 cannibals  
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 later 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.

— *the roses just with blood.*] The words [*the roses just*] are only found in the second folio. But as without correction they do not make good sense, there is very little reason to suspect their being interpolated, and therefore it is most probable they were preserved among the players by memory. The correction is this :

That face of his, the hungry cannibals

Would not have touch'd :

Would not have stain'd the roses just i' th' bloom.

The

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—  
 O, ten times more,—than tygers<sup>5</sup> of Hyrcania.  
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears :  
 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,  
 And lo ! with tears I wash the blood away :

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :

[*He gives back the handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,  
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears ;  
 Yea, even my foe will shed fast-falling tears,  
 And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed !—  
 There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my  
 curse ;

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,  
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !—

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world ;  
 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads !

*North.* Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,  
<sup>6</sup> 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.]

The words [*the roses just*] were, I suppose, left out by the first  
 editors in order to get rid of the superfluous hemistich.

MUSGRAVE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— of Hyrcania.] So, the folio. The quartos read of  
 Arcadia. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> I should not for my life but weep with him,  
 To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.]

So, the folio. The quartos as follows :

I could not choose but weep with him, to see  
 How inward anger gripes his heart, STEEVENS.

*Queen.* <sup>7</sup> And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.  
[*Stabs him.*]

*York.* Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!  
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

[*Dies.*]  
*Queen.* Off with his head, and set it on York gates;  
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Exeunt.*]

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

*Near Mortimer's cross in Wales.*

*A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power,*

*Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;  
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,  
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:  
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;  
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;  
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard  
The happy tidings of his good escape.—

<sup>8</sup> How fares our brother? why is he so sad?

<sup>7</sup> *And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.*] Thus the folio;  
The quarto thus:

*And there's to right our gentle-barted kind.*

Of these kind of variations there are many, but it is useless labour to enumerate them all. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *How fares our brother? —*] This scene, in the old quartos, begins thus:

“After this dangerous fight and hapless war,

“How doth my noble brother Richard fare?”

Had the author taken the trouble to revise his play, he hardly would have begun the first act and the second with almost the same exclamation, express'd in almost the same words. Warwick opens the scene with —

*I wonder, how the king escap'd our bands,* STEEVENS.

*Rich,*



*Rich.* I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd  
Where our right valiant father is become.  
I saw him in the battle range about ;  
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.  
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,  
As doth a lion in a herd of neat :  
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs ;  
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.  
So far'd our father with his enemies ;  
So fled his enemies my warlike father ;  
° Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.  
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,  
' And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !  
How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
Trimm'd like a 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 by the racking clouds<sup>2</sup>,  
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.

° *Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.*] The old quarto reads *pride*, 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 content us. JOHNSON.

' *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. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ————*the racking clouds,*] So, in *The Raigne of King Edward III.* 1596 :

“ ————like inconstant clouds

“ That, *rack'd* upon the carriage of the winds,

“ Encrease and die.” STEEVENS.

I think

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;  
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
Each one already <sup>3</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 woeful looker on,  
When as the noble duke of York was slain,  
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

*Edw.* <sup>4</sup> Oh, speak no more! <sup>5</sup> for I have heard too  
much.

*Rich.* Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

*Mes.* Environed he was with many foes;  
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.  
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;  
And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.  
By many hands your father was subdu'd;  
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm

<sup>3</sup> ——— *blazing by our meeds,*] Illustrious and shining by the  
armorial ensigns granted us as *meeds* of our great exploits. *Meed*  
likewise is *merit*. It might be plausibly read:

————— *blazing by our deeds.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Oh, speak no more!*] The generous tenderness of Edward,  
and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their  
different reception of their father's death. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *for I have heard too much.*] So, the folio. The  
quartos thus:

————— *for I can bear no more.*

*Rich. Tell on thy tale, &c.* STEEVENS.

Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen :  
 Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despight ;  
 Laugh'd in his face ; and, when with grief he wept,  
 The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,  
 A napkin steeped in the harmless blood  
 Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain :  
 And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,  
 They took his head, and on the gates of York  
 They set the same ; and there it doth remain,  
 The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

*Edw.* Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon ;  
 Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay !—  
 Oh Clifford, boistrous Clifford, thou hast slain  
 The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;  
 And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,  
 For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee !—  
 Now my soul's palace is become a prison :  
 Ah, would she break from hence ! that this my body  
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest :  
 For never henceforth shall I joy again,  
 Never, O, never, shall I see more joy.

*Rich.* I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture  
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :  
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden ;  
 For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,  
 Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,  
 And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.  
 To weep, is to make less the depth of grief :  
 Tears, then, for babes ; blows, and revenge, for  
 me !—

Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,  
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

*Edw.* His name that valiant duke hath left with  
 thee ;  
 His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

<sup>6</sup> *His dukedom and his chair with me is left.*] So, the folio.  
 The quartos thus :

*His chair, and dukedom, that remains for me.* STEEVENS.  
*Rich.*

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun<sup>s</sup> :  
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;  
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*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 deliverance,  
Stab poniards in our flesh, 'till all were told,  
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.  
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

*Edw.* 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 :

<sup>7</sup> *Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun.*] So, in Spenser's  
*Hymn of Heavenly Beauty* :

“ —like the native brood of eagle's kind,  
“ On that bright sun of glory fix thine eyes.”

Again, in *Solyman and Perseda*, 1599 :

“ As air-bred eagles, if they once perceive  
“ That any of their brood but close their sight,  
“ When they should gaze against the glorious sun,  
“ They straitway seize upon him with their talons,  
“ That on the earth it may untimely die,  
“ For looking but askew at heaven's bright eye.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.*] *Done to death* for  
killed, was a common expression long before Shakespeare's time.  
Thus Chaucer :

“ And seide, that if ye *done* us both to *dien*.” GRAY.

Spenser mentions a plague “ which many *did to dye*.” JOHNSON,  
So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594 :

“ We understand that he was *done to death*.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ —*done to death* with many a mortal wound.”

Again, in *Orlando Furioso*, 1599 :

“ I am the man that *did the slave to death*.” STEEVENS.

And



And now, to add more measure to your woes,  
 I come to tell you things since then befall'n.  
 After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,  
 Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,  
 Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,  
 Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.  
 I then in London, keeper of the king,  
 Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,  
 ' And very well appointed, as I thought,  
 March'd towards saint Alban's to intercept the  
 queen,  
 Bearing the king in my behalf along :  
 For by my scouts I was advertis'd,  
 That she was coming with a full intent  
 To dash our late decree in parliament,  
 Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.  
 Short tale to make,—we at saint Alban's met,  
 Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought :  
 But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,  
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,  
 That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen ;  
 Or whether 'twas report of her success ;  
 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,  
 Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,  
 I cannot judge : but, to conclude with truth,  
 Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;  
 Our soldiers'— ' like the night-owl's lazy flight,  
 Or like an idle thresher with a flail,—  
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.  
 I cheer'd them up with justice of the cause,  
 With promise of high pay, and great rewards :  
 But all in vain ; they had no heart to fight,

<sup>9</sup> *And very well &c.*] This line I have restored from the old quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *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.

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 fix miles off the duke is with his power:  
 And for your brother,—he was lately sent  
 From your kind aunt, dutchefs of Burgundy,  
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

*Rich.* 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,  
 But ne'er, 'till now, his scandal of retire.

*War.* Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine  
 Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,  
 And wring the awful 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-Maries with our beads?  
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes  
 Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?  
 If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

*War.* Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.

Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,

With

With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland<sup>2</sup>,  
 And, of their feather, many more proud birds,  
 Have wrought<sup>3</sup> the easy-melting king like wax.  
 He swore consent to your succession,  
 His oath enrolled in the parliament;  
 And now to London all the crew are gone,  
 To frustrate both his oath, and what beside  
 May make against the house of Lancaster.  
 Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:  
 Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,  
 With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,  
 Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,  
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,  
 Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;  
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
 And once again cry—Charge upon the foe!  
 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, when Warwick bids him stay.

*Edw.* Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;  
 And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)  
 Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

<sup>2</sup> — haught *Northumberland*,] So, Grafton in his *Chronicle* says, p. 417: “—the lord Henry Percy, whom the Scottes for his *haut* and valiant courage called sir Henry Hotspurre.”

PERCY.

The word is common to many writers. So, in Marlow's *K. Edward II.* 1622:

“This *haught* resolve becomes your majesty.”

Again, in Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595:

“Pompey, that second Mars, whose *haught* renown, &c.”

Again, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“Thy mind as *haught* as Jupiter's high thoughts.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *the easy-melting king, like wax.*] So, again in this play, of the *Lady Gray*:

“As red as fire; nay, then her *wax* must melt.”

JOHNSON.

*War.* No longer earl of March, but duke of York;  
The next degree is, England's royal king:  
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd  
In every borough as we pass along;  
And he, that casts not up his cap for joy,  
Shall for the offence 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 saint  
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>4</sup> Why then it sorts, brave warriors: Let's  
away. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E   I I.

*York.*

*Enter king Henry, the Queen, the prince of Wales, Clif-  
ford, and Northumberland, with forces.*

*Queen.* Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of  
York.

<sup>4</sup> *Why then it sorts;—*] Why then things are as they should  
be. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—thy love shall  
*sort* to such happy success as thou thyself dost seek for."

STEEVENS.

Yonder's



Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,  
That fought to be encompass'd 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.—  
Withhold revenge, dear God ! 'tis not my fault,  
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

*Clif.* My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick ?

Not his, that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?

Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on ;

And doves will peck, <sup>s</sup> 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 argued thee a most <sup>6</sup> unloving father.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young :

And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,

Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them (even with those wings

Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight)

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,

Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?

For shame, my liege, make them your precedent !

Were it not pity, that this goodly boy

<sup>s</sup> ——— in safeguard——] Thus the folio. The quartos read  
in rescue. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— unloving father.] The quartos read *unnatural father*.  
STEEVENS.

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 were this ! Look on the boy ;  
And let his manly face, which promiseth  
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,  
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

*K. Henry.* Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,  
Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—  
That things ill got had ever bad success ?

And happy always was it for that son,

<sup>7</sup> 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,

<sup>8</sup> 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,

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

*Clif.* Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

<sup>7</sup> *Whose father, &c.]* Alluding to a common proverb :

*Happy the child whose father went to the devil.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—]* Thus the folio. The quartos thus :

*Than may the present profit countervail.* STEEVENS.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Royal commanders, be in readiness :  
For, with a band of <sup>9</sup> 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 :  
<sup>1</sup> Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

*Clif.* I would, your highness would depart the  
field <sup>2</sup> ;

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, *Saint George !*

<sup>9</sup> ———thirty thousand——] The quarto reads *fifty thousand*.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Darraign*——] That is, *Range* your host, put your host in  
order. JOHNSON.

Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser, use this word.  
So, in *Guy Earl of Warwick, a Tragical History, 1661 :*  
“ *Darraign* our battles, and begin the fight.”

The quartos read—*Prepare your battles, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I would your highness would depart the field ;*  
*The queen &c.]*

This superstitious belief relative to the fortunes of our unhappy  
prince, is yet more circumstantially introduced by Drayton in  
*The Miseries of Queen Margaret :*

“ Some think that *Warwick* had not lost the day,  
“ But that the king into the field he brought ;  
“ For with the worse that side went still away  
“ Which had king *Henry* with them when they fought ;  
“ Upon his birth so sad a curse they lay,  
“ As that he never prospered in aught.  
“ The queen wan two, among the loss of many,  
“ Her husband absent ; present, never any.”

STEEVENS.

*March.* Enter Edward, Clarence, Richard, Warwick, 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 :

<sup>3</sup> Since when, his oath is broke ; for, as I hear,  
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—  
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,  
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

*Clif.* And reason too ;  
Who should succeed the father, but the son ?

*Rich.* Art thou there, butcher ? — O, I cannot speak !

*Clif.* Ay, crook-back ; here I stand, to answer thee,  
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

*Rich.* 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not ?

*Clif.* Ay, and old York, and yet not 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 saint Alban's last,  
Your legs did better service than your hands <sup>4</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> *Since when, &c.*] The quartos give the remainder of this speech to Clarence, and read :

*To blot our brother out, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Your legs did better service than your hands.*] An allusion to the proverb, " One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands."

STEEVENS.



*War.* Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

*Clif.* You said so much before, and yet you fled.

*War.* 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

*North.* No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

*Rich.* Northumberland, I hold thee reverently ;—  
Break off the parley ; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford there, 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, <sup>s</sup> I am resolv'd,

That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

*Edw.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no ?

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,

That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

*War.* If thou deny, their blood upon thy head ;  
For York in justice puts his armour on,

*Prince.* If that be right, which Warwick says is  
right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

*Rich.* Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands ;  
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

<sup>s</sup> ———— *I am resolv'd,*] It is my firm persuasion ; I am no longer in doubt. JOHNSON.

*Queen.* But thou art neither like thy fire, nor dam ;  
But like a foul <sup>6</sup> mis-shapen stigmatic,  
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venom'd toads, or <sup>7</sup> lizards' dreadful stings.

*Rich.* Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt <sup>8</sup>,  
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,  
<sup>9</sup> To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart ?

*Edw.* <sup>1</sup> A wisp of straw were worth a thousand  
crowns,

To

<sup>6</sup> ——— *mis-shapen stigmatic,*] “ A *stigmatic*,” says J. Bullock in his *English Expofitor*, 1616: “ is a notorious lewd fellow, which hath been burnt with a hot iron, or beareth other marks about him as a token of his punishment.”

The word is likewise used in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601 :

“ ——— that prodigious, bloody *stigmatic*.”

Again, in Drayton's Epistle from *Q. Margaret to W. de la Poole* :

“ That foul, ill-favour'd, crook-back'd *stigmatic*.”

Again, in *Two Tragedies in One*, 1601 :

“ A one-ey'd Cyclop, a *stigmatic* brat.”

Again, in Drayton's epistle from *K. John to Matilda* :

“ These for the crook'd, the halt, the *stigmatic*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *lizards' dreadful stings.*] Thus the folio. The quartos have this variation :

————— or *lizards' fainting looks*.

This is the second time that Shakespeare has armed the lizard (which in reality has no such defence) with a sting ; but great powers seem to have been imputed to its looks. So, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton :

“ The lizard shuts up his *sharp-fighted eyes*,

“ Amongst the serpents, and there sadly lies.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *gilt,*] *Gilt* is a superficial covering of gold. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *To let thy tongue detect—*] To shew thy meanness of birth by the indecency of language with which thou railest at my deformity. JOHNSON:

*To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart ?*] So the folio. The quartos :

*To parley thus with England's lawful heirs.* STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *A wisp of straw—*] I suppose for an instrument of correction that might disgrace but not hurt her. JOHNSON.

I be-

To make this shameless callat know herself.—  
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Al-

I believe that a *wisp* signified some instrument of correction used in the time of Shakespeare. The following instance seems to favour the supposition. See *A Woman never Vexed*, a comedy, by Rowley, 1632:

“ Nay, worse;—I’ll stain thy ruff; nay, worse than that,

“ I’ll do thus—

[Holds up a wisp.”

“ —dost wisp me, thou tatterdemallion?”

Again, in Marston’s *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

“ Thou little more than a dwarf, and something less than a woman!

“ Crif. *A wisp! a wisp! a wisp!*”

Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets the word *wisp* by *peniculus* or *σπογγος*, which signify any thing to wipe or cleanse with; a cook’s linen apron, &c. Pewter is still scoured by a *wisp* of *straw*, or *hay*. Perhaps, Edward means one of these *wisps*, as the denotement of a menial servant. Barrett adds, that, like a *wase*, it signifies “ a wreath to be laied under the vessel that is borne upon the head, as women use.” If this be its true sense, the prince may think that such a *wisp* would better become the head of Margaret, than a *crown*.

It appears, however, from the following passage in Thomas Drant’s translation of the seventh satire of *Horace*, 1567, that a *wisp* was the punishment of a scold:

“ So periyte and exacte a scoulde that women mighte geve  
place

“ Whose tatling tongues had won a *wisp*, &c.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> To make this shameless callat know herself.—] Shakespeare uses the word *callat* likewise in *The Winter’s Tale*, act II. sc. iii:

Leonatus of Paulina. “ A *callat*—

“ Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat

“ Her husband, and now beats me.”

*Callat*, a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps so called from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. See, *Glossary to Urry’s Chaucer*.

“ A cold old knave cuckolded himself winyng,

“ And of *calot* of lewd demenyng.”

Chaucer’s *Remedy of Love*, ver. 307.

So, Skelton, in his *Elinour Ruming*, Works, p. 133:

“ Then Elinour said, ye *callettes*,

“ I shall break your *palettes*.”

And again, p. 136:

“ She was a cumlye *callet*.”

Although thy husband may be Menelaus ;  
 And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd  
 By that false woman, as this king by thee.  
 His father revell'd in the heart of France,  
 And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop ;  
 And, had he match'd according to his state,  
 He might have kept that glory to this day :  
 But, when he took a beggar to his bed,  
 And grac'd thy poor fire with his bridal day ;  
 Even then that sun-shine brew'd a shower for him,  
 That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,  
 And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.  
 For what<sup>3</sup> hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride ?  
 Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept ;  
 And we, in pity of the gentle king,  
 Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

*Cl.* But, when<sup>4</sup> we saw our sun-shine made thy  
 spring,  
 And that thy summer bred us no encrease,  
 We set the axe to thy usurping root :  
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,

*Ganmar.* " Vengeance on those *callets*, whose conscience is so large." *Ganmar Gurton's Needle*, act III. sc. iii. *Old Plays*, published 1744, Vol. I. p. 154 :

" A cart for a *callet*." *Id. ib.*

" Why the *callet* you told me of here,

" I have tane disguis'd."

*Ben Jonson's Volpone*, act IV. sc. iii.

GRAY.

<sup>3</sup> ——— hath broach'd this tumult, ———] The quarto reads,  
 " hath mox'd this," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,  
 And that thy summer bred us no encrease,]

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 resolv'd to destroy thee, and determine to try some other means, though our first efforts have failed. JOHNSON.

The quartos read :

But when we saw our summer brought thee gain,  
 And that the harvest brought us no increase. STEEVENS.

Yet,



Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,  
We'll never leave, 'till we have hewn thee down,  
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

*Edw.* And, in this resolution, I defy thee ;  
Not willing any further conference,  
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—  
Sound trumpets !—let our bloody colours wave !—  
And either victory, or else a grave.

*Queen.* Stay, Edward.

*Edw.* No, wrangling woman, I'll no longer stay :  
Thy words will cost ten thousand lives to day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*A field of battle, at Ferrybridge in Yorkshire.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.*

*War.* <sup>5</sup> Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,  
I lay me down a little while to breathe :  
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,  
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,  
And, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

*Enter Edward, running.*

*Edw.* <sup>6</sup> Smile, gentle heaven ! or strike, ungentle  
death !

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

<sup>5</sup> *Forspent with toil, —*] Thus the folio. The quartos read  
"Sore spent," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Smile, gentle heaven ! &c.*] Thus the folio. Instead of these  
lines, the quartos give the following :

Smile, gentle heavens, or strike, ungentle death,  
That we may die unless we gain the day !

What fatal star malignant frowns from heaven  
Upon the harmless line of York's true house ?

STEEVENS.

*War.*

*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 thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd

<sup>7</sup> *Our hap is loss, &c.]* Thus the folio. The quartos thus:  
Come, brother, come, let's to the field again,  
For yet there's hope enough to win the day:  
Then let us back to cheer our fainting troops,  
Lest they retire now we have left the field.

*War.* How now, my lords? what hap? what hope of good?" STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,]* This passage, from the variation of the copies, gave me no little perplexity. The old quarto applies this description to the death of Salisbury, Warwick's father. But this was a notorious deviation from the truth of history. For the earl of Salisbury in the battle at Wakefield, wherein Richard duke of York lost his life, was taken prisoner, beheaded at Pomfret, and his head, together with the duke of York's, fixed over York gates. Then the only brother of Warwick, introduced in this play, is the marquis of Montacute (or Montague, as he is called by our author): but he does not die till ten years after, in the battle at Barnet; where Warwick likewise was killed. The truth is, the brother here mentioned is no person in the drama, and his death is only an incidental piece of history. Consulting the chronicles, upon this action at Ferrybridge, I find him to have been a natural son of Salisbury (in that respect a brother to Warwick) and esteemed a valiant young gentleman. THEOBALD.

*Thy brother's blood, &c.]* Instead of this speech, which is printed, like almost all the rest of the play, from the folio, the quartos give the following:

Thy

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 smoking blood,

The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood :

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly<sup>9</sup>.

Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,

Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage ;

And look upon, as if the tragedy

Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors ?

Here on my knee I vow to God above,

I'll never pause again, never stand still,

'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,

Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

*Edw.* O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine ;

' And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—

And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,

Thy noble father in the thickest throngs

Cry'd still for Warwick, his thrice valiant son ;

Until with thousand swords he was beset,

And many wounds made in his aged breast.

And, as he tottering sat upon his steed,

He waft his hand to me, and cried aloud,

Richard, commend me to my valiant son :

And still he cried, Warwick, revenge my death !

And with these words he tumbled off his horse ;

And so the noble Salisbury gave up the ghost.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *I'll kill my horse, &c.]* So, in the *Miseries of Queen Margaret* by Drayton :

“ Resolv'd to win, or bid the world adieu :

“ Which spoke, the earl his sprightly courser slew.”

Again, in *Daniel's Civil Wars*, B. VIII. St. xiii. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.—]* Thus the folio. The quarto as follows :

“ And in that vow now join my soul to thee. STEEVENS.

Thou

Thou setter up and plucker down of kings !  
 Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,  
 That to my foes this body must be prey,—  
 Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,  
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul !—  
 Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
 Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

*Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand ;—and, gentle  
 Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms :—  
 I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,  
 That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

*War.* Away, away ! Once more, sweet lords, fare-  
 wel.

*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.*

\* *Fore-slow no longer*, —]. To *fore-slow* is to be dilatory, to loiter. So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594 :

“ Why, king Sebastian, wilt thou now *fore-slow* ? ”

Again, in Marlow's *Edward II.* 1612 :

“ *Fore-slow* no time ; sweet Lancaster, let's march.”

Again, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578 :

“ Good knight, for time do not my suit *fore-slow*.”

Again, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret* :

“ No time therein she meaneth to *fore-slow*.”

Again, in *The weakest goes to the Wall*, 1618 :

“ And you *fore-slow* the present time's occasion.”

Again in Turberville's *Book on Hawking*, 1575 :

“ Water doth *fore-slow* her mewings.”

I have been the more liberal of instances, because I suppose *fore-slow* is one of the words in this play which Mr. Theobald has distinguished as obsolete in the time of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.



## S C E N E IV.

*Another part of the field.**Excursions. Enter Richard, and Clifford.*

*Rich.* <sup>3</sup> 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 fire and brother,

To execute the like upon thyself ;  
 And so, have at thee.

*[They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies.]*

*Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other chace ;  
 For I myself wilt hunt this wolf to death. *[Exeunt.]*

## S C E N E V.

*Another part of the field.**Alarum. Enter King Henry.*

*K. Henry.* <sup>4</sup> This battle fares like to the morning's  
 war,

When

<sup>3</sup> *Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone : &c.] Thus the*  
 folio. The quartos thus :

Now, Clifford, for York and young Rutland's death,  
 This thirsty sword, that longs to drink thy blood,  
 Shall lop thy limbs, and slice thy cursed heart,  
 For to revenge the murders thou hast made. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *This battle fares like to the morning's war, &c.] Instead of this*  
 interesting speech, the quartos exhibit only the following :

Oh

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 poise of this fell war.  
 Here on this mole-hill will I fit me down.  
 To whom God will, there be the victory !  
 For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,  
 Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both,  
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
 'Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so :  
 For what is in this world, but grief and woe ?  
 O God ! ' methinks, it were a happy life,

To

Oh gracious God of heaven, look down on us,  
 And set some ends to these incessant griefs !  
 How like a mastless ship upon the seas,  
 This woeful battle doth continue still,  
 Now leaning this way, now to that side driven,  
 And none doth know to whom the day will fall.  
 Oh, would my death might stay these *civil* \* jars !  
 Would I had never reign'd, nor ne'er been king !  
 Margaret and Clifford chide me from the field,  
 Swearing they had best success when I was thence.  
 Would God that I were dead, so all were well ;  
 Or, would my crown suffice, I were content  
 To yield it them, and live a private life !

The leading thought in both these soliloquies is borrowed from Holinshed, p. 665 :—“ This deadly conflict continued ten hours in doubtfull state of victorie, uncertainlie heaving and setting on both sides, &c.” STEEVENS.

\* ——— *methinks it were a happy life,*] This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and

\* The quarto 1600 reads—*cruel* jars.

To be no better than a homely swain ;  
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run :  
 How many make the hour full complete,  
 How many hours bring about the day,  
 How many days will finish up the year,  
 How many years a mortal man may live.  
 When this is known, then to divide the 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 ;  
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;  
 \* So many months ere I shall sheer 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 hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?  
 O, yes, it doth ; a thousand fold it doth.  
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,  
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched in a curious bed,  
 When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity. JOHNSON.

\* So many months—] The old copy reads *so many years*; and in the next line, *weeks* was supplied by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that had killed his Father* 7.

*Son.* Ill blows the wind, that profits no-body.—  
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
May be possessed of 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 press'd forth ;  
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,  
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master ;  
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,  
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—  
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did !—  
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee !—  
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks ;  
And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

*K. Henry.* O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !  
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,  
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—  
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear ;  
\* And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,  
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

7 These two horrible incidents are selected to shew the innumerable calamities of civil war. JOHNSON.

In the battle of Constantine and Maxentius, by Raphael, the second of these incidents is introduced on a similar occasion.

STEEVENS.

\* *And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,*

*Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'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. JOHNSON.

*Enter*



*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 foeman's face?  
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—  
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,  
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,<sup>9</sup>  
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—  
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—  
<sup>1</sup> What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—  
<sup>2</sup> O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,

And

<sup>9</sup> ——— what showers arise,

*Blown with the windy tempest of my heart]*

This image had occurred in the preceding act:

*For raging wind blows up incessant show'rs.* STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *What stratagems,—*] Stratagem seems to stand here only for an event of war, or may intend snares and surprizes. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</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. JOHNSON.

*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 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 soon*, to be this: Thy father exposed thee to danger by giving thee life too soon, and hath bereft thee of life by living himself too long. JOHNSON.

The Oxford editor might have justified the change he made, from the authority of the quarto, according to which I would read; explaining the first line thus. *Thy father begot thee at too late a period of his life, and therefore thou wert not old and strong enough to cope with him.* The next line can want no explanation. Mr.

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 ruthful 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 woeful 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, with the body.*]

Tollet thinks, that *by too late*, is meant *too lately*, as in *K. Rich. III. act III*:

“*Too late* he died that might have kept that title.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Wither one rose, and let the other flourish! &c.*] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

“For if you strive, a thousand lives must perish.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *How will the country, &c.*] So, the folio. The quartos thus:

How will the country now misdecem their king!

Oh, would my death their minds could satisfy!

To *mis-think* is to think ill, unfavourably. So, in the *Northern Lass*, 1613:

“—and heaven pardon me what I *mis-thought* every hour of the night!” STEEVENS.

*Fath.*

*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 fighting breast shall be thy funeral bell ;  
 5 And so obsequious will thy father be,  
 Sad for the loss of thee 6, having no more,  
 7 As Priam was for all his valiant sons.  
 Ill bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,  
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

*K. Henry.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,

Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

*Alarums. 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  
 amain :

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds  
 Having the fearful flying hare in sight,  
 With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,  
 And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,  
 Are at our backs ; and therefore hence amain.

*Exe.* Away ! for vengeance comes along with them ;

5 *And so obsequious will thy father be,*] Obsequious is here careful of obsequies, or of funeral rites. JOHNSON.

In the same sense it is used in *Hamlet* :

“ ——— to do obsequious sorrow.” STEEVENS.

6 *Sad for the loss of thee,*] The old copy reads—*men* for the loss, &c. Mr. Rowe made the alteration, but I think we might read *man*. STEEVENS.

7 *As Priam was for all—*] I having but one son, will grieve as much for that one, as Priam, who had many, could grieve for many. JOHNSON.

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   V I.

*A loud alarm, Enter Clifford, wounded*.\*

*Clif.* Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,  
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.  
Ah, Lancaster! I fear thine overthrow,  
More than my body's parting with my soul.  
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;  
And, now I fall, ' thy tough commixture melts,  
Impairing Henry, strength'ning 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 enemy?  
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given 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,  
And as thy father, and his father, did,  
Giving no ground unto the house of York,

\* *Enter Clifford, wounded.*] The quarto adds, *with an arrow to his neck.* In ridicule of this B. and Fletcher have introduced *Ralph*, the grocer's prentice, in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle* with a forked arrow through his head. It appears, however, from *Holinshed*, p. 664, that this circumstance has some relation to the truth: "The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget suddenlie, with an arrow (as some saie) with out a head, was striken into the throte, and immediately rendere his spirit." STEEVENS.

' ——— thy tough commixture ——— ] Perhaps better, *the tough commixture.* JOHNSON.

The quartos read "*that tough commixture melts.*" STEEVENS.

They



They never then had sprung like summer flies—  
 I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,  
 Had left no mourning widows for our deaths,  
 And thou this day hadst kept thy throne in peace.  
 For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?  
 And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?  
 Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;  
 † No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;  
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;  
 And, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.  
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—  
 Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;  
 ‡ I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.  
 [He faints.]

*Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, Clarence, Richard, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.*

*Edw.* † Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids  
 us pause,  
 And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—

† *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.* JOHNSON.

The quartos read “no strength to hold out flight.” i. e. No way to fly, nor with strength sufficient left to sustain myself in flight, if there were. STEEVENS.

‡ *I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms; split my breast.*] So the folio. The quartos read:

“I stabb'd your father's, now come split my breast.”

STEEVENS.

‡ *Now breathe we, lords; &c.*] Instead of this speech, the quartos have the following:

Thus far our fortunes keep an upward course,  
 And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.  
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,  
 That now towards Berwick doth post amain:—  
 But think you that Clifford is fled away with them?

STEEVENS.

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen ;—  
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,  
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
Command an argosy to stem the waves.

But think you, lords, that Clifford flew 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, and dies.*]

<sup>4</sup> *Edw.* Whose soul is that which takes her heavy  
leave ?

*Rich.* A deadly groan, ' like life and death's de-  
parting.

*Edw.* See who it is : and, now the battle's ended,  
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford ;  
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch  
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
But set his murdering knife unto the root  
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,  
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

*War.* From off the gates of York fetch down the  
head,  
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there ;  
Instead whereof, let his supply the room ;  
Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatal scritch-owl to our  
house,

<sup>4</sup> *Edw. Whose soul &c.]* I have distinguished these speeches according to the authority of the quarto. The folio gave all to Richard, except the last line and half. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *like life and death's departing.]* Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *like life in death departing* ; which Dr. Warburton has received. JOHNSON.

The quartos read, *like life and death's departure.*

STEEVENS.

There is no occasion for correction. “ ‘Till death us *depart* ” was the expression in the old *Marriage Service*. FARMER.

That

That nothing sung but death to us and ours :  
 Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,  
 And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring the body forward.*]

*War.* I think his understanding is bereft :—  
 Say, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—  
 Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,  
 And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

*Rich.* O, 'would he did ! and so, perhaps, he doth ;  
 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,  
 Because he would avoid such bitter taunts  
 As in the time of death he gave our father.

*Cl.* If so thou think'st, vex him with <sup>6</sup> 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,

Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,

That I in all despite might rail at him,

I'd chop it off ; and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

*War.* Ay, but he's dead : Off with the traitor's head,  
 And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

<sup>6</sup> ——— *eager words.*] Sour words ; words of asperity.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet* :

“ It is a nipping and an *eager* air.” STEEVENS.

And now to London with triumphant march,  
 There to be crowned England's royal king.  
 From thence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,  
 And ask the lady Bona for thy queen ;  
 So shalt thou finew both these lands together ;  
 And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread  
 The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again ;  
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
 Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.  
 First, will I see the coronation ;  
 7 And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,  
 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

*Edw.* Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be ;  
 For on thy shoulder do I build my seat ;  
 And never will I undertake the thing,  
 Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—  
 Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster ;—  
 And George, of Clarence ;—Warwick, as ourself,  
 Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

*Rich.* Let me be duke of Clarence ; George, of  
 Gloster ;  
 For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous 8.

*War.* Tut, that's a foolish observation ;  
 Richard, be duke of Gloster : Now to London,  
 To see these honours in possession.      [*Exeunt,*

7 *And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,*] Thus the folio. The quartos thus :

And afterwards I'll cross the seas to France.

STEEVENS.

8 ——— *too ominous*] Alluding, perhaps, to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock, and Humphrey, dukes of Gloster. STEEVENS.



ACT III. SCENE I.

*A wood in Lancashire.*

*Enter Sinklo,<sup>9</sup> and Humphrey, with cross-bows in their hands.*

*Siak.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves ;

For through <sup>1</sup> 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 ; <sup>2</sup> 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 befell me on a day,  
In this self place where now we mean to stand.

*Hum.* Here comes a man, <sup>3</sup> let's stay 'till he be past.

<sup>9</sup> *Enter Sinklo*] Dr. Gray observes from Hall and Holinshed, that the name of the person who took *K. Henry*, was *Cantlowe*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on the first scene in the *Taming of a Shrew*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *this laund* ——— ] *Laund* means the same as *lawn* ; a plain extended between woods.

So, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 :

“ And that they trace the shady *lawnds*, &c.”

Again :

“ Tread she these *lawnds*, kind *Flora* boasts her pride.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the noise of thy cross-bow*] The poet appears not to have forgot the secrets of his former profession.

So, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626 :

“ — Did I not hear a *bow* go off, and the buck bray ?”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *let's stay 'till he be past.*] So the folio. The quartos read :

————— *let's listen him a while.* STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter king Henry, with a prayer-book.*

*K. Henry.* From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,

<sup>4</sup> To greet mine own land with my wishful fight.  
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;  
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,  
<sup>5</sup> Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:  
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
No humble suitors press to speak for right,  
No, not a man comes for redress to thee;  
For how can I help them, and not myself?

*Sink.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:

<sup>6</sup> 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,

<sup>4</sup> *To greet mine own land with my wishful fight.*] So, the folio  
The quartos perhaps better thus:

And thus disguis'd to greet my native land.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Thy balm wash'd off,*—] This is an image very frequent in  
the works of Shakespeare. So, again, in this scene:

*I was anointed king.*

It is common in these plays to find the same images, whether  
jocular or serious, frequently recurring. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *This is the quondam king;* &c.] Thus the folio. The  
quartos thus:

Ay, marry, sir, here's a deer, his skin is a  
Keeper's fee. Sirrah stand close, for as I think,  
This is the king, king Edward hath depos'd.

STEEVENS.

\* ——*these four adversities;*] The old copy reads—*the sower  
adversaries.* STEEVENS.

And

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.  
 By this account, then, Margaret may win him;  
 For she's a woman to be pity'd much:  
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;  
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;  
 The tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn;  
<sup>7</sup> And Nero will be tainted with remorse,  
 To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.  
 Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:  
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;  
 He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.  
 She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;  
 He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;  
 That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:  
 Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,  
<sup>8</sup> 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.  
<sup>9</sup> O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,  
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

*Hum.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings  
 and queens?

*K. Henry.* More than I seem, and <sup>1</sup> less than I was  
 born to:

A man at least, <sup>2</sup> for less I should not be;  
 And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

<sup>7</sup> *And Nero will*—] Perhaps we might better read, *A Nero will*—. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Inferreth arguments of mighty strength*;] In the former act was the same line:

*Inferring arguments of mighty force.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *O Margaret, &c.*] The piety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes, than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful queen. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *less than I was born to*:] Thus the folio. The quartos thus: ——— for less I should not be. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *for less I should not be*;] Such is the reading of the folio. The quartos thus, ——— and more I cannot be. STEEVENS.

*Hum.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king,  
*K. Henry.* Why, so I am, in mind; <sup>3</sup> 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,  
 Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content;  
 A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

*Hum.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with 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;  
<sup>4</sup> 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?

*Hum.* No, never such an oath; nor will we 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; for 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,

<sup>3</sup> ——— and that's enough.] So, the folio. The quartos thus:  
 ——— though not in shew. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> And we his subjects, &c.] So, the folio. The quartos thus:  
 And therefore we charge you in God's name, and the  
 king's,

To go along with us unto the officers. STEEVENS,



And as the air blows it to me again,  
 Obeying with my wind when I do blow,  
 And yielding to another when it blows,  
 Commanded always by the greater gust;  
 Such is the lightness of you common men.  
 But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin  
 My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.  
 Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;  
 And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

*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.*]

## S C E N E II.

*London. The palace.*

*Enter king Edward, Gloster, Clarence, and lady Grey.*

*K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at saint Alban's field  
 This lady's husband, <sup>6</sup> sir John Grey, was slain,  
 His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror:  
 Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;

<sup>5</sup> *In God's name, lead; &c.]* So, the folio. Instead of this speech, the quartos have the following:

God's name be fulfill'd, your king's name be  
 Obey'd; and be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Sir John Grey,*—] Vid. Hall, *3d Year of Edw. IV.* folio 5. It was hitherto falsely printed *Richard.* POPE.

Which

Which we in justice cannot well deny,  
Because in quarrel of the house of York  
The noble 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.

<sup>7</sup> *Glo.* Yea! is it so? [*Aside.*]

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

*Clara.* He knows the game; How true he keeps the  
wind? [*Aside.*]

*Glo.* Silence!

*K. Edw.* <sup>8</sup> Widow, we will consider of your suit;  
And come some other time, to know our mind.

*Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:  
May it please your highness to resolve me now;  
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

*Glo.* [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all  
your lands,

An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.  
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

*Clara.* [*Aside.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to  
fall.

*Glo.* [*Aside.*] God forbid that! for he'll take van-  
tages.

*K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow?  
tell me.

*Clara.* [*Aside.*] I think, he means to beg a child of  
her.

*Glo.* [*Aside.*] Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give  
her two.

<sup>7</sup> *Glo.* *Yea, is it so? &c.*] So the folio. The quartos read with the following variations:

*Glo.* I, Is the wind in that door?

*Clara.* I see the lady; &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Widow, we will consider—*] This is a very lively and spritely dialogue; the reciprocation is quicker than is common in Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

*Grey.* Three, my most gracious lord.

*Glo.* [*Aside.*] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

*K. Edw.* 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's land.

*Grey.* Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

*Glo.* Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

'Till youth take leave, and leave you to your crutch.

[*Gloster and Clarence retire to the other side.*]

*K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

*Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

*K. Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?

*Grey.* To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

*K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

*Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.

*K. Edw.* I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

*Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

*K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

*Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.

*K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

*Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

*Grey.* Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

*Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [*Aside.*]

*Clar.* As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt. [*Aside.*]

*Grey.* Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

*K. Edw.*

*K. Edw.* An easy task ; 'tis but to love a king.

*Grey.* That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

*K. Edw.* Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

*Grey.* I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.

*Glo.* The match is made ; she seals it with a curt'fy.

*K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

*Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get ?

*Grey.* My love 'till death, my humble thanks, my prayers ;

That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

*K. Edw.* No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

*Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

*K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

*Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive  
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

*K. Edw.* To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

*Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

*K. Edw.* Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

*Grey.* Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower ;  
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

*K. Edw.* Herein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

*Grey.* Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination  
Accords not with the sadness of my suit ;  
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

*K. Edw.* Ay ; if thou wilt say ay, to my request :  
No ; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

*Grey.*



*Grey.* Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

*Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.  
[*Aside.*]

*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 ?

*Grey.* '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.

*Grey.* 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.

*Grey.* 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call  
you—father.

*K. Edw.* No more, than when my daughters call  
thee mother.

' *Her looks do argue her replete with modesty :*] So, the folio.  
The quartos read :

Her looks are all replete with majesty. STEEVENS.

' *And yet too good to be your concubine.*] So, in Warner's *Al-  
bion's England*, 1602, B. VII. chap. xxxiv :

“ His plea was love, my suit was land : I plie him, he  
plies me :

“ Too base to be his queene, too good his concubine to be.”

Shakespeare, however, adopted the words from Stowe's *Chronicle*.

STEEVENS.

Thou art a widow<sup>2</sup>, 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.

[*Aside.*

*Clar.* When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

[*Aside.*

*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.* To whom, my lord?

*K. Edw.* Why, Clarence, to myself.

*Glo.* That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

*Clar.* That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

*Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

*K. Edw.* Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you  
 both,

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a Nobleman.*

*Nob.* My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
 And brought as prisoner to your palace gate.

*K. Edw.* See, that he be convey'd unto the  
 Tower:—

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
 To question of his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along;— Lords, use her honour-  
 ably.

[*Exeunt King, Lady, Clarence, and Lords.*

<sup>2</sup> *Thou art a widow, &c.*] This is part of the king's reply to his mother in Stowe's *Chronicle*: "That she is a widow, and hath already children; by God's blessed lady I am a batchelor, and have some too, and so each of us hath a prooffe that neither of us is like to be barrain; &c." STEEVENS.

*Glo.* Ay, Edward will use women honourably.  
 'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,  
 That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
 To cross me from the golden time I look for!  
 And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,  
 (The lustful Edward's title buried)  
 Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,  
 And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,  
 To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
 A cold premeditation for my purpose!  
 Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;  
 Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;  
 And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
 Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:  
 So do I wish the crown, being so far off;  
 And so I chide the means that keep me from it;  
 And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,  
 Flattering me with impossibilities.—  
 My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,  
 Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
 Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;  
 What other pleasure can the world afford?  
 I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks,  
 O miserable thought! and more unlikely,  
 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!  
 Why, love 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

<sup>3</sup> *I'll make my heaven &c.*] Thus the folio. The quartos alter and transpose the two lines, as follows:

*I will go clad my body with gay ornaments,  
 And lull myself within a lady's lap.* STEEVENS.

To shrink mine arm up <sup>4</sup> like a wither'd shrub ;  
 To make an envious mountain on my back,  
 Where sits deformity to mock my body ;  
 To shape my legs of an unequal size ;  
 To disproportion me in every part,  
 Like to a chaos, or an <sup>5</sup> unlick'd bear-whelp,  
 That carries no impresson like the dam.  
 And am I then a man to be belov'd ?  
 O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought !  
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,  
 But to command, to check, <sup>6</sup> to o'erbear such  
 As are of better person than myself,  
 I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown ;  
 And, while I live, to account this world but hell,  
<sup>7</sup> Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,

<sup>4</sup> ———— *like a wither'd shrub ;*] So the folio. The quartos  
 ———— *like a wither'd shrimp.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</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

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</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 his mind, and would counter-balance by some other superiority these advantages which he feels himself 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 inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup>    <sup>2</sup>    <sup>3</sup>    <sup>4</sup>    <sup>5</sup>    <sup>6</sup>    <sup>7</sup>    <sup>8</sup>  
<sup>7</sup> Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,  
 Be round impaled &c.]

A transposition seems to be necessary :

<sup>1</sup>    <sup>2</sup>    <sup>8</sup>    <sup>5</sup>    <sup>7</sup>    <sup>3</sup>    <sup>4</sup>    <sup>6</sup>  
 " Until my head, that this mis-shap'd trunk bears."

Otherwise the trunk that bears the head is to be encircled with the crown, and not the head itself. STEEVENS.



Be round impaled<sup>s</sup> with a glorious crown,  
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
 For many lives stand between me and home :  
 And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,  
 That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns ;  
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;  
 Not knowing how to find the open air,  
 But toiling desperately to find it out,—  
 Torment myself to catch the English crown :  
 And from that torment I will free myself,  
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;  
 And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;  
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
 And frame my face to all occasions.  
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;  
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;  
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
 Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,  
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy :  
 I can add colours to the cameleon ;  
 Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,  
<sup>9</sup> And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.  
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?  
 Tut ! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*]

<sup>s</sup> —impaled—] *i. e.* encircled. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630 :

“ Tear off the crown that yet *empales* his temples.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And set the murderous Machiavel to school.*] As this is an anachronism, and the old quarto reads :

*And set the aspiring Cataline to school.*

I don't know why it should not be preferred. WARBURTON.

This is not the first proof I have met with, that Shakespeare in his attempts to familiarize his ideas, has diminished their propriety. STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

*France.*

*Flourish. Enter Lewis the French king, lady Bona, Bourbon, queen Margaret, prince Edward, her son, and the earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.*

*K. Lewis.* <sup>1</sup> Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,  
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth  
fit.

*Queen.* <sup>2</sup> 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. Lewis.* Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this  
deep despair?

*Queen.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes with  
tears,

<sup>1</sup> *Fair queen of England, &c.]* Thus the folio. The quartos give the following:

Welcome, queen Margaret, to the court of France,

It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand.

Sit by my side; and here I vow to thee,

Thou shalt have aid to re-possess thy right,

And beat proud Edward from his usurped seat,

And place king Henry in his former rule. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *No, mighty king of France; &c.]* Instead of this speech the quartos only supply the following:

*Queen.* I humbly thank your royal majesty,

And pray the God of heaven to bless thy state,

Great king of France, that thus regard't our wrongs.

STEEVENS.

And

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

*K. Lewis.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit thee by our side : yield not thy neck

[*Seats 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 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 see'st, 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.

*Enter*

<sup>3</sup> O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow :

[And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.]

*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 sovereign, and thy vowed friend, I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,— First, to do greetings to thy royal person; And, then, to crave a league of amity; And, lastly, to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister, To England's king in lawful marriage.

*Queen.* If that go forward, + Henry's hope is done,

*War.* And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf, [*Speaking to Bona,*

How does impatience more particularly 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 impatient 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 breeder of my sorrow.*

*i. e.* When impatience waits and solicits for redress, there is nothing she so much dreads as being put off till to-morrow (a proverbial expression for procrastination). This was a very proper reply to what the king said last, and in a sentiment worthy of the poet. A rhyme too is added, as was customary with him at the closing a scene. WARBURTON.

It is strange that, when the sense is so clear, any commentator should thus laboriously obscure it, to introduce a new reading; and yet stranger that he should shew such confidence in his emendation as to insert it in the text. JOHNSON.

+ ——— *Henry's hope is done.*] So, the folio. The quartos read: ——— *all our hope is done.* STEEVENS.

I am



I am commanded, with your leave and favour,  
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue  
 To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;  
 Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,  
 Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

*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 thy danger and dishonour :

For though usurpers sway the rule a while,

Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

*War.* Injurious Margaret !

*Prince.* And why not queen ?

*War.* Because thy father Henry did usurp ;

And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

*Oxf.* Then Warwick disannuls great John of  
 Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain ;

And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,

Whose wisdom was a mirror<sup>6</sup> to the wisest ;

And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,

Who by his prowess conquered all France :

From these our Henry lineally descends.

<sup>5</sup> Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.] So, the folio.  
 The quartos thus :

Hath plac'd thy glorious image, and thy virtues.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —to the wisest ;] So, the folio. The quartos,—to  
 the world. STEEVENS.

*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 obeyed'st<sup>7</sup> 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,  
<sup>8</sup> 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 further conference with Warwick.

*Queen.* Heavens grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not!  
[*They retire.*]

<sup>7</sup> ————thirty-and-six years,] So, the folio. The quartos, thirty and eight years. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> When nature brought him to the door of death?] Thus the folio. The quartos:

When age did call him to the door of death.

STEEVENS.

This passage unavoidably brings before the mind that admirable image of old age in Sackville's *Induction*:

“His withered fist still knocking at death's door, &c.”

FARMER.

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loth,  
To link with him<sup>9</sup> that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then 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,—

<sup>1</sup> 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;

<sup>2</sup> 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 Warwick.

<sup>9</sup> ——— that were not lawful chosen.] Thus the folio. The quartos as follows:

—— that is not lawful heir. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> That this his love was an external plant;] The old quarto reads rightly *eternal*; alluding to the plants of Paradise.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,] Envy is always supposed to have some fascinating 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 superior to *envy*, and can feel no blast from the lady's *disdain*. 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*. JOHNSON.

I believe *envy* is in this place, as in many others, put for *malice* or *hatred*. His situation places him above these, though it cannot secure him from female *disdain*. STEEVENS.

When



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 the 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 he can lose.  
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—  
<sup>3</sup> 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  
<sup>4</sup> Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love ;  
[*Post, blowing a horn within.*  
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

<sup>3</sup> *You have a father able*—] This seems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topic of reproach.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Thy sly conveyance*,—] Conveyance is *juggling*, and thence is taken for artifice and fraud. JOHNSON.

*K. Lew.*



*K. Lew.* Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

*Enter a Post.*

*Post.* My lord ambaffador, these letters are for you; [To Warwick.

Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.—

These from our king unto your majesty.—

[To *K. Lewis.*

And, madam, these 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 mistress smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

*Prince.* Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:

I hope, all's for the best.

*K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

*Queen.* Mine, such as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

*War.* Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

*K. Lew.* What! has your king marry'd the lady Grey?

And now, to sooth your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

*Queen.* I told your majesty as much before:

This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

*War.* King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;

No more my king, for he dishonours me;

But most himself, if he could see his shame.—

Did I forget, that by the the house of York

My father came untimely to his death?

<sup>5</sup> Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?

Did I impale him with the regal crown?

<sup>6</sup> 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?

<sup>5</sup> *Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?*] Thus Holinshed, p. 668: "King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house which was much against the earles honestie (whether he would have deflowered his daughter or his *niece*, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed) for surely such a thing was attempted by king Edward." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Did I put Henry from his native right, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

And thrust king Henry from his native home?

And (most ungrateful) doth he use me thus?

STEEVENS.

*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.

*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>7</sup> go fear thy king withal.

*Bona.* Tell him, In hope he'll prove a widower  
shortly,  
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

*Queen.* Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside,  
And I am ready to put armour on <sup>8</sup>.

*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 <sup>9</sup>:

<sup>7</sup> —go fear thy king—] That is, fright thy king. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —to put armour on.] It was once no unusual thing for queens themselves to appear in armour at the head of their forces. The suit which Elizabeth wore when she rode through the lines at Tilbury to encourage the troops, on the approach of the armada, may be still seen in the tower. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —and bid false Edward battle:] This phrase is common to many of our ancient writers. So, in the *Misfortunes of King Arthur*, a dramatic performance, 1587:

“ ———my flesh abhors

“ To bid the battle to my proper blood.” STEEVENS.

\* —thy reward;] Here we are to suppose that, according to ancient custom, Warwick makes a present to the herald or messenger, whom the original copies call—a *Post*. STEEVENS.

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,  
 To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

*Queen.* <sup>2</sup> 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,  
 Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—

<sup>2</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 ninth year of K. Edward IV. says, "Edward prince of Wales wedded Anne second daughter to the earl of Warwick." And the duke of Clarence was in love with the *elder*, the lady Isabel; and in reality was married to her five years before prince Edward took the lady Anne to wife. And in *King Richard the Third*, Gloucester, who married this lady Anne when a widow, says:

"For then I'll marry Warwick's *youngest* daughter.

"What though I kill'd her husband and her father?"

i. e. Prince Edward, and king Henry VI. her father-in-law. See likewise Holinshed in his *Chronicle*, p. 671 and 674. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> Yes, I agree, &c.] Instead of this speech, the quarto has only the following:

With all my heart; I like this match full well.

Love her, son Edward; she is fair and young;

And give thy hand to Warwick, for his love."

STEEVENS.

I long,



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 embassador,  
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.

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

*The palace in England.*

*Enter Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.*

*Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you  
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey ?  
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice ?

*Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France ;  
How could he stay 'till Warwick made return ?

*Som.* My lords, forbear this talk ; here comes the  
king.

*Flourish.* *Enter king Edward, lady Grey, as queen ;  
Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings. Four stand on  
one side, and four on the other<sup>3</sup>.*

*Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.

*Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

<sup>3</sup> This stage direction is sufficient proof that the play, as exhibited in the folio, was printed from a stage copy. I suppose these eight important personages were attendants. STEEVENS.

*K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you  
our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malecontent ?

*Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of  
Warwick ;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,  
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

*K. Edw.* Suppose, they take offence without a  
cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick ; I am Edward,  
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

*Glo.* And you shall have your will, because our  
king :

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, <sup>9</sup> are you offended  
too ?

*Glo.* Not I :

No ; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd  
Whom God hath join'd together : ay, and 'twere  
pity,

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

*K. Edw.* Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,  
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey  
Should not become my wife, and England's queen :—  
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,  
Speak freely what you think.

*Clar.* <sup>5</sup> Then this is my opinion,—that king Lewis  
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him  
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

\* ——— are you offended too ?] So, the folio. The quartos  
———— are you against us too? STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Clar.* Then this is my opinion,—&c.] Instead of this and the  
following speech, the quartos read thus :

*Clar.* My lord, then this is my opinion ;  
That Warwick, being dishonour'd in his embassy,  
Doth seek revenge, to quit his injuries.

*Glo.* And Lewis in regard of his sister's wrongs,  
Doth join with Warwick to supplant your state.

STEEVENS.

*Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,  
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

*K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be  
appeas'd,  
By such invention as I can devise ?

*Mont.* Yet to have join'd with France in such al-  
liance,  
Would more have strengthen'd this our common-  
wealth

'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 <sup>6</sup> with the seas,  
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.* <sup>7</sup> And yet, methinks, your grace hath not  
done well,

To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales  
Unto the brother of your loving bride ;

<sup>6</sup> ——— *with the seas,*] This has been the advice of every  
man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of Eng-  
land. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *And yet, methinks, &c.*] The quartos vary from the folio, as  
follows :

*Cl.* Ay, and for such a thing too, the lord Scales  
Did well deserve at your hands, to have the  
Daughter of the lord Bonfield ; and left your  
Brothers to go seek elsewhere ; but in your madness  
You bury brotherhood. STEEVENS.

She better would have fitted me, or Clarence :  
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

*Clar.* Or else<sup>s</sup> you would not have bestow'd the heir  
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,  
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

*K. Edw.* Alas, poor Clarence ! is it for a wife,  
That thou art malecontent ? I will provide thee.

*Clar.* In choosing 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.

<sup>s</sup> ——— you would not have bestow'd the heir] It must be remembered, that till the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards. JOHNSON.



*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 : therefore, in brief,  
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.  
What answer makes king Lewis unto 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<sup>6</sup> 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 I have 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 minds 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.*

<sup>9</sup> ————— to my marriage ?] The quartos read :  
————— to these wrongs. STEEVENS.

*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.* Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd  
in friendship,

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

*Clar.* <sup>1</sup> Belike, the younger; Clarence will have  
the elder.

Now, brother king, farewell, and fit 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.—

<sup>2</sup> 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 desperate case.—

<sup>1</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. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> *You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.*] That 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.

JOHNSON.

*You, <sup>b</sup> at love me and Warwick, follow me.*] When the earl of Essex <sup>a</sup> attempted to raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, "They that love me, follow me." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf  
Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;  
They are already, or quickly will be landed :  
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*]

But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—  
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,  
Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance :  
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me ?  
If it be so, then both depart to him ;  
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends :  
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,  
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,  
That I may never have you in suspect.

*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.*<sup>4</sup> Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

*K. Edw.* Why so ; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence ; and lose no hour,  
'Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Pembroke, and Stafford, &c.*] The quartos give the passage thus :

Pembroke go raise an army presently ;  
Pitch up my tent ; for in the field this night  
I mean to rest ; and, on the morrow morn,  
I'll march to meet proud Warwick, ere he land  
Those straggling troops which he hath got in France, &c."  
STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.*] The quartos continue the speech thus :

Ay, my lord, in despite of all that shall withstand you ;  
For why hath nature made me halt downright,  
But that I should be valiant, and stand to it :  
For if I would, I cannot run away. STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

*Warwickshire.**Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French soldiers.*

*War.* Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well ;  
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

*Enter Clarence, and Somerset.*

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence comes ;—  
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends ?

*Clar.* Fear not that, my lord.

*War.* Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick ;—

And welcome, Somerset :—I hold it cowardice,  
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love ;  
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,  
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings :  
But welcome, Clarence ; my daughter shall be thine.  
And now what rests, but, in <sup>5</sup> night's coverture,  
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,  
<sup>6</sup> His soldiers lurking in the towns about,  
And but attended by a simple guard,

<sup>5</sup> ———— *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.

JOHNSON.

*Coverture* is the reading of the old quartos as well as the folio ; and these are the only authentick copies of the three parts of this play. STEEVENS.

<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.*

THEOBALD.

We



We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?  
 Our scouts have found the adventure<sup>7</sup> very easy:  
 That as Ulyffes, and stout Diomede,  
 With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,  
 And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;  
<sup>8</sup> 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 sort:  
 For Warwick and his friends, God and saint George!  
 [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

*Edward's Camp.*

*Enter the Watchmen to guard his tent.*

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take  
 his stand;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn  
 vow,

Never to lie and take his natural rest,

'Till Warwick, or himself, be quite supprest.

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?

<sup>7</sup> ——— *very easy:*] Here the quartos conclude this speech,  
 adding only the following lines:

Then cry king Henry with resolved minds,  
 And break we presently into his tent. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,*] This line  
 may confirm the reading of *coverture*. JOHNSON.

1 *Watch.*

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 more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,  
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French soldiers, silent all.*

*War.* This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!  
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick, and the rest, cry all,—Warwick! Warwick!  
and set upon the guard; who fly, crying,—Arm!  
Arm! Warwick, and the rest, following them.*

*The drum beating, and trumpets sounding.*

*Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the king out in a gown, sitting in a chair: Gloster and Hastings fly over the stage.*

*Som.* What are they that fly there?

*War.* Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

*K. Edw.*

*K. Edw.* The duke! why, Warwick, when, we parted last,

Thou call'dst me king?

*War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd :

When you disgrac'd me in my embassage,

Then I degraded you from being king,

<sup>9</sup> And come now to create you duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use embassadors ;

Nor how to be contented with one wife ;

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly ;

Nor how to study for the people's welfare ;

Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies ?

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too ?

Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

Of thee thyself, and all thy 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 Somersset, at my request,

See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd

Unto my brother, archbishop of York.

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer

Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him :—

Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

*K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs abide ;

<sup>9</sup> *And come now to create you duke of York.]* Might we read with a slight alteration ?

*And come to new create you duke of York.* JOHNSON.

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit king Edward, led out.]

*Oxf.* <sup>1</sup> What now remains, my lords, for us to do,  
But march to London with our soldiers?

*War.* Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;  
To free king Henry from imprisonment,  
And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE IV.

*London. The Palace.*

<sup>1</sup> Enter the Queen, and Rivers.

*Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden  
change?

*Queen.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,  
What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

*Riv.* What, loss of some pitch'd battle against  
Warwick?

*Queen.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.

*Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain?

*Queen.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;  
Either betray'd by falshood of his guard,  
Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:

<sup>1</sup> *What now remains, &c.]* Instead of this and the following  
speech, the quartos have:

*Clar.* What follows now? all hitherto goes well,  
But we must dispatch some letters into France,  
To tell the queen of our happy fortune;  
And bid her come with speed to join with us.

*War.* Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,  
And free king Henry from imprisonment,  
And see him seated on the regal throne.  
Come, let's away; and, having past these cares,  
I'll post to York, and see how Edward fares.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Enter Rivers, &c.]* Throughout this scene the quartos vary  
in almost every speech from the folio. The variations however  
are hardly such as to deserve notice. STEEVENS.

And,



And, as I further have to understand,  
Is new committed to the bishop of York,  
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

*Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full of grief :  
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may ;  
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

*Queen.* 'Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.  
And I the rather wean me from despair,  
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb :  
This is it that makes me bridle my passion,  
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross ;  
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,  
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,  
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown  
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

*Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become ?

*Queen.* I am informed, that he comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head :  
Guess thou the rest ; king Edward's friends must down,  
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,  
(For trust not him that 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 V.

*A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

*Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.*

*Glo.* Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,  
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus

Thus stands the case : You know, our king, my brother,

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands  
He hath good usage and great liberty ;

And often, but attended with weak guard,  
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.

I have advertis'd him by secret means,

That if, about this hour, he make this way,  
Under the colour of his usual game,

He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,  
To set him free from his captivity.

*Enter king Edward, and a Huntsman.*

*Hunt.* This way, my lord ; for this way lies the  
game.

*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man ; see, where the  
huntsmen stand.—

Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,  
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer ?

*Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste ;  
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

*K. Edw.* But whither shall we then ?

*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord ; and ship from thence to  
Flanders.

*Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me ; for that was my  
meaning.

*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

*Glo.* But wherefore stay we ? 'tis no time to talk.

*K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou ? wilt thou  
go along ?

*Hunt.* Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

*Glo.* Come then, away ; let's ha' no more ado.

*K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell : shield thee from War-  
wick's frown ;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

## SCENE VI.

*The Tower in London.*

*Enter king Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.*

*K. Henry.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat ;  
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,  
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys ;  
At our enlargement what are thy due fees ?

*Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their so-  
vereigns ;

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, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,  
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee ;  
He was the author, thou the instrument.  
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's 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 hath still been fam'd for virtuous ;  
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,

By

By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,  
 For <sup>3</sup> few men rightly temper with the stars :  
 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 heavens, in thy nativity,  
 Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,  
 As likely to be blest in peace, and war ;  
 And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

*War.* And I 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 sovereign'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 con-  
 tent :

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.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *few men rightly temper with the stars ;*] I suppose the meaning is, that few men conform their *temper* to their destiny, which king Henry did, when finding himself unfortunate he gave the management of public affairs to more prosperous hands.



*War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

*K. Henry.* But, with the first of all our chief affairs,  
Let me entreat, (for I command no more)  
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,  
Be sent for, to return from France with speed :  
For, 'till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

*Clar.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

*K. Henry.* My lord of Somersset, 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 ?

\* *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. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare only copied this particular, together with many others, from Holinshed : “ —whom when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him : Lo, fuerlie this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give roome and place.” p. 678.

*This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.*] Thus the folio. The quartos thus ;

“ Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this country's bliss.”

STEEVENS.

*Post.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,  
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

*War.* Unfavoury news: But how made he escape?

*Post.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,  
And the lord Hastings, who attended him  
In secret ambush on the forest side,  
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;  
For hunting was his daily exercise.

*War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.—  
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
A salve for any sore that may betide. [*Exeunt.*

*Manent Somerset, 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, before't be long.  
As Henry's late presaging prophecy  
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Rich-  
mond;

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.*

SCENE

## SCENE VII.

*York.**Enter king Edward, Gloster, Hastings, and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings,  
and the rest ;

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
And says—that once more I shall enterchange  
My wained state for Henry's regal crown.

Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,  
And brought desired help from Burgundy :

What then remains, we being thus arriv'd  
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,  
But that we enter, as into our dukedom ?

*Glo.* The gates made fast !—Brother, I like not  
this ;

For many men, that stumble at the threshold,  
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

*K. Edw.* Tush, man ! abodements must not now  
affright us :

By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
For hither will our friends repair to us.

*Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon  
them.

*Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.*

*Mayor.* My lords, we were fore-warned of your  
coming,

<sup>5</sup> *Now, brother Richard, &c.]* Instead of this and the three  
following speeches, the quartos read only :

*Enter Edward and Richard, with a troop of Hollanders.*

*Edw.* Thus far from Belgia have we past the seas,  
And march'd from Raunspur-haven unto York :  
But soft ! the gates are shut ; I like not this.

*Rich.* Sound up the drum, and call them to the walls.

STEEVENS.

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.

*Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a  
doubt ? [*Aside.*

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.* <sup>6</sup> The good old man would fain that all were  
well,

So 'twere not 'long of him : but, being enter'd,  
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade  
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

*Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.*

*K. Edw.* So, master mayor : these gates must not  
be shut,

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What ! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys ;  
[*Takes his keys.*

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,  
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

<sup>6</sup> *The good old man would fain that all were well,*] The mayor  
is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed.      JOHNSON.



*March.* Enter Montgomery, with a drum and Soldiers.

*Glo.* Brother, this is fir John Montgomery,  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

*K. Edw.* Welcome, fir John! But why come you  
in arms?

*Montg.* To help king Edward in his time of storm,  
As every loyal subject ought to do.

*Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now  
forget

Our title to the crown; and only claim  
Our dukedom, 'till God please to send the rest.

*Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again;  
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—  
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*The drum begins a march.*]

*K. Edw.* Nay, stay, fir 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 should we fight, if you pretend no title?

*Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice  
points?

*K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make  
our claim:

'Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

*Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must  
rule.

*Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.  
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;  
The bruit thereof<sup>7</sup> will bring you many friends.

<sup>7</sup> *The bruit*] i. e. noise. So, in *Preston's Cambyses*:

“ ———— whose manly acts do fly

“ By bruit of fame.” ———— STEEVENS.

*K. Edw.* Then be it as you will ; for 'tis my right,  
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

*Montg.* Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself ;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

*Hast.* Sound, trumpet ; Edward shall be here proclaimed :—

Come, fellow-foldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Flourish.*

*Sold.* [*reads*] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.*

*Montg.* And whoso'er gainsays king Edward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

*All.* Long live Edward the fourth !

*K. Edw.* \* Thanks, brave Montgomery ;—and thanks unto you all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York :

And, when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates ;

For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—

Ah, froward Clarence !—how evil it beseems thee,

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother !

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—

Come on, brave soldiers ; doubt not of the day ;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*

\* *Thanks, brave Montgomery ; &c.*] Instead of this speech, the quartos have only the following :

*Edw.* We thank you all : lord mayor, lead on the way.

For this night we will harbour here in York ;

And then as early as the morning sun

Lifts up his beams above this horizon,

We'll march to London to meet with Warwick,

And pull false Henry from the regal throne. STEEVENS.

## SCENE VIII.

*London.**Enter king Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Montague,  
Exeter, and Oxford.*

*War.* What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,  
With hafty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,  
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,  
And with his troops doth march amain to London;  
And many giddy people flock to him.

*K. 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,  
Shall 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 sovereign, with the loving citizens,—  
Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,  
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—  
Shall rest in London, 'till we come to him.—

<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. JOHNSON.

Every judicious reader must concur in this opinion.

STEEVENS.

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 Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, and Montague.*]

*K. Henry.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.  
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship ?  
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,  
Should not be able to encounter mine.

*Exe.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

*K. Henry.* That's not my fear, ' my meed hath got  
me fame :

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,  
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ;  
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,  
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears :  
I have not been desirous of their wealth,  
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,  
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd ;

\* ———my meed hath got me fame:] *Meed* signifies reward.  
We should read, my *deed*, i. e. my manners, conduct in the ad-  
ministration. WARBURTON.

This word signifies *merit*, both as a verb and a substantive :  
that it is used as a verb, is clear from the following foolish couplet,  
which I remember to have read :

“ Deem if I *meed*,

“ Dear madam, *read*.”

*A Specimen of Verses that read the same Way backward  
and forward.* SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Then



Then why should they love Edward more than me?  
 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:  
 And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
 The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[<sup>1</sup> *Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*  
*Exe.* Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

*Enter king Edward, Gloster, and soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him  
 hence,

And once again proclaim us king of England.—  
 You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow:  
 Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,  
 And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—  
 Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with king Henry.*

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,  
 Where peremptory Warwick now remains:  
 The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,  
 Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

*Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,  
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares:  
 Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *Shout within. A Lancaster!*] Surely the shouts that ushered king Edward should be, A York! A York! I suppose the author did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters. JOHNSON.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Before the town of Coventry.*

*Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others, upon the walls.*

*War.* Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

*1 Mes.* By this <sup>3</sup> at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

*War.* How far off is our brother Montague?—

Where is the post that came from Montague?

*2 Mes.* By this at <sup>4</sup> Daintry, with a puissant troop.

*Enter Sir John Somerville.*

*War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son? And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

*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.

<sup>3</sup> — at Dunsmore, — ] The quartos read — at Daintry.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — at Daintry, — ] The quartos read — at Dunsmore.  
STEEVENS.

*March. Flourish. Enter king Edward, Gloster, and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

*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,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
The king was 'slyly finger'd from the deck!—  
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,  
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

*Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down,  
kneel down.

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

*War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,  
And with the other fling it at thy face,  
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

*K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide  
thy friend;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,  
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,  
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—  
*Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.*

*Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.*

*War.* O chearful colours! see, where Oxford  
comes!

*Oxf.* Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

<sup>s</sup> *The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!]*

—*slyly finger'd* —] The quartos read —*finely* finger'd.

*Finely* is subtly. So, in Holinshed's reign of *K. Henry VI.*  
p. 640. "In his way he tooke by *fine* force, a tower, &c."  
Again, p. 649, "—and by *fine* force either to win their pur-  
pose, or end their lives in the same."

A pack of cards was anciently term'd *a deck of caras*, or *a pair of cards*. It is still, as I am informed, so called in Ireland.  
Thus, in *K. Edward I.* 1599:

"—as it were, turned us, with duces and trays, out of the  
*deck.*"

Again, in the *Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

"I'll deal the cards and cut you from the *deck.*"

Again, in *Selinus Emperor of the Turks*, 1638:

"Well, if I chance but once to get the *deck*,

"To deal about and shuffle as I would." STEEVENS.



*Glo.* <sup>7</sup> 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

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

*K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory;

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

*Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.*

*Som.* Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

*Glo.* Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

*Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.*

*War.* And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps  
along,

Of force enough <sup>8</sup> to bid his brother battle;

<sup>7</sup> *The gates are open, let us enter too.] Thus the folio. The quartos read:*

The gates are open, see they enter in,

Let's follow them, and bid them battle in the streets.

*Edw.* No: so some other might set upon our backs;

We'll stay till all be enter'd, and then follow them.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— to bid his brother battle;] Here the quartos conclude this speech, and add the following:

*Clar.* Clarence, for Lancaster!

*Edw.* *Et tu Brute!* wilt thou stab Cæsar too?

A parly, firra, to George of Clarence. STEEVENS.

With

With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,  
 More than the nature of a brother's love :—  
 Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

[<sup>9</sup> *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.*

*Clar.* 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 <sup>1</sup> to lime the stones together,  
 And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,  
 That Clarence is so harsh, so <sup>2</sup> 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, wheresoe'er I meet thee,  
 (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad)  
 To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.  
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,  
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—  
 Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends ;  
 And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,  
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

*K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more  
 belov'd,

<sup>9</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.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *to lime the stones* ——— ] That is, To cement the stones. Lime makes mortar. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *blunt,* — ] Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness.

JOHNSON.

Than

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

*Glo.* Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

*War.* O' passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

*K. Edw.* What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

*War.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,  
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

*K. Edw.* Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—

Lords, to the field; saint George, and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

*March.* *Warwick and his company follow.*

S C E N E II.

*A field of battle near Barnet.*

*Alarum and Excursions. Enter Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.*

*K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

<sup>4</sup> For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.—

Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,  
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>3</sup> ——— *passing* ———] Eminent, egregious; traiterous beyond the common track of treason. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.* ———] Bug is a bugbear, a terrific being. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— are become

“ The mortal bugs o' the field.”

Again, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579:

“ These bugges are fitter to feare babes than to move men.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. xii:

“ Be but as bugs to fearen babes withal.” SPEEVENS.

*War.* Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,  
 And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?  
 Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,  
 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,  
 That I must yield my body to the earth,  
 And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.  
 Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge<sup>5</sup>,  
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;  
 Whose top branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,  
 And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind,  
 These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black  
     veil,  
 Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,  
 To search the secret treasons of the world:  
 The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,  
 Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;  
 For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?  
 And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?  
 Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!  
<sup>6</sup> My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
 Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,  
 Is nothing left me, but my body's length!  
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?  
 And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

<sup>5</sup> *Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept; &c.]*

It has been observed to me that the 31st chapter of the prophet *Ezekiel* suggested these images to Shakespeare. "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Cedes coemptis saltibus, et domo, villâque.* HOR.

This mention of his *parks* and *manors* diminishes the pathetic effect of the foregoing lines. JOHNSON.

*Enter*



*Enter Oxford and Somerset.*

*Som.* 7 Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,

We might recover all our loss again!

The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;

Even now we heard the news: Ah, couldst thou fly!

*War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, 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,

Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,

That

7 *Ab, Warwick, Warwick! &c.]* These two speeches stand thus in the quartos:

*Oxf.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! cheer up thyself, and live;

For yet there's hope enough to win the day.

Our warlike queen with troops is come from France,

And at Southampton landed hath her train;

And, might'st thou live, then would we never fly.

*War.* Why, then I would not fly, nor have I now;

But Hercules himself must yield to odds:

For many wounds receiv'd, and many more repaid,

Hath robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,

And spite of spites needs must I yield to death.

STEEVENS.

\* *Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,]* The old quarto reads *clamour*, which is undoubtedly right, *i. e.* a clamour of tongues, which, as he says, could not be distinguished. This



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, <sup>2</sup> have arriv'd our coast,  
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

*Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,  
And blow it to the source from whence it came :  
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up ;  
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

*Glo.* The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,  
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her ;  
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,  
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

*K. Edw.* We are advertis'd by our loving friends,  
That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury ;  
We, having now the best at Barnet field,  
Will thither straight, For willingness rids way ;  
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented  
In every county as we go along.—

\* Strike up the drum ; cry—Courage ! and away.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> ———have arriv'd our coast,] Milton uses the same structure, B. II. *Par. Lost* :

“ ———ere he arrive

“ The happy isle.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Strike up the drum ; cry—Courage ! and away.*] Thus the folio. The quartos have the following couplet :

Come, let's go ; for if we slack this bright summer's day,  
Sharp winter's showers will mar our hope for hay.

STEEVENS.

## SCENE IV.

*Tewksbury.*

*March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.*

*Queen.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their  
loss,

But chearly seek how to redress their harms.

What though the mast be now blown over-board,  
The cable broke, our holding anchor lost,  
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?

Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he  
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,  
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much;  
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,  
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?

Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!

Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?

And Montague our top-mast; What of him?

Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?

And Somerset another goodly mast?

The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I

For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?

We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;

But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,  
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.

As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.

And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?

What Clarence, but a 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



Tread on the sand ; why, there you quickly sink :  
 Bestride the rock ; the tide will wash you off,  
 Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.  
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,  
 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.* <sup>7</sup> 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

<sup>4</sup> *Methinks, a woman &c.]* The preceding speech is very imperfect in the quartos and therefore not worth insertion. In this of the prince there is however much and important variation :

*Prince.* And if there be (as God forbid there should)  
 'Mongst us a timorous or fearful man,  
 Let him depart before the battles join ;  
 Lest he in time of need entice another,  
 And so withdraw the soldiers' hearts from us.  
 I will not stand aloof, and bid you fight,  
 But with my sword press in the thickest throngs,  
 And single Edward from his strongest guard,  
 And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,  
 Or leave my body, as witness to my thoughts. STEEVENS.

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 forward-  
ness.

*Oxf.* Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

*March.* *Enter king Edward, Gloster, Clarence, and  
Soldiers, on the other side of the stage.*

*K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny  
wood,  
Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,  
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.  
I need not add more fuel to your fire,  
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out ;  
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

*Queen.* Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I  
should say,

*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. JOHNSON.

My

My tears gainfay<sup>6</sup>; for every word I speak,  
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this :—Henry, your sove-  
reign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,  
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,  
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;  
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.  
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,  
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[Both parties go out. Alarum. Retreat. Excursions.]

## S C E N E V.

*Enter king Edward, Gloster, Clarence, &c. The  
Queen, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.*

*K. Edw.* Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.  
Away with Oxford to Hammes' Castle straight:  
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

*Oxf.* For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

*Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*]

*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.

<sup>6</sup> *My tears gainfay*;] To *gainfay* is to unfay, to deny, to con-  
tradict. So, in a *Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

“ ————seeing my father grants

“ I will not *gainfay*.” STEEVENS.

*Enter soldiers with the Prince.*

*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 stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

*Prince.* <sup>7</sup> Let Æsop fable in a winter's night ;  
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

*Glo.* By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

*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 <sup>8</sup> charm your  
tongue.

*Clar.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

*Prince.* I know my duty, you are all undutiful :  
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—

<sup>7</sup> *Let Æsop &c.*] The prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, Æsop ; and the poet, following nature, makes Richard highly incensed at the reproach. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —charm your tongue] The quarto reads, —tame your tongue.

The former is best. So, in sir A. Gorges' Translation of *Lucan*, 1614 :

“ In hope that thy victorious arme

“ Their dunghill crowing so will *charme.*” STEEVENS.



And thou mishapen Dick,—I tell ye all,  
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—  
And thou usurp'ft my father's right and mine.

*K. Edw.* Take that, <sup>9</sup>thou likeness of this railer  
here. [Stabs him.]

*Glo.* Sprawl'ft thou? take that, to end thy agony.  
[Glo. stabs him.]

*Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury.  
[Clar. 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 recovery.

*Glo.* Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;  
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:  
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear more news.

*Clar.* What? what?

*Glo.* The Tower, man, the Tower! [Exit.]

*Queen.* Oh, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mo-  
ther, boy!

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—  
They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,  
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

<sup>9</sup> — *thou likeness of this railer here.*] Thou that resemblest  
thy railing mother. JOHNSON.

The old copies describe *Edward* as striking the first blow, and  
*Gloster* the next; and I believe rightly, for history informs us  
that *Edward* smote the prince with his gauntlet, on which the  
rest dispatch'd him. The words *sprawl'ft thou?* seem evidently to  
belong to *Richard*; and I have therefore continued them to him  
on the authority of ancient editions, in preference to the allot-  
ment of modern innovation. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *The Tower man, the Tower!*] The quarto adds—*I'll root them  
out*; but, perhaps, injudiciously. STEEVENS.

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.  
 He was a man; this, in respect, a child;  
 And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.  
 What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?  
 No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—  
 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—  
 Butchers and villlains, bloody cannibals!  
 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!  
 You have no children, butchers; if you had,  
 The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:  
 But, if you ever chance to have a child,  
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off,  
 As, deathsmen! <sup>2</sup> 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.

*Clar.* By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

*Queen.* Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do  
 thou do it.

*Clar.* Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not  
 do it?

*Queen.* Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;

<sup>3</sup> 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What! wilt thou not? <sup>4</sup> where is that devil's butcher,  
 Hard-

<sup>2</sup> ————*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. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> 'Twas sin ————] She alludes to the desertion of Clarence.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ————*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,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?  
Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;  
Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

*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?

*Clar.* To London, all in post; and, as I guess,  
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.  
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort  
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,  
And see our gentle queen how well she fares;  
By this, I hope, she hath a son for us. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

*The Tower of London.*

*Enter king Henry with a book, and Gloster 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 preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

ers, if there were any grounds for depending on it. But the  
poet certainly wrote *devil-butcher*; and the first part of the com-  
pound is to be taken adjectively, meaning, execrable, infernal,  
devilish. THEOBALD.

*Devil's butcher* is a butcher set on by the devil. Either read-  
ing may serve without so long a note. JOHNSON.

*Glo.*

*Glo.* Sirrah, leave us to ourselves : we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

*K. Henry.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the  
wolf :

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,  
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

<sup>5</sup> What scene of death hath Roscius now to act ?

*Glo.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;  
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*K. Henry.* The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,  
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush <sup>6</sup> :  
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.

<sup>5</sup> *What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?*] Roscius was certainly put for Richard by some simple conceited player, who had heard of Roscius and of Rome ; but did not know that he was an actor in comedy, not in tragedy. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare had occasion to compare Richard to some player about to represent a scene of murder, and took the first or only name of antiquity that occurred to him, without being very scrupulous about its propriety.

I know not, however, that it is proved, on classical authority, that *Roscius* was no actor in tragedy. Nash, in *Pierce Penniless's*, *Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, says, " Not *Roscius* nor *Æsop*, those admired tragedians, that have lived ever since before Christ was borne, could ever performe more in action than famous Ned Allen."

Again, in *Acolastus his Afterwitte*, 1600 :

" Through thee each murthering *Roscius* is appointed

" To act strange scenes of death on God's anointed."

Again, in *Certaine Satyres*, 1598 :

" Was penn'd by *Roscio* the tragedian." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —misdoubteth every bush:] To *misdoubt* is to suspect danger, to fear. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy by John Day, 1608 :

" *Hip.* Doubt and *misdoubt* ! what difference is there here ?

" *Old.* Yes much : when men *misdoubt* 'tis said they fear."

STEEVENS.

*Glo.*



*Glo.* Why, what a <sup>7</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 son, Icarus;  
Thy father, Minos, that deny'd our course;  
The sun, that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy,  
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,  
Whose envious 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 tragic 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 murdering 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>8</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,—  
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;  
The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;

<sup>7</sup> — *peevish fool* — ] As *peevishness* is the quality of children, *peevish* seems to signify *childish*, and by consequence *silly*. *Peevish* is explained by *childish*, in a former note of Dr. Warburton.

JOHNSON.

Shakespeare employs the word *peevish* in the same sense in *Cymbeline*, where the reader will find many instances of this use of it.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear*;] Who suspect no part of what my fears presage. JOHNSON.

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;  
 ' The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
 And chattering pyes in dismal discords fung.  
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;  
 To wit,—an undigest deformed lump,  
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,  
 To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world:  
 ' And, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
 Thou

' *The raven rook'd her*—] What is *rook'd her*? Read, *croak'd hoarse*. WARBURTON.

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. JOHNSON.

To *rook*, or rather to *ruck*, is a north-country word, signifying to *squat down*, or *lodge* on any thing.

So, in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, late edit. v. 1310:

“ What is mankind more unto you yhold,  
 “ Than is the shepe, that *rouketh* in the fold?”

Again, in the *Nonnes Preebles Tale*, *ibid.* v. 15232:

“ O false morderour, *rucking* in thy den.”

Again, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. IV. fol. 72:

“ But now thei *rucken* in her nest,  
 “ And resten as hem liketh beste.”

Again, in the Preface to Stanyhurst's Translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

“ I cannot devine upon such bookes that happlie *rouke* in studentes mewes, &c.”

Again, in the Translation of the IVth Book:

“ Also on the turrets the skrich howle, &c.  
 “ —————doth *ruck*, &c.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VII. ch. 37:

“ Have lazy wings, be ever lean, in fullen corners *ruck*.”  
 STEEVENS.

' *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

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.]

*Glo.* What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
Sink in the ground ? I thought, it would have  
mounted.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death !

O, may such purple tears be always shed  
From those that wish the downfall of our house !—

If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell ; and say—I sent thee thither,  
[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 snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,

And that the verse is to be completed in the manner I have  
given it, is incontestible ; for unless we suppose king Henry ac-  
tually reproaches him with this his preposterous birth, how can  
Richard in his very next soliloquy say ?

*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.*

I can easily see, that this blank was caused by the nicety of the  
players, to suppress an indecent idea. But, with submission,  
this was making but half a cure, unless they had expunged the  
repetition of it out of Richard's speech too. THEOBALD.

Let

2 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 di-  
     vine,  
 Be resident in men like one another,  
 And not in me; I am myself alone.—  
 Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;  
 3 But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:  
 4 For I will buz abroad such prophecies,  
 That Edward shall be fearful of his life;  
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death:  
 King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:  
 Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the rest;  
 Counting myself but bad, 'till I be best.—  
 I'll throw thy body in another room,  
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit*:

2 *Let hell &c.*] This line Dryden seems to have thought of in his *Oedipus*:

“ It was thy crooked mind hunch'd out thy back,  
 “ And wander'd in thy limbs.” STEEVENS.

3 *But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:*] But I will chuse out an hour whose gloom shall be as fatal to you. To *fort* is to *select*. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

“ ———for they had *sorted* leisure.”

Again, in the *Melancholy Lover*, 1629:

“ We shall *fort* time to take more notice of him.”

STEEVENS.

4 *For I will buz about such prophecies,  
 That Edward shall be fearful of his life;*]

The quartos add a line between these:

———*such prophecies,*

Under pretence of outward seeming ill,  
*That &c.* STEEVENS.



## S C E N E VII.

*The palace in London.**Enter king Edward, the Queen, with the young Prince, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and Attendants.*

*K. Edw.* Once more we sit in England's royal throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,  
Have we mow'd down, in top of all their pride ?

Three dukes of Somerset, threecfold 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's night ;

Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,

That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace ;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

*Glo.* I'll blast his harvest, if your head were lay'd ;  
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave ;

And heave it shall some weight, or break my back :—

Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute. *[Aside.*

*K. Edw.*

<sup>5</sup> *Work thou the way, and that shalt execute.]* I believe we should read :

*K. Edw.* Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen ;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

*Clar.* The duty, that I owe unto your majesty, I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

*Queen.* <sup>6</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 comic shows,  
Such as besit the pleasures of the court ? —  
Sound, drums and trumpets ! —farewel, four annoy !  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

———*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.  
JOHNSON.

The quartos read :

*Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.*

I suppose he speaks this line, first *touching his head*, and then *looking on his hand*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Thanks, noble Clarence ; worthy brother, thanks.*] This line has been given to king Edward ; but I have, with the old quarto, reitored it to the queen. THEOBALD.

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. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of our author's stile, and single words, of which however I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

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 effect 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.

Dissimilitude of stile 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 tragic 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 unskilfully 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 act of *Richard III.* with the last of the third part of *Henry VI.* If it be objected that the plays were popular, and that 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 Shakespear. 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. JOHNSON.

So, Heywood, in the Preface to his *Rape of Lucrece*, (fourth impression) 1630 :

“ — for though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage and after to the press, for my own part I here proclaim myself ever faithful to the first, and never guilty of the last : yet since some of my plays have (unknown to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the printer's hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled (*copied only by the ear*), that I have been as unable to know them as ashamed to challenge them. This therefore I was the willing, &c.” COLLINS.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture is likewise confirmed by a Prologue of Th<sup>o</sup> Heywood's to a play of his intitled, *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1623 :

“ ————— ’Twas ill nurst,  
 “ And yet received as well perform'd at first,  
 “ Grac'd and frequented, for the cradle age  
 “ Did throng the seats, the boxes and the stage  
 “ So much, that some by *stenography* drew  
 “ The plot, *put it in print* ; scarce one word true :  
 “ And in that lameness it has limp'd so long,  
 “ The author now, to vindicate that wrong,  
 “ Hath took the pains upright upon its feet  
 “ To teach it walk—so please you sit and see it.”

MALONE.

There is another circumstance which may serve to strengthen this supposition, viz. that most of the fragments of Latin verses, omitted in the quartos, are to be found in the folio ; and when any of them are inserted in the former, they are shamefully corrupted and mis-spelt. The auditor, who understood English, might be unskill'd in any other language. STEEVENS.

I have already given some reasons, why I cannot believe, that these plays were *originally* written by Shakespear. The question, who did write them ? is at best, but an argument *ad ignorantiam*. We must remember, that very many old plays are *anonymous* ; and that *play-writing* was scarcely yet thought reputable ; nay, some authors express for it great horrors of repentance.—



ance.—I will attempt, however, at some future time, to answer this question: the disquisition of it would be too long for this place.

One may at least argue, that the plays were not written by Shakespeare, from Shakespeare himself. The *Chorus* at the end of *Henry V.* addresses the audience

“ ————— For their sake,

“ In your fair minds let *this* acceptance take.”

But it could be neither agreeable to the poet's judgment or his modesty, to recommend his new play from the merit and success of *Henry VI.*!—His claim to indulgence is, that, though *bending* and unequal to the task, he has ventured to *pursue the story*: and this sufficiently accounts for the connection of the whole, and the allusions of particular passages. FARMER.

It is seldom that Dr. Farmer's arguments fail to enforce conviction; but here, perhaps, they may want somewhat of their usual weight. I think that Shakespeare's bare mention of these pieces, is a sufficient proof they were his. That they were so, could be his only motive for inferring benefit to himself from the spectator's recollection of their past success. For the sake of three historical dramas of mine which have already afforded you entertainment, let me (says he) intreat your indulgence to a fourth. Surely this was a stronger plea in his behalf than any arising from the kind reception which another might have already met with in the same way of writing. Shakespeare's claim to favour is founded on his having previously given pleasure in the course of three of those histories; because he is a *bending*, supplicatory author, and not a literary bully like Ben Jonson; and because he has ventured to exhibit a series of annals in a suite of plays, an attempt which 'till then had not received the sanction of the stage.

I hope Dr. Farmer did not wish to exclude the three dramas before us, together with the *Taming of a Shrew*, from the number of those produced by our author, on account of the Latin quotations to be found in them. His proofs of Shakespeare's want of learning are too strong to stand in need of such a support; and yet *Venus and Adonis*, “the first heire of his invention,” is usher'd into the world with a Latin motto:

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo

Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua. STEEVENS.

Though the objections, which have been raised to the genuineness of the *three plays of Henry the sixth*, have been fully considered and answered by Dr. Johnson, it may not be amiss to add here, from a contemporary writer, a passage, which not only points at Shakespeare as the author of them, but also shews, that, however meanly we may now think of them in comparison with his later productions, they had, at the time of their appearance, a sufficient degree of excellence to alarm the jealousy of

of the older playwrights. The passage, to which I refer, is in a pamphlet, entitled, *Greene's Groatsworth of Witte*, supposed to have been written by that voluminous author, Robert Greene, M. A. and said, in the title-page to be *published at his dying request*; probably, about 1592. The conclusion of this piece is an address to his brother-poets, to dissuade them from writing any more for the stage, on account of the ill treatment which they were used to receive from the players. It begins thus: *To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, &c.* After having addressed himself particularly to *Christopher Marlowe* and *Thomas Lodge*, (as I guess from circumstances, for their names are not mentioned;) he goes on to a third (perhaps *George Peele*); and having warned him against depending on so meane a stay as the players, he adds: *Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tygres head wrapt in a players hyde, supposes hee is as well able to bombaste out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes fac totum is in his own conceit, the onely Shake-scene in a countrey.* There can be no doubt, I think, that *Shake-scene* alludes to *Shakespeare*; or that *his tygres head wrapt in a players hyde* is a parodie upon the following line of *York's* speech to *Margaret*, *Third Part of Henry the Sixth*, act I. sc. iv:

“ Oh tygres heart, wrapt in a woman's hide.”

TYRWHITT.

END OF VOLUME THE SIXTH.









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