

St. J. Jeffery

1701



T H E
P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. VI.

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P L A Y S

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SIXTH,

CONTAINING,

KING HENRY V.

KING HENRY VI. Part I.

KING HENRY VI. Part II.

KING HENRY VI. Part III.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXIII.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME SIXTH

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KING HENRY VI. PART I.

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KING HENRY VI. PART III.

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T H E

L I F E

O F

H E N R Y V.

VOL. VI.

A

P R O L O G U E.

¹ O For a muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention!
 A kingdom for a stage, ² princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
 Least in, like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
 Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
 The flat unraised spirit, that bath dar'd,
 On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
 So great an object. Can this cock-pit hold
 The vasty field of France? or may we cram,
³ Within this wooden O, ⁴ 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,
⁵ On your imaginary forces work.

¹ 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 feat of all the elements. JOHNSON.

² ——— princes to act,

And monarchs to behold—] Shakespeare does not seem to set distance enough between the performers and spectators.

JOHNSON.

³ 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.

⁴ The very casques] The helmets. JOHNSON.

⁵ Imaginary forces—] Imaginary for *imaginative*, or your powers of fancy. Active and passive words are by this author frequently confounded. JOHNSON.

P R O L O G U E.

*Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies ;
 6 Whose high-up-reared and abutting fronts
 The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 7 And make imaginary puissance.
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth.
 8 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings ;*
Carry

6 *Whose high-up-reared, and abutting fronts*
 THE PERILOUS *narrow ocean parts asunder.*] Without
 doubt the author wrote,

Whose high-up-reared and abutting fronts,

PERILOUS, THE *narrow ocean parts asunder.*] For his pur-
 pose 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. WARB.

Perilous narrow, in burlesque language meant no more than
very narrow. In old books this mode of expression occurs per-
 petually. *A perilous broad brim to a hat, a perilous long sword,*
 &c.

So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humourous Lieutenant,*

“ She is *perilous* crafty.” STEEVENS.

7 *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 exhi-
 bited. 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.

8 *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

P R O L O G U E.

*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 bear, kindly to judge, our play.*

therefore your thoughts here and there, jumping over time, and crowding years into an hour. JOHNSON.

I am not certain that this 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.* STEEVENS.

Persons Represented.

King HENRY the Fifth.

Duke of Gloucester, }
Duke of Bedford, } *brothers to the king.*
Duke of Clarence, }

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

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Westmorland.

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, *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.*

Catharine, *daughter to the king of France.*

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

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.*

THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY V.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An antichamber in the English court, at Kenelworth.

Enter the archbishop of Canterbury, and bishop of Ely.

² ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

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

Ely.

¹ *The 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.

The life of Henry V.] The transactions comprisd 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 Catharine princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown. THEOBALD.

² *Archbishop of Canterbury.]* This first scene was added since the edition of 1608, which is much short of the present editions, wherein the speeches are generally enlarged and raised: several whole scenes besides, and all the chorus's 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. I have two copies of it in my possession: one without date (which seems much the elder of the two) and another (apparently copied

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,—

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 Mr. FARMER has observed) from the jests of the famous comedian Tarlton, 4to. 1611, that he had been particularly celebrated in the part of the Clown* in 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. STEEVENS.

* 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.

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 alm-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,
³ Consideration, like an angel, came,
 And whipt 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 ⁴
 With such a heady current, scowering faults ;
 Nor ever Hydra-headed wilfulness
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
 As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in this change.

³ *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.

⁴ *Never came reformation like 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.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity ⁵,
 And, all admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire, the king were made a prelate:
 Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
 You'd 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,
⁶ The air, a charter'd libertine, is still;
 And the mute wonder lurketh in mens' ears,
 To steal his sweet and hony'd sentences;
⁷ So that the art, and practic part of life,

Must

⁵ *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 deated 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 Cotton says, *he would be content that England should never have a better, provided that it should never have a worse*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The air, &c.]* This line is exquisitely beautiful.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *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

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

Ely. The ſtrawberry grows underneath the nettle,
 And whoſom 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, ſaſteſt by night,
 Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty *.

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 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 miſinterpretation. 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.

* ——— *creſcive in his faculty.*] Increasing in its proper power.

JOHNSON.

*Grew like the ſummer graſs, ſaſteſt by night
 Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.*

Creſcit occulto velut arbor ævo

Fama Marcelli. STEEVENS.

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 passages⁹
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms ;
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off ?

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

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy ;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speaks a word of it.

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

[*Exeunt.*

⁹ *The severals, and unbidden passages*] This line I suspect of corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained: the *passages* of his titles are the *lines* of succession by which his claims descend. *Unbidden* is open, clear. JOHNSON.

S C E N E II.

Opens to the presence.

Enter king Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Westmorland, and Exeter.

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

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Henry. Send for him, good uncle.

West. ¹ Shall we call in the ambaffador, my liege?

K. Henry. Not yet, my cousin ²; we would be resolv'd,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That ³ task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the archbishop of Canterbury, and bishop of Ely.

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

K. Henry. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;

And justly and religiously unfold,

Why the law 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,

⁴ Or nicely charge your understanding soul

¹ *Shall we call in, &c.*] Here began the old play. POPE.

² *Not yet, my cousin, &c.*] The 4to. 1608, reads,

Not yet, my cousin, till we be resolv'd

Of some serious matters touching us and France.

STEEVENS.

³ *—task—*] Keep busied with scruples and laborious disquisitions. JOHNSON.

⁴ *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,

With

With opening titles ⁵ miscreate, whose right
 Suits not in native colours with the truth :
 For, God doth know, how many now in health
 Shall drop their blood, in approbation
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
 Therefore ⁶ take heed how you impawn our person,
 How you awake the sleeping sword of war ;
 We charge you in the name of God take heed :
 For never two such kingdoms did contend
 Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops
 Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
 'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the sword,
 That makes such waste in brief mortality.
 ' 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 ⁸
 To make against your highness' claim to France,

⁵ —*miscreate*—] Ill-begotten, illegitimate, spurious.

JOHNSON.

⁶ —*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.

⁷ *Under this conjuration,*] The 4to, 1608, reads,

After this conjuration. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*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.

But this which they produce from Pharamond ;—
In terram Salicam mulieres nè succedant ⁹ ;
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 then this law ; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land ;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France :
Nor did the French possess the Salique land,
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law ;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the Great,
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,

⁹ This speech (together with the Latin passage in it) may as well be said to be taken from Holinshed as from Hall. STEEV.

¹ 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,
 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 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 until 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 ²,
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Henry.

¹ *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 it 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.

² 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,

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 ;
While his most mighty father, on a hill,
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.—
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full power of France ;
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action !

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne ;
The blood, and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege

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 edi-
tion ; 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 in-
deed, but not merely capricious. JOHNSON.

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*. STEEVENS.

³ ——— *cold for action!*] The next speeches of Ely, Exeter,
Westmorland, and Canterbury, were added after the 4to 1608.

STEEVENS.

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprize.

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.

West. ⁴ 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 ⁵,
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, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

⁴ *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.

⁵ These two lines Dr. WARBURTON gives to Westmorland,
but with so little reason that I have continued them to Canter-
bury. The credit of old copies, though not great, is yet more
than nothing. JOHNSON.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a ⁶ giddy neighbour to us :
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
⁷ Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim-fulness of his force ;
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays ;
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns ;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled, ⁸ 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,
The king of Scots, whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings ;
⁹ And make your chronicle as rich with praise,

As

⁶ —giddy neighbour—] That is, inconstant, changeable.
JOHNSON.

⁷ *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 4to 1608 reads,

— *never my great grandfather*

Unmask'd his power for France. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *at the ill neighbourhood.*] The 4to 1608 reads,

— *at the bruit thereof.* STEEVENS.

⁹ *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,*

As is the ouze and bottom of the sea
With funken wreck ¹ and sumless treasuries.

Exe. ² But there's a saying very old and true:

³ *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,

⁴ To taint, and havock, more than she can eat,

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

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 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 *y^r* are just alike, and *her* in the old hands is not much unlike *y^r*. I believe we should read *her* chronicle. JOHNSON.

¹ ——— and sumless treasuries.] The quarto 1608 reads,
——— and shiplefs treasury. STEEVENS.

² *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.

³ *If that you will France win, &c.*] Hall's Chronicle. Hen. V. year 2. fol. 7. p. 2. x. POPE.

⁴ *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, *spoile*; and the two first folios, *tame*: from which last corrupted word, I think, I have retrieved the poet's genuine reading, *taint*.

THEOBALD.

5 Yet that is but a curs'd necessity;
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
 6 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 The advised head defends itself at home:
 7 For government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
 Congruing in a full and natural close,
 Like musick.

Cant. True. Therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 8 Setting endeavour in continual motion;

To

5 *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*. WARB.

Neither the old readings nor the emendation seem very satisfactory. A *curst 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, means any thing *unfortunate*. So we say, such a one leads a *curst* life; another has got into a *curst* scrape. STEEVENS.

6 *And pretty traps* —] Thus the old copy; but I believe we should read *petty*. STEEVENS.

7 *For government, though high, and low, and lower.*] The foundation and expression of this thought seems to be borrow'd from Cicero de Republica, lib. 2. *Sic ex fummis, & mediis, & infimis interjectis ordinibus, ut sonis, moderatam ratione civitatem. Consensu dissimiliorum concinere; & quæ harmonia à musicis dicitur in cantu, eam esse in civitate concordiam.* THEOB.

8 *Setting endeavour in continual motion;*

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

Obedience.—] Neither the sense nor the construction of this

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 forts;
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
 9 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
 Others, like foldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor;
 Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold;
 1 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
 The poor mechanick porters crowding in

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.

9 *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. WARB.

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.

1 *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 quarto reads, *lading up the honey.* STEEVENS.

Their

Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his furlly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer—
 That many things, having full reference
 To one consent, may work contrariouſly.
 As many arrows, looſed ſeveral ways,
 Come to one mark ;
 As many ſeveral ways meet in one town ;
 As many freſh ſtreams run in one ſelf ſea ;
 As many lines cloſe in the dial's center ;
² So may a thouſand actions, once a-foot,
 End in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
³ Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
 Divide your happy England into four ;
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,
 And you withal ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.
 If we, with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own 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,

² *So may a thouſand actions, ONCE a-foot,*] 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.

³ *Without defeat.*—] The quarto 1608 reads, *Without defect*.
 STEEVENS.

O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tomblefs, with o remembrance over them.
 Either our history fhall, with full mouth,
 Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, fhall have a tonguelefs mouth;
 Not worfhip'd ⁴ with a waxen epitaph.

Enter ambassadors of France.

Now we are well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our fair coufin 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 fhall we sparingly fhew you far off
 The Dauphin's meaning, and our embaffy?

K. Henry. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
 Unto whose grace our paffion is as fubject,
 As are our wretches fetter'd in our prifons:
 Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainnefs,
 Tell us the Dauphin's mind,

Amb. Thus then, in few.

Your highnefs, lately fending into France,
 Did claim fome certain dukedoms in the right
 Of your great predeceffor, king Edward the third;
 In answer of which claim, the prince our mafter
 Says, that you favour too much of your youth;
 And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,
 That can be with a nimble galliard won:

You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
 He therefore fends you, meeter for your fpirit,
 This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
 Defires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
 Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin fpeaks.

⁴ — *with a waxen epitaph.*] The quarto 1608 reads, *with a paper epitaph.* STEEVENS.

This reading is more unintelligible, to me at leaft, than the
 ther: a grave not dignified with the flichteft memorial.

JOHNSON.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. What treasure, uncle ?

Exe. ⁵ Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Henry. ⁶ 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 ⁷ 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 ;
⁸ 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

⁵ *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.

⁶ *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.

⁷ *Chace* is a term at tennis. JOHNSON.

⁸ *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.

When

When I do rouse me in my throne of France.
 9 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 ¹ his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul
 Shall stand sure charged for the wasteful vengeance
 That shall fly with them : for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;
 And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,
 Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So, get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin,
 His jest will favour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.
 —Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt 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
 Be soon collected ; and all things thought upon,

⁹ 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 quarto 1608 reads—*for* this. STEEVENS.

¹ —his balls to gun-stones ;—] When ordnance was first used, they discharged balls, not of iron, but of stone. JOHNSON.

That

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.

CHORUS.

NOW all the youth of England are on fire ¹.
 And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies :
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns

¹ 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 resolutions of commencing this war : and without the

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.
² For now sits Expectation in the air,
 And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
 With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
 Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear ; and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England ! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural !
 But see, thy fault ! France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns : and three corrupted men,
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge ; and the second,

the interval of 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.

² For now sits 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, book vi.

“ ——— while *Expectation* stood

“ In horror ———” STEEVENS.

Henry

Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland,
 Have for the gilt of France (O guilt, indeed!)
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
 3 And by their hands this 4 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, 5 while we force a play.
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;

3 *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—*

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

4 — *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.

5 — *while we*—] These two words have been added by the modern editors, and (as it should seem) very properly.

STEEVENS.

The

The king is fet from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
 There is the play-house now, there must you sit;
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
⁶ We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
⁷ 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.

¹ *Bard.* Well met, corporal.

Nym. Good morrow, ² lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard.

⁶ *We'll not offend one stomach—*] That is, you shall pass the sea without the qualms of sea-sickness. JOHNSON.

⁷ *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.

¹ *Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.*] 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.

² — *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,

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

Nym. For my part, I care not. I say little; but when time shall serve, ³ 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 tho'? it will toast cheefe; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's ⁴ the humour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends; ⁵ 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.

without the knowledge of what passed in the two foregoing plays. JOHNSON.

³ — *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 any occasion for Dr. Warburton's emendation, as it is vain to seek the precise meaning of every fantastic expression employed by this humorous 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.

⁴ — *the humour of it.*] The folio reads, — *and there's an end.*
STEEVENS.

⁵ — *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.

Nym.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may; men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may. Tho' ⁶ 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, 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. ⁷ O well-a-day, lady, if he be not drawn now! We shall see wilful adultery, and murder committed.

Bard. ⁸ Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

⁶ —*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.

⁷ *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 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.” After all (as the Critical Reviewers observe) to be *hewn* might mean to be *drunk*. There is yet a low phrase in use on the same occasion, which is not much unlike it; viz. “he is *cut*.” “Such-a-one was *cut* a little last night.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Good lieutenant,*——] We should read, *Good ancient*, for it is Pistol to whom he addresses himself. STEEVENS,

Nym!

Nym. Pish!——

Pist. Pish for thee, ⁹ Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

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

Nym. ¹ Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

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

The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;

The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth,

I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;

² For I can talk, and Pistol's cock is up,

And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. ³ I am not Barbaſon; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: if you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight! The grave doth gape, and ⁴ doating death is near; Therefore exhale.

⁹. — *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 quarto confirms Mr. Johnson's conjecture.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Will you shog off?*—] This cant word is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*.

“Come, pr'ythee, let us *shog off*.” STEEVENS.

² *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. Mr. JOHNSON.

³ *I am not Barbaſon; you cannot conjure me.*] *Barbaſon* is the name of a devil mentioned in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *doating death is near*;—] The quarto has *groaning death*.

JOHNSON.

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 foldier.

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 spittal go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet, she by name, and her espouse.
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she. And *pauca*,—there's enough—
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

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

Pist. ⁵ 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.

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
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 spoken the right, his heart is fractured and corroborate.

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

⁵ *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.*”

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

S C E N E II.

Changes to Southampton.

Enter Exeter, Bedford. and Westmorland.

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 them-
selves,

As if allegiance in their bosoms fate,
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,
Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely
favours;

That he should for a foreign purse so sell
His sovereign's life ⁶ 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 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

⁷ For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop.

⁶ — to death and treachery!] Here the quarto inserts a line omitted in all the following editions.

Exet. O! the lord of Masham! JOHNSON.

⁷ For which we have IN HEAD assembled them?] This is not
an

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

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

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

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

Grey. Even those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey : and do serve you
With ⁸ 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 ⁹ more advice, we pardon him.

an English phraseology. I am persuaded Shakespeare wrote,

For which we have IN AID assembled 'ibum ?

alluding to the tenures of those times. WARBURTON.

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

JOHNSON.

⁸ — *hearts create*—] Hearts compounded or made up of duty and zeal. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *more advice*,—] On his return to more coolness of mind.

JOHNSON.

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

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

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

Grey. 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, ¹ proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, ² 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 bad me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

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

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham ; and sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.—

Read them, and know, I know your worthiness.—
My lord of Westmorland and uncle Exeter,

¹ — *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.

² — *how shall we stretch our eye,*—] If we may not wink at small faults, *how wide must we open our eyes* at great.

JOHNSON.

We

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

What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded, and 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 ³ 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,
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

³ — quick —] That is, *living*.

That ⁴ though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
⁵ Treason and murder, ever kept together,
 As two yoke devils sworn to either's purpose,
⁶ 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 ⁷ he that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up;
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
 If that same dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his lion-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.
⁸ Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected

The

⁴ ——— 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.

⁵ *Treason and murder,*—] What follows to the end of this speech is additional since the first edition. POPE.

⁶ *Working so grossly*—] *Grossly* for *commonly*, which the Oxford Editor not understanding, alters it to *closely*. WARB.

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

⁷ — 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.

⁸ *Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected*

The sweetner's of assiance!] Shakespeare urges this aggravation

tion

The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet;
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
 9 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
 1 Not working with the eye, without the ear,
 And but in purged judgment trusting neither?

tion 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.

9 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.

1 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 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.

Such,

Such, ² and so finely boulded, didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
³ 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.

Cam. ⁴ 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 rejoice for,
 Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,

² — *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.

³ *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.

⁴ *For me, the gold of France did not seduce,]* Holinshed, p.
 549, observes, from Hall, that the earl of Cambridge plotted
 to destroy the king, that he might place his brother-in-law,
 Edmund Mortimer earl of March, on the throne. STEEVENS.

Prevented from a damned enterprize.

⁵ My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

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

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;

Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude,

His subjects to oppression and contempt,

And his whole kingdom unto desolation.

Touching, our person, seek we no revenge;

But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,

Whose ruin you three fought, that to her laws

We do deliver you. ⁶ 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,

⁵ *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.

⁶ —*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,

Putting it straight in expedition.

Chearly to sea.—The signs of war advance;

⁷No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Quickly's house in Eastcheap.

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

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

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yern.—
Bardolph, be blith. Nym, rouse thy vaunting vein.
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. He
made a ⁸finer end, and went away, ⁹an it had been
any chrisom'd child. A'parted even just between
twelve

⁷ *No king of England, if not king of France.*] So in the old
play before that of Shakespeare,

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

⁸ — *finer end,*] for *final.* JOHNSON.

⁹ — *an it had been any chrisom'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.

STEEVENS.

In the Liturgie, 2 E. 6. *Form of private Baptism*, is this
direction. “ 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:

twelve and one, even at the ¹ turning o'th' tide. For after I saw him ² fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers ends, I knew there was but one way; ³ for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a'babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John?

thus: "Quippe olim ut et hodie, baptizatorum, statim atque
 "chrismate in fronte ungebantur, *ne chrisma deflueret*, capita
 "panno candido obvolvebantur, qui octava demum die ab iis
 "auferebatur." During the time therefore of their wearing
 this vesture, the children were, I suppose, called *Chrismes*.
 One is registered under this description in the Register of
Thatcham, Berks, 1605. [Hearne's Append. to the History of
 Glastonbury, p. 275.] "A younge *chrisme*, being a man child,
 "beinge found drowned," &c. T. T.

¹ — *turning o'th' 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.

² — *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."

STEEVENS.

³ — *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 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:

John? quoth I: what? man, be of good cheer. So a' cried out, God, God, God! three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, a' should not think of God; I hop'd, there was no need 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 a stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as ⁴ cold as any stone.

Nym.

mour: 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 1700, 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.

⁴ — *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, seem'd sufficient to furnish a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merriment; but which, when he was to produce them to view, shrunk suddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general design.

Nym. They say, he cried out on sack.

Quick. Ay, that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that he did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

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

Boy. He said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. He 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, he saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said, it was a black soul burning in hell?

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

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.—

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.

I forgot to note in the proper place, and therefore note here, that Falstaff's courtship, or *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, should be read between *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* JOHNSON.

Let

5 Let senses rule.—The word is, ⁶ *pitch and pay*;
Trust none, for oaths are straws; mens' faiths are
wafer-cakes,

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

7 Therefore Caveto be thy counsellor.

Go, ⁸ clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.

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

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess.

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

Pist. Let housewifery appear; ⁹ keep close, I thee
command.

Quick. Farewell, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁵ *Let senses rule.*—] I think this is wrong, but how to re-
form 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.

⁶ —*pitch and pay*;) The caution was a very proper one to Mrs. Quickly, who had suffered before, by letting Falstaff run in her debt. The same expression occurs in *Blurt Master Gonstable*, 1602.

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

⁷ The old quarto reads,

Therefore Cophetua be thy councillor. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*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. The old 4to
1608 reads,

Clear up thy christals. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*keep close,*—] The quarto 1608 reads,

—*keep fast thy buggle boe.* STEEVENS.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to 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 ;

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

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe :
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Tho' war, nor no known quarrel, were in question)
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France :

¹ *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 CARELESLY* —

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*. WARB.

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.

And let us do it with no shew of fear ;
 No, with no more, than if we heard that England
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance :
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
 Her scepter so fantastically borne,
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin !

² You are too much mistaken in this king :
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassy ;
 How well supply'd with noble counsellors,
³ How modest in exception, and withal
 How terrible in constant resolution,
 And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
⁴ 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 tho' we think it so, it is no matter.
 In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh

² *You are too much mistaken in this king :*] This part is much enlarged since the first writing. POPE.

³ *How modest in exception,*—] How diffident and decent in making objections. JOHNSON.

⁴ *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 consorting 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 improvements to the plot. And with regard to these matters, Shakespeare generally tells us all he knew, and as soon as he knew it. WARBURTON.

The

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,
 5 That haunted us in our familiar paths.
 Witness our too much memorable shame,
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck ;
 And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales ;
 6 While that his mountain fire, on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
 Saw his heroical feed, and smil'd to see him
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface
 The patterns, that by God and by French fathers
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and 7 fate of him.

⁵ *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.

⁶ *While that his MOUNTAIN fire, on mountain standing,*] We should read, MOUNTING, ambitious, aspiring. WARB.

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.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *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.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry, king of England,
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

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

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

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when, what they seem to
threaten,

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

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 the wide-stretch'd honours that pertain
By custom, and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister nor no aukward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;

[*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,

² — *spend their mouths,* —] That is, *bark*; the sportsman's
term. JOHNSON.

¹ — *memorable line,*] This genealogy; this deduction of his
lineage. JOHNSON.

Edward

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 : upon your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
2 The dead mens' blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatenng, 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 England.

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

Exe. Scorn and defiance ; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king : and if your father's highness

2 *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, &c.

JOHNSON.

The quarto 1608 exhibits 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. STEEVENS.

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
3 Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

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

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe.
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we his subjects have in wonder found)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now; now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. 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.*

³ *Shall* HIDE your trespass,—] 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. JOHNS.

Mr. POPE restored CHIDE from the quarto. I have therefore
inserted 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.

A C T III.

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS.

THUS with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 4 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
 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 thro' the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think,
 You stand upon the 5 rivage, and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds 6 to sternage of this navy;
 And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,

4 *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, 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.

5 — *rivage*,—] *The bank or shore.* JOHNSON.

6 — *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.

Guarded with grandfires, babies, and old women,
 Or patt, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance :
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?
 Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege ;
 Behold the ordinance on their carriages
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes
 back ;

Tells Harry, that the king doth offer him
 Catherine his daughter, and with her to dowry
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not ; and the nimble gunner
 With ⁷ linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
 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.

[*Alarm, and cannon going off.*]

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

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

⁸ Or close the wall up with the English dead !

⁷ — *linstock* —] The staff to which the match is fixed when ordinance 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. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Or close the wall* —] Here is apparently a chasm. One line at least is lost, which contained the other part of a disjunctive 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 quarto 1608. STEEVENS.

In peace, there's nothing fo becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility :
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tyger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry thro' the ⁹ 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 ¹ 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 ² bend up every spirit
 To his full height ! On, on, you noble English,
 Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof !
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of ³ argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest,
 That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you !
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war ! And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt not ;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot ;

⁹ — *portage of the head,*—] *Portage*, open space, from *port*, a gate. Let the eye appear in the head as cannon through the battlements, or embrasures, of a fortification. JOHNSON.

¹ — *his confounded base,*—] His *worn* or *wasted* base.

JOHNSON.

² — *bend up every spirit*—] A metaphor from the bow.

JOHNSON.

³ — *argument.*] Is *matter*, or *subject*. JOHNSON.

Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry, God for Harry! England! and St. George!

[*Exeunt King and train.*

[*Alarm, and cannon 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, ⁴ corporal, stay; the knocks are too hot; and for my own part, I have not ⁵ a case of lives. The humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

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

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

Pist. And I:
⁶ If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hye.

Boy. ⁷ As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing on bough.

⁴ — *corporal*,—] We should read *lieutenant*. It is Bardolph to whom he speaks. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *a case of lives*.—] A set of lives, of which, when one is worn out, another may serve. JOHNSON.

⁶ *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.

⁷ *As duly, &c.*] This speech I have restored from the folio.

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. 'Splood, up to the preaches, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, ⁷ 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.*

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 antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, he faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard, that men of few words are the ⁸ best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest he should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for he 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, ⁹ the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with mens' pockets, as their gloves or

⁷ — to men of mould!—] To men of *earth*, to poor mortal men. JOHNSON.

⁸ — best men;—] That is, *bravest*; so in the next lines, *good deeds* are *brave actions*. JOHNSON.

⁹ — 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 serving man asks another whether he will *carry coals*. JOHNSON.

their

their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I would 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.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines: for look you, the mines are not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athverfay (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) ¹ is digt himself four yards under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think, a' ² will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

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

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gower. I think, it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an afs as in the world: 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 a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and captain Jamy.

Gower. Here he 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

¹ — is digt himself four yards under the countermines:—] Fluellen means, that the enemy had digged himself countermines four yards under the mines. JOHNSON.

² — will plow up all, —] That is, he will blow up all.

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.

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

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain James.

Gower. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quitted 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 vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion; and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind; as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point.

Jamy. I fall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and ³ 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 not time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so God sa'me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there is nothing done, so Chrish sa' me law.

³ — *I shall 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.

Jamy.

Jamy. By the mefs, ere theife eyes of mine take themfelves to flomber, aile do gud fervice, or aile ligge i'the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valoroufly as I may, that fal I furely do, the breff and the long: marry, I wad full fain heard fome queftion 'tween you tway.

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

Mac. Of my nation? what ish my nation? ish a villain, and a baftard, and a knave, and a rafcal? 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 fhall think you do not ufe me with that affability as in difcretion you ought to ufe me, look you; being as goot a man as yourfelf, both in the difciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you fo good a man as myfelf; fo Chrifh fave me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miftake each other.

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

Gower. The town founds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I'll be fo bold as to tell you, I know the difciplines of war; and there's an end ⁴.

S C E N E III.

Before the gates of Harfleur.

Enter king Henry and his train.

K. Henry. How yet refolves the governor of the town?

⁴ — *there's an end.*] It were to be wifhed that the poor merriment of this dialogue had not been purchafed with fo much profanenefs. JOHNSON.

This is the latest parle we will admit :
 Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves ;
 Or, like to men proud of destruction,
 Defy us to our worst : for as I am a foldier,
 (A name, that in my thoughts, becomes me best)
 If I begin the battery once again,
 I will not leave the half-atchieved Harfleur
 'Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up ;
 And the flesh'd foldier, 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 ⁵ 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 foldiers in their spoil,
 As send precepts to the Leviathan
 To come a-shore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town, and of your people,
 While yet my foldiers are in my command ;
⁶ While yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
 O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.

⁵ ————— *fell feats,*
Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?] All the savage practices
 naturally concomitant to the sack of cities. JOHNSON.

⁶ *While yet the cool and temp'rate 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.

If not ; why, in a moment, look to see
 The blind and bloody foldier with foul hand
 7 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,
 While the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry,
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
 What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ?

Enter Governor upon the walls.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end :
 The Dauphin, whom of succours 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 we are address'd.

[Flourish, and enter the town.]

⁷ *Defile the locks, &c.]* The folio reads,
Defire the locks, &c. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

The French camp.

Enter Catharine, and an old gentlewoman.

² Cath. *Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parles bien le language.*

Alice.

¹ 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, coman sae 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 *Catharine* and the *old Gentlewoman*; or surely he would not have admitted such obscenity and nonsense. FARMER.

² Cath. *Alice, tu as été* —] I have regulated several speeches in this French scene; some whereof were given to Alice, and yet evidently belonged to Catharine: 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:

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

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

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

Cath. *De hand. Et les doigts ?*

Alice. *Les doigts ? ma foy, je oublie le doigt ; mais je me souviendra le doigt ; je pense, qu'ils ont appelé des fingres ; ouy, de fingers, oui de fingers.*

Cath. *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.*

Cath. *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.*

Cath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arm, madame.*

Cath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *De elbow.*

Cath. *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.*

Cath. *Excuse moy, Alice ; escoutez ; d' hand, de fingre, de nails, d' arm, de bilbow.*

Alice. *De elbow, madame.*

Cath. *O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie de elbow ; comment appelez vous le col ?*

Alice. *De neck, madame.*

Cath. *De neck ; Et le menton ?*

Alice. *De chin.*

Cath. *De fin : le col, de neck : le menton, de fin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf vostre bonneur, en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict, que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

“ 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.

Cath.

Cath. *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 ?*

Cath. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement ; d'hand, ³ de fingre, de nails, de arm.*

Alice. *De nails, madame.*

Cath. *De nails, de arme, de elbow.*

Alice. *Sauf, vostre bonheur, d'elbow.*

Cath. *Ainsi, dis je d'elbow, de neck, de fin : comment appelez vous les pieds, & de robe.*

Alice. *Le foot, madame, & le coun.*

Cath. *Le foot, & le coun ! O Seigneur Dieu ! ces sont des mots mauvais, corruptibles & impudiques, & non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde ! il faut le foot, & le coun, neant-moins. Je reciterai une autrefois ma leçon ensemble ; de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de fin, de foot, de coun.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame.*

Cath. *C'est assez pour une fois, allons nous a diner.*

[*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.

³ — *de fingre,*—] It is apparent by the correction of Alice, that the princess forgot *the nails*, and therefore it should be left out in her part. JOHNSON.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of 4 our fathers' luxury,
Our Syens, put in wild and 5 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
6 In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! whence have they this
mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despight, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? 7 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 our houses thatch, while 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

4 ———— *our fathers' luxury,*] In this place, as in others, *luxury* means *lust*. JOHNSON.

5 — *savage* —] Is here used in the French original sense, for *fil-van, uncultivated*, the same with *wild*. JOHNSON.

6 *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.

7 ———— *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 mash*. To this he alludes. JOHNSON.

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 ⁸ *La volta's* high, and rich *Corantos* ;
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,
Yet sharper than your swords, hie to the field.
⁹ Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France ;
You, dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandprée, Rouffi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charoloys ;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great feats, now quit you of great flames,

⁸ — *La volta's 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 *Muleasses the Turk*, a Tragedy, 1610.

“ Be pleas'd, ye powers of night, and 'bout me skip
“ Your antick measures ; like to coal-black moors
“ Dancing their high Lavalto's to the sun,
“ Circle me round : and in the midst I'll stand,
“ And crack my sides with laughter at your sports.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *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 it 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 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. STEEV.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
¹ With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur :
 Rush on his host, as doth the ² melted snow
 Upon the vallies ; whose low vassal feat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
 Go down upon him, you have power enough,
 And in a captive chariot, into Roan
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march ;
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And, for atchievement, offer us his ransom.

Fr. 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 Gaww and Fluellen.

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

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

¹ *With pennons* —] *Pennons* armorial were small flags, on which the arms of a knight were painted. STEEVENS.

² — *melted snow* —] The poet has here defeated himself by passing too soon 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 grossness of the thought in the next line. JOHNSON.

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, (God be praised and pleased) any hurt in the world; but keeps the pride most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient lieutenant there at the pride, 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 world; but I did see him do gallant services.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

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 God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
Of buxom valour, hath by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind that stands upon the rolling rest-
less stone —

Flu. By your patience, Ancient Pistol. ³ Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify

³ *Fortune is painted PLIND, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind:—*] Here the root of a play 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 *plind*, by his use of it, he could never have said that *Fortune was painted plind, to signify she was plind.*

nify to you that fortune is plind: and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and 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;
 4 For he hath stol'n a *Pix*, and hanged must a' be —
 Damn'd death!

Let

plind. 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 *plind*, and read,

Fortune is painted with a muffler, &c. WARBURTON.

4 The old editions,

For he hath stol'n a Pax,—] “And this is conformable to history,” says Mr. Pope, “a soldier (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, *Pas 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 soldier,” 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 the emendation, and continued Pope's note without animadversion.

It is *pax* in the folio 1623, but altered to *pix* by Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer. They signified the same thing. See *Pax at Mass*, *Minsbe-w's Guide into the Tongues*. *Pix* or *pax* was a little box in which were kept the consecrated wafers. JOHNS.

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*, 1601:

“Then

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. 5 Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Ancient Pistol, 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. Die and be damn'd, and *Figo* for the friendship !

Flu. It is well.

Pist. 6 The fig of Spain !—— [Exit *Pist.*
Flu.

“ Then with this hallow'd crucifix,

“ This holy wafer, and this *pix*.” STEEVENS.

5 *Why then rejoice therefore.*] This passage, with several others, in the character of Pistol, are 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.

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 quarto 1608 reads, “ The fig “ of Spain *within thy jaw* :” and afterwards, “ The fig of “ Spain *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* fends him to Erebus.”

Again

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, he 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 ⁷ a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tun'd oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you must learn to know ⁸ such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu.

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.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *a sconce*,—] Appears to have been some hasty, rude, 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 certain *sconces* by
“ them devised, without anie bulwarks, flanckers, travasses,
“ mounts, platformes, wet or drie ditches, in forme, with
“ counterescarps, or any other good forme of fortification, but
“ only raised and formed with earth, turfe, trench, and certain
“ poynts, angles, and indents, should be able to hold out the
“ enemy,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *such slanders of the age*,—] This was a character very trouble-

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
 9 I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colours. Enter the king, and his poor soldiers.

Flu. God pless your majesty!

K. Henry. How now, Fluellen, cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. 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 reasonably great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man but one that

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.

9 *I must speak with him from the pridge.*] "Speak with him
 " from the bridge, Mr. Pope tells us, is added to the latter edi-
 " tions; 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 intelli-
 gence from thence? Fluellen, who comes from the bridge,
 wants to acquaint the king with the transactions that had hap-
 pened there. This he calls *speaking to the king from the bridge.*

THEOBALD.

With this Dr. Warburton concurs. JOHNSON,

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, 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 ¹ his fire's out.

K. Henry. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing 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. ² Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me ³ by my habit.

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 bruise an injury, till it were full

¹ — *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 Shakesppeare's imagination than on any other. The conception is very cold to the solitary reader, 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.

² *Enter Montjoy.*] *Mont-joie* is the title of the first king at arms in France, as *Garter* is in our own country. STEEVENS.

³ — *by my habit.*] 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.

ripe.—Now we speak ⁴ 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 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; ⁵ 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,

⁴ — *upon our cue,*—] In our turn. This phrase the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings.

JOHNSON.

⁵ — *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. Shakspeare (if we may believe some of the old copies) meant both speeches for prose, and as such I have printed them. STEEVENS.

That

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, ⁶ God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy ;
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself :
 If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour : and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this :
 We would not seek a battle, as we are,
 Yet, as we are, we say, we will not shun it :
 So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your high-
 nefs. [*Exit.*

Glou. 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 towards night :—
 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves ;
 And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

⁶ — *God before,*—] This was an expression in that age 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 Walsingham, the herdsman takes his leave in
 these words,

Now, go thy ways, and God before.

To *prevent* was used in the same sense. JOHNSON.

S C E N E

SCENE VII.

The French camp near Agincourt.

Enter the constable of France, the lord Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—
Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

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, ba!* ² He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant avec les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air, the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him:

¹ 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.

² *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.

he is indeed a horse; ³ 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, ⁴ *Wonder of nature* ———

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

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

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me, well; ——— which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. *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

³ — 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.

⁴ — *Wonder of nature* ———] Here, I suppose, some foolish poem of our author's time is ridiculed; which indeed partly appears from the answer. WARBURTON.

you rode, ^s like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait troffers.

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 boubier*: thou mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously; and 'twere more honour, some were away.

Con. 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!

^s — like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait troffers.] Thus all the editions have mistaken this word, which should be *troffers*; 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 head, and *troffers* made of thy skin, to tumble in." *Troffers* appear to have been loose breeches.—The kerns of Ireland anciently rode without breeches, and therefore *strait troffers*, I believe, means only in their naked skin, which fits close to them. The word is still preserved, but now written *trousers*. STEEVENS.

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 mid-night, 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 saw it, but ⁶ his lacquey: ⁷ 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl.

⁶ — *his lacquey*:—] He has beaten nobody yet but his foot-boy. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bait.*] 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. Ill-will never said well.

Con. ⁸ 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, ⁹ with, *A pox of the devil.*

Or. You are the better at proverbs, by how much *a fool's belt 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 tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandprée.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—

¹ 'Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any in-

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.

⁸ *I will cap that proverb*—] Alluding to the practice of capping verses. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *with, A pox on the devil!*] The 4to 1608 reads, — *with, A jogge of the devil.* STEEVENS.

¹ — *'Would it were day!*—] Instead of this and the succeeding speeches, the 4to 1608 concludes this scene here, with a couplet:

————— Come, come away,
The sun is high, and we wear out the day. STEEVENS.

tellektual 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 dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives : and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay; but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then 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.

A C T IV.

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS.

NOW entertain conjecture of a time,
 When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
¹ Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of
 night,

The

² *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 *Midsummer Night's Dream*:*

— *following darkness like a dream.*

Besides,

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 ² the other's umber'd face.
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear; ³ and from the tents,
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.

⁴ The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;

And

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.

² — *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.”

STEEVENS.

³ — *and from the tents,*] See the preparation for the battle between Palamon and Arcite in Chaucer.

“ And on the morrow, when day 'gan spring,

“ Of horse and harnais, noise and clattering,

“ There was in the hosteliries all about,

“ The foaming stedys on the goldin bridyl

“ Gnawing, and fast the armourers also

“ With file and hammer riding to and fro,” &c.

WARTON.

⁴ *The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
 And (the third hour of drowsy morning NAM'D)*

And (the third hour of drowsy morning nam'd)
 Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 5 Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does 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,
 6 Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
 Presented them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry, *Praise and glory on his head!*
 For forth he goes and visits all his host ;
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile ;
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen,
 Upon his royal face there is no note,
 How dread an army hath enrounded him ;

Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,

The confident, and over-lusty French,

Do the low-rated English play at dice ;—] 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.

Observations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford 1766.

5 *Do the low-rated English play at dice ;*] *i. e.* do play them away at dice. WARBURTON.

6 *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. STEEVENS.

Nor

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 largesse universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold ⁷ fear. Then, mean and gentle, all,
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly,
 Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace,
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet fit and see,
⁸ Minding true things by what their mockerie be.

[Exit

S C E N E I.

The English camp, at Agincourt.

Enter king Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Henry. Glo'ster, '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,

⁷ — 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.

⁸ *Minding true things —*] *To mind* is the same as *to call to remembrance*. JOHNSON.

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, ¹ old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Where 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
 pain

Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
 And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
² With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy clock, 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.

Glou. We shall, my liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Henry. No, my good knight;

¹ — *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.

EDWARDS'S MSS.

Sir Thomas Erpingham was in Henry V.'s time warden of Dover castle. His arms are now visible on one side of the Roman pharos. STEEVENS.

² *Whith 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, nimbleness. JOHNSON.

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 la?*

K. Henry. A friend.

Pist. Diſcuſs unto me, art thou officer?
Or art thou baſe, common, and popular?

K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike?

K. Henry. Even ſo. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold;
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kiſs his dirty 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 St. David's day.

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

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Henry. And his kinſman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee then!

K. Henry. I thank you. God be with you!

Pist.

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [Exit.
K. Henry. It forts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen——

Flu. So; in the name of Jesu 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, 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 sobrieties of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[Exeunt.

K. Henry. 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.

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 tho' 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 senses have but human^s conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and tho' his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

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

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

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

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this to feel other mens' minds. Methinks, I could not die any

³ — *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.

where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chop'd off in a 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 ^s 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

* — *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.”

fo 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 permeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if these men have defeated the law, and out-run native punishment, though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are 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. ⁵ 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.

⁵ *Every subject's duty —*] This is a very just distinction, and the whole argument is well followed, and properly concluded.

JOHNSON.

Will.

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.

Will. You pay him then! ⁶ 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 my quarrel.

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

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, this is my glove, by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

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

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, 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 enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

⁶ — *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.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Indeed, the French may lay ⁷ twenty French crowns to one they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. [Exeunt soldiers.]

Manet king Henry.

⁸ 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,
Subject 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?
⁹ What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!
What is thy soul, O adoration?

Art

⁷ — *twenty French crowns*—] This conceit, rather too low for a king, has been already explained, as alluding to the venereal disease. JOHNSON.

⁸ *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.

⁹ *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

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 the 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 enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farsed title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of the world;

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 here is 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 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 its 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.

¹ —*farsed title running, &c.] Farsed is stuffed. The tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced. This I think is the sense.* JOHNSON.

No,

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
¹ Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour, to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace;
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,

Seek through your camp to find you.

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

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

K. Henry. O God of battles! steel my soldiers hearts!
 Possess them not with fear; ² take from them now
The

¹ *Can sleep so soundly, &c.*] These lines are exquisitely pleasing. *To sweat in the eye of Phœbus, and to sleep in Elysium,* are expressions very poetical. JOHNSON.

² 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

The sense of reckoning; lest the oppos'd numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,
 O not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown!
 I Richard's body have interred new;
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
 Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
 Tho' all that I can do, is nothing worth,
 3 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

Enter

“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 oppos'd 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 oppos'd 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' oppos'd 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. *Observations of Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.*

³ *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

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. My liege!

K. Henry. My brother Glo'ster's voice?

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

The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[*Exeunt*

S C E N E II.

Changes to 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. ⁴ *Via*!—*les eaux & la terre.*—

Orl.

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 of the crime and the expiation.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *Via*!—*les eaux & la terre.*—] The *Revisal* reads,

“*Dau.* *Voyez*—*les eaux & la terre.*—”

“*Orl.* *Rien*—*puis l'air & le feu.*—”

“*Dau.* *Le ciel*!—*cousin Orleans.*”—

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 with superfluous courage: ha!

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, ye 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 exception, 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;

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.

Tho'

Tho' 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
 5 The tucket-sonance, and the note to mount;
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
 That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandprée.

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.
 6 The 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 7 gimmel bit

Lies

5 *The tucket-sonance, &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-sonance* was, I believe, the name of an introductory flourish of the trumpet, as *Toccata* in Italian is the prelude of a sonata on the harpsichord. STEEVENS.

6 *Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,*

With torch-staves in their hands;—] Grandprée alludes to the form of the ancient candlesticks, which frequently represented human figures holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands. STEEVENS.

7 — *gimmel bit*—] *Gimmel* is in the western countries a

Lies foul with chew'd grafs, ftill and motionlefs :
And ⁸ 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. ⁹ I ſtay but for my guard : on, to the field ;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come, away !
The ſun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*

ring; a *gimmel 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 or *gimmel'd* mail means armour compoſed of rings like thoſe of a chain, which by its flexibility fitted itſelf to the ſhape of the body more exactly than defensive arms of any other contrivance. There is a ſuit of it to be ſeen in the Tower. In *Lingua*, &c. 1607, is mention'd,

“ — a *gimmel* ring with one link hanging.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *their executors, the knaviſh crows,*—] The crows who are to have the diſpoſal of what they ſhall leave, their hides and their fleſh. JOHNSON.

⁹ *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 explain 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.”

A *guard* is always ſent to bring the colours to the field.

STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

The English camp.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all the host; Salisbury and Westmorland.

Glou. 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 til! we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully, my noble lord of Bedford,

My dear lord Glo'ster, and my good lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. ¹ Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee!

Exe. to *Sal.* Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit Sal.*

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

¹ 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 to his hands in one of the old quartos.

STEEVENS.

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?

² My cousin Westmorland? No, my fair cousin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

³ By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yerns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz', wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it (Westmorland) through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his pass-port shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of ⁴ Crispian:

He

² *My cousin Westmorland?*—] In the quarto 1608 this speech is addressed to Warwick. STEEVENS.

³ *By Jove,*—] The king prays like a christian and swears like a heathen. JOHNSON.

⁴ *—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;

He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse 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 Saint Crispian :
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars.
 Old men forget ; yet all shall not be forgot,
 But they'll remember, ⁵ 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 Glo'ster,
 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,
⁶ From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,

" makers ; 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 tutelary saints." *Wheatley's Rational Illustration*,
 folio edit. p. 76. See Hall's Chronicle, folio 47.

GRAY.

⁵ — *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 com-
 monly boastful, and inclined to magnify past acts and past
 times. JOHNSON.

⁶ *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 an-
 cient history. JOHNSON.

This

This day shall ⁷ 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 ⁸ upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
 The French are ⁹ bravely in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience 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 ¹ thou hast unwish'd five
 thousand men,

Which likes me better than to wish us one.

—You know your places. God be with you all!

⁷ — *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.

⁸ — *upon Saint 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.

⁹ — *bravely* —] Is *splendidly, ostentatiously.* JOHNSON.

¹ — *thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,* —] By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away. Shakespeare 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.

A Tucket

A Tucket sounds. 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,
And many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, tho' buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd ; for there the sun shall greet
them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.

² Mark then a bounding valour in our English :

That

² *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

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

Let me speak proudly: tell the Constable,
We are but 4 warriors for the working-day:
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.

There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly)
And time hath worn us into slovenry.

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do,
(As, if God please, they shall) my ransom then

and the allusion is exceedingly beautiful; comparing the revival of the English valour to the rebounding of a cannon-ball.

THEOBALD.

3 *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.

This *putrid valour* is common to the descriptions of other poets as well as Shakespeare and Dryden, and is said to be no less successful, by Lucan, lib. 7. vers. 821.

“ Quid fugis hanc cladem, quid olentes deferis agros ?

“ Has trahe Cæsar, aquas : hoc, si potes utere cælo.

“ Sed tibi tabentes populi Pharfalica rura

“ Eripiunt, campoque tenent victore fugato.”

STEEVENS.

4 — *warriors for the working day.*] We are soldiers but coarsely dressed; we have not on our holiday apparel.

JOHNSON.

Will

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 Henry, and so fare thee well.
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.*]

S C E N E IV.

The field of battle.

*Alarm, excursions. Enter Pistol, French soldier,
and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur.

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

Pist. ⁵Quality, call you me? Construe me, art
thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman.
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;

⁵ *Quality, CALMY, CUSTURE 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't a gentleman.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Edwards, in his MSS. notes, proposes to read,

Quality call you me? construe me, &c. STEEVENS.

O signieur Dew, ⁶ thou dy'st on point of fox,
 Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
 Egrecious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, *prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not ferve, I will have forty moys;
⁷ For I will fetch thy rym out of thy throat,
 In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol.

⁶ *Thou diest 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, *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.”

So, 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.

⁷ *For I will fetch thy RYM*—] We should read,

OR *I will fetch thy RANSOM out of thy throat.*

WARB.

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 quarto 1608. The folio reads, *thy rymme*. *Rino*, a cant word for money, is still current, and the word *rheum* seems to have been used in Shakespeare's time indiscriminately, for the *humours* of the mind or body. In the fantastic diction of Pistol either might have been employed. It

is

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras ?*

Pist. ⁸ Brafs, cur ?

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

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy !*

Pist. Say'ft thou me fo ? is that ⁹ a ton of moys ?
Come hither, 'boy ? ask me this slave in French,
What is his name ?

Boy. *Efcoutez, comment estes vous appellé ?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He fays, he name is mafter Fer.

Pist. Mafter Fer ! I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him : difcufs the fame in French unto him.

is not eafy to fay what the latter fignifies in the following quotation from *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607 :

“ A maftick-patch is the very rheum of beauty.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Bras, cur ?*] Either Shakefpeare had very little knowledge in the French language, or his over fondnefs for punning led him in this place, contrary to his own judgment, into an error. Almoft every one knows that the French word *bras* is pronounced *brau* ; and what refemblance of found does this bear to *brafs*, that *Piftol* fould reply *Bras, cur ?* The joke would appear to a reader, but could fcarce be difcovered in the performance of the play. RAWLINSON.

If the pronounciation of the French language be not changed fince Shakefpeare's time, which is not unlikely, it may be fufpected fome other man wrote the French fcenes. JOHNSON.

Mr. Johnson makes a doubt, whether the pronounciation of the French language may not be changed fince Shakefpeare's time, “ if not,” fays he, “ it may be fufpected that fome other “ man wrote the French fcenes :” but this does not appear to be the cafe, at leaft 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 *Orthoepia Gallica* of John Eliot ; and of the latter from the rhymes of Marot, Ronfard, and Du Bartas.—Connections of this kind were very common. Shakefpeare himfelf affifted Ben Jonfon in his *Sejanus*, as it was originally written ; and Fletcher in his *Two noble Kinfmen*. FARMER.

⁹ — a ton of moys ?] *Moys* is a piece of money ; whence *moi d'or*, or *moi of gold*. JOHNSON.

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

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.

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; & je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres estimé 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 le grand capitaine.*

[Exit Pist. and Fr. Sol.]

I did

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 ¹ this roaring devil i' the old play; 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!

¹ — *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 the 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*, and, throughout the piece, utters an oath with almost every line he speaks. STEEVENS.

² Let us die, instant.—Once more back again ;
 And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
 Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
³ 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, friends us now !
 Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives
⁴ Unto these English, or else die with fame.

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

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

S C E N E VI.

Alarm. Enter king Henry and his train, with prisoners.

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice valiant coun-
 trymen :

But all's not done ; the French yet keep 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 bleeding o'er.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
 Larding the plain : and by his bloody side,

² *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.

³ *Like a base pander,—*] The quarto reads,

Like a base leno,— STEEVENS.

⁴ *Unto these English, or else die with fame.*] This line I have
 restored from the quarto 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.

Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
 The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
 Suffolk first dy'd; and York, all haggled over,
 Comes to him where in gore he lay in steep'd,
 And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
 And cries aloud, "Tarry, my cousin Suffolk!
 " My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
 " Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast,
 " As in this glorious and well-foughten field
 " We kept together in our chivalry!"
 Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up;
 He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
 And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
 " Commend my service to my sovereign."
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
 And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 5 But all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not;

6 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarm.*
 But, hark! what new alarm is this fame?

5 *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.

6 *For, hearing 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. WAREBURTON.

The French have re-inforc'd their scatter'd men :
Then every foldier kill his prifoners ;

7 Give the word through.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Alarms continued; after which, Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. ² Kill the poyes and the luggage ! 'tis exprefly
againft the law of arms : 'tis as arrant a piece of
knavery,

⁷ *Give the word through.*] Here the quarto 1608 adds,

“ Pift. *Couper gorge.*” STEEVENS.

¹ SCENE VII.] Here, in the other editions, they begin the fourth act, very abfurdly, fince both the place and time evidently continue, and the words of Fluellen immediately follow thofe of the king juft before. POPE.

² *Kill the poyes and the luggage ! 'tis exprefly againft 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 fort with the *fcenery* that here follows, I have chofe to fall in with the other regulation. Mr. Pope gives a reason why this fcene fhould be connective to the preceding fcene ; but his reason, according to custom, is a miftaken one. “ The words of Fluellen,” fays he, “ immediately follow thofe of the king juft before.” The king's laft words, at his going off, were ;

Then ev'ry foldier kill his prifoners :

Give the word through.

Now Mr. Pope muft very accurately fuppofe, that Fluellen overhears this ; and that by replying, *Kill the poyes and the luggage ; 'tis exprefly againft the law of arms ;—*he is condemning the king's order, as againft martial difcipline. But this is a moft abfurd fuppofition. Fluellen neither overhears, nor replies to, what the king had faid : nor has *kill the poyes and the luggage* any reference to the foldiers killing their prifoners. Nay, on the contrary (as there is no interval of an act here) there muft be fome little paufe betwixt the king's going off, and Fluellen's entering : (and therefore I have faid, *Alarms continued*;) for we find by Gower's firft fpeech, that the foldiers had already cut their prifoners throats, which required fome time to do. The matter is this. The baggage, during the battle (as king Henry had no men to fpare) was guarded only by boys and lacqueys ; which fome French run-aways getting notice of, they came down upon the Englifh camp-boys, whom they
kill'd,

knavery, mark you now, as can be desir'd in the 'orld now, 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 foldier 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 Ma-cedon; 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 compa-risons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; there is also moreover a river at Mon-mouth: it is call'd Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out

kill'd, and plunder'd 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 it is 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 (God knows and you know) in his rages and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finish'd. I speak but in figures, and comparisons of it. ³ As Alexander kill'd his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turn'd away ⁴ the fat knight with the great belly-doublet. He was full of jests and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

³ *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.

⁴ — *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.

Alarm. Enter king Henry, with Bourbon, and other prisoners; lords and attendants. Flourish.

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to France,
 Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
 Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
 If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
 Or void the field; they do offend our fight:
 If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
 And make them skir away, as swift as stones
 Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
⁵ 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 Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glou. 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;

⁵ *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.

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 fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
 Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
 Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
 To view the field in safety, and dispose
 Of their dead bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, herald,
 I know not, 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 !

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 good 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 St. 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 ma-
 jesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you
 that : God pleis and preserve it, as long as it pleases.
 his grace and his majesty too !

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Ceshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confes it to all the 'orld; I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Henry. God keep me so!

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with him.

[*Exeunt heralds, with Montjoy.*

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

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

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 swager'd with me last night: who, if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'th' ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap (which he swore as he was a foldier he would wear, if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Henry. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this foldier keep his oath?

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

K. Henry. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of
⁶ great fort, ⁷ quite from the answer of his degree.

⁶ — *great fort,*—] High rank. So in the ballad of *Jane Shore*,

“ Lords and ladies of *great fort.*” JOHNSON.

The quarto 1608 reads,

— *his enemy may be a gentleman of worth.* STEEVENS.

⁷ — *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 foldier's *low degree.* JOHNSON.

Flu.

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 perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jackfawce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Henry. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

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

K. Henry. Who 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, foldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [Exit.

K. Henry. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alenfon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alenfon 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 God 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
Glo'ster,

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.
 Come you with us, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

Before king Henry's pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

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

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure.—Captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more 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 universal '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 payment¹ into plows, I warrant you.

¹ — into plows,—] The Revival reads, very plausibly,
in two plows. JOHNSON.

The quarto reads, *I will give treason his due presently.*

STEEVENS.

Will.

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 of Alenfon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

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

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be God for it) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter king Henry and Exeter.

K. Henry. How now, what's the matter?

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

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 Alenfon that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Henry. ² Give me thy glove, foldier; look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas me, 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?

² Give me thy glove,—look, here is the fellow of it.] It must be, give me my glove; for of the foldier's glove the king had not the fellow. JOHNSON.

Will.

Will. All offences, my lord, 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 take it for your fault and not mine : for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence ; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow ;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns :—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

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 God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better 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 pashful ? your shoes are 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 ?

Exe. ³ Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king ;

³ Charles duke of Orleans, &c.] This list is copied from Hall.
POPE.

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,
Of knights, squires, and other 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 4 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, high constable of France ;
Jacques of Chatilion, 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,
Grandprée and Rouffi, Faulconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death !—

Where is the number of our English dead ?

Exe. 5 Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire ;
None else of name ; and of all other men,
But five-and-twenty.

⁴ — *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.

⁵ *Edward the duke of York,*—] This speech, which in the 4^{to} is given to Exeter, appears in the folio, as part of the king's.

K. Henry. O God, thy arm was here !
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
 Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
 But in plain shock and even play of battle,
 Was ever known so great and little loss,
 On one part, and on the other ?—Take it, God,
 For it is only thine !

Exe. 'Tis wonderful !

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. ⁶ Do we all holy rites ;
 Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum* !
 The dead with charity enclos'd in clay ;
 And then to Calais ; and to England then ;
 Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

⁶ *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.

A C T V.

Enter Chorus.

C H O R U S.

VOUCHSAFE, to those that have not read
the story,

That I may prompt them : and for such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais : grant him there ; and there being
seen,

Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
sea ;

Which, like ¹ 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
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,

¹ — *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 *huiffier*. HANMER.

— *a mighty whiffler* —] See Mr. Warton's note to the tragedy of *Othello*.

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. STEEVENS.

Before him through the city : he forbids it ;
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;
² 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,
³ Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the Plebeians swarming at their heels,
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in.
 As, by a lower but by loving ⁴ likelihood,
⁵ Were now the general of our gracious empress
 (As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
⁶ Bringing rebellion broached on his sword ;

² *Giving full trophy,*—] Transferring all the honours of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shews, from himself to God.

JOHNSON.

³ *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.

⁴ — *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 revision 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.

⁵ *Were now the general, &c.*] The earl of Essex in the reign of queen Elizabeth. POPE.

⁶ *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.

¹ *Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

Gower. Nay, that's right.—But why wear you your leek to-day? St. David's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you as my friend, captain Gower; The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowfy, praggng knave, Pistol, which you and yourself, and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits; he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could 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.

¹ *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.

Enter

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes swelling like a turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swelling, nor his turky-cocks. Got pless you, antient Pistol: you scurvy, lowfy knave, Got pless you.

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

² To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence!—I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I pefeech 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. [*Strikes him.*]

Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is. I 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 ³ squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have ⁴ astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my

² *To have me fold up, &c.*] Dost thou desire to have me put thee to death. JOHNSON.

³ — *squire of low degree.*] That is, *I will bring thee to the ground.* JOHNSON.

The Squire of Low Degree is a title of an old romance, enumerated among other books in a letter concerning *Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Kenelworth.* STEEVENS.

⁴ — *astonish'd him.*] That is, you have stunned him with the blow. JOHNSON.

leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody 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; ^s I eat, and eat, I swear ———

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more fauce 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 'em. 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, 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 pe 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

^s *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.

deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find 'tis otherwise; and henceforth, let a Welsh-correction teach you a good English condition. Fare you well. [Exit.]

Pist. ⁶ Doth fortune play the hufwife with me now?
⁷ News have I, that my Nell is dead i'the spital
 Of malady of France;
 And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
 Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
 Honour is 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 ⁸. [⁹ Exit.]

⁶ *Fortune doth play the hufwife—*] That is, the *jilt*. *Hufwife* is here in an ill sense. JOHNSON.

⁷ *News have I, that my Dol 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.

⁸ In the quarto of 1608 these lines are read thus,

“ Doth fortune play the hufwife with me now?
 “ Is honour cudgel'd from my warlike loins?
 “ Well France farewell. News have I certainly,
 “ That Doll is sick of malady of France.
 “ The wars affordeth naught, home will I trudge,
 “ Bawd will I turn, and use the flight of hand.
 “ To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;
 “ And patches will I get unto these scars,
 “ And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.”

JOHNSON.

⁹ 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 *Bar-dolph* are hanged; *Gads-hill* was lost immediately after the robbery; *Poins* and *Peto* have vanished since, one knows not how; and *Pistol* is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure. JOHNSON.

S C E N E II.

The French court, at Trois in Champagne.

Enter at one door king Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other lords; at another, the French king, queen Isabel, princess Catherine, the duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Henry. ¹Peace 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 Catherine;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd)
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy:—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met!
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have 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

¹ *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.

With all my wits; my pains, and strong endeavours;
To bring your most imperial majesties

² 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, plenty, 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.

³ Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart;

Unpruned dies; her hedges even pleach'd;

⁴ 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 coulter rusts,

That should deracinate 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,

² *Unto this bar*—] To this *barrier*; to this place of congress. JOHNSON.

³ *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.

⁴ *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.

But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
⁵ Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.
 Even so our houses, and ourselves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
 The sciences, that should become our country ;
 But grow, like savages ; as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,
 To swearing and stern looks, ⁶ diffus'd attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our ⁷ 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.

⁵ *Defective in their natures,*—] *Nature* had been changed by some of the editors into *nurtures* ; but, as Mr. Upton observes, unnecessarily. *Sua deficiuntur natura.* They were not defective in their *creative* 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.

⁶ — *diffus'd attire,*] Diffus'd, for extravagant. The military habit of those times was extremely so. Act 3. scene 7. 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.

⁷ — *former favour,*] Former appearance. JOHNSON.

K. Henry.

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

Fr. King. I have but with a curfory 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, ^s we will suddenly
Pass, or accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Henry. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Glo'ter,
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 Catherine 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, Catherine, and a lady.

K. Henry. Fair Catherine, most fair !
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,

^s — 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 would accept them all. He certainly must mean, that he would at once *wave* and *decline* what he disliked, 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.

Such

Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

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

K. Henry. O fair Catherine, 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?

Cath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is *like me*.

K. Henry. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Cath. *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 Catherine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

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

K. Henry. What says she, fair one? that tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. *Ouy*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits. Dat is de 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 a such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy

⁹ — *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. JOHNSON.

my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, *I love you*: then if you urge me 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?

Cath. *Sauf vostre bonneur*, 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 sit like a jack-a-napes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor have I no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use 'till urg'd, and 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 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, 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

¹ — 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.

again.

again. 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 wouldst have such a one, take me: take a soldier; take a king. And what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

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

Cath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Henry. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue² 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? St. Dennis be my speed!) *donc vostre est France, & vous estes miennne.* 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.

Cath. *Sauf vostre bonheur, 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,

² — *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 quarto — *like a bride on her new-married husband.* STEEVENS.

must needs be granted to be much as one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? canst thou love me?

Cath. 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, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between St. Dennis and St. George, compound a boy half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. Henry. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise. Do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *La plus belle Catherine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deesse?*

Cath. Your *majestés ave fause* 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 lov'st me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding

³ — go to Constantinople —] Shakespeare 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.

the ⁴ 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 Catherine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand and say, Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, tho' 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, Catherine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is, as it shall please *le roy mon pere*.

K. Henry. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Cath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Henry. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

⁴ — *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 be quoted as the work of an author contemporary with Shakespeare.

“ And *temper* him with all the art I have.” STEEVENS.

Cath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez : ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissiez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteur; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

K. Henry. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Cath. *Les dames & damoselles pour estre baisées 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 les ladies of France; I cannot tell, what is *baiser* en English.

K. Henry. To kiss.

Lady. Your majesty *entendre* better que moy.

K. Henry. Is it not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Lady, *Ouy, vrayement.*

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 fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty, that follow our places, stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss. Therefore—patiently and yielding—[*kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

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'; and my condition is not smooth: so that having neither the voice

nor

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. ⁵ 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.

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. Maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholemew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Henry. ⁶ 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.

⁵ *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.

⁶ *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.

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 nature.

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

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 these contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,

⁷ *nostre 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 Mr. 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.

May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet breasts, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

Lords. Amen.

K. Henry. Now welcome, Kate; and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
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. 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.*]

⁸ *Thrust in between the passion of these kingdoms,*] The old folios have it, *the pation*; which makes me believe, the author's word was *paction*; 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.

⁹ *Prepare we, &c.*] The quarto 1608 concludes with the following speech:

Hen. Why then fair Katherine,
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.

Enter

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
¹ Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
 In little room confining mighty men,
² Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
 Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
 This star of England: fortune made his sword;
 By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
 And of it left his son imperial lord.
 Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
 Of France and England, did this king succeed;
 Whose state so many had i'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 ³.

¹ 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.

STEEVENS.

² *Mangling by starts* —] By touching only on select parts.

JOHNSON.

³ 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.

THE
FIRST PART
OF
HENRY VI.

Persons Represented.

King HENRY the Sixth.

Duke of Gloucester, *uncle to the king, and protector.*

Duke of Bedford, *uncle to the king, and regent of France.*

Cardinal Beauford, *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 Glanfdale. 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, *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.*

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

WESTMINSTER-ABBNEY.

Dead march. Enter the funeral of king Henry the Fifth, attended on by the duke of Bedford, regent of France; the duke of Gloucester, protector; the duke of Exeter, and the earl of Warwick, the bishop of Winchester, and the duke of Somerset.

BEDFORD.

HUNG be the heavens with black, yield day
to night!
Comets, importing change of times and
states,

Brandish

¹ *The 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 the second part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult queen Margaret; though her penance and banishment

² Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
 And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
 That have consented unto Henry's death!
 Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
 England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glou. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
 Virtue he had, deserving to command:
 His brandish'd sword did blind men with its 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?

for forcery happened three years before that princefs came over to England. I could point out many other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned. Indeed, tho' 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 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 prosaical, than in the generality of his genuine compositions. THEOBALD.

² *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.

Or

Or shall we think ³ 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 sight.

The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought :
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glou. The church! where is it? Had not church-
men pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd :
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Glo'ster, whate'er we like, thou art protector ;
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious church-men, may.

Glou. 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 ;
4 Our isle he made a nourish of salt tears,

And

³ — *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.

⁴ *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

And none but women left to 'vail 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,
 5 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:
 6 Guienne, Champaign, Rheims, Orleans,
 Paris, Guyfours, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man—Before dead Henry's
 corse? ———

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 *stew*, in which fish are preserved alive, was anciently call'd a *nourish*.

STEEVENS.

5 *Than Julius Cæsar, or bright ———*] I can't guess the occasion of the hemistich and imperfect sense in this place; 'tis not impossible it might have been filled up with—*Francis Drake*,—tho' 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, tho' 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.

6 *Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,*] This verse might be completed by the insertion of *Rean* among the places lost, as Glo'ster in the next speech infers that it had been mentioned with the rest. STEEVENS.

Speak

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

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

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

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,
7 To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

1 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mis-
chance.

France is revolted from the English quite;
Except some petty towns of no import.
The dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;

⁷ *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.

The

The bastard 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?

Glou. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
 Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Glo'ster, why doubt'st thou of my forward-
 nefs?

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 scarce full six thousand in his troop,
 By three and twenty thousand of the French
 Was round encompassed and set upon:
 No leisure had he to enrank his men,
 He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
 Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
 They pitched in the ground confusedly,
 To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
 More than three hours the fight continued;
 Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
 Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
 Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew.
 The French exclaim'd, "The devil was in arms!"
 All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.

His

His foldiers, fpying his undaunted fpirit,
 A Talbot! Talbot! cried out amain,
 And rufh'd into the bowels of the battle.
 Here had the conqueft fully been feal'd up,
⁸ If Sir John Faftolfe had not play'd the coward:
⁹ He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,
 With purpofe to relieve and follow them)
 Cowardly fled, not having ftruck one ftroke.
 Hence grew the general wreck and maffacre;
 Enclofed were they with their enemies.
 A bafe Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
 Thrufte Talbot with a fpear into the back;
 Whom all France, with her chief affembled ftrength,
 Durft not prefume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot flain? then I will flay myfelf,
 For living idly here, in pomp and eafe,
 Whilft fuch a worthy leader, wanting aid,
 Unto his dafard foe-men is betray'd.

³ *Meff.* O no, he lives; but is took prifoner,
 And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
 Moft of the reft flaughter'd, or took, likewife.

Bed. His ranfom there is none but I fhall pay:
 I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
 His crown fhall be the ranfom of my friend:
 Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.

⁸ *If Sir John Faftolfe—*] Mr. Pope has taken notice, “That Falftaff is here introduced again, who was dead in *Henry V.* The occafion whereof is that this play was written before *Henry IV.* or *Henry V.*” But Sir John Faftolfe (for fo he is call'd) 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.

⁹ *He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,)* Some of the editors feem to have confidered this as a contradiction in terms, and have propofed to read — the *rereaward*, — but without neceffity. Some part of the van muft have been behind the foremoft line of it; and Sir John Smythe informs us, that it was customary “to affemble or forme three battles, a *vaward*, *battle*, and *rereaward*,” &c. STEEVENS.

Fare-

Farewell, my masters ; to my task will I ;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. George's feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

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

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 Bedford.*]

Glou. 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.

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 II.

Before Orleans in France.

*Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier, marching
with a drum and soldiers.*

Char. ¹ Mars his true moving, even as in the
heavens,

¹ *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.

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 ;
 The while 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, found alarum : we will rush on them.
 Now for the honour of the forlorn French.—
 Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
 When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*
 [*Here 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 ² as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records,
³ England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,

During

² — *As their hungry prey.*] I believe it should be read,
As their hungred prey. JOHNSON.

³ *England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,*] These were two
 of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers ;
 and

During the time Edward the Third did reign.
 More truly now may this be verified,
 For none but Sampsons and Goliasses
 It fendeth 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 4 gimmals or device
 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 even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

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

Dau. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, 5 your chear
 appall'd;

and their exploits are render'd so ridiculously and equally extra-
 gant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying
 amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of *giving one a Row-
 land 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.

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

JOHNSON.

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

5 — *your chear appall'd*;—] *Chear* is countenance, appear-
 ance. STEEVENS.

Hath

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 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 ⁶ nine Sibyls of old Rome;
 What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
 Speak, shall I call her in? ⁷ Believe my words,
 For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go, call her in. But first, to try her skill,
 Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
 Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern;—
 By this means shall we sound 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, tho' 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.

⁶ — *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.

⁷ *Believe my words*,] It should be read,
 ——— *Believe her words*. JOHNSON.

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
 And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
 God's mother deigned to appear to me ;
 And, in a vision full of majesty,
 Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
 And free my country from calamity :
 Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success.
 In compleat glory she reveal'd herself ;
 And, whereas I was black and swart before,
 With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
 That beauty am I blest with, which you see.
 Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 And I will answer unpremeditated.
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

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

Pucel. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
 Deck'd with fine flower-de-luces on each side ;
 The which, at Tourain in St. Catherine'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 neyer 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. Who-e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help
 me :

Impatiently I burn with thy desire ;
 My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excel-

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 :
 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 shrives this woman to her
 sinock ;

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 :

⁸ 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,
 Which Cæsar and his fortune bore at once.

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

⁸ *Expect St. Martin's summer,*] That is, expect *prosperity* after *misfortune*, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun. JOHNSON.

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

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

Reig. 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.*]

S C E N E III.

Tower-gates, in London.

Enter Gloucester, with his serving-men.

Glou. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
 Since Henry's death, I fear, ¹ there is conveyance.—
 Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
 Open the gates. 'Tis Gloucester that calls.

¹ *Ward.* Who's there, that knocketh so impe-
 riously?

¹ *Man.* It is the noble duke of Gloucester.

² *Ward.* Whoc'er he be, you may not be let in.

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

¹ *Ward.* The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
 We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but
 mine?

There's none protector of the realm but I.—
 Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize.
 Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

⁹ *Nor yet St. Philip's daughters, —*] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the Acts. HANMER.

¹ *— there is conveyance. —*] *Conveyance* means *theft*
 HANMER.

Gloucester's men rush at the Tower gates, and Woodvile, the lieutenant, speaks within.

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

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

Wood. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have exprefs commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glou. 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 gate, 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.

Enter to the protector, at the Tower-gates, Winchester and his men in tawny coats.

Win. ² How now, ambitious Humphry? what means this?

Glou. ³ Piel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win.

² *How now, ambitious umpire, what means this?*] This reading has obtained in all the editions since the second folio. The first folio has it *Umpbeir*. In both the word is distinguished in *italicks*. But why, *umpire*? Or of what? The traces of the letters, and the word being printed in *italicks*, convince me, that the duke's christian name lurk'd under this corruption.

THEOBALD.

³ *Piel'd priest,*—] Alluding to his shaven crown. POPP. . . 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.*

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator ;
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord ;
4 Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin :
5 I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot.
6 This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glou. 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.

Glou. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place :

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* the following instance occurs :

“ I'll see them p—'d first, and *pi'l'd* and double *pi'l'd*.”

STEEVENS.

4 *Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin :—*] The public stews were formerly under the district of the bishop of Winchester. POPE.

There is now extant an old manuscript (formerly the office-book of the court leet held under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester in Southwark) in which are mention'd the several fees arising from the brothel-houses allowed to be kept in the bishop's manor, with the customs and regulations of them. One of the articles is,

“ *De his, qui custodiunt mulieres, habentes nefandam infirmitatem.*”

“ *Item,* That no steward 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.

5 *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.* STEEVENS.

6 *This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,*] *N. B.* About four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel. *Maundrel's Travels*, p. 131.

POPE.

Blue

Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware thy beard;
 I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
 Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat:
 In spite of pope, or dignities of church,
 Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Glo'ster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glou. ⁷ Winchester goose! I cry——A rope, a rope!—

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

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter in the burly-burly the Mayor of London, and his officers.

Mayor. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glou. Peace, mayor, for thou know'st little of my wrongs;

Here's Beaufort, that regards not God nor king,
 Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Glo'ster too, a foe to citizens;
 One that still motions war, and never peace,
 O'er-charging your free 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.

Glou. 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.

⁷ *Winchester goose!*—] A strumpet, or the consequences of her love, was a Winchester goose. JOHNSON.

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's name, to repair to your several dwelling places; and not wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

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

Win. Glo'ster, we'll meet, to thy 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.

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

Win. Abominable Glo'ster! 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! ^s that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Changes to 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.

^s ——— 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.

Boy.

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

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd
by me.

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do, to procure me grace.
The prince's 'spials hath informed me,
How ¹ the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Went, through a secret grate of iron bars,
In yonder tower, to over-peer the city;
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of 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, with Sir W. Glan-
dale and Sir Tho. Gargrave, on the turrets.*

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

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchange'd, and ransomed.

¹ —— *the English* ——

Went through a secret grate of iron bars

*In yonder tower, to over-peer the city.] That is, the Eng-
lish 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.

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 crav'd death
 Rather than I would be ² 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 :
 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, on the other side, 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 :

² — *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.

Here, thro' 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 Willam 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. Gargrave 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 woful tragedy!
 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
 Henry the Fifth he firſt train'd to the wars:
 Whiſt any trump did ſound, or drum ſtruck up,
 His ſword did ne'er leave ſtriking in the field.—
 —Yet liv'ſt thou, Salisbury? tho' thy ſpeech doth fail,
³ 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.
 —O Salisbury, cheer thy ſpirit with this comfort.

³ *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.

Thou shalt not die, while——

——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 alarm, and it thunders and lightens.*

What stir is this ? What tumult's in the heavens ?
Whence cometh this alarm 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 listeth 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.
4 Pucelle or Puffel, Dauphin or Dog-fish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey brave Salisbury into this tent,
And then we'll try what dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Alarm. Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

4 *Pucelle or Puffel*,—] I know not what *puffel* is : perhaps it should be *pucelle* or *puzzle*. Something with a meaning it should be, but a very poor meaning will serve. JOHNSON.

It should be remember'd, that in Shakespeare's time the word *Dauphin* was always written *Dolphin*. STEEVENS.

Puffel means a dirty wench or a drab. 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 *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595.—“ No nor yet
“ any droye nor *puzzel* in the country but will carry a nose-gay
“ in her hand.” STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Here an alarm again; and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them:
A woman, clad in armour, chafeth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here, she comes.—I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee.

⁵ Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I, that must disgrace thee. *[They fight.]*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Pucel. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come,
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[A short alarm. 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.

⁵ *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.

They call'd us for our fierceness, English dogs,
Now, like their whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short alarm.*

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

[*Alarm. 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,
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.*

[*Alarm, retreat, flourish.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter on the wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alençon, and soldiers.

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls ;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves :—
Thus 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 ⁶ like Adonis' gardens,

That

⁶ — *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 κῆποι Ἀδωνιδος, the gardens of Adonis, so frequently mentioned by Greek writers, Plato, Plutarch, &c. were nothing but portable earthen pots,

That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
 France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans :
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

pots, with some lettice or fennel growing in them. On his yearly festival every woman carried one of them for Adonis' worship; because Venus had once laid him in a lettice 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 quàm 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 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 Alcinoüs, 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.**

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.

A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was!
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius
Transported, shall be at high festivals,
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on St. Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's faint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

⁷ *Than Rhodope's,*—] Rhodope was a famous strumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. One of the pyramids of Memphis was raised by the prostitution of the king's daughter. I think he means to call her strumpet all the while he is making this loud praise of her. JOHNSON.

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.”

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Before Orleans.**Enter a French Serjeant with two Centinels.*

SERJEANT.

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

Cent. Serjeant, you shall. [*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 banquetted:
 Embrace we then this opportunity,
 As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
 Contriv'd by art, and baleful forcery.

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

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

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

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

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:

God is our fortress; in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

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

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—

Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

Cent. [*within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make
assault!

[*The English, scaling the walls, cry, St. George!
A Talbot!*]

*The French leap over the walls in their skirts. Enter,
several ways, Bastard, Alençon, Reignier, half ready,
and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords? what all ¹ unready so?

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

Reign. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our
beds,

Hearing alarms at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,

¹ — *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*.”

So in *The two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609.

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

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 Joan

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times as 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.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her own quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels:

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Pucel. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure, they found some part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.

And now there rests no other shift but this,—

To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay ne / platforms to endamage them.

Alarm. Enter a Soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot!
they fly, leaving their cloaths behind.

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

S C E N E 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 have 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.

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

Enter a Messenger.

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 intreats, 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
 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
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 in his enemies.

Tol. 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.

Count. What means he now? Go ask him, whether 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.

Enter Porter with keys.

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

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

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

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

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

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

Count. Why? are not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

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

Count. ' This is a riddling merchant for the nonce,

' *This is a riddling merchant, &c.*] So in *Romeo and Juliet*,
"What saucy merchant was this." STEEVENS.

He will be here, and yet he is not here :
How can these contrarities 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 yoaketh 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
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.*

S C E N E 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.

Plant. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth ;
¹ 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 between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,

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

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

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
 So clear, so shining, and so evident,
 That it will glimmer thro' 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,

² From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som.

¹ All the editions read,

Or else was wrangling Somerset i'th' error ?

Here 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.

² *From off this briar pluck a white rose with me,*] This is given as the original of the two badges of the house of York and

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. ³ 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.

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 fil. 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 μύθων συμπότιον*. Probant hanc rem versus qui periuntur 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.

³ *I love no colours*;—] *Colours* is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *deceits*. JOHNSON.

Som.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is ⁺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;
Left, 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?

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,

⁺ — *well objected*;] Properly thrown in our way, justly proposed. JOHNSON.

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,
5 I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plant. Proud Pool, I will; and scorn both him
and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William de la Pool!

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,
Somerset;

His grandfather was Lyonel duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;

6 Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plant. 7 He bears him on the place's privilege,
I 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,

8 Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

5 *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.

6 *Spring crestless yeomen—*] i. e. those who have no right to arms. WARBURTON.

7 *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.

8 *Corrupted, and exempt—*] *Exempt*, for *excluded*.

WARBURTON.

His

His trespass 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 Somersset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pool, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
° To scourge you ° for this apprehension :
Look to it well, and say, you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes ;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

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

Suf. Go forwards, and be choak'd with thy ambition !

And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Pool.—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 Glo'ster :
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 Somersset and William Pool

° *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, *reprebension* : and Plantagenet means, that Somersset had *reprebended* or reproach'd him with his father, the earl of Cambridge's treason. THEOBALD.

° — *for this apprehension :*] Apprehension, *i. e.* opinion.

WARBURTON.

Will

Will I upon thy party wear this rose :
 And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day
 Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
 Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

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.

Lawyer. And so will I.

Plant. Thanks, gentle Sir.

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.

¹ *Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Jailors.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

² 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 ³ pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,

¹ *Enter Mortimer, —*] Mr. Edwards, 'in his MSS. 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.

STEEVENS.

² *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 *Phœnix* of Euripides.

Tiresias. Ἦγὼ πάροιστε, Σύγατες, ὡς τυφλῶ ποδῶ
 Ὀφθαλμὸς εἶ σὺ, ναυβάταισιν ἄστρον ὄς,
 Δευρ' εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πᾶσον ἴχθυος τιθεῖσ' ἑμὸν, &c.

STEEVENS.

³ — *pursuivants of death,*] Pursuivants. The heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. JOHNSON.

Argue the end of ⁴ Edmund Mortimer.
 These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
 Wax dim, ⁵ as drawing to their exigent.
 Weak shoulders over-borne with burd'ning grief;
⁶ 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 loathsom 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,
⁷ Just Death, kind umpire of mens' miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
 I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

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

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

⁴ — *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 K. Henry IV. and V. took care to keep him in prison during their whole reigns. THEOBALD.

⁵ — *as drawing to their exigent.*] Exigent, end. JOHNSON.

⁶ *And pithless arms,——*] *Pith* was used for *marrow*, and, figuratively, for *strength*. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Just Death, kind umpire of mens' miseries,*] That is, he that terminates or concludes misery. 'The expression is harsh and forced. JOHNSON.

Plant.

Plant. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despis'd Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latest 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, ⁸ I'll tell thee my dis-ease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Amongst which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake, declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. This cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curst instrument of his decease.

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 cousin Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,

⁸ — I'll tell thee my dis-ease.] *Disease* seems to be here *uneasiness* or *discontent*. JOHNSON.

Was, for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
 Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
 I was the next by birth and parentage ;
 For by my mother I derived am
 From Lyonel duke of Clarence, the third son
 To king Edward the Third ; whereas he
 From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
 Being but the fourth of that heroic line.
 But mark ; as, ⁹ in this haughty great attempt
 They laboured to plant the rightful heir ;
 I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
 Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
 Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
 Thy father, earl of Cambridge—then deriv'd
 From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York—
 Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
 Again, in pity of my hard distress,
 Levied an army ; weening to redeem
 And have install'd me in the diadem :
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
 In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

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

Mor. True ; and thou seest, that I no issue have ;
 And that my fainting words do warrant death.

¹ Thou art my heir. The rest I wish thee gather :
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.

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

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic :
 Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
 And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.

⁹ — in this haughty great attempt] *Haughty* is *high*. JOHNSON.

¹ *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.

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 slaught'rer
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 ; ² and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And, like a hermit, over-past thy days.—
Well ; I will lock his counsel in my breast ;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence ; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—

³ Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,

⁴ Choak'd with ambition of the meaner sort :—

And,

² — *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.

³ *Here dies the dusky torch—*] The image is of a torch just extinguished, and yet smoaking. 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.

⁴ *Choak'd with ambition of the meaner sort.—*] We are to understand the speaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer,

in

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,
5 Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The parliament.

Flourish. Enter king Henry, Exeter, Gloucester, Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, and Richard Plantagenet. Gloucester offers to put up a bill; Winchester snatches it, and tears it.

WINCHESTER.

COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Glo'ter? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glou. Presumptuous priest! this place commands
my patience,

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.

5 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.

Or thou shouldst find, thou hast dishonour'd me.
 Think not, altho' in writing I preferr'd
 The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
 That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
 Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.
 No, prelate ; such is thy audacious wickedness,
 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
 As very infants prattle of thy pride.
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer ;
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace ;
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
 A man of thy profession and degree :
 And for thy treachery, what's more manifest ?
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
 As well at London-bridge, as at the Tower ?
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
 The king, the sovereign, is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Glo'ster, 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 which 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——

Glou. As good ?—

Thou bastard of my grandfather !—

Win. Ay, lordly Sir ; for what are you, I pray,
 But one imperious in another's throne ?

Glou. Am not I protector, faucy priest ?

Win.

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

Glou. Yes, as an out-law in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverend Glo'ster !

Glou. Thou art reverend
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. ¹ Roam thither then.

² *Som.* My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

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 ;
' Left it be said, *Speak, firrah, when you should,*
' *Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords ?*
' Else would I have a fling at Winchester.'

K. Henry. Uncles of Glo'ster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal ;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar !
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell

¹ — *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.

² *Som.* *My lord, it were your duty to forbear.*] This line, in the old copy is joined to the former hemistich spoken by Warwick. 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.

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 thro' 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 Glo'ster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,
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'd hands, and keep the peace.
—Pray, uncle Glo'ster, mitigate this strife.

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

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this ³ 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,

³ — unaccustom'd fight aside.] Unaccustom'd is unseemly, indecent. JOHNSON.

To be disgraced by † 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.*

Glou. Stay, stay, I say!

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

K. Henry. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy 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 thro' your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glou. 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?

Glou. 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?

† — an inkhorn mate,] A bookman. JOHNSON.

War. Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly
gird.—

For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Glo'ister, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

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

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

K. Henry. O loving uncle, kind duke of Glo'ister,
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 physic
The tavern affords. [*Exeunt.*

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

Glou. 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,

⁵ — *hath a kindly gird.—*] i. e. Feels an emotion of kind
remorse, JOHNSON.

K. Henry.

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 faithful service, till the point of death.

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

⁶ And in requerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York :
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet ;
And rise created princely duke of York,

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

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

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

[*Aside.*

Glou. 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 dis-animates his enemies.

K. Henry. When Glo'ter says the word, king Henry
goes ;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glou. 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,

⁶ — *requerdon* —] Recompence, return. JOHNSON.

7 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, shall 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.

S C E N E II.

Changes to 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.

I Sol. Our sacks shall be a means 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. St. Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
 And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

7 *So will this base and envious discord breed.]* That is, so with
 the malignity of this discord propagate itself and advance.

JOHNSON.

Bast.

Bast. ¹ Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practifants.
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,
² 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 in 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 forcereſs,
Hath wrought this helliſh miſchief unawares,
³ That hardly we eſcap'd the pride of France. [*Exit.*

An

¹ — *Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practifants.*] *Practice*, in the language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps in the ſofter ſenſe *ſtratagem*. *Practifants* are therefore *confederates in ſtratagem*. JOHNSON.

² *No way to that,*—] That is, *no way equal to that*, no way ſo fit as that. JOHNSON.

³ *That hardly we eſcap'd the pride of France.*] *Pride* ſignifies the *haughty power*. The ſame ſpeaker ſays afterwards, act iv. ſcene 6.

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

An alarm : excursions. Enter Bedford, brought in sick, in a chair, with Talbot and Burgundy, without. Within, Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Bastard, and 4 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 courtesan !
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 not 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,
Incompass'd with thy lustful paramours !

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardise a man half dead ?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with his shame.

Pucel. Are you so hot ? 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 you come forth, and meet us in the field !

absurd and unmeaning expression, and therefore alters it to prize of France ; and in this is followed by the Oxford Editor.

WARBURTON.

⁴ — *Alençon, on the walls.*—] Alençon Sir T. Hanmer has replaced here, instead of Reignier, because Alençon, not Reignier, appears in the ensuing scene. JOHNSON.

Pucel. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. 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, Sir, but to tell
you

That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by 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 I will 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 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.

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,

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man ?

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*]

An alarm : Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. Lost and 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
Inshrines thee in his heart ; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now ?

I think

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 we will take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry, with his nobles, 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 foldier 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.

S C E N E III.

The same. The plain near the city.

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, Alençon, and Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered.

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,

For things that are not to be remedy'd.

Let 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.

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 shall that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum beats afar off.*

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

[*Here beat an English march.*

There goes the Talbot with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him. [*French march.*
Now, in the rereward, comes the duke and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Enter the duke of Burgundy marching.

Dau. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Burg. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Pucel. The princely Charles of France, thy country-
man.

Burg. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am march-
ing 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

By waſting ruin of the cruel foe !

¹ As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth cloſe his tender dying eyes,
See, ſee the pining malady of France.
Behold the wounds, the moſt unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyſelf haſt 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 boſom,
Should grieve thee more than ſtreams of foreign gore ;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And waſh away thy country's ſtained ſpots !

Burg. Either ſhe hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me ſuddenly relent.

Pucel. Beſides, all French and France exclaim 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 à fugitive ?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof ;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe ?
And was not he in England priſoner ?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They ſet him free, without his ranſom paid,
In ſpight of Burgundy and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'ſt againſt thy countrymen,
And join'ſt with them, will be thy ſlaughter-men.

¹ *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. *WARB.*

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.

Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I am vanquish'd. ² 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. ³ 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. Pucell 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.*]

² — — — *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.

³ *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.

S C E N E IV.

Paris. An apartment in the palace.

Enter king Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter, &c. To them Talbot, with his soldiers.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a-while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign :
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall the 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 Glo'ster,
That hath so long been resident in France ?

Glou. 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 your reward,
Or been regeurdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your face :
Therefore stand up ; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury,
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt King, Glou. Tal.*

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear

In honour of my noble lord of York—

Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Baf. Yes, Sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your faucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somersset.

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 you that.

[*Strikes him.*]

Baf. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
4 That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death;
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*]

4 *That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death;*] Shakes-
peare 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 ob-
served, it cannot be pronounced. It is however a good com-
ment, as it shews the author's meaning. JOHNSON.

I believe the line should be written thus,

That, who so draws a sword———

i. e. (as Warburton has observed) with a menace in the court
or in the presence-chamber. STEEVENS.

A C T

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

Paris. A room of state.

Enter king Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, and Governor of Paris.

G L O U C E S T E R.

L O R D Bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save king Henry, of that name the Sixth!

Glou. 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 ¹ such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state.
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter 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 leg, [*plucking it off.*
(Which I have done) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Poitiers,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,

¹ — *such as shall pretend*] To pretend is to design, to intend.
JOHNSON.

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.

Glou. 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 ² haughty courage,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
 But always resolute in most extremes.
 He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
 Profaning this most honourable order ;
 And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. 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.

Glou. 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
 Portend some alteration in good will ?

² — haughty courage,] *Haughty* is here in its original sense
 for *high*. JOHNSON.

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 ?

Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

K. Henry. Is that the worst this letter doth contain ?

Glou. 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,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march unto
 him strait :

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason ;
 And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord ; in heart desiring still
 You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit Talbot.*

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious soveraign !

Bas. And me, my lord ; grant me the combat too !

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

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

K. Henry. Be patient, lords, and give them leave
 to speak.

—Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim ?
 And wherefore crave you combat ? or with whom ?

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

Baf. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

K. Henry. What is the wrong whereon you both complain?

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

Baf. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks;
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet, know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will
out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. 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.

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

Baf. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glou. 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 combatants.

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.

—And you, my lords, remember where we are;

In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:

If they perceive dissention in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree,

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel?

Beside, what infamy will there arise,

When foreign princes shall be certify'd,

That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,

King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?

O, think upon the conquest of my father;

My tender years; and let us not forego

That for a trifle, which was bought with blood!

Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[*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 Somersset, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together, and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Ourselves, my lord protector, and the rest,
 After some respite, will return to Calais ;
 From thence to England ; where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With Charles, Alençon, and that 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 Somersset.

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

York. ³ And, if I wist, he did—But let it rest ;
 Other affairs must now be managed. [Exeunt.]

Manent.

³ In the former editions,

And if I wist he 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, he did—*Warwick had said, the king meant
 no harm in wearing Somersset's rose : York testily replies,
 " Nay, if I know any thing, he did think harm."

THEOBALD.

This

Manent 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,
But that he doth presage some ill event.

'Tis much, when scepters are in childrens' hands ;

But more, when envy breeds unkind division ;

There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E 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.

This is followed by the succeeding editors, and is indeed plausible enough ; but perhaps this speech may become intelligible enough without any change, only supposing it broken.

And if—I wis—he did.

or perhaps,

And if he did, I wis— JOHNSON.

I read, *I wis*. The pret. of the old obsolete verb *I wis*, which is used by Shakespeare in the *The Merchant of Venice*.

“ There be fools alive, *I wis*,

“ Silver'd o'er, and so was this.” STEEVENS.

But

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 ⁴ the offer of our 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
 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
⁵ 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, ⁶ due thee withal;

⁴ The common editions read,—*the offer of their love*. Sir T. Hanmer altered it to *our*. JOHNSON.

⁵ *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.

⁶ — *due thee withal*;) *To due* is to *endue*, to *deck*, to *grace*.
 JOHNSON.

The folio 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 *Mackbeth*.

“*To dew the sovereign flow'r and drown the weeds.*”

STEEVENS.

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.*

Tal. ⁷ 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, ⁸ be then in blood;
⁹ Not rascal like, to fall down with a pinch;
 But rather moody, mad, and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds ¹ with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
 God, and St. George! Talbot, and England's right!
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

⁷ — *He fables not,*—] This expression Milton has borrowed in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*.

“She fables not, I feel that I do fear”

⁸ — *be then in blood;*] Be in high spirits, be of true mettle. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Not rascal like,*—] A rascal deer is the term of chase for lean poor deer. JOHNSON.

¹ — *with heads of steel,*] Continuing the image of the deer he supposes the lances to be their horns. JOHNSON.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Another part of France.

Enter a Messenger, that meets York. Enter York, with trumpet, and many soldiers.

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

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

York. A plague upon that villain Somerfet,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
¹ 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 waste 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,

¹ *And I am 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.

By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remifs traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, fend some succour to the distrefs'd lord!

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

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's
soul,

And on his son young John! whom, two hours since,
I met in travel 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 sundred friends greet in the hour of death.—

Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause, I cannot aid the man.

Maine, Bloys, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Lucy. Thus, while ² the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglectiōn doth betray to loss
The conquests of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That every-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth:—while they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Another part of France.

Enter Somerset, with his army.

Som. It is too late; I cannot fend them now.
This expedition was by York and Talbot

² — *the vulture* —] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus.

Too rashly plotted ; all our general force
 Might with the fall 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, ¹ ring'd about with bold adversity,
 Cries out for noble York and Somersset,
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
 And while the honourable captain there
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 And, ² in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
 Keep off aloof with ³ 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.

¹ — ring'd about —] Environed, encircled. JOHNSON.

² — in advantage ling'ring, —] Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post. JOHNSON.

³ — worthless emulation.] In this line *emulation* signifies merely rivalry, not struggle for superior excellence. JOHNSON.

Lucy.

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

Som. York lies ; he might have sent, and had the
horse :

I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of
France,

Hath now entrapt the noble-minded Talbot :
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go ; I will dispatch the horsemen strait :
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.*]

S C E N E 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 ⁴ a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoidable danger.
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse ;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come, dally not ; begone.

⁴ — *a feast of death,*] To a field where death will be feasted
with slaughter. JOHNSON.

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 ⁵ 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 ⁶ 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.

⁵ — *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.

⁶ — *your regard—*] Your care of your own safety.

JOHNSON.

John.

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.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Alarm: excursions, wherein Talbot's son is hemm'd about,
and Talbot rescues him.*

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

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

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword
struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,

And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
 The ireful bastard 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 Frenchmens' rage,
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age :
 By me they nothing gain ; and, if I stay,
 'Tis but the shortning of my life one day.
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame :
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay ;
 All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me
 smart,

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
 7 Oh what advantage bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry life, and stay bright fame!

Before

⁷ *On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry life, and stay 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
 takes

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die !
⁸ And like me to the peasant boys of France,
 To be shame's scorn, and subject to mischance !
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son.
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot ;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
 Thou Icarus, thy life to me is sweet :
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side ;
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Alarm : 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 ?—
¹ Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity !
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.—
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And, like a hungry lion, bid commence
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience :

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 followed, though Mr. Theobald's conjecture may be well enough admitted. JOHNSON.

⁸ *And like me to the peasant boys of France,*] *To like one to the peasants* is, to compare, to level by comparison ; the line is therefore intelligible enough by itself, but in this sense it wants connection. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *And leave me*, which makes a clear sense and just consequence. But as change is not to be allowed without necessity, I have suffered *like* to stand, because I suppose the author meant the same as *make like*, or *reduce to a level with*. JOHNSON.

¹ *Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity !*] That is, death stained and dishonoured with captivity. JOHNSON.

But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 2 Tendring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clustring 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. 3 Thou antic death, which laugh'ft us here to
 scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
 Two Talbots, 4 winged through the lither sky,
 In thy despight, shall 'scape mortality.—
 O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
 Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath.
 Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
 Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say,
 “Had death been French, then death had died
 “ to-day.”

2 *Tendring my ruin,——*] Watching me with tendernefs
 in my fall. JOHNSON.

I would rather read,—*Tending my ruin, &c.* T. T.

3 *Thou antic death,——*] The *fool*, or *antic* of the play,
 made sport by mocking the graver personages. JOHNSON.

4 *—winged through the lither sky,*] *Lither* is *flexible* or *yield-*
ing. In much the same sense Milton says,

“—— He with broad sails

“Winnow'd the *buxom* air.”

That is, the obsequious air. JOHNSON.

In the old service of matrimony, the wife was enjoined to be
buxom both at bed and board. *Buxom* anciently signified obe-
 dient or yielding. Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1593,
 uses the word in the same sense: “—— are so *buxome* to their
 “shameless desires,” &c. STEVENS.

Come,

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.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues near Bourdeaux.

Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard, and Pucelle.

CHARLES.

HAD York and Somersset brought rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young ¹ whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,

Did flesh his puny sword ² in Frenchmen's blood !

Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said :
 " Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid."

¹ — *welp 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 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, *horn-wood*."

STEEVENS.

² — *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.

But with a proud, majestic, high scorn
 He answer'd thus : " Young Talbot was not born
 " To be the pillage ³ 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.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. ⁴ 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 Urchingfield,
 Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,

³ — of a giglot wench."] *Giglot* is a wanton, or a strumpet.
 JOHNSON.

The word is used by Gascoigne and other authors, tho' now
 quite obsolete, STEEVENS.

⁴ *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.

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,

The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of St. George,
Worthy St. 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, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a stile as this.—
Him that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmens' only scourge,
Your king'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 befits 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 bear
Them hence; but from their ashes shall be rear'd
A Phoenix, that shall make all France afraid.

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

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Changes to England.

Enter king Henry, Gloucester, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Have you perus'd the letters from the
pope,

The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac ?

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

K. Henry. How doth your grace affect this motion ?

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

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

Glou. 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

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with Winchester as cardinal.

Exe. 5 What, is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!
Then, I perceive, that will be verify'd,
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy;
" 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.

Glou. 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.

5 *What, is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!*] This (as Mr. Edwards
has observed in his MSS. notes) argues a great forgetfulness in
the poet. In the first act Gloucester says,

I'll canvas thee in thy broad cardinal's hat;
and it is strange that the duke of Exeter should not know of his
preferment. STEEVENS,

Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
 Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
 Humphry of Glo'ster, thou shalt well perceive,
⁶ 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.]

S C E N E III.

Changes to France.

*Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier,
 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 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, this 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 accurst.—

⁶ *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.

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.*]

S C E N E IV.

Alarm : excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—

Now help, ⁷ 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 ⁸ 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
⁹ 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

⁷ — *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. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *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.

⁹ *Out of the powerful regions under earth,*] I believe Shakespear wrote *legions.* WARBURTON.

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.

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! inchantress, hold thy
tongue.

Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a-while.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarm.

Alarm. Enter Suffolk, with lady Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[Gazes on her.

Oh, fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands.

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Who art thou? say; that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret, my name; and daughter to a
king;

The king of Naples; who's'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.

¹ As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak;

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

Fie, De la Poole! ² *disable not thyself*;

Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,

Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

¹ *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 beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle: which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. JOHNSON.

² — *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.

Mar.

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't 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. 'Twere best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would, that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king. Tush! that's³ a wooden thing.

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

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is 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 tho' I be intrall'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.*]

³ — a wooden thing.] Is an awkward business, an undertaking
not likely to succeed. STEEVENS.

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,
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 parly 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.

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Reignier.

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

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

What answer makes your grace unto my suit ?

Reig. Since thou dost 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.

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

Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and
prayers

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*She is going.*]

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! Hark you, Margaret:
No princely commendations to my king?

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

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

Mar. That for thyself.—I will not so presume
4 To send such peevish tokens to a king.

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
5 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.

[*Exeunt.*]

* To send such peevish tokens—] *Peevish*, for childish.

WARBURTON.

⁵ MAD, *natural graces*—] So the old copy. The modern editors have been contented 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 the poet appears to have used it in *Othello*—*he she lov'd prov'd mad*. Which Dr. Johnson has properly interpreted. We call a wild girl, to this day, a *mad-cap*.

Mad in some of the ancient books of gardening is used as an epithet to plants which grow rampant and wild. STEEVENS.

S C E N E V.

Camp of the duke of York in Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, a Shepherd, and Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that forceress, condemn'd to burn.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.

Have I sought every country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless, cruel, death!
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter, I will die with thee!

Pucel. Decrepid miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother, living 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! ¹ that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear.
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Joan.

Pucel. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man

Of purpose to obscure ² my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest

¹ — *why wilt thou be so obstacle!*] A vulgar corruption of *obstinate*, which I think has oddly lasted since our author's time till now. JOHNSON.

² — — — *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.

The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now curf'd be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk

Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'ft her breast,
Had been a little ratfbane for thy fake!

Or else, when thou didft keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some rav'nous wolf had eaten thee!

Dost thou deny thy father, curf'd 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,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.

³ 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 enow:
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

³ No, misconceived!—] i. e. No, ye misconceivers, ye who mis-
take me and my qualities. STEEVENS.

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 ere you wrought.
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

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

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

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

York. † Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Pucel. O, give me leave; I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not
well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's a 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 reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness, and the gloomy shade of death

† — 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.

Inviron you; 5 'till mischief and despair
 Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!
 [Exit guarded.]

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

Enter Cardinal of Winchester.

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

York. Is all our travel come to this effect?
 After the slaughter of so many peers,
 So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
 That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
 And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
 Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
 By treason, falshood, and by treachery,
 Our great progenitors had conquered?

5 — '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 commonly imputed to the gloominess of their air. JOHNSON.

6 *Betwixt our nation and th' ASPIRING French;*] But would an ambassador, who came to persuade peace with France, use it as an argument, that France was *aspiring*. Shakespeare without doubt wrote,

— — *th' RESPIRING French;*

i. e. who had but just got into breath again, after having been almost hunted down by the English. WARBURTON.

The ambassador yet uses no argument, but if he did, *respiring* would not much help the cause. Shakespeare wrote what might be pronounced, and therefore did not write *th' respiring*.

JOHNSON.

Oh, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

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

Enter Charles, Alençon, Bastard, and Reignier.

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

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler choaks
The hollow passage of my ⁷ poison'd voice,
By sight of these our ⁸ 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 ⁹ with a coronet;

⁷ — *poison'd voice.*] In the old copies *poison'd voice*, which agrees well enough with *baneful enemies*, or with *baleful*, if it can be used in the same sense. The modern editors read, *poison'd voice*. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *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.

⁹ — *with a coronet* ;] *Coronet* is here used for a *crown*.

JOHNSON.

And

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 un-vanquish'd,
Detract to much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possib'ility of all.

York. Instructing Charles! hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Standst thou aloof¹ upon comparison?
Either² 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.*]

¹ — 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.

² — accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit —] Benefit is here a term of law. Be content to live as the beneficiary of our king. JOHNSON.

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

Char. It shall:

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

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

Charles and the rest give tokens of fealty.

—So now dismiss your army, when you please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to England.

A room in the palace.

*Enter Suffolk, in conference with king Henry;
Gloucester, 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,
3 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 to her worthy praise,
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,

³ *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.

(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
 Would make a volume of inticing lines,
 Able to ravish any dull conceit.
 And, which is more, she is not so divine,
 So full 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 intent,
 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.

Glou. 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 ⁴ 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.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than
 that ?

Her father is no better than an earl,
 Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
 The king of Naples and Jerusalem ;
 And of such great authority in France,
 That his alliance will confirm our peace,
 And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glou. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
 Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exc. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower,
 While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

⁴ — at a triumph—] That is, at the sports by which a triumph is celebrated. JOHNSON.

Suf. A dower, my lords! Disgrace not fo your
king,
That he ſhould be fo abjeft, baſe, and poor,
To chuſe for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen ;
And not to ſeek a queen, to make him rich.
So worthleſs peaſants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, ſheep, or horſe.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in ⁵ 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 bliſs,
And is a pattern of ceſtial 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

⁵ — *by attorneyſhip,*—] By the intervention of another man's choice ; or the diſcretionary agency of another. JOHNSON.

My tender youth was never yet attain'd
 With any passion of inflaming love,
 I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
 I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
 Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
 Agree to any covenants; and procure,
 That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
 To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
 For your expences and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather up a tenth.
 Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
⁶ 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 ⁷ ruminatè my grief.

[*Exit.*
Glou.

⁶ *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.

⁷ — *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 public 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

Glou. Ay; grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exit Gloucester.*]

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
 We 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.*]

*That they lost France, and made all England rue,
 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 two first 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 and second parts: 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.

T H E

S E C O N D P A R T

O F

H E N R Y VI.

Persons Represented.

King HENRY the Sixth.

Duke of Gloucester, *uncle to the king.*

Cardinal Beauford, *bishop of Winchester, and great uncle to the king.*

Duke of York, *pretending to the crown.*

Duke of Buckingham, }

Duke of Somerset, } *of the king's party.*

Duke of Suffolk, }

Earl of Salisbury, } *of the York faction.*

Earl of Warwick, }

Lord Clifford, *of the king's party.*

Lord Say.

Lord Scales, *governor of the Tower.*

Sir Humphry Stafford.

Young Stafford, *his brother.*

Alexander Iden, *a Kentish gentleman.*

Young Clifford, *son to lord Clifford.*

Edward Plantagenet, } *sons to the duke of York.*

Richard Plantagenet, }

Vaux, *a sea captain, and Walter Whitmore, pirates.*

A Herald. Hume and Southwell, *two priests.*

Bolingbrook, *an astrologer.*

A spirit, attending on Jordan the witch.

Thomas Horner, *an armourer.* Peter, *his man.*

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.

Simpcox, *an impostor.*

Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, and several others, *rebels.*

Margaret, *queen to king Henry VI. secretly in love with the duke of Suffolk.*

Dame Eleanor, *wife to the duke of Gloucester.*

Mother Jordan, *a witch, employed by the dutchess of Gloucester.*

Wife to Simpcox.

Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is laid very dispersedly in several parts of England.

THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter king Henry, duke Humphry, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beaufert on the one side; the Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham on the other.

SUFFOLK.

² **A**S by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator for your excellence,

¹ *The Second Part, &c.]* This and the third part were first written under the title of *The Contention of York and Lancaster*, printed in 1600, but since vastly improved by the author.

POPE.

The Second Part of 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.

² *As by your high, &c.]* Vide *Hall's Chronicle*, fol. 66. year 23. init. POPE.

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

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, Alenfon,
 Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,
 I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd :
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,
 Deliver up my title in the queen

[Presenting the queen to the king.]

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

K. Henry. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret :

I can express no kinder sign of love
 Than this kind kifs.——O Lord, that lend'ft 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 ;

3 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, 4 mine alder-liefest sovereign,

Makes

³ *The mutual conference*—] I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination. JOHNSON.

+ ——— *mine alder-liefest sovereign*,] *Alder-liefest* is an old English word given to him to whom the speaker is supremely attached : *lievest* being the superlative of the comparative *levar*, rather, from *lief*. So Hall in his *Chronicle Henry VI.* folio 12. “ Ryght hyghe and mighty prince, and my ryght noble, and, “ after one, *levest* lord.” WARBURTON.

Alder-liefest—] Is a corruption of the German word *alder-lebste*, beloved above all things.

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,
Make 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 kneel. Long live queen Margaret, England's
happiness !

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

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months, concluded by consent.

Glo. reads.] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Poole marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.*

Item, That the dutchy of Anjou, and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father— [Lets fall the paper.]

K. Henry. Uncle, how now ?

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

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

Win. *Item, That the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father, and*

The word is used by Chaucer, and is put by Marston into the mouth of his Dutch courtesan :

“ O mine *alder-liefest* love.”

Again,

“ — pretty sweetheart of mine *alder-liefest* affection.”

STEEVENS.

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, Glo'ster, York, and Buck-
ingham,

Somerfet, Salisbury, and Warwick;

⁵ We thank you for all this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

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

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

Did he so often lodge in open field,

In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?

And did my brother Bedford toil his wits

To keep by policy what Henry got?

Have you yourselves, Somerfet, Buckingham,

Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?

Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,

With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council house

Early and late, debating to and fro

How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?

⁵ *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.

And was his highness in his infancy
 Crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
 And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
 O peers of England, shameful is this league!
 Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame,
 Blotting your names from books of memory,
 Razing the characters of your renown,
 Reversing monuments of conquer'd France,
 Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
 6 This peroration with such circumstances?
 For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;
 But now it is impossible we should.
 Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roaft,
 Hath given the dutchy of Anjou and Maine
 Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large stile
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
 These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
 But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery:
 For were there hope to conquer them again,
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
 Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.
 7 And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
 Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
 That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
 France should have torn and rent my very heart

6 *This peroration with such circumstances?*] This speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation. JOHNSON.

7 *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.

Before I would have yielded to this league.
 I never read but England's kings have had
 Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives :
 And our king Henry gives away his own,
 To match with her that brings no 'vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
 That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
 For cost and charges in transporting her!
 She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
 Before———

Car. My lord of Glo'ster, now ye grow too hot :
 It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind.
 'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike,
 But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
 Rancour will out. Proud prelate, in thy face
 I see thy fury : if I longer stay,
 We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
 Farewell, 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,
⁸ And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
 There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
 Look to it, lords ; let not his smoothing words
 Bewitch your hearts ; be wise and circumspect.
 What though the common people favour him,
 Calling him *Humphry, the good duke of Glo'ster* ;

⁸ *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.

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
Jesu, maintain your royal excellence!

With, *God preserve the good duke Humphry!*

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoist duke Humphry from his seat.

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

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphry's
pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,

Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:

His insolence is more intolerable

Than all the princes in the land beside:

If Glo'ster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despight duke Humphry or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.

While these do labour for their own preferment,

Behoves it us to labour for the realm?

I never saw but Humphry duke of Glo'ster

Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—

More like a soldier than a man o'the church,

As stout and proud as he were lord of all—

Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself

Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—

Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping

Have won the greatest favour of the commons,

Excepting none but good duke Humphry.—

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil discipline;

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
 Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.
 Join we together, for the public good,
 In what we can, to bridie and suppress
 The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
 With Somersets and Buckingham's ambition;
 And, as we may, cherish duke Humphry's deeds
 While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
 And common profit of his country!

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.
 [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 ⁹ on a tickle point, now they are gone.
 Suffolk concluded on the articles;
 The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd
 To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
 I cannot blame them all; what is't to them?
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
 Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
 And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
 Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
 While as the silly owner of the goods
 Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
 And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof

⁹ ——— 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.” STEEVENS.

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 burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given to 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 Humphry,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown ;
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still a-while, till time do serve :
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state ;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphry with the peers be fall'n at jars.
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd ;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[*Exit York.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the duke of Gloucester's house.

Enter duke Humphry and his wife Eleanor.

Elean. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphry knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the fullen earth,
Gazing at 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 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.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he, that breaks a stick of Glo'ster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphry, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens were
crown'd;
Where Henry and 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 Messenger.

Mes. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto St. Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

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

Elean. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exit Gloucester.*

Follow I must, I cannot go before
While Glo'ster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks.

And,

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
conferri'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;

And Roger Bolingbrook the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to shew your
highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,

That shall make answer to such questions

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions.

When from St. Albans we do make return,

We'll see those things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward:—make merry, man,

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.

With

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;

Yet am I Suffolk's and the cardinal's broker.

—Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

—Well, so it stands; and thus I fear at last

Hume's knavery will be the dutchefs' wreck,

And her attainture will be Humphry's fall:

² Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to an apartment in the palace.

Enter three or four petitioners, Peter the armourer's man being one.

¹ *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications ³ in the quill.

² *Pet.*

² *Sort how it will, —*] Let the issue be what it will.

JOHNSON.

³ *— in the quill.*] *In quill* is Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading; the rest have *in the quill.* JOHNSON.

I would,

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

Enter Suffolk and Queen.

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

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? wouldst any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. To my lord protector. [*reading.*] Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house and lands, and wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed. What's your's? what's here? [*reads.*] *Against the duke of Suffolk, for inclosing the commons of Melford.* How now, sir knave?

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

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

Q. Mar. What! did the duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

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

Suf. Who is there?—Take this fellow in, and send

I would replace the former reading, as I suppose it is capable of the same meaning as Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation.

STEEVENS.

for

for his master with a pursuivant presently : we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exit Peter guarded.*]

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

[*Tears the supplications.*]

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

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise ? Is this the fashion of the court of England ?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king ?

What ! shall king Henry be a pupil still,

Under the surly Glo'ster's governance ?

Am I a queen in title and in stile,

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 Marias* on his beads :

His champions are, the prophets and apostles ;

His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ ;

His study is his tilt-yard ; and his loves

Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

I would the college of the cardinals

Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head ;

That were a state fit for his holiness !

Suf. Madam, be patient : as I was cause

Your highness came to England, so will I

In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the proud protector, have we Beau-
fort

The imperious churchman ; Somersset, Buckingham,

And grumbling York : and not the least of these

But can do more in England than the king.

Suf.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court, with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphry's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous, base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter!

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphry in disgrace.
As for the duke of York, ⁴ this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy realm.

*To them enter king Henry, duke Humphry, Cardinal,
Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the
dutchess of Gloucester.*

K. Henry. For my part, noble lords, I care not
which,
Or Somerset, or York. All's one to me.

⁴ ——— *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.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him ^s be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somersfet 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, War-
wick.

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

Sal. Peace, son; and shew some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somersfet 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 ⁶ his censure. These are no womens' matters.

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

To be protector of his excellence?

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

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck.
The dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bond-men to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's
bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

⁵ ——— *be deny'd*—] The old copy 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.

⁶ ——— *his censure*.] Through all these plays *censure* is used in an indifferent sense, simply for judgment or opinion.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's
attire,

Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France—
If they were known, as the suspect is great—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit Glo'ster. The Queen drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?

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

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwo-
man:

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

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

Elean. Against her will!—Good king, look to't in
time;

She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby.
Though in this place most master wears no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

7 [Exit Eleanor.

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

[*Exit Buckingham.*

7 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.

Re-entor

Re-enter duke Humphry.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spightful 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
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That I can witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong 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,
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. ⁸ 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, 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 Somersset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion.

And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.

This is the law, and this duke Humphry's doom.

⁹ *K. Henry.* Then be it so. My lord of Somersset,
We make your grace lord regent over the French.

⁸ *By these ten bones, &c.]* We have just heard a dutches 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. STEEVENS.

⁹ *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 Gloucester's opinion: and the duke of Somersset is made to thank him for the regency before the king has deputed him to it. THEOBALD.

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 ⁹ 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, Somersfet, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Duke Humphry's house.

¹ *Enter mother Jourdain, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbrook.*

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 exorcisins?

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 prostrate and grovel on the earth: John Southwel, read you; and let us to our work.

⁹ — a man,—] The old copy reads *of my man*. STEEVENS.

¹ *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.

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.

² Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies, and make the circle;*
Bolingbrook or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c.

² *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 the deserts the night,

“ Hid in her vacant *interlunar* cave.” WARBURT.

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 Afcalon to come to me;
“ To pierce the bowels of this central earth,
“ And hither come in twinkling of an eye!
“ Afcalon, ascend! ascend!”

In a speech already quoted from the quarto, Eleanor says, they have

“ ——— cast their spells in *silence of the night.*”

STEEVENS.

It thunders and lightens terribly; then the spirit riseth.

Spirit. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmuth, by the eternal God, whose name
And power thou tremblest at, answer that I ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said or
done!

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him be-
come?

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,

3 Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkneſs and the burning lake:
4 False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*]

³ *Than where castles mounted stand.*] I remember to have read
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.

⁴ *False fiend, avoid!*] Instead of this short speech at the dis-
mission of the fiend, 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 printed by mistake for *Ditis*, the genitive case of
Dis, which is used instead of the nominative by more than one
dramatic author contemporary with Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

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?

Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us.

Stafford, take her to thee.—

We'll see your trinkets here forthcoming all:

Away! [*Exeunt guards with Jourdain, Southwel, &c.*]

York. ^s Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well:

A pretty plot, well chose to build upon!

Now, pray, my lords, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

[*Reads.*]

The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

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

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

Well to the rest.

Tell me what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall betide the duke of Somersset?

Let him shun castles,

^s *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.

*Safer shall be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.*

Come, come, my lords :

⁶ These oracles are hardily attain'd,
And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards St. Albans ;

With him the husband of this lovely lady :

Thither go these news as fast as horse can carry them ;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of
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.*

⁶ *These oracles are hardly attain'd,*

And hardly understood.] Not only the lameness of the verification, 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.

ACT II. SCENE I.

At St. ALBANS.

Enter king Henry, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers hallooing.

Q. MARGARET.

BELIEVE me, lords,⁷ for flying at the brook,
I saw no better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave,⁸ the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

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

And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!—
Yea, man and birds⁹ are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it please your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tow'r so well;

⁷ ——— for flying at the brook,] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— 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.

⁹ ——— 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 fooles faine.”

So in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578,

“Her brother's life will make her glad and fain.”

STEEVENS.

They

They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

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

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

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; how think you by
that?

Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and
thoughts

¹ Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth't it so with king and commonweal!

Glo. What, cardinal! is your priesthood grown so
peremptory?

Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

² With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, Sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

¹ *Beat, &c.*] To bait or beat (*bathe*) is a term in falconry.

JOHNSON.

Beat on a crown,—] Thus the folio. Later editors concur
in reading, *Bent on a crown.* I prefer the ancient reading.

STEEVENS.

² *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.

Suf.

Suf. Why, as yourself, my lord ;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

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

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

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

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

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for
the matter,

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

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

This evening on the east-side of the grove.

K. Henry. How now, my lords ?

Car. Believe me, cousin Glo'ster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport——³ Come with thy two-hand
sword. [*Aside to Glo'ster.*]

Glo. True, uncle.

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

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

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

Glo. Talking of hawking ; nothing else, my lord.—

³ ——— *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 Glo'ster, 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 Gloucester should mistake, to repeat the appointment, and ask his antagonist if he takes him right !

THEOBALD.

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 stomachs, 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 St. Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour hath received his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Henry. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing
souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

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

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession
To present your highness with the man.

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

Glo. Stand by, my masters. Bring him near the
king,

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

That we, for thee, may glorify the Lord.

What hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp.

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 St. Alban ; * who said, " Saunder, come ;
" Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

Wife. Most true, forsooth ; and many a time and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame ?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me !

Suf. How cam'st thou so ?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind ?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree ?

* ——— 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 *Glo'ster'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.

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

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mafs, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'ft venture fo.

Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife defir'd fome damfons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A fubtle knave! but yet it fhall not ferve.

—Let's fee thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—

In my opinion, yet, thou fee'ft not well.

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

Glo. Say'ft thou me fo? what colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, mafter; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well faid: what colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forfooth, coal-black, as jet.

K. Henry. Why then thou know'ft what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never fee.

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, mafter, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, mafter.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an it please you, mafter.

Glo. Saunder, fit there, the lying'ft knave in Chrif-tendom.

If thou had'ft been born blind,

Thou might'ft as well have known all our names, as thus

To name the feveral colours we do wear.

Sight

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 Albans,
Have you not beadles in your town, and things
Call'd whips?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit 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 the same
stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah. Off
with your doublet quickly.

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

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

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

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

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

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

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

[*Exit Beadle with the woman.*]

Car.

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

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

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

Enter Buckingham.

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, ⁵ 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
⁶ Your lady is forth-coming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge:
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to Glo'ster.*

Glo. Ambitious churchman! leave to afflict my heart!

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked
ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

⁵ ——— *lewdly bent,*] *Lewdly*, in this place, and in some others, does not signify *wantonly*, but *wickedly*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Your lady is forth-coming—*]. That is, Your lady is in custody. JOHNSON.

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

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal:
And for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is; but, if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Glo'ster's honest name.

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

To-morrow toward London back again
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to the duke of York's palace.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and War-
wick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,

¹ *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.

In

§ In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The 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 Edmond Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of
Glo'ster;

William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward the Black Prince dy'd before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd king,
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless 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

§ *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.

I claim the crown) had issue Philippe, a daughter,
 Who married Edmond Mortimer, earl of March.
 Edmond had issue, Roger earl of March;
 Roger had issue, Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmond, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
 As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
 And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
 Who kept him in captivity till he dy'd.
 But to the rest——

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
 My mother, being heir unto the crown,
 Married Richard earl of Cambridge,
 Who was the son to Edmond Langley,
 Edward the Third's fifth son.

By her I claim the kingdom: she then was heir
 To Roger earl of March, who was the son
 Of Edmond 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 fail, his should not reign:
 It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee,
 And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
 Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together,
 And, in this private plot, be we the first
 That shall salute our rightful sovereign
 With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's
 king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your
 king

Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
 With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:
 And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
 But with advice, and silent secrecy.

Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
 Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
 At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
 At Buckingham, and all the crew of them;
 Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
 That virtuous prince the good duke Humphry:
 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
 Shall seek 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 ball of justice.

*Sound trumpets. Enter king Henry and nobles; the
 Dutchess, mother Jourdain, Southwel, Hume, and
 Bolingbrook, under guard.*

K. Henry. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham,
 Glo'ster's wife:

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
 Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
 Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.

—You four, from hence to prison back again;

[*To the other prisoners.*]

From thence unto the place of execution.

The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
 And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.

—You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
 Despoiled of your honour in your life,

Shall, after three days open penance done,

Live in your country here, in banishment,
 With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Glo. 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, Humphry! this dishonour in thine age

Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;

⁹ Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.

K. Henry. Stay, Humphry duke of Glo'ster: ere thou go,

Give up thy staff; I Henry will to himself

Protector be; and God shall be my hope,

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

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

Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—

¹ God and king Henry govern England's realm:

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

Glo. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:

As willingly do I the same resign

As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;

And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,

As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne!

[*Exit Glo'ster.*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret
queen;

And Humphry duke of Glo'ster scarce himself,

⁹ *Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.*] That is, Sorrow would have, sorrow requires solace, and age requires ease.

JOHNSON.

¹ *God and king Henry govern England's realm:*] The word *realm* at the end of two lines together is displeasing; and when it is considered that much of this scene is written in rhyme, it will not appear improbable that the author wrote, *govern England's helm.* JOHNSON.

That

That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.

² This staff of honour raught—there let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in Henry's hand.

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

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her younger days.

York. ³ 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
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 guard the right!

York. I never saw a fellow ⁴ worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of the armourer, my lords.

*Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drink-
ing to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters
with a drum before him, and his staff ⁵ with a sand-
bag fastened to it; and at the other door his man,
with*

² *This staff of honour raught—*] *Raught* is the ancient pre-
terite 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

“ Upbouden, did themselves adowne display,

“ And *raught* unto her heeles.”—— STEEVENS.

³ *Lords, let him go.*] i. e. Let him pass out of your thoughts.
Duke Humphry had already left the stage. STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *worse bestead,*] In a worse plight. JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— *with a sand-bag fastened to it;*] As, according to
the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and

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 ⁶ a cup of charneco.

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

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.

⁶ — *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 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 Madness*, 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.”

STEEVENS:

Arms.

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

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

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

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer; and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learn'd 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, nor the king, nor the queen; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow; ⁷ as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

York. Dispatch. ⁸ This knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound

⁷ ——— 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.

The figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton. STEEVENS.

⁸ *This knave's tongue begins to double.*] So in Holinshed; whose

Sound trumpets ; alarum to the combatants.

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

Arm. Hold, Peter, hold ! I confefs, I confefs treason. [Dies.

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy mafter's way.

Peter. O God ! have I overcome mine enemy in this prefence ?

O Peter, thou haft prevailed in right !

K. Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our fight,

For by his death we do perceive his guilt.

And God in juftice hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to murder wrongfully.—

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The ſtreet.

Enter duke Humphry and his men, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus, ſometimes, hath the brighteſt day a cloud ;

And, after ſummer, evermore ſucceeds

Barren winter with his wrathful nipping cold ;

So cares and joys abound, as ſeaſons fleet.—

Sirs, what's a clock ?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me To watch the coming of my puniſh'd dutcheſs.

whoſe narrative Shakeſpeare has deſerted, by making the armourer confefs 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.

Unneath

9 Unneath may she endure the flinty streets
 To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
 Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind a-brook
 The abject people, gazing on thy face,
 With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
 When thou didst ride in triumph 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, Glo'ster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
 And in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
 And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

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

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

9 *Unneath*—] i. e. Scarcely. POPE.

1 *Mail'd up in shame*,—] Wrapped up; bundled up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance. JOHNSON.

Ah! Humphry, can I bear this shameful yoke?
 Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,
 Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
 No, dark shall be my light, and night my day.
 To think upon my pomp shall be my hell:
 Sometime I'll say I am duke Humphry's wife,
 And he a prince and ruler of the land:
 Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
 That he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn dutchess,
 Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
 To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,
 Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
 Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
 For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
 With her that hateth thee, and hates us all,
 And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
 And fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
 But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,
 Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
 I must offend before I be attainted:
 And had I twenty times so many foes,
 And each of them had twenty times their power,
 All these could not procure me any scathe,
 So long as I am loyal; true, and crimeless.
 Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
 Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
 But I in danger for the breach of law.
 * Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
 I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience,
 These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

* *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.

Enter

Enter a Herald.

Her. I fummon 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 : ³ the world may laugh again ;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell.

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

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

[Exit Gloucester.]

Elean. Art thou gone too ? all comfort go with thee !

For none abides with me : my joy is death ;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
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.

³ ——— *the world may laugh*——] That is, The world may look again favourably upon me. JOHNSON.

Elean.

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

Stan. Like to a dutchefs, and duke Humphry's
lady,
According to that state you shall be us'd.

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

Sher. It is my office ; and, madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay. Farewell. Thy office is dis-
charg'd.

Come, Stanley, shall we go ?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this
sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Elean. My shame will not be shifted with my
sheet ;

No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.

—Go, lead the way, * I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*]

* ——— *I long to see my prison.*] 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.

A C T

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

The abbey at Bury.

Enter king Henry, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the parliament.

K. HENRY.

I MUSE my lord of Glo'ster 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 Humphry is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent;
And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
5 Me seemeth then, it is no policy,

⁵ *Me seemeth*—] That is, It seemeth to me, a word more grammatical than *methinks*, which has, I know not how, intruded into its place. JOHNSON.

Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
 And his advantage following your decease,
 'That he should come about your royal person,
 Or be admitted to your highness' council.
 By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts :
 And, when he please to make commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted ;
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
 And 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 ⁶ 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 repeating of his high descent,
 As next the king he was successive heir,
 And such high vaunts of his nobility,
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick dutchess
 By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep ;
 And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
 The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
 No, no, my sovereign ; Glo'ster is a man
 Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

⁶ ——— *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.

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-
phry.

K. Henry. My lords, at once. The care you have
of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Glo'ster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what's more dangerous than this
fond 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. Cold news, lord Somerset. But God's
will be done!

York. ⁷ 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 ⁸ this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*]

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

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

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

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes
of France,
And, being protector, staid the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think
it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God! as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,

⁷ *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.

⁸ — *this gear*—] *Gear* was a general word for things or matters. JOHNSON.

Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
 Be brought against me at my trial day!
 No; many a pound of my own proper store,
 Because I would not tax the needy commons,
 Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
 And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
 Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
 That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, while I was 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, ⁹ 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 Glo'ster, 'tis my special hope
 That you will clear yourself from ¹ 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;

⁹ ——— *these faults are easy,*—] *Easy* is slight, inconsiderable, as in other passages of this author. JOHNSON.

¹ ——— *all suspicion;*] The folio reads *all suspence*.

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 ² liefeft liege to be mine enemy :—
 Ay, all of you have laid your heads together
 (Myself had notice of your conventicles)
 And all to make away my guiltless life.
 I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt :
 'The ancient proverb will be well effected,
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.

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

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
 With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd ?

² ——— *liefeft*——] *Is dearest.* JOHNSON.

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;—
Beswore the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

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

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exit guarded.*]

K. Henry. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth
best,

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Henry. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with
grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within my eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,
For what's more miserable than discontent?—

Ah, uncle Humphry! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphry, is the hour to come
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What 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:

³ And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing

³ *And as the butcher takes away the calf,*

And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,] But how

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house ;
 Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,
 And can do nought but wail her darling's loss ;
 Even so myself bewail good Glo'ster's case
 With sad unhelpful tears ; and with dimm'd eyes
 Look after him, and cannot do him good,
 So mighty are his vowed enemies.

His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
 Say, *Who's a traitor ? Glo'ster he is none.* [Exit.

2. *Mar.* 4 Free lords, cold snow melts with the
 sun's hot beams ;

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

Car. That he should die is worthy policy ;

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.

4 *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.

But

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 distrust, 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. ⁵ 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.

But, my lord cardinal, and you my lord of Suffolk—
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls ;—
Wert not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphry for the king's protector ?

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

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

To make the fox surveyor of the fold ?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.

⁶ No ; let him die, in that he is a fox,

By

⁵ 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.] Why York had more reason than the rest for desiring Humphry's death, is not very clear ; he had only decided the deliberation about the regency of France in favour of Somerset. JOHNSON.

York had more reason, because duke Humphry stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself as the termination of his ambitious views. So act iii. sc. 5.

For Humphry being dead, as he shall be,

And Henry put apart, the next for me. STEEVENS.

⁶ No ; let him die, in that he is a fox,

By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,

Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,

As Humphry prov'd by reasons to my liege.] The meaning of

the speaker is not hard to be discovered, but his expression is

By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
 As Humphry prov'd by reasons to my liege.
 And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him:
 Be it by ginns, by snares, by subtilty,
 Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit
 Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
 For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
 But that my heart accorded with my tongue,
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
 Say but the word, and ⁷ 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, ⁸ 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,
⁹ It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

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

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

⁷ ——— *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.

⁸ ——— *and censure well the deed.*] That is, Approve the deed, judge the deed good. JOHNSON.

[⁹ *It skills not—*] It is of no importance. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a Post.

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

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

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

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

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

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging
fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.——
No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still.
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might 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 country some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf.

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

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

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

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

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
 At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;
 For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

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

[*Exeunt all but York.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
 thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution :

Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art
 Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying.

Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
 And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on
 thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
 Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Well, nobles, well ; 'tis politicly done,

To send me packing with an host of men :

I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breast, will sting your hearts.

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

I take it kindly ; yet be well assur'd

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

Whilst I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,

I will stir up in England some black storm

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell.

And

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 ¹ mad-bred flaw.
 And, for a minister of my intent,
 I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentish man,
 John Cade of Ashford,
 To make commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the title of John Mortimer.
 In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
 Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
 And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
 Him caper upright like ² 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;

¹ ——— *mad-bred flaw.*] *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind. JOHNSON.

² ——— *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 *Morisco's*.

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 accòmpts 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 parish, we may suppose this diversion was constantly practised at their public festivals. STEEVENS.

For

For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble.
 By this I shall perceive the commons' minds,
 How they affect the house and claim of York.
 Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him
 Will make him say, I mov'd him to those arms.
 Say, that he thrive (as 'tis great like he will);
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
 For Humphry being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

An apartment in the palace.

Enter two or three, running over the stage, from the murder of duke Humphry.

First. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know
 We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

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

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

First. Here comes my lord.

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

First. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my
 house;

I will reward you for this vent'rous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand:—

Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well

According as I gave directions?

First. Yes, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone!

[Exeunt Murderers.

Enter

Enter king Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, Somerset, with Attendants.

K. Henry. Go, call our uncle to our presence strait :
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

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

K. Henry. Lords, take your places :—and, I pray
you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Glo'ster
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid, any malice should prevail
That faultless may condemn a nobleman !
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion !

K. Henry. ³ I thank thee. Well, these words content me much.—

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 ; Glo'ster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend !

Car. God's secret judgment. I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The King swoons.*]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord ? help, lords, the
king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body, wring him by the nose.

³. *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.

Q. Mar. Run, go; help, help! Oh, Henry, ope thine eyes!

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

K. Henry. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

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

Came he † right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived found?
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 Glo'ster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death.
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For, it is known, we were but hollow friends;

† — right now—] Just now, even now. JOHNSON.

It may be judg'd I made the duke away :
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
 And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy !
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy !

K. Henry. Ah, woe is me for Glo'ster, wretched man !

Q. Mar. ⁵ Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face ?
 I am no loathsome leper ; look on me.
 What, art thou like the adder, waxen deaf ?
 Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
 Is all thy comfort shut in Glo'ster's tomb ?
 Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.
 Erect his statue then, and worship it,
 And make my image but an ale-house sign.
 Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea ;
 And twice by * aukward winds from England's bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime ?
 What boded this ? but well-forewarning winds
 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.

⁶ The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,
And

⁵ *Be woe for me,—*] That is, Let not woe be to thee for Gloucester, but for me. JOHNSON.

* *— aukward winds—*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read *adverse winds*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *The splitting rocks, &c.*] The sense seems to be this.—The
rocks

And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
 As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck—
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—
 And threw it towards thy land; the sea receiv'd it;
 And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart.
 And even with this I lost fair England's view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
 (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
 To fit and witch me, as Ascanius did
 When he to madding Dido would unfold
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
 Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like
 him?

rocks hid themselves in the sands, which sunk to receive them into their bosom. STEEVENS.

*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.

Ah

Ah me, I can no more! die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and many Commons.

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

K. Henry. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, ⁸ 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 Humphry's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling.
But all in vain are these mean obsequies:

[Bed with Gloster's body put forth.]

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

⁸ ——— not Henry.] The poet commonly uses Henry as a word of three syllables. JOHNSON.

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 ;

⁹ For seeing him, I see my life in death.

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

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

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face !

¹ Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,

⁹ *For seeing him, I see my life in death.*] Though, by a violent operation, some sense may be extracted from this reading, yet I think it will be better to change it thus ;

For seeing him, I see my death in life.

That is, Seeing him I live to see my own destruction. Thus it will aptly correspond with the first line.

Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

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

JOHNSON.

¹ *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.

Attracts

Attracts the fame for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But, see, his face is black and full of blood ;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd ;
Staring full ghastly, like a 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 subdued.
Look on the sheets ; his hair, you see, is sticking ;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.

It cannot be but he was murder'd here ;
The least of all these signs were probable.

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

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

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphry's
foes,

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep.
'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend ;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphry's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding
fresh,

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

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

Is Beaufort term'd a kite ? where are his talons ?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men ;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,

That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
 That flanders me with murder's crimson badge.
 Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
 That I am faulty in duke Humphry's death.

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

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
 Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
 Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still. With reverence may I
 say ;

For every word you speak in his behalf
 Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor !
 If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
 Thy mother took into her shameful bed
 Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
 Was graft with crab-tree slip ; whose fruit thou art,
 And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
 And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
 I would, false 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 Humphry's ghost.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;

And

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

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

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The 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 strait be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphry died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death:
And mere instinct of love and loyalty—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen with forked tongue,
That slyly glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Left, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

That they will guard you, whether you will or no,
 From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ;
 With whose invenomed and fatal sting
 Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
 They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the king, my lord
 of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
 Could send such message to their sovereign :
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To shew how quaint an orator you are.
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
 Is, that he was the lord ambassador
 Sent from ² a sort of tinkers to the king.

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

K. Henry. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from
 me,

I thank them for their tender loving care :
 And had I not been cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
 For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
 And, therefore, by his majesty I swear,
 Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
 He shall not breathe infection in this air
 But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. Mar. Oh Henry, let me plead for gentle Suf-
 folk !

K. Henry. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suf-
 folk.

No more, I say. If thou dost plead for him,
 Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
 Had I but said, I would have kept my word ;
 But, when I swear, it is irrevocable.
 —If after three days space thou here be'st so and
 On any ground that I am ruler of,

² — a sort —] Is a company. JOHNSON.

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 four affliction
Be play-fellows to keep you company!
There's two of you, the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations;
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

³ Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curs'd, 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 my earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end like 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!

³ *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.

Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
 Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss!
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
 All the foul horrors in dark-seated hell——

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st
 thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
 Or like an over-charged gun, recoil
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. 4 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,

[*Kissing his hand.*

5 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,

4 *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.

5 *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.

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 kifs, and take ten thousand leaves,

Loth'er a hundred times to part than die.

—Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,

Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;

A wilderness is populous enough,

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company.

For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world;

And where thou art not, desolation.

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

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

Enter Vaux.

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

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.

Sometimes, he talks as if duke Humphry's ghost

Were by his side; sometimes, he calls the king,

And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

The secrets of his over-charged soul:

And I am sent to tell his majesty

That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit Vaux,*

Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?

But

But wherefore grieve I ⁶ at an hour's poor loss,
 Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
 Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
 Theirs for the earth's increase; mine for my sorrows?
 —Now, get thee hence.—The king, thou know'st, is
 coming;

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

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
 And in thy sight to die, what were it else
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
 As mild and gentle as the cradle babe
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips.
 Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
 And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
 To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
 So shouldst thou either ⁷ 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 will 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 wherefoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
⁸ I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

⁶ ——— *at an hour's poor loss,*] She means, I believe, at a loss which any hour spent in contrivance and deliberation will enable her to supply. Or perhaps she may call the sickness of the cardinal the loss of an hour, as it may put some stop to her schemes. JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *turn thy flying soul,*] Perhaps Mr. Pope was indebted to this passage in his *Elisa to Abelard*, where he makes that votarist of exquisite sensibility, say,

“ See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,

“ Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.” STEEV.

⁸ *I'll have an Iris*—] Iris was the messenger of Juno.

JOHNSON.

Suf.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

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

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

S C E N E III.

The Cardinal's bed-chamber.

*Enter king Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick, 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, whether they will or no?

—Oh! torture me no more, I will confess.—

—Alive again? then shew me where he is,

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

—He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

—Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!

—Give me some drink; and bid 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

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See how the pangs of death do make him
grin!

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure
be!

—Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope——
He dies, and makes no sign! — O God, forgive
him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. ⁹ Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
all.

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation. ¹ [*Exeunt.*

⁹ *Forbear to judge, &c.*]

“ Peccantes culpare cave, nam labimur omnes,

“ Aut fumus, aut fuimus, vel possumus esse quod hic est.”

JOHNSON.

¹ *Exeunt.*] This is one of the scenes which have been applauded 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.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The coast of Kent.

Alarm. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter captain Whitmore, and other pirates, with Suffolk, and other prisoners.

CAPTAIN.

² **T**HE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse ³ the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night,
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead mens' graves, and from their milty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand;
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
—Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou, that art his mate, make boot of this;
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

[*Pointing to Suffolk.*

¹ *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

² *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.

³ ————— *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.

Maſt.

Maft. A thousand crowns, or elfe lay down your head.

Mate. And fo much fhall 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 fhall ;

⁴ Nor can thofe lives which we have loft in fight

Be counter-pois'd with fuch a petty fum.

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

² *Gent.* And fo will I, and write home for it ftraight.

Whit. I loft mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, fhalt thou die ;

[*To Suffolk.*

And fo fhould thefe, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not fo rafh ; take ranfom, let him live.

Suf. ⁵ Look on my George ; I am a gentleman ;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou fhalt be paid.—

Whit. And fo am I ; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now ? why ftart'ft thou ? what, doth death affright ?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose found is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me, that by *Water* I fhould die ;
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly founded.

Whit. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is I care not ;
Ne'er yet did bafe difhonour blur our name,
But with our fword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore when, merchant-like, I fell revenge,

⁴ *Nor can thofe lives,—*] The old copy reads *the lives of thofe*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Look on my George,—*] In the first edition it is *my ring*.

WARBURTON.

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.

⁶ Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and ⁷ lowly swain, king Henry's
blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster,

Must not be shed by such a jady groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrop?

Bare-headed, plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

How often hast thou waited at my cup,

Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

When I have feasted with queen Margaret?

Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;

Ay, and allay this thy ⁸ 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.

⁶ *Jove sometimes 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.

⁷ ——— *lowly swain,*—] The quarto reads *lowly swain*.

STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *abortive pride.*] Pride that has had birth too soon,
pride issuing before its time. JOHNSON.

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

Suf. ⁹ Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. ¹ Poole? Sir Poole? lord?

Ay, kennel—puddle—fink, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphry's
death,

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to 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,

⁹ *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, fink, and dirt,

“ I'll stop that yawning mouth of thine.” STEEVENS.

¹ *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.

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 incroaching tyranny—
 Burns with revengeful fire; whose hopeful colours
 Advance a half-fac'd sun striving to shine;
 Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus*.
 The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
 And to conclude, reproach and beggary
 Is crept into the palace of our king,
 And all by thee.—Away! convey him hence.—

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
 Small things make base men proud. This villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
² 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.

² *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. II. WARBURTON.

Mr. Farmer observes that Shakespeare might have met with this pirate in two translations. Robert Whytinton, 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."

Abradas is as much a stranger to me, as *Bargulus* was to Mr. Theobald. STEEVENS.

Cap. Walter ———

Whit. 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?

I Gent. My gracious lord, intreat him; speak him fair.

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

Far be it, we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head

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

Save to the God of 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. Hail him away, and let him talk no more:
Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.—

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.

A Roman sworder and Banditto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders

³ Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit Walter Whitmore with Suffolk.*]

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

It is our pleasure one of them depart;

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exit Captain and the rest.*]

³ *Pompey the Great, &c.*] The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other. JOHNSON.

Manet the first Gent. Enter Whitmore with Suffolk's body.

Whit. 4 There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit Whit.*

1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Another part of Kent.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

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

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

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

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

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

Hol. The nobility think scorn to go in leather
aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the king's council are no good
workmen.

Hol. True; and yet it is said, *Labour in thy voca-
tion*: which is as much as to say, let the magistrates

4 *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.

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.

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 ⁵ a cade of herrings.

Cade. For ⁶ 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.

⁵ —— 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 *cadę of herrings*, and says, "That the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in *cados*, and from him they have their name." *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599. STEEVENS.

⁶ —— 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.

Cade.

Cade. My mother was a Plantagenet—

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

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies—

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

Weav. But, now of late, not able to travel with her ⁷ furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

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

Cade. Valiant I am.

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

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

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

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

Cade. Be brave, then, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grafs. And when I am king, as king I will be—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people. — ⁸ There shall

⁷ — *furr'd pack*,—] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. JOHNSON.

⁸ *There shall be no money*;—] To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the sign or ticket of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise immediately from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life. JOHNSON.

be no money; all shall eat and drink upon my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

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

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

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The clerk of Chatham; he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Weav. We took him setting of boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

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

Cade. Nay, then he's a conjurer.

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

Cade. I am 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. ⁹ They use to write it on the top of letters. 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name?

⁹ *They use to write it on the top of letters.*] i. e. Of letters missive, and such like public acts. See *Mabillon's Diplomata*.

WARBURTON.

In the old anonymous play, called *The famous Victories of Henry V.*, containing the honourable *Battell of Agin-court*, I find the
the

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 confes'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 is our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

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

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

Mich. No.

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

Mich. Ay, his brother.

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

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and skum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,

the same expression. 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.

Home to your cottages, forsake this groom!—
The king is merciful, if you revolt.—

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

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

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaisterer,
And thou thyself a 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 eider of them being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away ;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer, when he came to age :
His son am I ; deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true ; therefore he shall be king.

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

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

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

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

Cade. He lies ; for I invented it myself. Go to,
sirrah, tell the king from me, that for his father's
sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to

† — I pass not ;] I pay them no regard. JOHNSON.

span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head for felling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer if you can. The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to, then, I ask but this; can he that speaks with the tongue of the enemy, be a good counsellor, or no?

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

Y. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assault 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' sight Be hang'd up for example at their doors:— And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords, with their train.*]

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—

Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
We 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 towards us.

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

[*Exeunt Cade and his party.*]

S C E N E

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 behaved'st thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus I will reward thee. The ² 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. ³ This monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. ⁴ 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.

² ——— *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.

³ *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 Humphry's brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in some glory returned again toward London."

STEEVENS.

⁴ *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.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Black-Heath.

Enter king Henry with a supplication, and queen Margaret with Suffolk's head, the duke of Buckingham, and the lord Say.

Q. Mar. 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 intreat ;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword ! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war should cut them short,
Will parly with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains ! hath this lovely face

^s Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same ?

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

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

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

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

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Mes. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord. Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer, Descended from the duke of Clarence's house; And calls your grace usurper openly, And vows to crown himself in Westminster. His army is a ragged multitude Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless: Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother's death Hath given them heart and courage to proceed: All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, They call, false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Henry. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, ⁶ 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.

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

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

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mes. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge, The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses: The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

⁶ ——— retire to Killingsworth,] Thus all the modern editors, but we should read to Kenelworth; or perhaps Killingsworth might be the old pronunciation. STEEVENS.

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. [*aside.*] My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Henry. Farewell, 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.

L O N D O N.

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 like to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command; But I am troubled here with them myself:

The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you into Smithfield, gather head,
And thither will I send you Matthew 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,

mand, that, of the city's cost, the pissing conduit run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now hence-forward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt omnes.*

S C E N E VII.

Smithfield.

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

Cade. So, Sirs—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mafs, 'twill be fore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

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

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn

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.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, a prize, a prize! Here's the lord Say which sold the town in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens 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, ⁷ 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 presents, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the beesom 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 ⁸ printing to be us'd; and contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a *noun* and a *verb*, and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of the

⁷ ——— *thou Say, thou serge,*—] *Say* was the old word for *silk*; on this depends the series of degradation, from *say* to *serge*, from *serge* to *buckram*. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— *printing to be us'd;*—] Shakespeare is a little too early with this accusation. JOHNSON.

peace to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and ⁹ because they could not read thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not ¹ to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent——

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'tis ² *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.

⁹ —— 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.

¹ —— to let thy horse wear a cloak,——] This is a reproach truly characteristic. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of mankind as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious. JOHNSON.

² —— *bona terra, mala gens*.] After this line the quarto proceeds thus:

“ Cade. *Bonum terrum*, what's that?

“ Dick. He speaks French.

“ Will. No, 'tis Dutch.

“ Nick. No, 'tis Outalian: I know it well enough.”

STEEVENS.

Justice

Justice with favour have I always done ;
 Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
 3 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.
 And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
 Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
 Ye cannot but forbear to murder me.
 This tongue hath 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.

3 *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 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 heartily 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.

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. 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, and it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he has a familiar under his tongue, he speaks not o'God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How will it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye. The proudest peer of the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay me her maiden-

maiden-head ere they have it: men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O brave!

Enter one with the beads.

Cade. But is not this braver? — Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer 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.*

S C E N E VIII.

S O U T H W A R K.

Alarm, and retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! down St. Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!

[*A parley sounded.*

What noise is this I hear?

Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons, whom thou hast 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 'em?
will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about
your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through
London' gates, that you should leave me at the
White-Hart in Southwark? I thought, you would
never have given out these arms, till you had recover'd
your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants
and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility.
Let them break your backs with burdens,
take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives
and daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make shift for one, and so God's curse 'light upon
you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
'That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Wer't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
'The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,

Crying,

Crying, *Villageois!* unto all they meet.
 Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
 Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy:
 To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
 Spare England, for it is your native coast.

† Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
 God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king
 and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro,
 as this multitude? the name of Henry the Fifth hales
 them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave
 me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to
 surprize me. My sword make way for me, for here
 is no staying. In despite of the devils and hell, have
 through the very midst of you! and heavens and hon-
 our be witnesses, that no want of resolution in me, but
 only my followers' base and ignominious treasons,
 make me betake me to my heels. [Exit.]

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
 And he that brings his head unto the king
 Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.]

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
 To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exeunt.]

† *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.

S C E N E IX.

*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 his majesty!
K. Henry. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd?
 Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

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 your highness doom, of life, or death.

K. Henry. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
 To entertain my vows of thanks and praise.
 Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
 And shew'd how well you love your prince and country:
 Continue still in this so good a mind,
 And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
 Assure yourselves, will never be unkind.
 And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
 I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!*Enter*

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somersset, 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,
5 Is straitway calm'd and boarded with a pirate.
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somersset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

⁵ *Is straitway claim'd and boarded with a pirate.*] So the editions 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.

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 govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

A garden in Kent.

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 laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not 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, ⁶ 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 fery'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

⁶ — but for a sallet, my brain-pan, &c.] A sallet by corruption from *cæлата*, 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." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Iden, with Servants.

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,

And may enjoy fuch quiet walks as thefe?
This fmall inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I feek not to wax great by others' waining,
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my ftate,
And fends the poor well pleafed from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the foil come to feize me for a ftay, for entering his fee-fimple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thoufand crowns of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an oltridge, and fwallow my fword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatfoe'er thou be, I know thee not; why then fhould 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 fpight of me the owner, But thou wilt brave me with thefe faucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the beft blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat thefe five days, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door-nail, I pray God, I may never eat grafs more.

Iden. Nay, it fhall ne'er be faid while England ftands,

That Alexander Iden, an efquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famifh'd man.
Oppofe thy ftedefaft gazing eyes to mine,
See, if thou canft out-face me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the leffer:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fift;
Thy leg a ftick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot fhall fight with all the ftrength thou haft;

And

And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.

⁷ 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 thine edge, or
cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef,
ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my
knees thou may'st be turned into hobnails.

[*Here they fight.*

O I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me:
let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me
but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd 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.
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour which thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory.
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man; and
exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never
fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour.

[*Dies.*

⁷ *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.

Iden.

*I*den. ⁸ 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,
⁹ 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.

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

In the fields near St. 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.

* *Sancta Majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?

⁸ *How much thou wrong'st me, —*] That is, In supposing that I am proud of my victory. JOHNSON.

⁹ *So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.*] Not to dwell upon the wickedness of this horrid wish, with which Iden debases his character, this whole speech is wild and confused. To draw a man by the heels, headlong, is somewhat difficult; nor can I discover how the dunghill would be his grave, if his trunk were left to be fed upon by crows. These I conceive not to be the faults of corruption but negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction. JOHNSON.

* *Sancta Majestas!*] Thus the old copy; instead of which the modern editors read *Ab majesty!* STEEVENS.

Let

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, ¹ balance it.
² A scepter shall it have, have I a soul;
 On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham to disturb me?
 The king hath sent him, sure. I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphry of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry our dread liege,
 To know the reason of these arms in peace;
 Or why, thou—being a subject as I am—
 Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
 Should raise so great a power without his leave,
 Or dare to bring thy force so near the court?

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so
 great.

Oh! I could hew up rocks, and fight with
 flint,

I am so angry at these abject terms.

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!

I am far better born than is the king;

More like a king, more kingly in my
 thoughts.

But I must make fair weather yet a while,

Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.

} [*Aside.*

¹ ——— balance it.] That is, Balance my hand. JOHNSON.

² 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.

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 Somerfet 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 Somerfet is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
—Soldiers, I thank you all: disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in St. George's Field,
You shall have pay and every thing you wish.
—And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son: nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerfet may die.

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 Somerfet from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Whom, since, I heard to be discomfited.

Enter

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. ³ May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Henry. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with
the queen;

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter queen Margaret and Somerset.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his
head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face.

³ *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. How now! is Somerfet at liberty?
 Then, York, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,
 And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
 Shall I endure the fight of Somerfet?—
 False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
 Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
 King did I call thee? no, thou art no king,
 Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
 Which durst not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
 That head of thine doth not become a crown;
 Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff;
 And not to grace an awful princely scepter.
 That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
 Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
 Is able with the change to kill and cure.
 Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,
 And with the same to act controlling laws.
 Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
 O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
 Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
 Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

* Wouldst have me kneel? First, let me ask of these,
 If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
 I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
 They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
 To say, if that the bastard boys of York
 Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
 Out-cast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!

* *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.

The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
 5 Shall be their father's bail, and bane to those
 That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make it
 good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their
 bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the
 king. [*Kneels.*

York. 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; ⁶ a Bedlam and ambitious
 humour
 Makes him oppose himself against his king.

⁵ *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.

⁶ ——— *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.

Clif.

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 ye 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.

—⁷ Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs.
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter the earl of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to
death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath 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 your-
selves.

⁷ 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 Salisbury, had a *lion*; and the present earl of Talbot, a descendant of that family, has the same. HAWKINS.

K. Henry. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
 Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son!
 What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
 And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
 Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
 If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
 Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
 Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
 And shame thine honourable age with blood?
 Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
 Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
 For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
 That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
 The title of this most renowned duke;
 And in my conscience do repute his grace
 The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with 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 his wrong,
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Henry. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou
 hast,
 I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You had best go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy ^s burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

War. Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

R. Plan. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in
spight,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, 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 St. Albans.

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dying mens' cries do fill the empty air,

* ——— burgonet,] Is a helmet. JOHNSON.

Clifford, I fay, come forth and fight with me !
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my lord ? what, all a-foot ?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed ;
But match to match I have 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 unaffail'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. 9 A dreadful lay ! Address thee instantly.

[*Fight.*]

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*Dies.*]

9 *A dreadful lay!*] A dreadful wager ; a tremendous stake.

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.*]

¹ 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! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and ² to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this fight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity.
Meet I an infant of the house of York,

¹ *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.

² *—— to achieve*] *Is*, to obtain. JOHNSON.

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 I bear thee upon my manly shoulders 3 :
 But then Æneas bare a living load,
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. Plan. 4 So, lie thou there.— [*Somerset is killed.*
 For underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,

³ 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 fight !
 “ 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.

⁴ So, lie thou there.—

*For underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
 The Castle in St. Albans, Somerset*

Hath made the wizard famous—] The particle *for* in the
 second line seems to be used without any very apparent infer-
 ence. We might read,

Fall'n under 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 old 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 Saint Albans, Somerset
 “ Hath made the wizard famous by his death.”

STEEVENS.

The Castle in Saint Albans, Somersfet
 Hath made the wizzard ⁵ famous in his death. —
 Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still :
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

[*Exit Richard Plantagenet.*]

Fight. Excursions. Enter king Henry, queen Margaret, and others.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord, you are slow ; for shame,
 away !

K. Henry. Can we out-run the heavens ? Good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of ? you'll not fight,
 nor fly :

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
 To give the enemy way ; and to secure us
 By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarm afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then 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 Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
 I would speak blasphemy, ere bid you fly ;
 But fly you must ; incurable discomfit

⁵ ——— *famous in his death.* —] The death of Somersfet 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.

Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
 Away, for your relief! and we will live
 To see their day, and them our fortune give.
 Away, my lord, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Alarm. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
 That winter lion, who in rage forgets
 Aged contusions and all ⁶ brush of time;
 And, like a ⁷ gallant in the brow of youth,
 Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
 Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
 If Salisbury be lost.

R. Plan. My noble father,
 Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
⁸ 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

⁶ — *brush of time*;] Read *bruise of time*. WARBURTON.

⁷ — *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.

⁸ *Three times bestrid him*;—] That is, Three times I saw him fallen, and, striding over him, defended him till he recovered. JOHNSON.

You

You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
What says Lord Warwick, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
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.*]

THE
THIRD PART
OF
HENRY VI.

With the DEATH of the
DUKE of YORK.

Persons Represented.

King HENRY the Sixth.

Edward, *son to the king, and prince of Wales.*

Duke of Somerset,

Earl of Northumberland,

Earl of Oxford,

Earl of Exeter,

Earl of Westmorland,

Lord Clifford,

Earl of Richmond, *a youth, afterwards K. Henry VII.*

Richard, Duke of York.

Edward, *eldest son to the duke of York, afterwards king Edward IV.*

George, Duke of Clarence, *second son to the D. of York.*

Richard, Duke of Gloucester, *third son to the duke of York, afterwards king Richard III.*

Edmund, E. of Rutland, *youngest son to the D. of York.*

Duke of Norfolk,

Marquis of Montague,

Earl of Warwick,

Earl of Salisbury,

Earl of Pembroke,

Lord Hastings,

Lord Stafford,

Sir John Mortimer,

Sir Hugh Mortimer,

Sir William Stanley, *afterwards earl of Derby.*

Lord Rivers, *brother to the lady Gray.*

Sir John Montgomery, *lieutenant of the Tower.*

Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor and Aldermen of York. Somerville.

Humphry and Sinklo, *two huntsmen.*

Lewis, *king of France.* Bourbon, *admiral of France.*

Queen Margaret. Bona, *sister to the French king.*

Lady Gray, *widow of Sir John Gray, afterwards queen to Edward IV.*

Soldiers and other Attendants on K. Henry and K. Edward.

In part of the third act, the SCENE is laid in France; during all the rest of the play, in England.

THE THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

L O N D O N.

Alarm. Enter duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers, with white roses in their hats.

WARWICK.

² I WONDER how the king escap'd our hands!
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the
north,
He slyly stole away, and left his men :

¹ *The Third Part—*] First printed under the title of *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth; or, The Second Part of the Contention between York and Lancaster*, 1590. POPE.

The 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 St. 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.

² *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.

Whereat

Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
 Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
 Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
 Lord Clifford, and lord Strafford, 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 have we broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me, my
 lords;—

And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

[They go up.]

War. And when the king comes, offer him no
 violence,
 Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

York.

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, ³ if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet; root him up who dare:
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[*Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats him.*]

Enter king Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, and others, at the further end of the stage.

K. Henry. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel
sits,

Even in the chair of state! belike, he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both 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.

³ ——— 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.

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 Westmorland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such is he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Henry. Ah! know you not, the city favours them,

And they have troops of foldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Henry. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the duke.*

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne;
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet.

I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd; I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down: he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.

K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so.—Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king, and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmorland shall maintain.

War.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless
threats!

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to the
crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March.
+ I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Henry. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks,
you lose.—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st
arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will
fly.

+ *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.

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 grandfire and my father sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,

Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Henry. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Henry. I know not what to say; my title's weak: Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful king: For Richard, in the view of many lords, Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth; Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign, And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd, Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown, But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

^s *Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?*] The phrase *prejudicial to his crown*, if it be right, must mean, detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty; but I rather think that the transcriber's eye caught *crown* from the line below, and that we should read *prejudicial to his son, to his next heir*.

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of thee.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern
power

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words revive my
heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, 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 us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour 'bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!—

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd!—

[*Exeunt Nor. Clif. West.*]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. ⁶ 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;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign;

Neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live king Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward
sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. 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.

⁶ *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.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York, Warwick, Norfolk, and Montague.*]

K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow to the court.

Enter the Queen and the prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger.

I'll steal away.

K. Henry. So, Exeter, will I. [*Going.*]

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 a 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,

7 What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
 And creep into it far before thy time?
 Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
 Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
 The Duke is made protector of the realm;
 And yet shalt thou be safe?—such safety finds
 The trembling lamb, invironed with wolves.
 Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
 The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
 Before I would have granted to that act.
 But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:
 And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
 Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
 Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
 Whereby my son is disinherited.
 The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
 And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
 And utter ruin of the house of York.
 Thus I do leave thee. Come, son, let's away;
 Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Henry. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
 I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away; we must 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,

7 *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. JOHNSON.

* Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
 Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
 Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
 —The loss of ⁹ those three lords torments my heart:
 I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair.—
 Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

* *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 have I observed it to be used as a term of falconry in any of the old books 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 outfripped them.”

STEEVENS.

To *tire* is to fasten, to fix the talons, from the French *virer*.

JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— *those three lords*——] That is, of Northumberland, Westmorland, and Clifford, who had left him in disgust.

JOHNSON.

Enter the duke of York.

York. Why, how now ¹ sons and brother, at a strife? What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. ² 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.

Rich. ³ An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,

That

¹ ——— *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 in the quarto he is so called. Shakespeare 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.

² *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.

³ *An oath is of no moment,*—] The obligation of an oath is here eluded by very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone

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 Elyfium,
 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, shall 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

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 made no doubt to read,

————— *for they are soldiers,*

Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

Now these five characteristics answer to lord Say's description of them in the preceding play :

“ Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,

“ Is term'd the civil'st place in all this isle ;

“ The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.”

THEOBALD.

This is a conjecture of very little import. JOHNSON.

I see

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. ⁵ The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,

Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by, with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay,—with my sword. What! think'st thou
that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
My brother Montague shall post to London.
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit Montague.*]

Enter Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine
uncles!

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.

* *Enter a Messenger.*] Thus the quarto; the folio reads *Enter Gabriel*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *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.
You

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 strait.

York. Five men to twenty ! Though the odds be
great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one ;

Why should I not now have the like success ?

[*Alarm. Exeunt.*]

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. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.

Tutor. Ah, Clifford ! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, dragg'd off.*]

Clif. How now ! is he dead already ? or, is't fear
That makes him close his eyes ? I'll open them.

Rut,

Rut. ⁶ So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws ;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs afunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatenng look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.—
I am too mean a subject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's
blood
Hath 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.

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.

⁶ *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.

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. *7 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.

Alarm. Enter Richard duke of York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
 And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
 Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
 My sons!—God knows what hath bechanced them;
 But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown, by life or death.
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
 And thrice cry'd, *Courage, father! fight it out!*
 And full as oft came Edward to my side,
 With purple 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 earthy sepuchre!
 With this we charg'd again: but out! alas,

⁷ 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.

⁸ We bodg'd again ; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarm within.*]

Ah! hark! the fatal followers do pursue ;
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury :
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are number'd that make up my life ;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, the prince
of Wales, and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage ;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the ⁹ noon-tide prick.

York. My ashes, like 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 falcon's piercing talons ;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. Oh Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time :

⁸ *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.

⁹ *— noon-tide prick.*] Or, noon-tide point on the dial.
JOHNSON.

And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
 And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice,
 Whose crown 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?

¹ It is war's prize to take all 'vantages;
 And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*York is taken prisoner.*]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd
 booty;

So true men yield with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto
 him now?

Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumber-
 land,

Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here;

² That raught at mountains with out-stretched arm,

¹ *It is war's prize—*] Read *praise*. WARBURTON.

I think the old reading right, which means, that all 'van-
 tages are in war lawful prize; that is, may be lawfully taken
 and used. JOHNSON.

² *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.” STEEVENS.

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 meses of sons, to back you now,
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant crook-back'd prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York; I stain'd³ this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point

Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I pry'thee, 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.*]

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,

³ ——— *this napkin*—] A napkin is a handkerchief. JOHNSON.

And rob his temples of the diadem,
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?
 Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—
 Off with the crown; and with the crown, his head;
 And whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

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 befeeming is it in thy sex
 To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
 * Upon their woes whom fortune captivates?
 But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
 shameless.

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
 Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
 Unless the adage must be verify'd,
 "That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death."
 'Tis 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,

* *Upon their woes*—] So the folio. The quarto reads *Upon his woes*. STEEVENS.

† *'Tis government that makes them seem divine*;] *Government*, in the language of that time, signified evenness of temper, and decency of manners. JOHNSON.

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 wear a woman's face?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
 Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bidst thou me rage? why, now thou hast ¹ thy wish.
 Wouldst thou have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will.
² For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
³ And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
⁴ 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-wo-
 man.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
 That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his, the hungry cannibals
 Would not have touch'd, ⁴ would not have stain'd
 with blood:

But

¹ ——— *thy wish.*] So the folio. The quarto reads *thy will.* STEEVENS.

² *For raging wind blows up incessant showers,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,

For raging winds blow up a storm of tears. STEEVENS.

³ *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.

⁴ ——— *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

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
 Oh ten times more than tygers ⁵ 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:
 And, if thou tell'it the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
 And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"—

[*He gives back the handkerchief.*

There—Take the crown; and, with the crown, my
 curse:

And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world,
 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads.

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
⁶ 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.

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.

Though conjecture on this passage is a work of supereroga-
 tion, yet I cannot but think that of Dr. Warburton to be a
 harsh one; and would propose in its room,

Would not have stain'd the roses just i' the bloom.

This, I think, is nearer to the traces of the letters. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— of Hyrcania.] So the folio. The quarto reads of
Arcadia. STEEVENS.

⁶ *I should not for my life but weep with him,
 To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.*] So the folio. The
 quarto as follows,

I could not choose but weep with him, to see

How inward anger gripes his heart. STEEVENS.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*]

Queen. ⁷ And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabs him.*]

York. Open the gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*]

Queen. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Near Mortimer's cross in Wales.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

E D W A R D.

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.—

² How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

⁷ *And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.*] Thus the folio.
The quarto thus,

And there's to right our gentle-hearted kind.

Of these kind of variations there are many, but it is useless labour to enumerate them all. STEEVENS.

² *How fares my brother?—*] This scene in the old quarto begins thus:

“ After this dangerous fight and helpless war,
“ How doth my noble brother Richard fare?”

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 ;
⁶ Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
 See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
⁷ 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 with the racking clouds,
 But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
 See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable :
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
 In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never
 heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field ;
 That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,

⁶ *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.

⁷ *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.

Each one already ⁸ 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 who art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
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. ⁹ Oh, speak no more! [†] 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
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen;

⁸ ——— *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.

⁹ *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.

[†] ——— *for I have heard too much.*] So the folio. The
quarto thus,

————— *for I can bear no more.*

Rich. Tell on thy tale, &c. STEEVENS.

Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despight;
 Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
 The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheek,
 A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
 Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
 And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
 They took his head, and on the gates of York
 They set the same; and there it doth remain
 The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
 Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
 Oh Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
 The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
 And treacherously has thou vanquish'd him,
 For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee.
 Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
 Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
 For never henceforth shall I joy again,
 Never, oh never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden,
 For self-same wind that I should speak withal,
 Is kindling coals that fire up all my breast,
 And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
 To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
 Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
 Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with
 thee;

‡ His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,

‡ *His dukedom and his chair with me is left.*] So the folio.
 The quarto thus,

His chair and dukedom that remains for me. STEEVENS.

Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :
 For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom, say,
 Either that's 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 :
 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 departure.
 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 St. Albans to intercept the queen,
 Bearing the king in my behalf along :
 For by my scouts I was advertised
 That she was coming, with a full intent

† *Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.] Done to death or
 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.

* *And very well, &c.] This line I have restored from the
 old quarto. STEEVENS.*

To dash our late decree in parliament,
 Touching king Henry's oath and your succession.
 Short tale to make; we at St. Albans 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',^a 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 our cause,
 With promise of high pay and great rewards:
 But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
 And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
 So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
 For in the marches here, we heard, you were
 Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with his power:
 And for your brother, he was lately sent
 From your kind aunt, dutchess of Burgundy,
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
 fled;

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
 But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

^a ——— 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.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear :

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick; blame me,
not;

'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave Marias with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say, Ay; and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you
out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought ³ the easy-melting king, like wax.
He sware consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,

³ ——— *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.

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 bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
 And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the hour!)
 Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
 The next degree is, England's royal king;
 For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every borough as we pass along;
 And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
 Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
 King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
 Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
 But found the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as
 steel,
 As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds,
 I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums; God and St. George
 for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mesf. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
 The queen is coming with a puissant host;
 And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. † Why then it sorts; brave warriors, let's
 away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

† *Why then it sorts;—*] Why then things are as they should
 be. JOHNSON.

Enter

S C E N E II.

Changes to York.

Enter king Henry, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, and the prince of Wales, with drums and trumpets.

Queen. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

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, ⁵ 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 ⁶ unloving father.

⁵ ——— *in safeguard*—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads *in rescue*. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *unloving father*.] The quarto reads *unnatural father*. STEEVENS.

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 sometimes they have us'd in fearful flight)
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
 For shame, my liege, make them your precedent !
 Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault ;
 And long hereafter say unto his child,
*What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
 My careless father fondly gave away?*
 Ah, what a shame was this ! look on the boy,
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Henry. Full well hath Clifford 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,
 5 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,
 6 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.

⁵ *Whose father, &c.*] Alluding to a common proverb.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *Than in possession any jot of pleasure.*] Thus the folio. The quarto thus,

Than may the present profit counterwails. STEVENS.

You

You promis'd knighthood to our forward son,
 Unsheathe 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.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
 For, with a band of ⁶ 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.

⁷ Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field;
 The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Queen. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our
 fortune.

K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore
 I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
 And hearten those that fight in your defence.
 Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, *St. George!*

March. *Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence,
 Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for
 grace,

⁶ ——— thirty thousand—] The quarto reads *fifty thousand*.
 STEEVENS.

⁷ *Darraign*—] That is, *Range* your host, put your host in
 order. JOHNSON.

Chaucer and Skelton both use the word. The quarto reads
Prepare your battles, &c. STEEVENS.

And

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:

⁶ Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown—
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher? — O, I cannot
speak!

Clif. Ay, Crook-back; here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy fort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was
it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the
fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the
crown?

Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick,
dare you speak?

When you and I met at St. Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me
thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make
you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

⁶ *Since when, &c.*] The quarto gives the remainder of this
speech to Clarence, and reads,

To blot our brother out, &c. STEEVENS.

—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, ⁷ 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.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy fire nor dam;
But like a foul ⁸ mis-shapen stigmatic,

⁷ ——— *I am resolv'd*] It is my firm persuasion; I am no longer in doubt. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— *mis-shapen stigmatic*,] “A stigmatic,” says J. Bullokar 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.”

Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom'd toads, or ⁸ lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea)
Sham'ft thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
⁹ To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. ¹ A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
² To make this shameless callat know herself.

—Helen

⁸ ——— lizards' dreadful stings.] Thus the folio. The quarto has this odd variation,

————— or lizards' fainting looks.

The lizard has no sting; nor do I know that the power to render its beholders faint, was ever imputed to it. The ancient writers indeed supposed it to be cold in the *third degree*.

STEEVENS.

⁹ 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 quarto,

To parly thus with England's lawful heirs. STEEVENS.

¹ A wisp of straw—] I suppose for an instrument of correction that might disgrace but not hurt her. JOHNSON.

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.” STEEVENS.

² To make this shameless callat know herself.] Shakespeare uses the word *callat* likewise in *The Winter's Tale*, act ii. sc. 3.

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 *Prologue to the Remedy of Love*, p. 308.

So Skelton, in his *Elinour Rummyng*, works, p. 133.

“Then Elinour said, ye *callettes*,

“I shall break your palettes.”

—Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
 Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
 And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
 By that false woman, as this king by thee.
 His father revell'd in the heart of France,
 And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
 And had he match'd according to his state,
 He might have kept that glory to this day.
 But when he took a beggar to his bed,
 And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day;
 Even then that 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 what² 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 when³ we saw our sun-shine made thy
 spring,

And again, p. 136.

“ She was a cumlye *callet*.”

Gammar. “ Vengeance on those *callets*, whose conscience is
 “ so large.” *Gammar Gurton's Needle*, act iii. sc. 3. *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. 3.

DR. GRAY.

² ——— *hath broach'd this tumult,*—] The quarto reads,
 “ hath mov'd this,” &c. STEEVENS.

³ — *we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,*

And that thy summer bred us no increase,] When we saw
 that by favouring thee we made thee grow in fortune, but that
 we received no advantage from thy fortune flourishing by our
 favour, we then resolv'd to destroy thee, and determine to try
 some other means, though our first efforts have failed.

JOHNSON.

The quarto reads,

“ But when we saw our summer brought thee gain,

“ And that the harvest brought us no increase.”

STEEVENS.

And

And that thy summer bred us no increase,
 We set the axe to thy usurping root ;
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
 Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
 We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution I defy thee ;
 Not willing any longer conference,
 Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.
 —Sound trumpets ! let our bloody colours wave !
 And either victory, or else a grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward——

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay.
 Thy words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to a field of battle at Ferrybridge in Yorkshire.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. ⁴ Fore-spent with toil, as runners with a race,
 I lay me down a little while to breathe ;
 For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
 Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
 And, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward running.

Edw. ⁵ Smile, gentle heaven ! or strike, ungentle
 death !
 For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

⁴ *Fore-spent with toil,*—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads “*Sore spent,*” &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Smile, gentle heaven ! &c.*] Thus the folio. Instead of these two lines, the quarto gives the following speech :

“ 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. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cl. ³ 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

² *Our hap is loss, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quarto 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,

“Left they retire now we have left the field.

“*War.* How now, my lords! what hap? what hope of
“good?” STEEVENS.

† *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,

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.

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 counterfeited actors ?

Here on my knee I vow to God above,

I'll never pause again, never stand still,

Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,

Or fortune give me measure of revenge!

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine ;
4 And in this vow do chain my soul with thine.

And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,

Thou setter up, and plucker down, of kings !

printed, like almost all the rest of the play, from the folio,
the quarto gives the following :

“ 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 wapt 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.

4 *And in this vow do chain my soul with thine.*] Thus the
folio. The quarto as follows,

“ And in *that* vow *now* join my soul to thee.”

STEEVENS.

Befeeching 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-
 well.

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.*]

S C E N E IV.

Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. 4 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.

4 *Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quarto 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.

Clif.

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.

Alarm. Enter king Henry alone.

K. Henry. ¹ This battle fares like to the morning's
 war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
 Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;

¹ *This battle fares like to the morning's war, &c.]* Instead of this interesting speech, the quarto exhibits only the following:

“ Oh gracious God of heaven, look down on us,
 “ And set some ends to these incessant griefs!
 “ How like a masteless 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 !”

STEEVENS.

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 sit me down.
 To whom God will, there be the victory!
 For Margaret my queen and Clifford too
 Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
 For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
 O God! ⁵ methinks it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the 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 yeag;
⁶ So many months ere I shall sheer the fleece:

⁵ ——— *methinks it were a happy life,*] This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity. JOHNSON.

⁶ *So many months*—] The old copy reads *so many years*; and in the next line, *weeks* was supplied by Mr. ROWE. STEEVENS.

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.

Alarm. 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 myself 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 pres'd forth;
 My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
 Came on the part of York, pres'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!—

7 These two horrible incidents are selected to shew the innumerable calamities of civil war. JOHNSON.

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 ;
² And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief,

Enter a Father bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou, that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold ;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see—Is this our foeman's face ?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eyes ; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.—
O pity, God, this miserable age!—
³ What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
⁴ O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Henry.

³ *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.

⁴ *What stratagems,—]* Stratagem seems to stand here only for an event of war, or may intend snares and surprizes.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,]* Because had he been born later he would not now have been of years to engage in this quarrel.

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.] i. e. He should have done it by not bringing thee into being, to make both father and son thus miserable. This is the sense, such as it is, of the

K. Henry. Woe above woe! grief, more than common grief!

O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!

O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—

The red rose and the white, are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses.

The one, his purple blood right well resembles;

The other, his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth.

9 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. 1 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.

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. STEEVENS.

9 *Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!* &c.] Thus the folio. The quarto thus,

“ For if you strive, a thousand lives must perish.”

STEEVENS.

1 *How will the country, &c.]* So the folio. The quarto thus,

“ How will the country now misdeem their king!

“ Oh, would my death their minds could satisfy!”

STEEVENS.

Son.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit.*]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet ;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre ;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.

My sighing heart shall be thy funeral bell,

² And so obsequious will thy father be,

(Sad for the loss of thee, having no more)

³ As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd, where I should not kill. [*Exit.*]

K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much over-gone with care,

Here fits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarms. Excursions. Enter the Queen, prince of Wales, and Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull :

Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post
again :

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight,

With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,

Are at our backs ; and therefore hence again.

Exe. Away ! for vengeance comes along with them :

² *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.

³ *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 VI.

A loud alarm. Enter Clifford wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O Lancaster ! I fear thine overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee ; [*Falling.*
And, now I fall, & thy tough commixtures melt.
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,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies.
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our 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 ?

⁴ ——— *thy tough commixtures*——] Perhaps better, *the tough commixtures.* JOHNSON.

The quarto reads “ *that tough commixture melts.* ”

STEEVENS.

Bootless

Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds ;
 5 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight.
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity ;
 For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—
 Come York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest ;
 6 I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms ; split my breast.
[He faints.]

Alarm and retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Montague, Clarence, and Soldiers.

Edw. 7 Now breathe we, lords ; good fortune bids
 us pause,
 And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
 Command an Argosy to stem the waves.
 But think you, lords, that Clifford flew with them?

5 *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 quarto reads “ *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.

6 *I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms ; split my breast.*] So the folio. The quarto reads,

“ I stabb'd your father's, *now come* split my breast.”

STEEVENS.

7 *Now breathe we, lords, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the quarto has 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 him ?”

STEEVENS.

War.

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.*

⁶ *Edw.* Whose soul is that which takes her heavy
leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, ⁷ 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 used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the
head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof, let his supply the room.
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our
house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring in the body.*

War. I think his understanding is bereft:
— Say, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to
thee?—

⁶ *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.

⁷ — *like life and death's departing.]* Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *like life in death departing*; which Dr. Warburton has received. JOHNSON.

The quarto reads “like life and death's departure.”

STEEVENS.

Dark

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 ^s 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 thee 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.—
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 sinew both these lands together;
And having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

^s ——— *eager words.*] Sour words; words of asperity.

Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;

¹ And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For on thy shoulder do I build my feat:

And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—

Richard, I will create thee duke of Glo'ster;—
And George, of Clarence; Warwick, as ourself
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of
Glo'ster;

For Glo'ster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be duke of Glo'ster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*]

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

A wood in Lancashire.

Enter Sinklo and Humphry, with cross-bows in their hands.

SINKLO.

UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll shroud
ourselves,
For through ² this laund anon the deer will come;

¹ *And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,]* Thus the folio.
The quarto thus,

“ And afterwards I'll cross the seas to France.”

STEEVENS.

² *— this laund—]* *Laund* means almost the same as
lawn; a plain extended between woods. STEEVENS.

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; ⁸ 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, ⁹ let's stay till he be past.

Enter king Henry with a prayer-book.

K. Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure
love,

¹ To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,
² 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 that's worth a keeper's fee:
³ This is the *quondam* king, let's seize upon him.

⁸ ——— *the noise of thy cross-bow*] The poet appears not to have forgot the secrets of his former profession. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *let's stay till he be past.*] So the folio. The quarto reads, "——— let's listen him a while." STEEVENS.

¹ *To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.*] So the folio. The quarto perhaps better thus,

"And thus disguis'd to greet my native land."

STEEVENS.

² *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.

³ *This is the quondam king, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quarto thus,

"This is the king, king Edward hath depos'd."

STEEVENS.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Let me embrace these four adversities ;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we ? let us lay hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a while ; we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. My queen and son are gone to France
for aid ;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son ! your labour is but lost ;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
—By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much :
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast ;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;
The tyger will be mild while she doth mourn,
² And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
—Ay, but she comes 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 ;
While Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
³ 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.
—⁴ O Margaret, thus 'twill be ; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Hum.

² *And Nero will—*] Perhaps we might better read, *A Nero will—*. STEEVENS.

³ *Inferreth arguments of mighty strength ;*] In the former act was the same line,

Inferring arguments of mighty force. JOHNSON.

⁴ *O Margaret, &c.]* The piety of Henry scarce interests us

Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Henry. More than I seem, and ¹ less than I was born to :

A man at least, ² for less I should not be ;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Henry. Why so I am, in mind ; ³ 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 content,

Your crown *Content*, and you, must be contented
To go along with us. For, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd ;
⁴ 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.

more for his misfortunes, than his constant sollicitude for the welfare of his deceitful queen. STEEVENS.

¹ ——— *less than I was born to :*] Thus the folio. The quarto thus, “ ——— for less I should not be.” STEEVENS.

² ——— *for less I should not be ;*] Such is the reading of the folio. The quarto thus, “ ——— and more I cannot be.”

STEEVENS.

³ ——— *and that's enough.*] So the folio. The quarto thus, “ ——— though not in thew.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *And we his subjects, &c.*] So the folio. The quarto thus, “ And therefore we charge you in God's name, and the
“ king's,

“ To go along with us unto the officers.” STEEVENS.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell, when I was king
of England?

Hum. Here, in this country, where we now remain.

K. Henry. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

Sink. No; we were subjects but while you were
king.

K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a
man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust;

Such is the lightness of you common men.

—But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin

My mild intreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;

And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We are true subjects to the king, king Ed-
ward.

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. ⁴ 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.*]

⁴ *In God's name lead, &c.*] So the folio. Instead of this
speech, the quarto has 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.

S C E N E II.

*Changes to the palace.**Enter king Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and lady Grey.*

K. Edw. Brother of Glo'ster, at St. Alban's field
This lady's husband, & Sir John Grey, was slain,
His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror :
Her suit is now, to repofsess those lands ;
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.

Glo. Yea ! is it so ? [*Aside.*]

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Cl. He knows the game : how true he keeps the
wind ? [*Aside,*]

Glo. Silence !

K. Edw. ⁷Widow, 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,

⁵ — *Sir John Grey,*—] Vid. Hall, *3d Year of Edw. IV.* folio 5. It was hitherto falsely printed *Richard.* POPE.

⁶ *Glo. Yea, is it so? &c.*] So the folio. The quarto reads with the following variations :

“ *Glo.* Is the wind in that door ?

“ *Cl.* I see the lady,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Widow, we will consider—*] This is a very lively and spritely dialogue ; the reciprocation is quicker than is common in Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.

—Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aside.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. [*Aside.*] God forbid that! for he'll take 'vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. [*Aside.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her two.

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 lands.

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.

[*Gloucester 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.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

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,

Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

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. Then, *No*, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] ¹ 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.

¹ *Her looks do argue her replete with modesty:]* So the folio.
The quarto reads,

“ Her looks are all replete with majesty.” STEEVENS.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children ;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a batchelor,
Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

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 your prisoner to your palace-gates.

K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower.—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.

—Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her ho-
nourably.

[*Exeunt King, Lady, Clarence, and Lords.*]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for !
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,

(The

(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 funders 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 ?
 5 I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
 Oh miserable thought ! and more unlikely,
 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns !
 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb ;
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
 To shrink my arm up ⁶ 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,

- ⁵ *I'll make my heaven, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quarto alters and transposes the two lines, as follows :

“ I will go clad my body with gay ornaments,
 “ And lull myself within a lady's lap.” STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *like a wither'd shrub* ;] So the folio. The quarto,
⁶ ——— *like a wither'd shrimp.*” STEEVENS.

Like

Like to a chaos, or an ⁷ unlick'd whelp,
 That carries no impresson like the dam.
 And am I then a man to be belov'd?
 Oh, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
 —Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, ⁸ 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,
⁹ Until the mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
 Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home:
 And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
 Not knowing how to find the open air,

⁷ ——— *unlick'd 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.

⁸ ————— *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.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

⁹ *Until the mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
 Be round impaled, &c.]* A transposition seems to be necessary,

1 2 8 5 7 3 4 6

“Until the 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.

But

But toiling desperately to find it out,
 Torment myself to catch the English crown.
 And from that moment 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 camelion;
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
¹ And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Changes to France.

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French king, lady Bona, Bourbon, Edward prince of Wales, queen Margaret, and the earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lewis. ² Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,

Sit

¹ *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 often diminished their propriety. STEEVENS.

² *Fair queen of England, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quarto gives the following:

“ Welcome,

Sit down with us ; it ill befits thy state,
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth
fit.

Queen. ³No, 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,
And stops my tongue, while my heart's drown'd in
cares.

K. Lewis. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thou 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.

“ 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.

³ No, mighty king of France, &c.] Instead of this speech the
quarto only supplies 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'st our wrongs.”

STEEVENS.

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 seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the
 storm,
 While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our
 foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. ² O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
 And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

² O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:

And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.] How does
 impatience more particularly wait on true sorrow? On the con-
 trary, such sorrow as the queen's, which came gradually on
 through a long course of misfortunes, is generally less impa-
 tient 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 wor-
 thy 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 commenta-
 tor should thus laboriously obscure it, to introduce a new read-
 ing; and yet stranger that he should shew such confidence in
 his emendation as to insert it in the text. JOHNSON.

Enter

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, ³ Henry's hope is done!

War. And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
[*Speaking to Bona.*]

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
⁴ 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,

³ ——— *Henry's hope is done!*] So the folio. The quarto reads, " ——— all our hope is done." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.*] So the folio. The quarto thus,

"Hath plac'd thy glorious image, and thy vertues."

STEEVENS.

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's Henry's son.
 Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage

Thou draw not on thee 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,

That did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
 And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
 Whose wisdom was a mirror ³ to the wisest;
 And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
 Who by his prowess conquered all France:
 From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,

You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
 All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
 Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
 But to the rest.—You tell a pedigree
 Of three-score-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 ⁴ thirty-and-six years,
 And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,

³ — to the wisest;] So the folio. The quarto, “ — to the world.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — thirty-and-six years,] So the folio. The quarto, “ thirty-and-eight years.” STEEVENS.

Now buckler falshood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
5 When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and
Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use farther conference with Warwick.

Queen. Heavens grant that Warwick's words be-
witch him not! [*They stand aloof.*]

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy
conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loth
To link with him ⁶ that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eyes?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further; all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
7 That this his love was an eternal plant;

⁵ *When nature brought him to the door of death?*] Thus the folio. The quarto,

“When age did call him to the door of death.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *that were not lawful chosen.*] Thus the folio. The quarto as follows:

“——— that is not lawful heir.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *That this his love was an external plant;*] The old quarto reads rightly *eternal*; alluding to the plants of Paradise.

WARBURTON.

Whereof

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
 The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun ;
^s Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
 Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.
 Yet I confess, that often ere this day, [*Speaking to War.*
 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 counterpos'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,

^s *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.

⁹ 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

¹ Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;

[*Post, blowing a horn within.*

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, 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,

⁹ *You have a father able—*] This seems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topic of reproach.

JOHNSON.

¹ *Thy sly conveyance,—*] Conveyance is *juggling*, and thence is taken for artifice and fraud. JOHNSON.

Sends

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 house of York

My father came untimely to his death?

² Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?

Did I impale him with the regal crown?

³ 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,

² *Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?*] Whom, according to Holinshed, king Edward attempted in the earl of Warwick's house. STEEVENS.

³ *Did I put Henry from his native right, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,

“ And thrust king Henry from his native home?

“ And (most ungrateful) doth he use me thus?”

STEEVENS.

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 love than honour,
 Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
 But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Queen. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
 Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Mar-
 garet'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 with him and his new bride.

Thou see'st what's past, ² 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.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me
 wrong ;

And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

—There's thy reward ; be gone.— [Exit Post,

K. Lew. But, Warwick,

Thyself, and Oxford, with five thousand men,
 Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle.
 And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
 And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

² ——— go fear thy king——] That is, *Fright* thy king.

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,
⁴ I'll join my younger daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock' bands.

Queen. ⁵ 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 foldiers shall be
levy'd,
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—

⁴ 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.

⁵ *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, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt. Manet Warwick.*

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe.
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand,
Had he none else to make a stale, but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The palace in England.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

G L O U C E S T E R.

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.*

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malecontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or 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, ³ are you offended too?

Glo. Not I:

No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity
To funder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorn, and your mislike, aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—
And you too, Somers^t and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. ⁴ Then this is my opinion; that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

³ ——— are you offended too?] So the folio. The quarto,
“ ——— are you against us too?” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Cl.* Then this is my opinion, &c.] Instead of this and the following speech, the quarto reads thus;

“ *Cl.* 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.

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 alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer when 'tis back'd with
France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France.
Let us be back'd with God, and ⁵ 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 deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

Glo. ⁶ And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your bride, you bury brotherhood.

⁵ ——— *with the seas,*] This has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England. JOHNSON.

⁶ *And yet methinks, &c.*] The quarto varies 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.

Clar. Or else ⁷ 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 brothers' wills.

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.

⁷ ——— 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

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 to our letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
—Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me
Henry.

But what said lady Bona ⁶ 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.

⁶ ——— to my marriage.] The quarto reads,
“ ——— to these wrongs.” STEEVENS.

K. Edw.

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. [*Exit.*

Clar. ⁷ Belike the younger; Clarence will have the elder.

—Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.

—⁸ 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.—

⁷ *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.

⁸ *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, that love me and Warwick, follow me.] When the earl of Essex 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.

⁶ 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 strait 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. ⁷ 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. [*Exc.*]

⁶ *Pembroke and Stafford, &c.*] The quarto exhibits 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.

⁷ *Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.*] The quarto continues 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

S C E N E II.

*In Warwickshire.**Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French soldiers.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well ;
The common people swarm by numbers to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see, where Somerset and Clarence come :
—Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends ?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick ;

And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it 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 ⁹ night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

¹ His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,

⁹ ——— *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 quarto as well as the folio, which is known to be the most correct copy of the three parts of Henry VI. STEEVENS.

¹ *His soldiers lurking in the town about,*] Dr. Thirlby advised the reading *towns* here ; the guard in the scene immediately following says,

——— *but why commands the king,*

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him, &c.

THEOBALD.

We

We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
 Our scouts have found the adventure ¹ very easy:
 That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
 With flight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
 And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
² So we, well cover'd in the night's black mantle,
 At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
 And seize himself; I say not, slaughter 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.

Enter the Watchmen to guard the king's tent.

1 Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:

The king, by this, has set him down to sleep.

2 Watch. What, will he not to bed?

1 Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow,

Never to lie and take his natural rest,
 Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

2 Watch. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
 If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
 That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 Watch, 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

¹ ——— *very easy:*] Here the quarto concludes this speech, adding only the following lines:

“ Then cry king Henry with resolved minds,

“ And break we presently unto his tent.” STEEVENS.

² *So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,*] This line may confirm the reading of *coverture*. JOHNSON.

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 pas-
sage.

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, Arms!
Arms! Warwick and the rest following them.*

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding.

*Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the king
out in a gown, sitting in a chair; Glo'ster and Hastings
flying over the stage.*

Som. What are they that fled there?

War. Richard and Hastings. Let them go, here
is the duke.

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;
3 And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the peoples' 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 Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell you what reply
Lewis and lady Bona sent to him.

—Now for a while farewell, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs
abide;

³ *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. ³ 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 on the regal throne. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

The palace.

⁴ Enter Rivers and the Queen.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden
change?

Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune has 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 falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:

³ *What now remains, &c.*] Instead of this and the following
speech, the quarto has,

“*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.

⁴ *Enter Rivers, &c.*] Throughout this scene the quarto varies in almost every speech from the folio. The variations however are hardly such as to deserve notice. STEEVENS.

And, as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief,
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle in my passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Queen. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that 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 Gloucester, lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into the 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 with him.

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man ; see where the huntsmen stand.—

Now, brother of Glo'ster, Hastings, and the rest,
 Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer ?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste,
 Your horse stands ready by at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then ?

Hast. To 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 Warwick's frown ;

And pray, that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to 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 sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore that I may conquer fortune's spight,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace has still been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,

For

For ¹ few men rightly temper with the stars ;
 Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
 For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
 To whom the heavens in thy nativity
 Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
 As likely to be blest in peace and war ;
 And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. 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. -

¹ ——— *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. JOHNSON.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Henry. But, with the first of all our chief affairs,
Let me intreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed :
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my 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,
² This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown ;
His hand to wield a scepter ; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me,

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend ?

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unfavoring news : but how made he escape ?

Post. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,

² *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.

This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.] Thus the folio. The quarto thus :

“Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this country's bliss.”

STEEVENS.

And

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 Brittany,
 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 Brittany.
 Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to York.

Enter king Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. ¹ Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings,
 and the rest,

Yet

¹ *Now, brother Richard, &c.]* Instead of this and the three following speeches, the quarto reads only:

“ *Enter Edward and Richard, with a troop of Hollanders.*

“ *Edw.* Thus far from Belgia have we past the seas.

“ And

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
 And says, that once more I shall interchange
 My wained state for Henry's regal crown.
 Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
 And brought desired help from Burgundy.
 What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
 From Ravenspurg 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 forewarned of your
 coming,
 And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
 For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your
 king,
 Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

Mayor. True, my good lord, I know you for no
 less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my
 dukedom;
 As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But when the fox has once got in his nose,
 He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*]

“ 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.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the gates. We are king Henry's friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*He descends.*]

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

Hast. ⁸ 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.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen.

K. Edw. So, master mayor; these gates must not be shut

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*]

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

Montg. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: but we now forget

Our title to the crown; and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Montg. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;

⁸ *The good old man would fain that all were well,]* The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed.

JOHNSON.

I came

I came to serve a king, and not a duke.

—Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*The drum begins a march.*]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while; and we'll debate

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words, If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king, I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone To keep them back that come to succour you.

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns. —Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand; The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right, And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Montg. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself:

And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Flourish.*]

Sold. *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.

K. Edw. ⁸ Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks to 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! evil it befalls thee
 To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
 Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
 Come on, brave soldiers, doubt not of the day,
 And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

Changes again to London.

Enter king Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

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. ⁹ Let's levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar.

⁸ *Thanks, brave Montgomery, &c.]* Instead of this speech, the quarto has 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.

⁹ *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

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 with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him :
—Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
—Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Henry. Farewell, 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 farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords ; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*]

K. Henry. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship ?
Methinks, the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

swer 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.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, ^s my meed hath got me fame :

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays :
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace :
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[⁶ *Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*
Exe. Hark, hark, my lord, what shouts are these?

Enter king Edward and his soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,

And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that make small brooks to flow :
Now stops thy spring ; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
—Hence with him to the Tower ; let him not speak.
[*Ex. with king Henry.*

^s ——— *my meed hath got me fame:]* *Meed* signifies reward. We should read, *my deed*, i. e. my manners, conduct in the administration. 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. HAWKINS.

⁶ *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.

And,

And, lords, to Coventry bend we our course,
 Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
 The sun shines hot, and if we use delay,
 Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
 Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Before the town of Coventry.

*Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers,
 and others, upon the walls.*

WARWICK.

WHERE is the post that came from valiant
 Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

¹ *Mes.* By this ¹ at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

—Where is the post that came from Montague?

² *Mes.* By this ² at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
 And by thy guess how nigh is Clarence now?

¹ ——— at Dunsmore,——] The quarto reads, “—— at
 “Daintry.” STEEVENS.

² ——— at Daintry,——] The quarto reads, “—— at
 “Dunsmore.” STEEVENS.

Somerv.

Somerv. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies.
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter king Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parley.

Glo. See, how the furly 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,
¹ But while he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was ² 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 are you Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down,
kneel down.

Nay, when? Strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And 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, while thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood;
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.

War. O chearful colours! see, where Oxford
comes!

Oxf. Oxford! Oxford! for Lancaster!

¹ *But while he thought to steal the single ten, &c.*] This, I believe, is a metaphor taken from chess-playing. A pack of cards was anciently term'd *a deck of cards*, and *a pair of cards*. A pack of cards, as I am informed, is still call'd *a deck of cards* in Ireland. STEEVENS.

² *— slyly finger'd —*] The quarto reads, “ — finely “ finger'd.” STEEVENS.

Glo. 9 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 ¹ to bid his brother battle;

9 *The gates are open, let us enter too.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,

“ 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.

¹ ——— to bid his brother battle;] Here the quarto concludes this speech, and adds the following:

“ *Clar.* Clarence! for Lancaster!

“ *Edw.* *Et tu Brute!* wilt thou stab Cæsar too?

“ A parly, firra, to George of Clarence.” STEEVENS.

With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love.—

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.—

[² *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 ruin my father's house,

Who gave his blood ³ to lime the stones together,

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so ⁴ 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.

² *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.

³ — *to lime the stones*—] That is, To cement the stones. Lime makes mortar. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *blunt,*—] Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness.

JOHNSON.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more
 below'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O 5 passing traitor, perjurd and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town,
 and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads
 the way.

—Lords, to the field; St. George and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

March. Warwick and his company follow.

S C E N E II.

A field of battle near Barnet.

*Alarm and excursions. Enter Edward, bringing forth
 Warwick wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our
 fear;

7 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.*]

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,

5 ——— *passing*——] Eminent, egregious; traitorous beyond the common track of treason. JOHNSON.

7 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.” STEEVENS.

And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
 Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
 That I must yield my body to the earth,
 And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
 Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
 Whose top branch over-peep'd Jove's spreading tree,
 And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
 Those 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 brow, now fill'd with blood,
 Were liken'd oft to princely 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.
² My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands
 Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. ⁹ Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
 We might recover all our loss again.

The

² *Cedes coemptis saltibus, et domo, villâque.* HOR.

This mention of his *parks* and *manors* diminishes the pathetic effect of the foregoing lines. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Ah, Warwick, Warwick!* &c.] These two speeches stand thus in the quarto:

“ *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

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,
9 Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd: but at last
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweetly rest his soul!

Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*]

Oxf. 8 Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

[*They bear away his body, and Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

“ 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.

7 *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 was a pertinent similitude: the other absurd, and neither agrees with what is predicated of it, nor with what it is intended to illustrate. WARBURTON.

8 *Away, away, &c.*] Instead of this line, the quarto has the following:

S C E N E III.

Changes to another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter king Edward in triumph; with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. ⁹ Thus far our fortune bears an upward course,

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed :

I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, ¹ have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came :
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her.

“ Come, noble Somerset, let's take our horse,
“ And cause retreat be sounded through the camp,
“ That all our friends remaining yet alive
“ May be forewarn'd, and save themselves by flight.
“ That done, with them we'll post unto the queen,
“ And once more try our fortune in the field.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Thus far our fortune bears an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.*] Thus the folio.
The quarto thus :

“ Thus still our fortune gives us victory ;
“ And girt our temples with triumphant joys.
“ The big-bon'd traitor Warwick hath breath'd his last.”

STEEVENS.

¹ ——— have arriv'd our coast,] Milton uses the same structure, B. ii. Par. Lost :

“ ——— ere he arrive
“ The happy coast.” STEEVENS,

If she hath time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward 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.

² Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to 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 overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tear-full eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
While, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackle; what of these?

² Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.] Thus the folio. The quarto has the following couplet:

“Come, let's go; for if we slack this bright summer's day,
“Sharp winter's showers will mar our hopes for hay.”

STEEVENS.

Why,

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
 And Somerset another goodly mast?
 The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
 And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
 For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
 We will not from the helm to sit and weep;
 But keep our course, though the rough wind say, No,
 From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
 As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair;
 And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
 What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit?
 And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
 All these the enemies to our poor bark.
 Say, you can swim; alas! 'tis but a while:
 Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
 Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off;
 Or else you famish; that's a three-fold death.
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
 In case some one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
 Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. ² Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,

² *Methinks, a woman, &c.*] The preceding speech is very imperfect in the quarto, 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.

Infuse

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;
 Left, in our need, he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himself.
 If any such be here, as God forbid!
 Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
 And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
 Oh, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
 Doth live again in thee; long may'st thou live,
 To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
 Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
 If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford,
 thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing
 else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
 Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy,
 To haste thus fast to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Queen. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March. *Enter king Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and
 Soldiers, on the other side of the stage.*

¹ *K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny
 wood,

² *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,

Which, by the heaven's assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out.

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Queen. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I
should say,

My tears gainfay; for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of my eye:

Therefore no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd;

His realm a slaughter-house; his subjects slain;

His statutes 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.

Alarm. Retreat. Excursions. Both parties go out.

*Re-enter king Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, &c. The
Queen, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.*

K. Edw. Lo! here's 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.*]

Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Ed-
ward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter the prince of Wales.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him
speak.

—What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—

Edward,

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. ¹ Let Æsop fable in a winter's night,
His churlish 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 ² charm your
tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjurd George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

Glo. Take that, ³ thou likeness of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*]

K. Edw. And take thou that, to end thy agony.

[*Edw. stabs him.*]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*Clar. stabs him.*]

¹ *Let Æsop, &c.*] The prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, Æsop; and the poet, following nature, makes Richard highly incensed at the reproach. JOHNSON.

² — *charm your tongue.*] The quarto reads, “ — tame
“ your tongue.” STEEVENS.

³ — *thou likeness of this railer here.*] Thou that resemblest
thy railing mother. JOHNSON.

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!—I'll root 'em out. [Exit.

Queen. Oh, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!

They that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all;

Did not offend, and were not worthy blame;

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man; this (in respect) a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak.

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals,

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers; if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

As, deathsmen! ⁴ 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;

⁴ — 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.

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, kill me too.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:

⁵ 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What! wilt thou not? ⁷ where is that devil's butcher,

Richard? hard-favour'd Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

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 fudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common fort

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.*]

⁵ 'Twas sin—] She alludes to the desertion of Clarence.

JOHNSON.

⁷ ————— where is that devil's butcher,

Richard?—] Thus all the editions. But *devil's butcher*, in other terms, I think, is *kill-devil*: rare news for the free-thinkers, if there were any grounds for depending on it. But the poet certainly wrote *devil-butcher*; and the first part of the compound is to be taken adjectively, meaning, execrable, infernal, devilish. THEOBALD.

Devil's butcher is a butcher set on by the devil. Either reading may serve without so long a note. JOHNSON.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Tower of London.

Enter king Henry with a book, and Gloucester with the Lieutenant, on the Tower walls.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What! at your book so hard?

K. Henry. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter; *good* was little better:

Good Glo'ster, and good devil, were alike.

And both preposterous; therefore not, good lord.

Glo. Sir, leave us to ourselves, we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

K. Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

So first the harmless flock doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath 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;
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.

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.

I cannot believe any such thing. Shakespeare had occasion to compare Richard to some player about to act a scene of murder, and took the first, or only name of antiquity that occurred to him, without being very scrupulous about its propriety.

STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. Why, what a ¹ peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, 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,
² Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
³ The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

And

¹ — *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.

² *Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,*] Who suspect no part of what my fears presage. JOHNSON.

³ *The raven rook'd her*—] What is *rook'd her*? Read, *croak'd hoarse*. WARBURTON.

And chattering pyes in dismal discord sung.
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
 To wit, an indigested deform'd lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
 To signify, thou can'st to bite the world:
 † And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou can'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. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
 —O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.]

Glo. What will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
 Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
 See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
 O, may such purple tears be always shed,
 From those that wish the downfall of our house!

The true reading seems to be at no great distance.

————— *the tempest shook down trees,*

The raven rook'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, signify-
 ing to squat down, or lodge on any thing. STEEVENS.

† *And, if the rest be true which I have heard,*

Thou can'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 can'st into the world—————

And that the verse is to be completed in the manner I have
 given it, is incontestible; for unless we suppose king Henry
 actually reproaches him with this his preposterous birth, how
 can Richard in his very next 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 caus'd 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.

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,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I had no father, I am like no father.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word *love*, which grey-beards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz about 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.—

¹ *Let hell, &c.*] This line Dryden seems to have thought on in his *Œdipus*:

“ It was thy crooked mind hunch'd out thy back,
“ And wander'd in thy limbs.” STEEVENS.

² *But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:*] But I will choose out an hour whose gloom shall be as fatal to you. To *sort* is to *select*. So in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

“ ——— for they had *sorted* leisure.” STEEVENS.

³ *For I will buz about such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life.*] The quarto adds a line between these:

————— *such prophecies,
Under pretence of outward seeming ill,
That, &c.* STEEVENS.

I'll throw thy body in another room ;
 And triumph, Henry! in thy day of doom. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

The palace in London.

Enter king Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, Nurse with the young Prince and Attendants.

K. Ed. Once more we sit on England's royal throne,
 Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride?
 Three dukes of Somerset, three-fold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted champions :
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
 And two Northumberlands ; two braver men
 Ne'er spurr'd their courfers 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 armour watch'd the winter-night ;
 Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st re-possess the crown in peace ;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were
 laid ;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave ;
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my
 back : —

³ Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

K. Edw.

³ *Work thou the way, and that shall execute.*] I believe we should read,

K. Ed. Clarence and Glo'ster, 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. ⁴ 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 Mar-
garet?

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 pleasure of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets! Farewell, sour 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 quarto reads,

Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute. STEEVENS.

⁴ Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.] This line
has been given to king Edward; but I have, with the old
quarto, restored it to the queen. THEOBALD.

The three parts of Henry VI. are suspected, by Mr. Theo-
bald, of being supposititious, and are declared, by Dr. War-
burton,

burton, 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 style, 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 style and heterogeneity 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

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.

There is another circumstance which may serve to strengthen this supposition, *viz.* that most of the fragments of Latin verses are omitted in the quartos, which are to be found in the folio; and when any of them are inserted, they are corrupted and mis-spelt. The auditor, who understood English, might be ignorant of any other language. STEEVENS.

END OF VOLUME THE SIXTH.

Last treated 13 July 1982

