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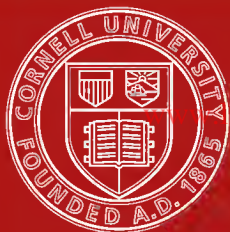
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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
IN TWENTY VOLUMES

KING HENRY VI—PART I
KING HENRY VI—PART II

VOLUME IX

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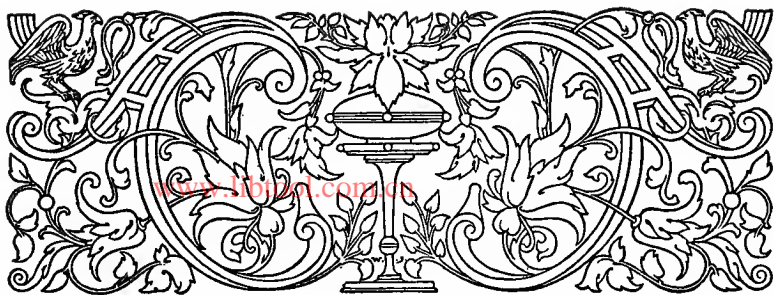
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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIDNEY LEE

VOLUME IX

KING HENRY VI—PART I

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY BYAM SHAW



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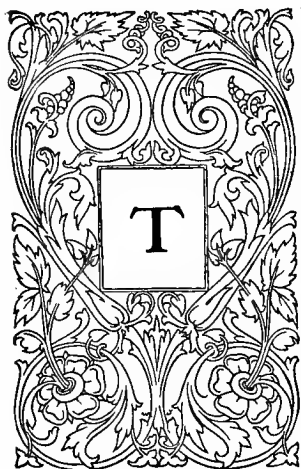
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INTRODUCTION



THE precise dates at which Shakespeare first came before the world as a player and as a playwright are alike unknown; nor has it ever been pretended that either of these dates must necessarily be associated with the production of "Henry VI," or of any Part of the trilogy, upon the stage. Strictly speaking, no biographical fact concerning him is known to us between May, 1583, when his eldest child was born, and February, 1585 (N.S.), when her twin brother and sister were christened at Stratford, — and March 3, 1592 (N.S.), when a play which is at least possibly identifiable with the "First Part of Henry VI" was performed in London. Between these dates, as is well known, erudite and imaginative conjecture have combined to crowd a variety of experiences as multitudinous as are the houses of London town itself; but we are all agreed that before the summer of this year he had been for some time connected with the London theatre. For it was about this date

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that either as an actor or, more probably, as a playwright, he was vituperated by the unhappy Greene—in what may surely be called the unhappiest moment of the writer's literary life. Thus with "Henry VI"—except on the absolutely untenable supposition that the "Shakespeare" of the "Groatsworth of Wit" is a different personage from Shakespeare—the master-spirit of the English drama first enters into some sort of ascertained connexion with it or with its ordinary vehicle, the English stage. For, whether or not he had a hand in "Titus Andronicus"—a question which the present is not the occasion for discussing—no play of that name was performed till 1594, though a "Titus and Vespacia" was acted some years earlier.

This fact, then, gives to "Henry VI," which Shakespeare's friends and associates, the editors of the First Folio, chose to include as a whole within the canon of his plays, a priority of place in the whole series from the point of view of date, and thereby an interest of its kind unique. In the second place, I do not think that, whatever critical judgment may be formed of "Henry VI" in its entirety, any doubt can be entertained but that, taken as a whole, this trilogy in its dramatic and in its general literary qualities stands very much nearer to the rest of the great series of Shakespearean Histories, among which a place was assigned to it by Hemyng and Condell, than to the Chronicle Histories, from whose species it cannot be regarded as having altogether emerged. Together with a very few other plays—among which we may safely class Marlowe's "Troublesome Raigne and Lamentable Death of Edward II" (1590-1), Peele's more or less contemporary but more rudimentary "Famous Chronicle of Edward I," and (in part) Greene's "Scottish Historie of James IV, slaine

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at Flodden," together with the very remarkable anonymous "Sir Thomas More," probably quite as early in date as the preceding — "Henry VI" may thus be regarded as marking the transition from unfree beginnings, and from the Chronicle History pure and simple, to one of the most characteristic as well as most memorable of the developments of the English drama. For our national historical drama, as its conception unfolded itself in Shakespeare, corresponds in its historical continuity to that of our national life at large, which may safely be described as the feature more than any other differentiating it from the life of other nations. Thus "Henry VI" has a position hardly less notable in the general history of the English drama than in the series of Shakespeare's plays. Finally, I think that, whatever may be held to be the relations to each other of the several Parts of "Henry VI," and their comparative dramatic and literary merits, it is undeniable that the whole work is conceived on a grand scale and in a grand way, and that, though it cannot be set down as a masterpiece, its theme "contains matter, and not common things." Without entering at present into the details of his criticism, I cannot refrain at the outset of this Introduction from citing some words of the Nestor of English Shakespeare scholars, Dr. Furnivall,¹ because it is above all things desirable that in discussing these plays the great possibilities of their argument, which the execution has at least gone some way to meet, should not be as it were by accident overlooked.

"There are few things," writes Dr. Furnivall, as usual putting his own ideas in his own way, "I regret more in Shakespeare's career

¹ "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1876, p. 284.

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than this: that he did n't turn back to the superb subject of these Henry VI plays and write a fresh set on it. . . . The reproduction of the Lancelot and Guinevere love in Suffolk and Queen Margaret, though with a bitterer end, gives a strange interest in the drama. And, when the thread is woven with the others of Margaret's ambition, cutting down Gloster, the sole support of her and her husband's throne; the working out of her punishment for this, through the quarrels of the nobles and the insidious Richard's schemes; when one sees the Queen of 'peerless feature . . . valiant courage and undaunted spirit' robbd of her love, her kingdom and her child; the current of her being changed; the woman turned into a demon and a fury; then, dethroned, uttering the dread curse of Fate and Vengeance on the crafty cynical Richard in the pride of his success, and then witnessing the fulfilment of that curse on him defiant, fearing Death as little as he feard Sin . . . you have a combination of personal and political motives which, had Shakespeare gone back to it later in life, would have given the world the finest historical dramas it will ever own."

In order that he may see light through the quite inevitably lengthy and not less inevitably complicated discussion which must be inflicted on the reader, as to the still-vest subject of "Henry VI" and of the originals on which the larger portion of this trilogy were beyond dispute founded, the dates of the early editions of the several plays in question should in the first instance be remembered. The "First Part of Henry VI," then, was so far as is known first printed in the First Folio (Hemynge and Condell's), where it appeared in conjunction with the Second and Third Parts in 1623. Now, as already indicated, Henslowe mentions in his "Diary" a play which he calls, first "Henery the VI" and then "Hary VI," as performed at the Rose, on March 3, 1592 (N.S.), and as repeated at least fifteen times. And, in his "Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication," Nashe refers to a play in which "brave Talbot (the terror of the French)" was, "after he had lain

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two hundred years in his tomb," made to "triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times)." On this twofold hint Mr. Fleay¹ says, without further hesitation: "On March 3, 1592, Lord Strange's players acted 'Henry VI,' a re-fashioning by Shakespeare of an old Queen's play, into which he introduced the Talbot scenes alluded to by Nashe"; adding as a conjecture that in 1599 this play passed to the Lord Chamberlain's servants, whence the reference, of which more anon, in the Epilogue to "Henry V." But we are not able to go quite so fast. It is quite true that Nashe's description, so far as Talbot is concerned, fits the "First Part of Henry VI"; and also that the popularity ascribed to the play by Nashe fits the play mentioned by Henslowe as having been performed by Lord Strange's men and having had so good a run. Yet, especially as the success of a play at one house was quite as likely in the Elizabethan age as it is in our own to lead to the production at another house of a second play on the same theme, the "First Part of Henry VI" was very likely neither the play mentioned by Henslowe nor that to which reference is made by Nashe. This is all we know or can conjecture as to the history of the "First Part of Henry VI," which was never printed separately before its inclusion in the First Folio under the title of "The first part of King Henry the Sixt."

"The case is altered" (to use one of the many proverbial expressions which occur in "Henry VI") with regard to the Second and Third Parts, or, as they are superscribed in the First Folio, "The second part of King Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke Humfry," and "The third part of King Henry the Sixt, with the death of the

¹ "Life of Shakespeare," p. 260.

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Duke of Yorke." These plays were respectively founded on two other old plays, entitled "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two famous houses of York and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey; And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first claime vnto the Crowne"; and the other, "The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henry the Sixt, with the whole Contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants."¹ The relations between these two plays and the Second and Third Parts will have to be discussed in more or less of detail below; but it will be well to note at once, by way of indicating the general measure of indebtedness of the latter to the former, that according to various estimates rather less than two-thirds and rather more than half of the two Parts of "Henry VI" are founded on the text of the two earlier dramas; the portions incorporated being taken over either directly or with alterations and improvements, while the general course of the action in the earlier and in the later plays may be described as substantially the same.

Thomas Millington, the printer of these two plays, reprinted them in 1600; and in 1619 (three years, it will be noted, after Shakespeare's death) another bookseller, Thomas Pavier, to whom Millington had assigned them under the titles of the "First and Second Parts of Henry VI," published them in a single volume under the

¹ "The First Part of the Contention" and "The True Tragedie" have been reprinted by Halliwell-Phillipps under the title of "First Sketches of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI," in the (old) "Shakespeare Society's Publications" (1843), and in the "Cambridge Shakespeare," vol. V.

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collective title of "The Whole Contention between the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke, with the Tragical ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the Sixt, divided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent." This edition, as Dr. Furnivall pointed out,¹ when compared with the original editions of 1594 and 1595 and with the reprints of 1600, is found to contain a few modifications and elaborations of some significance; but they cannot be drawn into any kind of comparison with the charges introduced in our extant Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI." It may be added that, in 1623, Blount and Jaggard, who were among the publishers that had the immortal honour of taking part in the publication of the First Folio, entered in the Stationers' Registers "The Thirde Part of Henry the Sixt"; but this is, quite obviously, the play which appeared in the Folio under the designation, by which it has ever since been known, of the First Part.

The sole remaining piece of evidence which — besides bearing upon the question, to be discussed below, of the relation between the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" and the two old plays on which those Parts were founded — directly affects that of the dates of all four plays, is the notorious passage, always with us, that occurs in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit." This miserable manifesto of an embittered but not chastened spirit, a literary testament more concentrated in its malice than those of which Villon and Dunbar had furnished earlier examples, proceeded from a man of talent. But Greene's fate, like that of many men of talent without character, was, when he met with one superior to himself, to fail to recognise him as such. And

¹ "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1876, p. 285.

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it is certainly noticeable, as pointed out by Mr. Fleay,¹ that not long before the time when Greene sat down to compose his "Groatsworth of Wit"—which, as he died September 4, 1592, must have been in one of the summer months of that year—the play on Henry VI, which may have been Part I of our trilogy, had been produced with success at the Rose Theatre.

The play, which was acted fifteen times between the date of its production in March, 1592, and January 31, 1593, was therefore "in action" when Greene addressed "his quondam acquaintance" in his pamphlet. In any case, Greene's appeal, which proved a most lamentably mistaken appeal to posterity, was brought to some measure of completeness before his death, and was soon afterwards, ere the year was out, edited and brought out in print by Henry Chettle.² It contained, together with other matter not destined to bring blessings on the dead man's name among his fellow-playwrights, the passage which he would probably not have expected to be the best-remembered in all his works and of which he cannot be supposed to have left the application open to doubt:

"There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers [*i. e.* Greene's, Marlowe's, and those of a third person unknown] that, with his *Tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide* supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country."

Now, it is not, for the present purpose at all events, of decisive importance whether Greene in this passage in-

¹ "Life of Shakespeare," p. 110.

² The earliest edition extant is dated 1596; but there is no reason for supposing it to have differed from that of 1592. Cf. Churton Collins, "Dramatic Works of R. Greene," vol. I, p. 49.

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tended to refer to Shakespeare as a playwright or as a player. The language in itself seems to point to the latter interpretation; but the quotation dragged in (unless a special meaning attached to it beyond our power of guessing), which occurs both in the "True Tragedie" (sc. iii) and in the "Third Part of Henry VI" (Act I, sc. iv), where the speech of which it forms part in the earlier play is almost textually reproduced, seems almost unmistakably to imply that it exemplified a literary plagiarism. But there is no absolute certainty in the case; although after his death Greene was described as having been subjected to the "perloining" of his "plumes,"¹ Henry Chettle in his "Kind Harte's Dreame," published in the following year, 1593, though making what was obviously intended as a general apology to Shakespeare, refrained from disavowing, explicitly or implicitly, Greene's charge against him, whether it was, or was not, one of plagiarism. In any case, the much-disputed passage in the "Groatsworth of Wit" makes it certain that the "True Tragedie" was extant in 1592; and, if plagiarism was the charge intended by Greene, it strongly confirms the probability of the "Third Part of Henry VI" having been then well known on the stage, as well as that other play on "Henry VI" which may be the First Part of the same trilogy.

Little need be added in this place as to the stage history of our trilogy. As is well known, the annals of the English stage by no means always grow more certain as they proceed; and it is not quite clear (and was in fact a subject of dispute on the occasion of the performance of the "First Part of Henry VI" by Mr. Osmond Tearle and his company at the Stratford-on-Avon festival in 1899) whether the piece performed at Covent Garden

¹ "R. B." in "Greene's Funeralls."

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for Delane's benefit in 1738,¹ was the play printed in the Folio of 1623, and perhaps acted by Lord Strange's men in 1592-3, or Crowne's perversion of that play and of the earlier ~~whalf of the~~ Second Part, produced at Dorset Garden in 1681. In the latter case, Mr. Tearle was the first to produce this First Part on the English stage since the closing of the theatres in 1642. The German production at Weimar in 1864 comprised two plays, Part I and Part II, according to the revision (or version) of F. Dingelstedt. Part II was produced by Messrs. Shepherd and Anderson (the latter playing Jack Cade) at the Surrey Theatre in 1864. With this exception, when until recently "Henry VI" was brought out on the English stage, as in Edmund Kean's farrago of all the three Parts in 1818, it was always condensed into a single play. In any case, Mr. F. R. Benson's production of "Henry VI" in the Endowed Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon on May 2-4, 1906, was the first attempt made since the closing of the theatres in 1642 to produce all the three plays in succession to one another. My present task has been greatly facilitated by the impressions freshly conveyed to me of this memorable performance through the kindness of my friend Miss Alice D. Greenwood, to whom this Introduction is under many other important obligations.

Passing from the history of the trilogy of "Henry VI" to its sources as a whole, we shall not fail to observe that for a dramatic treatment of this reign ample material, of a kind familiar to the reading public in existence, was at the disposal of the playwrights of the Elizabethan age.

¹ See Genest, vol. I, pp. 302 *seq.* This is not reprinted in Crowne's "Works." It was followed by a Second Part, opening with Cade's rebellion, and including the action of "Part III of Henry VI," much garbled. This portion again was utilised by Theophilus Cibber in his "Historical Tragedy of the Civil Wars," etc., produced at Drury Lane in 1723.

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It was to be found in those Chronicles which issued in so rapid a succession from the printing-press of the times. As has been already stated, and will be more fully shown in the course of this Introduction, the "Second and Third Parts of Henry VI" closely followed in the course of their argument two earlier plays, which for convenience' sake I may henceforth cite as "The Contention" and "The True Tragedy"; but these were entirely founded on well-known chronicles, while the slight corrections of statements in the earlier plays occasionally introduced in the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" show their authors to have themselves been perfectly conversant with the same popular historical authorities. As to the "First Part of Henry VI," there existed, so far as I am aware, no earlier dramatic model which might have been followed in the action of this play, and it was therefore in all probability compiled throughout directly from the chroniclers.

Among the numerous possible sources, then, which were at the disposal of the authors of the three Parts of "Henry VI" and of the two old plays on which the Second and Third Parts of the trilogy were respectively founded, there can be no doubt that those actually used by them were Halle's "Union of the Two Famous Families of Lancaster and York," printed in 1548; Holinshed's "Chronicle," in the second and complete edition of 1588, and the celebrated series of didactic biographies in verse, which appeared in 1559 under the title of the "Mirror for Magistrates." In a less degree, Fabyan's (edition of 1559) and probably Grafton's "Chronicle" (edition of 1579) were consulted; and it is just possible that Stowe's "Annales" (1580) and Monstrelet's "Chronique" (1572) should be added to the list. In any case, the influence of

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Halle and Holinshed upon our Chronicle Histories and other early English historical plays — and, consequently, upon the formation of a stereotyped popular conception of a whole period of our national history — can hardly be overrated.¹

Whether for the main course of the story as exhibited in the trilogy, Halle or Holinshed was actually used, it is impossible to say; for Holinshed copied Halle and Grafton wholesale, as Grafton did Halle. But we

¹ The following note may from the above point of view be acceptable. "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth" (supposed to have as early a date as 1580, acted at all events before 1588, and entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594) could not have been based on the second edition of Holinshed; the earlier (1577) seems to have enjoyed less popularity; and no incident in this Chronicle History — not even the celebrated "tennis balls" — can be traced to Holinshed alone, while several details are to be found in Stowe; the death-bed scene of Henry IV is in Halle (who took it from Monstrelet); some things appear to have been taken over from Titus Livius. Marlowe's "Edward II" (1589, printed 1594) is unmistakably founded in the main on Holinshed, though a few details are taken from Stowe and one song from Fabyan. "Sir Thomas More" (1590) is from Halle, or from Holinshed, who conveys Halle *in toto*, and from certain well-known biographies. "The Troublesome Raigne of King John" (acted 1589, printed 1591) is from Holinshed, with the exception of a few incidents, among them Falconbridge's sack of the monasteries; and perhaps also from the "Mirror for Magistrates." Peele's "Chronicle History of Edward I" (1593) is from Holinshed, though the historical material in this play is so meagre that it might well have been taken from any chronicle, while Holinshed runs counter to the play in one or two minor particulars and in the praise of Queen Eleanor, of whose crime and fate (the sources of which cannot here be discussed) he says nothing. "The True Tragedy of Richard III" (1594) is based mainly on Holinshed, who, like Halle, was powerfully influenced by Sir Thomas More's "History of Edward V and Richard III," published (incomplete) in English in 1509, — a work which may have been inspired by Henry VII's Chancellor, Cardinal Morton, but which is no longer held to have been written by him in its Latin form. "Edward III" (1595), which has been attributed to Shakespeare, appears, so far as the story of Edward and the Countess of Salisbury is concerned, to have been founded on Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" (1575) and perhaps on some old ballads, although a good deal of it is in Froissart (not all translated by Lord Berners); other incidents are taken from Holinshed. Of Greene's "Scottish History of James the Fourth" (printed 1598) the source had not been discovered by Dyce or by D. Laing; Mr. P. A. Daniel traced the source of this quite unhistorical chronicle to a story in Cinthio's "Hecatomithia," dramatised by Cinthio himself in his "Arrenopia." Cf. Churton Collins, "Plays and Poems of Robert Greene," vol. II, p. 80. "George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield" (1599), which has been ascribed to Greene, was probably founded on an old prose "History of George-a-Greene," of which, however, no early impression exists; the earliest printed copy is dated 1706. Cf. Churton Collins, *ib.* p. 103.

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shall probably not go far wrong in assuming Part I to be indebted chiefly to Halle, and the corrections and additions made in and to the text of the two old plays and embodied in Parts II and III of "Henry VI" to be generally derived from Holinshed. But the conceptions of the several characters in all three Parts — often merely adumbrated in the "Contention" and "True Tragedy" — are due to Halle and to the "Mirror for Magistrates." The latter work was itself in part indebted to Halle; but it supplied the conceptions of several minor characters in the plays, which, hardly less than Halle's more important characters, appear to have become accepted as part of a fixed tradition. Halle was Yorkist in sympathy, and strongly biassed against the Beauforts and Suffolk; Holinshed tones down Halle's adjectives, and indeed seems to avoid preserving the dramatic impressions so strongly created by his original.

The dependence of the writer or writers of "Henry VI," and of those of the earlier plays on which it was in part founded, on so limited a range of authorities (though far from exceptional) may help to account in some measure for the imperfect justice done by them to the opportunities of their theme. On the subject of these opportunities I have already cited Dr. Furnivall; but it may be worth while to add a few words in illustration of the fact that not every historical dramatist, nor even a great historical dramatist whose powers have not yet reached their maturity, is capable of reproducing in relation to a given theme all that history suggests as to the human interest presented by the characters belonging to it.

Thus, if in "Henry VI" we seem to find reproduced the essential characteristics of Queen Margaret, the one

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heroine of the trilogy, such is hardly the case with the pathetic personality of her less fortunate consort. Queen Margaret appears as what she no doubt was, a woman of uncommon ability, whose judgment of the action necessary in situations of extraordinary difficulty was rarely at fault—except in the instance of her failure to advance upon London after the second battle of St. Albans, a proceeding by which, in the view of more than one historian, both King and Queen might have been preserved. Her private letters show her to have worked hard in the interest of all her dependents as well as in her husband's and her late-born son's; and it is only a dramatic fiction, which has no basis of historical fact and which seems to derogate from the Queen's notability, that represents her as falling in love with Suffolk, the heir of Cardinal Beaufort's policy and of his unpopularity (much in the manner in which another Queen—Catherine¹—according to a story which found its way to the stage, fell in love with Owen Tudor). While the interest aroused by a powerful historical figure is thus unnecessarily supplemented, the character of Henry VI is presented with, at the best, imperfect sympathy. It is true that the King is never wholly lost in the meek-minded and generally meek-mannered dreamer who passes across the scene almost like a shadow; nor was this royal self-consciousness altogether wanting in the real Henry, who, when as a prisoner in the Tower his patience was tried by intrusive visitors, was wont to reply to them with a curious mixture of humility and pride.² But, on the one hand, the full

¹ It was a lamentable incident in a delightful national and artistic experience—the Bury St. Edmunds Pageant of 1907—to have to witness the survival of this and other fictions in the Henry VI episode.

² Bishop Stubbs (vol. III, p. 201) quotes from Blakeman: “When pressed by

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pathos of the long-protracted situation, which was at the same time the best warrant for the opposition offered to Henry's government by both high and low, can hardly be said to be brought out in the dramatic narrative. No mention is made of his imbecility and apathy of mind, which periodically rendered him, like a much later English sovereign, incapable of performing the ordinary duties of life, and which left him dumb and uninterested, even when his new-born son was brought into his presence. He looked at the child for an instant, and then, without a word, "caste doune his eyene agen."¹ This melancholy aspect of Henry's life is left out for obvious reasons, but to present and account for it would have been a task worthy of a great dramatist. On the other hand, it is difficult to suppress a wish, that, instead of King Henry's royal contempt for common men being emphasised in a striking passage,² opportunity had been found in the course of the trilogy for giving expression to what was the noblest and humanest side of his character — his love of learning and religion (for the two were of course to his mind inseparable), by virtue of which his name has become a memory of something besides ignorance and misfortune.

To Edward IV — unlike Henry VI surely one of the least interesting of our kings — fair treatment seems to be

some impertinent person to justify his usurpation, he used to answer, 'My father had been King of England, possessing his crown in peace all through his reign; and his father, my grandfather, had been King of the same realm. And I, when a boy in the cradle, had been without any interval crowned in peace and approved as King by the whole realm, and wore the crown for well-nigh forty years, every lord doing royal homage to me, and swearing fealty as they had done to my forefathers. . . . My help cometh of God, who preserveth them that are true of heart.'

¹ Quoted from the news-letter printed in Gairdner's in the "Paston Letters," No. 195, by Sir James Ramsay, "Lancaster and York," vol. II, p. 168.

² Part III, Act III, sc. i.

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accorded in the trilogy which bears the name of his rival. The contrast between them — not in physical stature only; for Edward was most uncommon tall, while Henry appears to have been diminutive in size — may, together with the personal beauty attributed to Edward, have gone some way towards accounting for his popularity with the Londoners, or at all events with their wives, since, as Part III does not fail to indicate, no prince was ever more of a squire of dames. But, of course, it was the close connexion between the line of York and the house of Burgundy which counted for most in the value attached to the ascendancy of the former by the classes principally concerned with trade and industry. At the same time it is unquestionable that his military ability was greater than that which can justly be ascribed to most of the commanders in the Civil War of the two Roses — to Warwick in particular, the great King-maker, who made kings by his skill as a politician rather than by his prowess as a soldier. To be sure, military ability — or at least the conditions under which it proves itself such — is one of those qualities which “our” or any stage cannot pretend to demonstrate. Richard, Duke of York, Edward’s IV’s father, and predecessor in that dukedom which it was only an after-thought on the son’s part to make the basis of a claim to the throne,¹ exhibits neither in history nor in the trilogy the power of controlling events, instead of being controlled by them; and, in point of fact, there is no perceptible individuality about him. Of the younger two of the three York brothers, Clarence, as depicted in the trilogy, furnishes, as we may

¹ “Richard could not fail to be acquainted with the history of his own family, and he had been careful not to advance any personal claims, unless the assumption of the surname ‘Plantagenet’ could be considered such.” Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. II, p. 134. It would be difficult to show that he was aiming at the crown before 1459, three years after the close of his second Protectorate.

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believe him to have done in life, an example, conspicuous even among his contemporaries, of sheer unimaginative eagerness for the advancement of his own interests. Far subtler, as well as more strenuous, was the nature of Richard Duke of Gloucester; but in his case, as will be shown at length in the "Introduction to Richard III," a definite conception had already fixed itself before our trilogy and that play sought to elaborate, develop, and in a measure account for it. In the Richard of Gloucester of the trilogy nothing is more notable than the imperious sense of commanding force which distinguishes the character from the first, accompanied throughout by a mocking irony, which, in the Elizabethan age, could hardly clothe itself in any other form than that of the Scriptural or quasi-Scriptural speech so specially affected by the Puritans.

But we have been carried on towards the close of "Henry VI" without having as yet touched upon the general treatment of historical personages prominent in the earlier portions of the action of the trilogy. At the outset of the reign of Henry VI, the inherent difficulties of government and country were, as is well known, aggravated by the dissensions between those upon whom, during the sovereign's long minority, a special responsibility for the care of state affairs could not but be held to devolve. Unluckily, it was thought indispensable to entrust the preservation of the English rule in France to the Duke of Bedford, who had best claim to the chief control of affairs at home, and who, as "a sober-minded statesman of the best English type,"¹ might very possibly have exercised it with the acquiescence of those who stood next to him in birth or in service. It thus became impossible for Bedford, except by occasional intervention, to do what he might have done

¹ Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. I, p. 323.

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towards maintaining the Lancaster dynasty and averting the Wars of the Roses; while at the same time, by no clearly assignable fault of his own, he failed in carrying out the special task allotted to him. Yet he is not wholly to be compassionated; for his character, partly no doubt because no faction in the state had any interest in traducing it, remains untarnished by the misrepresentations of either chronicler or dramatist.

Very different was the case of the two foremost representatives of the Lancastrian interest who, during Bedford's absence, disputed with one another the control of the English administration, and whom in 1425, on a visit paid by him to England for the purpose, he attempted to reconcile. Henry Beaufort and Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, though with intervals during which a *modus vivendi* obtained between them, and with one pretence of a reconciliation on the occasion just mentioned, carried on their contention, till a strange dispensation of fate ended the lives of both, within a few months in the early part of a single year (1447). Probably no two English public men have ever been so persistently misjudged as this pair of antagonists. It is true that this misjudgment is of a very different kind, and has a very different origin, in the one and in the other instance; and it must also be allowed that the "Henry VI" plays do not adopt it to the same extent in both cases. On the character of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester these plays cannot be said to cast any light such as might have contributed either to a deeper or a more veracious interpretation of it; while as to Cardinal Beaufort, they have simply contributed to heighten a prejudice already cruel enough in its injustice. Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, was a great ecclesiastical potentate, whose consistent aim it was to augment both his public and his private resources;

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for it is quite clear that he had recognised how in the age in which he lived—probably at least as much as it has been in any other period of our national life—wealth was the most effective support of political and social influence. But he was also a prelate of his church who, in his life and when he was thinking of his death, was singularly awake to the beneficent ends which it has in all times been the highest privilege of wealth to seek to further.¹ Not less certain is it that Henry Beaufort was from first to last desirous of accommodating the entire course of his action as to both Church and State to the interests of the Lancastrian dynasty, with which he was by birth connected and with whose fortunes his own were of course closely bound up; and it would be difficult to show that he at any time either misrepresented or misunderstood those interests. In Henry V's reign, he encouraged the prosecution of the French war, and was largely responsible for the conclusion of the Burgundian alliance which was essential to its success. Later, in Henry VI's days, he identified himself with the policy of peace, showing a magnanimous as well as statesmanlike contempt for the unpopularity which such a policy entailed. His relations to the Papacy are more obscure; but they concern the scheme of our trilogy very little, except in so far as Beaufort's Cardinalate (which has been called the

¹ This is very forcibly shown in a lecture on "The Life and Times of Cardinal Beaufort," published in 1880, by the present Archdeacon Fearon, the late headmaster of Winchester. Dr. Fearon gives good reason for believing that it was to Beaufort that the foundation of Eton and King's Colleges was originally due; at all events every detail as to the new foundations was submitted to him by the King, and their endowments were increased by the Cardinal's will. I must not venture to suggest that Beaufort's interest in University life may have dated from the time when he had a chamber in Peterhouse (see J. H. Wylie in "Historical MSS., First Report," p. 78; Cf. Mr. Wylie's "Henry IV," vol. III, p. 263; see also Dr. T. A. Walker, "Peterhouse," London, 1906, where it appears that Beaufort paid 20*s.*, *pro pensione camerae*, whilst in the same year a bachelor of the University paid 6*s.* 8*d.* under the same head). Mr. Wylie has exploded the story of Beaufort's having been at the University of Aachen, which of course should be Oxford.

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great mistake of his life) unmistakeably contributed to his unpopularity. At all events no ecclesiastical interests could with him ever take precedence over national; and this he showed, at a critical moment, by transferring, in 1429, the troops which he had levied for a Catholic crusade in Bohemia to the service of the Crown, when an endeavour was made to recover the English position in France after the fatal battle of Patay. During the last few years of his life — apparently from the conclusion of the King's marriage in 1445 — the Cardinal had withdrawn from politics, in which he had been a constant factor for nearly half a century, and devoted himself to the interests of his diocese. Thus, apart from the fact of his exceptional wealth — a circumstance which seems to have irritated the popular consciousness in the fifteenth century very much as it does in the twentieth — it would not be easy to understand why the chroniclers and dramatists of the Tudor period should have imbibed so ill-founded and vehement a prejudice against him, imparting to him even a degree of criminality which is held to be appropriately attested by self-torment in the hour of death, were it not that they were children of their times. To the Reformation age a powerful and wealthy Cardinal (whether his name were Wolsey or Beaufort) signified an offender on a grand scale against both the human and the divine order of things.¹ Nevertheless, the perpetuation of the calumnies against Cardinal Beaufort with which the trilogy of "Henry VI" is chargeable, remains, with a single exception, the worst offence against historical truth (in no trivial sense of the term) which it contains.

This exception is not the treatment of the character of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. Here, instead of

¹ Compare Pauli's "Englische Geschichte," vol. V, p. 286, note.

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recording a blind adherence to the perversity of popular censure, we have rather to notice the neglect of elements that might have added life and variety to the kindly *unisono* of popular praise. Humphrey Duke of Gloucester — “the good Duke,” as after his death he came to be called — was a prince of no very exalted character or commanding ability; and the long-enduring sentiment which attached itself to his name was probably due to pity for his supposed cruel fate as well as to the tradition of his good will towards the commons, and to an actual pleasantness of manner which, as we know, is royalty’s unfailing passport to popular favour. Neither his position nor his qualities ever secured to him a commanding influence over the policy of the state. His early projects of obtaining the inheritance of Jacqueline, the heiress of Holland and Hainault, were seen to be dictated by a desire of personal aggrandisement, and had to be dropped; nor was he chivalrous enough to remain true to his wedded wife. He afterwards favoured the policy of war in France; but he was without such resources as those which gave importance to his uncle and rival’s support of the same line of action beyond the narrow seas, while in home affairs he confined himself to the manœuvres of selfish intrigue. Probably no higher motive animated his activity against the Lollards, when in 1431 their flyers were “about every good town in England” denouncing the clergy who were possessors of property, and advocating a community of goods. He laid hands on some of their leaders, and secured from the Privy Council a pecuniary recompense of his services to the orthodox religion. These earlier occurrences the dramatic version of Henry VI’s reign not unnaturally ignores; but it like-

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wise has nothing to say about Duke Humphrey's relations to learning and science, which connect his name as that of an early literary benefactor with the history of the University of Oxford, and which continue to engage the attention of modern students.¹ Our trilogy occupies itself mainly with the Duke's fall, and with the prelude to it supplied by the strange trial and cruel penance of Eleanor Cobham, Duke Humphrey's mistress, for whom, though they were probably never actually married, he had secured more or less formal recognition as his wife. The episode of her collapse is appropriately introduced into this chronicle of violent ambitions and their consequences; although the question as to Eleanor's actual guilt, or as to the length to which her restless spirit carried her, is of course one that will never be solved. Humphrey of Gloucester was not shamed by the catastrophe of his partner, or by his inability to hold out to her a helping hand, into withdrawal from public life. But his political influence was thenceforth at an end, and his final downfall had become only a question of time. That it was marked by his murder seems, though a natural, to be an unproved, assumption. Humphrey was physically as well as morally an utter wreck when he passed away, after he had been arrested for treason at the Bury Parliament (1447). The repetition of the story of the murder of the "good Duke" in the play

¹ See the attractive chapter "Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, fragment of a princely life in the fifteenth century," in R. Pauli's "Pictures of Old England." English translation by Miss Otté, 1861.

According to Ramsay, vol. II, p. 76, note, of the 247 books presented by the Duke to the University, three remain in the Bodleian, besides a scriptural commentary written for him by Capgrave at Oriel. He also contributed to the building of the University Schools. Bishop Bekyngton and Pecock, the liberally minded author of the "Repressor," as well as Titus Livius, whose "Life of Henry V" is held to mark the beginning of the classical Renaissance in England, were both patronised by the Duke.

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may be regarded as one more attestation of the popularity which so long clung to his name, but which was originally due to negative rather than to positive reasons—to the fact that he was not a foreigner, not a friend to the Queen, and not a priest.¹

At the other end of the social scale, according to a view of things which in no Elizabethan drama asserts itself more pointedly than in this trilogy, stands the popular agitation which for a moment obliged King Henry VI and the oligarchical factions around him to treat with it on terms of equality. To the author of the famous Jack Cade scenes the aim of the rising which he ruthlessly caricatures seemed sheer topsyturvydom; henceforth “seven halfpenny loaves were to be sold for a penny”; all the realm was to be in common; Jack Cade the clothier was to be King; and Lord Say must lose his head because he could speak French and therefore was a traitor—moreover, had he not most treacherously corrupted the youth of the realm by erecting a grammar school?² As a matter of fact, the anarchy which reached its height in the insurrection of 1450 was the inevitable result of a weakness of government which had long continued. In 1441–43 there had been a series of disturbances in different counties, due in part to private feuds, in part to fanatical preaching, and in the north to a determination not to submit to the exactions of the Archbishop of York’s spiritual courts. Early in 1450 troubles began in Kent, which

¹ For an illustration of the attitude of the Tudor age towards historical truth, the reader may be referred to the exposition in Bishop Latimer’s sermon to King Edward VI, cited below, of the merits of the contention between Winchester and Gloucester.

² This last is a curious touch. Is it conceivably to be traced to memories of the Pilgrimage of Grace and the grievances connected with the Dissolution of the Monasteries?

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communicated themselves to several southern counties. The rising headed in May by "Jack Cade," which from Kent spread into Surrey and Sussex, seems to have been something very different from a Peasants' War or Jacquerie, or from what Sir Humphrey Stafford in the play denounces as a rabblement of

"Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows."

Whether Cade himself was or was not a physician by profession, he seems beyond doubt to have been a man of respectable position, who had not improbably seen service in France.¹ That he should have taken the name of Mortimer, alleging his kinship to the Duke of York as the natural son of the last Earl of March, was in the circumstances a very pardonable fiction; though perhaps, as in similar instances of imposture in this age, had his insurrection spread to a great distance from the manor of Cade, the pretence might have assumed bolder proportions.² As it was, the Yorkists seem generally to have identified themselves with Cade's attempt in its earlier stages. But, factious partisanship apart, there were among his followers many men of substance — yeomen and not a few squires; and in Kent and East Sussex the armed rising was organised on the lines of a regular county levy. Its avowed object was not the overthrow of all government, but the establishment of a strong rule, such as would in especial protect the tenure of land against the force, fraud, and chi-

¹ There seems to be some evidence that Cade may have been a Somerset man, possibly from Bridgwater, — a possession of Richard Duke of York.

² In Act IV, sc. ii, in reply to the accusation that he has been "put up" to his imposture by the Duke of York, Cade says: "He lies, for I invented it myself." Yet he had no reason for laying claim to much originality on this score. I have often wondered why no attempt has been made to write a comparative history of this sort of impostures in the later Middle Ages.

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canery which had long rendered it wholly insecure.¹ The loss of Normandy, which had been the real cause of Suffolk's catastrophe earlier in the year, was as a matter of fact only put forward by the insurgents as a secondary grievance; but the very circumstance that they should have shown their concern at what was regarded as a national calamity shows them to have been Englishmen animated by patriotic feelings.² The systematic misrepresentation in the play of the general character of "Jack Cade's" rising, which extends to the incidents of his capture, is significant of the spirit of the later Tudor age, when a strong government was strongest in the goodwill of the great body of a self-confident nation. But how deep the popular discontent had sunk in days of the greatest weakness of Henry VI's government is shown by its having been attributed at Court to the popular preachers — whose voice may be regarded as that of the people itself.³

I will conclude these few remarks on the treatment of historical truth in this trilogy by referring to a character in it which has naturally enough been subjected to much indignant censure. The glorious figure of Jeanne Darc, the *Pucelle* of history, after the most conscientious and painstaking enquiry, stands wholly free from the least of the stains which envy, hatred and malice had left upon it. While at the court of Charles VII neither the Maid's miraculous achievements nor the ecclesiastical approval which they had earned converted those who looked askance at

¹ No more convincing evidence of the force of this fundamental grievance of the insurgents could be desired than that which is furnished in the "Paston Letters."

² Cf. Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. II, pp. 125 *seq.*; and see also Pauli, *u. s.*, vol. V, p. 307, where the connexion is noted which is supposed to have existed between the Kentish insurgents and the sailors whose murder of Suffolk forms one of the most impressive scenes of the play, and one in entire accordance with historical fact.

³ Lord Say, the most prominent victim of the insurrection, and other persons of influence, allowed no one to preach before the King until after submitting to them the proposed sermon.

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her to a whole-hearted acceptance of her patriotic mission. The English soldiery whom she drove out of Orleans and who fled panic-stricken before her at Patay regarded her simply as a witch whose powers were derived direct from the Evil One; nor was it till the moment of her capture that the spell which her prowess and her faith had wrought was broken. A memorandum drawn up some years afterwards by Bedford, whose long labours this simple adversary had undone, attests his conviction that her success, the effects of which he sought in no way to underrate, was due to the lack of sound faith in the English soldiery opposed to her in the field, and to the misbelieving doubts caused in them by this disciple and limb of the Fiend and her use of false enchantments and sorcery.¹ In other words, while this brave and honourable Englishman himself entertained no doubts as to the diabolical origin of the Pucelle and all her doings, a manly faith in the God who masters devils would have overcome her. But Bedford did not say — though she was in English hands at the time of her imprisonment in the shameful tower which still lifts its head at Rouen, and though the power of England was an accomplice in her trial before a spiritual court — what was the nature of the duration and of the process undergone by her. We know that instructions had been given by King Henry that, if she were acquitted, she should be detained in his keeping. And we know what steps were taken to avert that acquittal. In order to do her to death, foul means of every kind were employed by those who had conspired to destroy her — including the perversion of her answers, the insertion in the records of the proceedings of false and brutally injurious statements, the infliction of all the hardships

¹ Cf. Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. I, p. 398.

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of the dungeon, and the terrors of threatened torture.¹ It was virtually Bedford who sent her to her doom, though French bishops share the responsibility of her death with the English statesman; Beaufort too is stated to have been present at her execution, and (more dubiously) to have ordered her ashes to be thrown into the Seine. Such is said to have been the fate, when Henry VI entered Paris a few months later, of the young shepherd who had tried to play her part over again. We are naturally apt to overlook the craven desertion of the Pucelle by the King, who owed to her his crown, in view of the bigoted abhorrence which was the one feeling entertained towards her by Bedford and the English Court. But it is impossible to ignore the fact that, though the prejudices of her foes might, in the unhappy episode of the *Pucelle* in the "First Part of Henry VI" have accepted as true the monstrous fiction of her colloquy with the fiends, those who were directly responsible for her doom must have known the abominable accusations suggested in the following scene (derived, as a matter of fact, from the English chroniclers) to be themselves nothing but diabolical lies.

I do not think that it is necessary to touch, except in passing, on a very different aspect of the relations, actual or supposed, to history of the "Henry VI" plays. The late Mr. Richard Simpson, a writer whose range of knowledge was only less notable than his subtlety of mind, was at the pains of attempting to demonstrate in "Henry VI" a series of veiled allusions to the condition of affairs in England, "when Leicester ruled the roast by ruling the Queen." He makes light of the circumstance that the favourite's death took place in 1588 (citing, as likewise composed after that event, Nashe's Apologue of the

¹ Cf. Pauli, *u. s.*, vol. V, p. 224.

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Bear in "Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication"); while he attaches much weight to the fact that in "Leicester's Commonwealth" the reign of Henry VI is specially noted as similar to that of Elizabeth. But the parallels which he is able to suggest are so remarkably vague and florid, that I do not think it worth while to dwell further upon what seems nothing more than an ingenious paradox.¹

I have come to the conclusion that it would be unwarrantable and against kind on the present occasion to follow the example of those writers who have dealt with the three Parts of "Henry VI" mainly from the point of view of the authorship of the several dramas, and have accordingly felt themselves justified in discussing the Second and Third Parts before dealing, and naturally more briefly, with the First. This method was adopted by the late Mr. Grant White² and his faithful follower Mr. G. L. Rives;³ by Mr Fleay;⁴ and by Miss Jane Lee,⁵ whose inquiry into the whole subject I have re-read with increased admiration of the completeness of her research, as well as of the lucidity of her argument; and I have resorted to it myself in a previous summary introduction to "Henry VI."⁶ But here, where the text of the plays awaits and invites study, the relations of the several portions of that text to one another are best treated as an open question. Moreover, it would be

¹ See Richard Simpson, "On the Politics of Shakspeare's Historical Plays" in "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1874, pp. 419 *seq.*

² "Works of William Shakspeare." Boston, 1859, vol. VII. See also "Posthumous Studies on Shakspeare," 1885.

³ Harness Prize Essay. Cambridge, 1874.

⁴ "Who wrote Henry VI?" in "Macmillan's Magazine," November, 1875. See also "The Marlowe Group of Plays" in Mr. Fleay's "Life of Shakspeare."

⁵ "On the Authorship of Parts II and III of Henry VI" (with supplements). "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1875-6.

⁶ "History of English Dramatic Literature" (2d ed.), 1899, vol. II, pp. 58-74.

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unfair, whatever may be the true version of the process by which these three plays were combined into a single trilogy, to criticise any one part of that trilogy—or indeed any portion of a chronicle history—by itself. Even in the “First Part of Henry VI,” “scrappy” and unactable as it may appear when presented on the modern stage, many things manifestly have found a place because of the dramatic requirements of the ensuing Parts; and results, however crude, should not be judged out of their connexion with a general design. Even on the assumption that Shakespeare’s share in Part I was confined to particular scenes or passages inserted by him in other men’s handiwork, it must have been his purpose to offer all these three Parts as a single theatrical whole, which his fellow-actors who made themselves responsible for the first collected edition of his plays thought themselves justified in designating as his. In other words, he considered the “First Part” indispensable for an intelligent appreciation of the Second and Third. And indeed, how could it have been otherwise?

Beyond a doubt the “Henry VI” plays in their whole character belong to that group of Shakespearean histories which deal with the great dynastic struggle between the houses of Lancaster and York, rather than to the group, maturer in treatment, which in the chronology of its subjects begins with “King John” and closes with “Henry V.” In the history of the Shakespearean drama these two groups may be said to be connected together by “Richard II.” While “Richard III” is, like “Henry VI,” still to all intents the dramatisation (with whatever amount of freedom) of historical narrative, “Richard II” is already, as Grant White describes it, a tragic dramatic poem founded upon historical events; but the emancipation of

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the dramatic action from the epic matter is complete in "King John," as it is in "Henry IV" and in "Henry V." "Henry VIII" stands apart; though in "Henry VI"¹ as well as in "Richard III," the accession of the Tudor dynasty is kept in view as the solution of the country's troubles, the author or authors of "Henry VIII" in their turn have in mind a later consummation. It is likewise undeniable that the connexion between "Henry VI" (or the First Part of it) and "Henry V" cannot be regarded as organic. The last six lines of the Epilogue to "Henry V," which I cite in a note for reference,² and whose bearing upon the question of the authorship of "Henry VI" and of the First Part of it in particular will be discussed further on, are certainly very far from representing "Henry VI" as anything like a continuation of "Henry V." Nor in truth could there easily have been a more extraordinary progress in artistic power and merit than that which the latter play exhibits as compared with the trilogy. And yet the instinct — shall we say the editorial instinct — was a sound one which regarded the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" as incomplete without the First. They treat of the collapse of the house of Lancaster and the rise, notwithstanding the catastrophe of its chief, of the rival house; but this collapse and its consequences were due to a period of weakness, discord, and misgovernment that could not be fully displayed without an exposition of their most palpable result, with which the later Parts

¹ See King Henry's speech to young Richmond in the "Third Part of Henry VI," Act IV, sc. vi.

² "Henry the sixth, in infant bands crowned King
Of France and England, did this King succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

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could only incidentally concern themselves — namely, the loss of France. It is true that in actual history this loss was not complete till an advanced period of Henry VI's reign; for the end of the Hundred Years' War has to be dated from the final loss of Bordeaux in 1453. But the author or authors of "Henry VI" fully availed themselves of the freedom in the manipulation of dates open to dramatists, so that the death of the Talbots in Gascony is advanced into Part I; and, as a matter of fact, the beginning of the end had arrived when Suffolk sacrificed Maine in order to secure for his master the hand of Margaret of Anjou (1444-45), and a further irretrievable stage in its accomplishment had been the loss of Normandy during the ascendancy of the same Suffolk (1450). The loss of France, so galling to English pride, thus brings home to the spectator or reader more effectively than this could be done in any other way a condition of things in which England itself was to slip out of the hold of the reigning house.

I propose, therefore, in the first instance to deal with the "First Part of Henry VI" as it stands, with the impressions which it creates, and with the sources to which it was indebted.

The events with which Part I is concerned are for the most part such as occurred between the accession of Henry VI to the throne, when nine months of age, in September, 1422, and his marriage to Margaret of Anjou on April 23, 1445. These are, so to speak, the chronological landmarks of the play; but since, as already indicated, its primary purpose was to exhibit the decline and fall of the English power in France, where its scene is for the most part laid, it is to this purpose that the course of affairs

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and the order of events introduced have to accommodate themselves.¹

It may be useful, before proceeding further, to illustrate this cardinal fact by a reference to the successive acts and scenes of the play. It opens (Act I, sc. i) with the exequies of Henry V, who died in 1422; but most of the events of which the humiliating tidings are brought to the side of the royal hero's bier happened long after his death, — some, as will be seen a little further on, never happened at all. The news of Talbot's abandonment of his march on Orleans, and his retreat on Patay (though artfully dated as having taken place on "the tenth of August last"), could not have arrived before the end of June, 1429 — as it was on the 18th of that month that Talbot was defeated and taken prisoner at Patay. The siege of Orleans, with which sc. ii of the same act is concerned, began in October, 1428. The quarrel between Gloucester and Beaufort, which follows in sc. iii, is not seriously misplaced, as its origin was probably the proceedings in council in the course of January, 1427.² The release of Talbot from prison, which enables him in sc. iv to take part in the siege of Orleans (which had been raised in May, 1429) actually occurred in 1433 (or 1434).

In Act II the first historical event (for all the preceding scenes are fictitious) is the death, in sc. v, of

¹ I content myself with directing attention to the very able, and in some respects very suggestive application of his method of a "Time-Analysis of the Plots of Shakespeare's Plays" by Mr. P. A. Daniel, to the trilogy of "Henry VI." See "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1877-9, pp. 298, *seq.* He brings the First Part into eight days (with certain intervals), while the actual historical period covered by its main course may be reckoned at two years and four months.

² A short account of the quarrel is to be found in the anonymous "Chronicle of London" (Cleopatra, CIV), which is alone in stating that "the Mayor of london," with his city following, "stood by" Gloucester "ageyne the Bysshop of Winchester." In "Chronicles of London," ed. by C. L. Kingsford, Oxford, 1905, p. 130.

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Mortimer (1425); though it actually took place in Ireland, and not, as in the play, in the Tower. The quarrel in Parliament between the king's "uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester," in sc. i of Act III, follows on well enough; though its actual outbreak was not in London, but in Leicester at the "Parliament of Bats" (so called because, other weapons being prohibited, those who entered the town were armed with clubs, like London 'prentices). But the events in France are again very "mixed" as to their dates. A French attempt to take Rouen was made in August, 1431, but some months after the death of the Pucelle, who in sc. ii "joineth Rouen with her countrymen"; and Bedford, who dies in the same scene, did not actually expire (at Rouen, after his repulse at Lagny) till 1435. The Duke of Burgundy's desertion of the English side (sc. iii) follows on appropriately, inasmuch as it actually occurred in this year 1435; but it is needless to observe that the Pucelle had no concern in it—she had been martyred four years earlier. After this it seems but a trifling inaccuracy that, in sc. iv, Talbot should be created Earl of Shrewsbury at Paris; the peerage was really conferred on him at home in England, in 1442.

In Act IV, sc. i, we are taken back to the year 1431, when the young King Henry VI was crowned at Paris (in Notre Dame, not in "a hall of state"), as a counter-demonstration to the coronation of Charles VII at Rheims; but we very suddenly move forward, as already pointed out, in scenes ii–vii, which are concerned with the expedition, in 1452, of Shrewsbury (Talbot) to Gascony, his recovery of Bordeaux, and his defeat and death before Chatillon. Act V with further audacity gathers up such threads of the narrative as remain to be collected

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for the purposes of the play, and especially for establishing a continuity with the action that is to follow in the later Parts. In sc. i we hear of the project of marrying King Henry to a daughter of Count John of Armagnac,¹ which was put forward in 1442; and in the same scene the Bishop of Winchester appears as a newly created cardinal, whereas the historical Henry Beaufort had been granted permission to accept the long coveted hat as far back as 1427. In sc. iii the English attack Angers, of which Salisbury abandoned the siege in 1428; and in the same scene the Pucelle, who first came forward in 1429, and was not made a captive till the following year, is taken prisoner by the English (she was really taken by the Burgundians). Suffolk's capture of and by Margaret in the same scene is of course fictitious; but between scenes iv (the condemnation of the Pucelle) and v (Henry's commission to Suffolk to secure Margaret's hand for the King) there intervened in history a period of thirteen years (1431-44).

Though the chronology of the "First Part of Henry VI" is thus desperately confused, and almost suggests the notion that every notable incident of the reign not dramatised in the "Contention" and "True Tragedy," and accordingly used in the Second or the Third Part, has been forced into service, yet all the scenes are taken direct from the chroniclers, with three exceptions of importance. These are the three romantic scenes which have not hitherto proved traceable to any known source; namely, Act II, sc. ii (Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne); Act II, sc. iv (the

¹ In the play he has but one daughter; he actually had three, and Henry VI, with an exercise of volition uncommon in him, insisted that, after seeing the portraits of each, he should be allowed to choose between them.

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famous plucking of the roses in the Temple Garden) ; and Act V, sc. iii (the capture of Margaret by Suffolk and his falling in love with her). The substance of the play is, as already stated, to be found in both Halle and Holinshed ; but one incident (Act I, sc. ii) occurs in Holinshed alone ; another (Act IV, scenes v and vi) in Halle alone ; and a third (Act III, sc. i) only in Fabyan. The vindication of Gloucester and the charges against Cardinal Beaufort came from Halle and the "Mirror." A few touches may indicate an acquaintance with Monstrelet (the Paris edition of 1572).

Act I. — The opening scene, which begins with the funeral of King Henry V, is admirably conceived, and its first forty-seven lines at all events show an animation which falls away in the course of Bedford's patriotic speech. It was not suggested by any authority ; and, as already noted, a host of striking events are inevitably antedated, in order to compress the various elements of the needful exposition into the first scene of the play. The list of the possessions lost in France is, like that of the Dauphin's supporters, merely a recital of well-known names. All the events mentioned, including the Messenger's circumstantial account of the battle of Patay and Fastolf's flight "without stroke stricken" are, with the exception of the "base Walloon's" thrust, to be found in both Halle and Holinshed ; it may be worth mentioning that Monstrelet gives 6000 as the original number of Salisbury's troops, and says that Henry VI landed at Calais on "St. George's day." Even the "oaths to Henry sworn" (l. 162) may refer to the chroniclers' report of Henry V's injunction never to treat with the Dauphin. Again, the resolve of Winchester (who steps forward in approved style at the end of the scene to announce himself as the villain of the play) to kidnap the

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king at Eltham, was suggested by Gloucester's allegation in 1426 of this as a charge against his rival.

In scene ii, which opens with a simile of novel force, but which cannot lay claim to much general distinction of style, the account of the siege of Orleans, and the references to Talbot and Salisbury, are drawn from the two chronicles, though Talbot had not at the time been taken prisoner. Ll. 9-13 look like a forecast of "Henry V," Act III, sc. vii, ll. 138 *seq.* Though the Pucelle was not introduced to Charles by the Bastard, he afterwards became one of her principal supporters, and his prominence in the play only reflects the constant mention of him by the chronicles. The details of the interview between the Pucelle and the Dauphin (of which Schiller afterwards made so poetic a use) come from Holinshed, who tells how Charles, after "shadowing himself behind, setting other gay lords before him," was detected by Jeanne, and had her to the end of the gallery in secret and private talk, "that of his privy chamber was thought very long." He also notes that her sword was chosen "from among old iron"; but it is Halle who suggests that she "probably" had "a foul face." The combat is fictitious, as are the base passages of the colloquy between the Dauphin and the Pucelle.

The account of the siege of Orleans is broken off to make room for a scene (iii), lively and well calculated to entertain a citizen audience in chronicle history fashion, dealing with the fray between Gloucester and Winchester, as described by Halle, Holinshed, and Fabyan.

Scenes iv-vi resume the narration of the siege, the story of the tower, the gunner's boy, and the deaths of Gargrave and Salisbury (which lacks true tragic power), being an almost literal transcript from Halle or Holinshed. These authorities, however, are not responsible for Talbot's ad-

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dressing the dying Salisbury as "Plantagenet"; but his actual name, Montacute, does not occur in the passages, and Bedford is there made to call him "cousin." "Plantagenet," as a name to conjure with, recurs so often in the "Henry VI" plays, as to make it worth noticing that this is not in imitation of the chroniclers — who hardly ever introduce the name — but of the "Mirror for Magistrates." The presence on the occasion of Talbot is a deliberate alteration of the statements of the chroniclers, who mention Suffolk as in command at Orleans; but the exchange of Talbot for Pothon de Xaintrilles is merely antedated. Talbot has to take his place as the hero proper of the play, just as he is in point of fact the hero of the chronicles; "his only name," says Halle, "was and is dreadful to the French nation; and with it nurses would terrify children."² His combat with the Pucelle is of course fictitious, and is presented with the utmost crudeness. The revolting conception of the final scene of this act, in which the Dauphin bespatters the victorious Maid with a shower of classical allusions may likewise be placed to the credit, or discredit, of its writer.

Act II. — The recovery of Orleans from the French, described in sc. i of Act II, is evidently based on Halle's account of the recovery of Le Mans (copied by Grafton and Holinshed), Bedford and Burgundy being substituted for Scales and Gough. "There the English made a sally, crying 'St. George, Talbot!' and the Frenchmen which were scarce up . . . rose out of their beds in their shirts and leapt over the walls. Others ran naked out of the

¹ York's claim to the crown was on October 16, 1460, formally laid before the Lords in the name of "Richard Plantagenet." Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. II, p. 232.

² He is said to be celebrated as "*le roi Talbot*" in ballads still sung on the banks of the Garonne. *Ib.*, p. 156, from Ribardieu's "Guienne." — Attention may be directed to the old French play, "*Le Siège d'Orléans*," Creizenach; vol. I, p. 373.

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gates . . .” Halle and the “Mirror” elsewhere relate that the mere cry of “Salisbury!” put the French to flight (cf. l. 79). It will be noticed that in this scene the degradation of the Pucelle ^{“artistically”} continues.

For the subjects of scenes iii and iv, as has been already stated, no authority is known to exist. No praise could be too high for the conception and execution of the immortal Temple Garden scene, or for the dramatic skill with which its supposed historical importance is suggested. Yet, as is sometimes the case with the most striking “historical” anecdotes, that of the origin of the designation “the Wars of the Roses” appears to be wholly imaginary, inasmuch as no rose was known as a party badge during the Civil War period besides the White Rose of York.¹ “Young” Somerset was actually a seasoned warrior. Warwick seems throughout the play to be a confusion of the Beauchamp and Neville successive holders of the title. The mention of the attainder and its reversal cannot be derived from Halle, Holinshed, or Fabyan; but the suggestion that York’s father (evidently supposed by the playwright to have been a Duke of York) was “no traitor” probably comes from the story in the “Mirror,” that Cambridge and his confederates pretended to have been bribed by France to shield March, staining themselves with shame in order to save their friend from blame.

The picture presented in sc. v of Mortimer brought from a dungeon, as well as the remembrance of his early greatness in arms, are inventions, doubtless traceable to the erroneous statement of Halle and Holinshed that he had “long time been restrained of his liberty and finally waxed lame . . . whose inheritance descended to the Lord Rich-

¹ It is stated to have been borne by Richard Duke of York, in right of Clifford Castle. But Edward IV, in his expansive way, constituted it his proper device in conjunction with the radiant sun. See Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. II, p. 269, note.

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ard Plantagenet." Mortimer actually died in Ireland, in 1425. It is to be regretted that the bold conception of this scene, which begins powerfully, should not have been effectively carried through its course, instead of dwindling down to the close.

Act III. — The lively first scene of this act, though perhaps hardly adequate as a dramatic representation of so momentous a contention, represents the "Parliament of Bats," held at Leicester in 1426 (see above). The chroniclers state Gloucester's bill of complaints against Beaufort to have consisted of six articles. One charged him with the intention of stealing the King from Eltham (cf. Act I, sc. i); another brought forward the suspicions of King Henry V (cf. Act I, sc. iii, l. 24); and a third dwelt on the ambush laid by him for Gloucester on London Bridge. The Mayor's petition gives two details from Fabyan, who is also our warrant for the favour with which the citizens regarded the Duke and their hatred of the Cardinal; noting that the citizens were forced by the fray to shut their shops; and also that, at Leicester, the retainers, debarred from the use of weapons, trussed stones and plummets of lead in their bosoms. The reconciliation between the rivals, and the investiture of Richard as Duke of York, are in both Halle and Holinshed. The old Duke of Exeter (Thomas Beaufort) died shortly after the holding of the Parliament; and the saying cited by him at the end of the scene is attributed by Halle and Holinshed to King Henry V himself.

In scene ii we find reminiscences of several incidents of the war located at Rouen,¹ famous for its sieges, and unsuccessfully assailed by the French in both 1431 and 1432. Holinshed, for instance, tells how six disguised

¹ Here pronounced in the English fashion, but a dissyllable earlier in the play.

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English soldiers, carrying sacks and baskets, captured the castle of Cornell. He, also, is the authority for Cœur de Lion's heart being buried in Rouen (where the monument containing it is still shown in the Cathedral).

The reconciliation of the Duke of Burgundy with Charles VII, represented in scene iii, was accomplished by the Treaty of Arras, a few days before the death (September 15, 1432) and burial of Bedford at Rouen. But the details in the play, especially of course the frank "new diplomacy" of the Pucelle, are fictitious.¹ The Duke of Orleans had really, as Halle states, been detained in England in order to please Burgundy, and was not released till 1440.

Act IV.—The coronation of Henry VI at Paris, by Cardinal Beaufort, took place in 1431, when he was eight years old. The representation of this event in scene i, which may be taken together with the last scene (iv) of the preceding Act, is full of inaccuracies. It has been already mentioned that Talbot was created Earl of Shrewsbury eleven years later, in England; and the appeal to Henry V's high opinion of him in l. 18 is of course a blunder. Bedford, but not Gloucester or Somerset, was present; and Bedford, say Halle and Holinshed, took away Fastolfe's² garter, but afterwards restored it; which, as Monstrelet relates, caused *grand débat* between Talbot and "Fascot." Burgundy's letter, with its blunt superscription, is likewise in accordance with authority; but its date was 1435. Both Halle and Holinshed describe Somerset's jealousy of York, made Regent of France in 1435, and attribute largely to this cause and

¹ Her *aside* "Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again," is, considering the situation, about as impudent an appeal to the groundlings as could be found in a serious drama.

² Always spelt "Falstaffe" in the Folio of 1623.

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to the hindrance offered by Somerset to the reinforcement of York the loss of that kingdom. The fictitious squabble between two retainers introduced into this scene is dramatically well designed as showing the actual permanence of the quarrel between their lords. Equally unhistorical, as already explained, is the assumption of a red rose as a badge by King Henry in the course of his fine flow of rhetoric towards the end of this scene.

The scenes (ii, v, and vi) concerned with the death of Talbot are derived from Halle's very full account of the battle of Châtillon (1453), including the park of artillery on the intrenched ground to which Talbot was enticed. Even the conversation between Talbot and his son, Lord Lisle, is distinctly outlined in Halle; though the *stichomythia* of their dialogue, as well as the references to the "sire of Crete" and his Icarus, points to academical elaboration, while the rimes in both scene v and scene vi increase the difficulty of conjecturing the author of this poor but apparently effective stuff.

As to the Sir William Lucy who makes his appearance in scenes iii, iv, and vii, there was a William Lucy at Charlecote about this time, who was killed in the battle of Northampton; but his heraldry is not over-accurate. No Talbot ever held the titles of Cromwell or Falconbridge — Lord Cromwell was in the King's presence when he received the Duke of Burgundy's letter and drew Henry's attention to the insult. Of the French present in scene vii, only Charles was at Châtillon.

Act V. — In reference to scene i, it should be noted that Halle and Holinshed state that the "Earl of Armagnac" in 1442 offered one of his daughters to King Henry VI with "silver hills and mountains of gold," and that ambassadors had concluded the marriage, when the French

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took the Earl and his two daughters captive. Fabyan, however, attributes the breaking-off of the match to Suffolk. Beaufort had been nominated Cardinal in 1417; but, as already mentioned, Henry V refused his assent, because he would not have a subject of his to be his prince's peer; and leave was not granted till 1427. The "Mirror" spitefully adds that he bought his Hat with "not God's angels, but angels of old gold."

Paris was not actually recovered by the French till 1436; but it is well that even in so shamelessly perverted a record of the Pucelle's deeds, her heroic and singularly ill-fated attempt to restore its capital to France should not have been passed by without notice (scene ii).

Scenes iii and iv are fictitious; but Salisbury had begun the siege of Angers before that of Orleans. As to so much of these scenes as refers to the Pucelle, Halle, Holinshed, and Fabyan all contain vile abuse of her; the shameful l. 62 in scene iv is from Fabyan.

Though the meeting (in scene iii) of Suffolk and Margaret at Angers¹ is a fictitious incident, scene v adopts Halle's full and gratuitously false account of Suffolk's responsibility for the marriage of Henry and Margaret, which he had devised while at the peace conference at Tours. He extolled before the King and Council the personage of the Princess, "as who would say she was of such excellent beauty and of so high a parentage that almost no King or Emperor was worthy to be her make." Gloucester, says Halle, resisted the marriage, because of the pre-contract with Armagnac and the bride's poverty. The truth—that Orleans pro-

¹ Suffolk's "She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore to be won"—

inevitably suggests a comparison with a passage in "Richard III;" but of this below.

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posed the match, supported by the Beauforts—is not given by any of the chroniclers; but none of them—not even Halle, Yorkist and anti-Beaufort though he was in his sympathies—breathes a word of scandal or even of a personal nature as to the relations between Suffolk and Margaret. This adventitious calumny is due to the playwright. Suffolk was old enough to be Margaret's father, and his wife attended her to England.

From the point of view of style and diction, the most striking characteristic of the "First Part of Henry VI" is beyond a doubt the large element of bombast contained in it—bombast at times quite unintentionally comic; at other times, whether intentionally or not, devoid of meaning. Ancient Pistol could hardly have outdone "old Talbot," when (Act IV, sc. iv) he comforts Salisbury, one of whose eyes a shot has just "struck off," by the following simile:

"One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace :
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world."

And from what anthology of lovers' nonsense could Suffolk have culled a figure so unintelligible as the following (Act V, sc. iii):

"As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes."

The alliteration in which the play abounds, and which may generally be described as explosive rather than melodious, seems to be part of its bombast. It is mostly reserved for the use of great nobles—especially for Talbot, for Mortimer, and (though in a less ample measure) for Warwick; and it seems on the whole to

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be more frequently employed in the first three acts than in the last two. Rime is not largely introduced, except in scenes iii and v-vii of Act IV, where both the Talbots discourse almost entirely in rime, and where it is noticeable that alliteration almost entirely disappears. In other scenes rime concludes a few speeches; elsewhere it is employed occasionally, but without any obvious purpose. More peculiar is what may be described as a constant repetition of words—sometimes of sounds—to which some ears may possibly be more sensitive than others, but which to mine (certain Greek analogies notwithstanding) conveys a certain impression of awkward energy—like the speech of a pedantic and unpolished schoolmaster. To be sure, some emphasis is gained, even though it is not always the emphasis of antithesis; and the attention of the audience is thus more certainly arrested; but this is at the expense of euphony, and of a pleasing flow of style.¹

In the diction of this play there is observable a tendency to tautology of expression, which seems to be

¹ A long list of instances of the use of this trick in the "First Part of Henry VI" lies before me; but the reader will, if he chooses, find no difficulty in compiling one for himself. By way of example, take the following from Act I, sc. iii:

Villains, answer you so the lord protector?—
The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are willed.—
Who will'd you, or whose will stands but mine?

What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Do what thou darest; I heard thee to thy face.—
What! am I dared and bearded to my face?

Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.—
Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure."

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distinctive of it as compared with Parts II and III. Such combinations as "replete with mirth and joy," "black and swart" (Act I, sc. ii), recur in several later scenes.¹ They may be regarded as exemplifications of a certain carelessness of style, or perhaps of a kind of indolence which resorts to the means most readily at hand for making up a line.² Careless phraseology is also here and there to be noticed.³ On the other hand, we find, not only a very large number of classical similes and allusions, which Part I affects like the two other Parts,⁴ but also some out-of-the-way words, coined or imported, and not recurring in either of these.⁵ The omission of the definite article in such phrases as "to sun's parching heat" (Act I, sc. ii, l. 77), "if Dauphin and the rest" (Act III, sc. iii, l. 8), "the sound of drum" (*ib.* 29), and the insertion of it, not, I think, to be met with elsewhere in Shakespeare, before proper names such as "the Talbot" (Act II, sc. ii, iii, and Act III, sc. iii), and "the Burgundy" (Act III, sc. iii), may be due to carelessness, or, more probably, to a desire for peculiarity.

¹ "Blame and lay the fault" (Act I, sc. i); "the middle centre" (Act II, sc. ii); "Enter, go in" (Act III, sc. ii); "Warlike and martial Talbot" (*ib.*).

² Another expedient not unfrequently employed for this purpose is the use of the termination *-eth* (3d pers. sing. present), where not specially called for, as in Act I, sc. ii, l. 15: "Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury"; and again in ll. 26 and 34 of the same scene.

³ "Await for" (Act I, sc. i, l. 48); "whether that such cowards" (Act IV, sc. i, l. 28). Compare also the careless use at the close of lines of sounds which are imperfect rimes to sounds ending the lines preceding, such as "talk — smock" (Act I, sc. ii, ll. 118-119), and several other instances.

⁴ The comparison of promises quickly redeemed to Adonis' gardens, "That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next" (Act I, sc. vi, ll. 6-7) is from Plato's *Phædrus*. The one Scriptural allusion (Act I, sc. ii, l. 105), "thou fightest with the sword of Deborah," is not strictly accurate.

⁵ "Extirped"; "expulsed"; "venge this wrong"; "reguerdon" (all in Act III, sc. iii, the last also in Act III, sc. i); "neglection" (Act IV, sc. iii). "Corrosive," "contumeliously," reappear in later Parts.

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Something will be said later as to the contrast between the general effect of Part I and that created by Part II and, though not in quite the same degree, by Part III of "Henry VI" — a contrast which impressed itself very forcibly upon those who witnessed the performance of these dramas, in succession to one another, on the occasion of their recent revival at Stratford-on-Avon. The First Part, however, must always stand apart from the Second and Third, not only because of a difference in some of their respective characteristics, but because of the fact that of the First Part no earlier dramatic source exists such as those which we possess in the case of the Second and Third Parts; nor is there any evidence to show that any such play at any time existed, or that it was to some play of the kind that Henslowe and Nashe refer in the two passages already cited. Thus the First Part must be judged, for what it is worth, as an original work; and the question hereupon arises as to who was its author.

A consensus of more or less recent criticism rejects the supposition that Shakespeare is to be held responsible for the whole of the play — though in such a supposition the early school of Shakespeare critics, notably Schlegel and Tieck, followed by Ulrici, saw nothing strange. Among English editors and commentators, Charles Knight, to whom the popular study of Shakespeare in his own land is deeply indebted, and among whose many excellent qualities courage was not the least conspicuous, practically stands alone in upholding the Shakespearean authorship of the entire "Henry VI" trilogy (which he regarded as forming, together with "Richard III," a complete unity), and therefore implicitly also of the First Part. On the other side of the controversy nearly every shade of opinion has its representa-

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tive. So far back as 1777 Maurice Morgaun, in his admirable, if paradoxical, essay "On the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff," made reference to "that drum and trumpet thing called the 'First Part of Henry VI,' written doubtless, or rather exhibited, long before Shakespeare was born, though afterwards repaired, I think, and furnished up by him, with here and there a little sentiment and diction." Malone, who considered that Shakespeare had no concern in Part I, unless it were in the matter of one or two scenes, held that this play, as it now lies before us, is "the entire or nearly the entire production of some ancient dramatist"¹ earlier than Shakespeare. The best-founded sections of his argument insisted on the un-Shakespearean character of the diction, versification, and allusions — the last including those mythological and historical allusions which, instead of arising naturally out of the text, "seem to be inserted merely to show the author's learning." Malone saw no difficulty in the hypothesis that Shakespeare, for the advantage of his own theatre, made a few additions to the First Part, in order to bring it into line with the Second and Third, after they had been performed there; and this explanation would, he thought, sufficiently account for Hemynge and Condell's admission of the First Part, side by side with the Second and Third, into their Folio. Malone's view, as has been seen, met with very general acceptance; and N. Drake even went a step beyond it, by proposing to exclude the First Part absolutely from the canon of Shakespeare's works, as exhibiting no trace whatever of his hand. In Germany, too, so conservative a critic as Gervinus, with whom textual criticism was a matter of secondary importance, held that Shakespeare's share in the play was confined to those pas-

¹ Dissertation on the "Three Parts of K. Henry VI," etc., in vol. XVIII of the "Variorum Shakespeare" (1821).

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sages which connect it with the Second and Third Parts; and such was also the opinion of Hallam, who, though inferior to Gervinus as a critic, was like him distinguished both by sobriety of judgment and by a certain breadth of view. On the other hand it is noticeable that Coleridge, who was great enough as a poet to make his impressions of importance in such a matter, held that many lines in the play were by Shakespeare. This clearly meant something more than the view of Grant White, according to which Shakespeare had "little or nothing to do with the writing of the 'First Part of Henry VI'; but possibly he may have touched its substance and modified its form here and there, sufficiently to bring it into keeping with Parts II and III, and with 'Richard III,' which was produced very soon afterwards."

Since the question is wholly one of internal evidence, it is the reverse of wonderful that there should be no agreement either as to which are the Shakespearean passages in this unlucky play — I term it unlucky, as one would describe a man as unfortunate who "cannot call his soul his own" — or as to the identity of the author or authors of so much in it as is not Shakespearean. Of these two problems the former does not seem to me quite so much in the air as the latter. Each reader must be left to put his finger with more or less of confidence upon particular passages; but few will contend against the feeling of certainty that the spirit of such a speech as that of Talbot's beginning

"He fables not; I hear the enemy" —

(Act IV, scene ii) or so inimitable a touch of humour as the Mayor's reflection —

"Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year" —

(Act I, scene iii) came from any other hand.

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But when we pass from single lines or particular passages to entire scenes, or portions of scenes, the difficulty becomes more serious; and much, for instance, as I should be inclined to follow Dr. Furnivall in attributing to Shakespeare the stirring Temple Garden Scene of the Red and White Roses (Act II, scene iv), I should prefer even in such a case to refrain from asserting a conviction. And I confess myself far less inclined to give a full assent to Mr. Fleay's contention that the later Talbot scenes (Act IV, scenes ii-vii) as a whole, or the episode of Talbot's death in particular, are by Shakespeare. Assuredly, it cannot have been the same hand that wrote Talbot's speech in scene ii, referred to above, and his speeches, which I forbear from criticising, in scene vii.

Finally, can we give any satisfactory answer to the second of these problems—who wrote the substance of the play? It seems superfluous to discuss the conclusions advanced by Mr. Fleay in his earlier and ampler discussion of the subject¹—although the views of a critic of an assiduity and an acuteness alike so extraordinary are not to be neglected because, as forming part of an investigation necessarily progressive in its nature, they may have since been in a greater or less measure superseded. Mr. Fleay at one time thought two hands discernible through nearly the whole of the play, with certain exceptions reserved as exhibiting a later, and perhaps Shakespearean co-operation. These hands he considered to be Marlowe's and Greene's. But I cannot think that the distinction which he assumed between the Marlowe and the Greene scenes—the latter of which he believed to include the body of the French portion of the action of the play—was of its nature maintainable. As Mr.

¹ "Who Wrote Henry VI," *u. s.*

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Fleay himself pointed out, it was the Marlowe of "Tamburlaine," not the Marlowe of "Faustus," whose hand seemed traceable in the more sustained part of the drama. And I cannot perceive that there was any feature in the profusion of similes and allusions, drawn from classical mythology and history, proper to one University wit rather than to another. Thus, as except in a touch here or there, no test was in this instance applicable derived from those variations of style whose origin is really traceable to differences in power of thought or force of emotion, the partition was hardly one that could be permanently upheld. And, in point of fact, Mr. Fleay, with the candour which is an essential part of his critical faculty, came to confess that the authorship of the "First Part of Henry VI" cannot be categorically assigned to any one or two writers. He afterwards¹ thought that the shares in it might be distributed, according to chronological groups, mainly but not altogether in succession to one another, between Marlowe, Greene or Kyd, Peele possibly, Lodge certainly, and, so far as the Talbot scenes are concerned, Shakespeare.

In other words, we have here no question of probability, either strong or other, but merely a reasonably fair chance of our being able to arrive at a satisfactory guess at the genesis of this play. It was put together in a hurry; it offers few indications either of characters or of situations thought out with care, and still fewer illustrations (though such are not altogether absent) of original genius asserting, as it were in passing, its power of interpretation of facts or suggestion of their significance. Several playwrights, whose characteristics of style were in part

¹ "Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare" (1886), p. 255.

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common to them — except in the case of Marlowe, who may not yet have reached the full development of his powers, while Greene's imitative capacity seems in the present connexion more noticeable than his special *nuances* of manner — are likely to have taken part in the work of composition ; and at an earlier or later date the hand of a revisor — whose name was afterwards deliberately associated with the play, and some of whose characteristics as a dramatist we are inclined to fancy unmistakable — retouched, perhaps supplemented, the work as a whole. Why should we desire to go further ?

A. W. WARD.

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**THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY VI**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

KING HENRY the Sixth.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, uncle to the King, and Protector.

DUKE OF BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and Regent of France.

THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.

HENRY BEAUFORT, great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.

JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.

JOHN TALBOT, his son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

Mayor of London.

WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.

VERNON, of the White-Rose or York faction.

BASSET, of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.

A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.

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, and his Son.

General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

¹ This play was first printed in the First Folio of 1623. It is there divided into Acts, but Act IV is alone divided into separate Scenes. No list of "dramatis personæ" is given, nor is there any indication of the "Scene." Both were first supplied by Rowe.



ACT FIRST—SCENE I

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY the Fifth, attended on by the DUKE OF BEDFORD, Regent of France; the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Protector; the DUKE OF EXETER, the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

BEDFORD



UNG BE THE HEAVENS
with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of
times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in
the sky,
And with them scourge the bad
revolting stars
That have consented unto
Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too fa-
mous 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 his beams: 10
 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, 20
 And death's dishonourable victory
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him
 By magic verses have contrived his end?

WIN. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
 Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day

-
- 1 *Hung . . . black*] A reference to the practice of draping the back of the stage with black hangings when a tragedy was performed.
- 3 *crystal tresses*] the tail of the comet. Cf. "crystal comets" in *Aurora*: sonnets by Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, 1604.
- 11 *His arms . . . dragon's wings*] Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, V, viii, 17: "The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth."
- 27 *By magic verses . . . end ?*] It was believed that incantations in verse composed and recited by witches caused death. Cf. Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Irishmen . . . affirme that they can rime either man or beast to death."

So dreadful will not be as was his sight. 30

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 churchmen
pray'd,

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

None do you like but an effeminate prince,

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

WIN. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,

And lookest to command the prince and realm.

Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,

More than God or religious churchmen may. 40

GLOU. Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh,

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

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

Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:

Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;

Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.

Posterity, await for wretched years,

When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,

Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears, 50

And none but women left to wail the dead.

Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke:

Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,

48 *await for*] be ready for, expect.

50 *nourish*] Thus the original text. Pope substituted *marish*, an obsolete form of "marsh." But "nourish" is an early variant of "nurse," and change is needless.

Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
 A far more glorious star thy soul will make
 Than Julius Cæsar or bright —

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Enter a Messenger

MESS. My honourable lords, health to you all!
 Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
 Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:
 Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, 60
 Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

BED. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
 corse?

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

GLOU. Is Paris lost? is Rouen 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 used?

MESS. No treachery; but want of men and money. 70
 Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
 That here you maintain several factions,

56 *or bright* —] The speech is interrupted by the entrance of the messenger. Bedford may have intended to add "Charlemagne," as several editors have suggested. There is no need to fill the hiatus.

60 *Guienne, . . . Orleans*] The metre halts here, even if *Rheims*, spelt *Rheimes* in the Folios, be pronounced dissyllabically. Capell inserted *Rouen* before *Orleans*, in anticipation of the reference to the place in line 65, *infra*.

64 *burst his lead*] at line 19, *supra*, the coffin is specifically described as *wooden*. The inner casing may have been of lead.

And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
 You are disputing of your generals:
 One would have lingering wars with little cost;
 Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
 A third thinks, without expense at all,
 By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
 Awake, awake, English nobility!
 Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
 Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
 Of England's coat one half is cut away.

80

EXE. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
 These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

BED. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.
 Give me my steeled coat. I'll fight for France.
 Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
 Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
 To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger

MESS. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
 France is revolted from the English quite,
 Except some petty towns of no import:
 The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;

90

72 *a field . . . fought*] a battle should be fought out to a finish.

80 *flower-de-luces*] the white lilies of France, which were quartered on the coat-of-arms of England.

83 *their flowing tides*] the flowing tides of England's tears. Theobald substituted *their* for the Folio reading *her*.

88 *intermissive miseries*] intermittent, almost continuous miseries (since Henry V's triumphant victories).

The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

EXE. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

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

BED. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts, 101
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger

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?

MESS. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large. 110
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;

110-111 *The tenth of August . . . Orleans*] The chronology is here at fault. The battle of Patay, here described, where Talbot was outmanœuvred and taken prisoner, was fought on *June 18, 1429*, six weeks *after* the English had raised the siege of Orleans, which, in this scene, is noticed as being still in progress.

115 *enrank*] set in battle array.

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; 120
 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, enraged he flew:
 The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
 All the whole army stood agazed on him:
 His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit
 A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
 And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
 Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up, 130
 If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
 He, being in the vaward, placed behind
 With purpose to relieve and follow them,
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.

124 *flew*] Rowe's emendation of the Folio reading *slew*.

126 *agazed on*] aghast at.

131 *Sir John Fastolfe*] The Folios read *Falstaffe*, which Theobald changed to *Fastolfe*. Reference is here made to the distinguished soldier, well known to contemporary historians, who successfully defended himself against the charge of cowardice which is mentioned in the text. Shakespeare afterwards bestowed a modified form of the historic warrior's name on his colossal humourist of *Hen. IV* and *M. Wives*. Apart from similarity of name the historic Fastolfe has little in common with Shakespeare's Falstaff.

132 *in the vaward*] in the van, in the front line of his own troop.

Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face. 140

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

MESS. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

BED. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend; 150
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

MESS. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply, 160
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

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

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

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. [Exit.]

EXE. To Eltham will I, where the young king is, ¹⁷⁰
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 steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II—FRANCE

BEFORE ORLEANS

*Sound a Flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER,
marching with Drum and Soldiers*

CHAR. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;

176 *steal*] The Folios awkwardly read *send*, which misrepresents the speaker's obvious meaning.

177 *sit . . . weal*] exercise supreme control of public affairs, like a master-pilot.

1 *Mars his true moving*] Mars' true motion. "His" is a common form of the genitival inflexion. Cf. III, ii, 123, *infra*: "Charles his gleeks," and IV, vi, 3, *infra*: "France his sword." Astronomers

Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
 What towns of any moment but we have?
 At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
 Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
 Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

ALÉN. They want their porridge and their fat bull-
 beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules, 10
 And have their provender tied to their mouths,
 Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

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

CHAR. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
 Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
 Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20
 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, ALÉNÇON, 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;

were notoriously puzzled by the motions of the planet Mars until Kepler published the masterly result of his observations in 1609.
 19 *forlorn*] desperate; here used somewhat ironically. The speaker imagines that the tide of French disaster has turned.

He fighteth as one weary of his life.
 The other lords, like lions wanting food,
 Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

ALLEN. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records, 30
 England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
 During the time Edward the Third did reign.
 More truly now may this be verified;
 For none but Samsons and Goliases
 It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
 Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
 They had such courage and audacity?

CHAR. Let 's leave this town; for they are hare-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. 40

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

ALLEN. Be it so.

29 *Froissart*] Jean Froissart (1333-1419), whose French chronicle of the period 1326-1400 was published in an English translation by Lord Berners (1523-1525).

30 *Olivers and Rowlands*] two of the most famous of Charlemagne's twelve valiant peers.

35 *rascals*] technically, lean deer not fit for hunting. Cf. IV, ii, 48-49, *infra*: "English deer, . . . Not rascal-like."

37 *hare-brain'd slaves*] reckless fellows.

41-42 *odd gimmors . . . clocks*] quaint contrivances or mechanism; here applied to the striking apparatus of clocks.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS

BAST. Where 's the Prince Dauphin? I have news
for him.

CHAR. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

BAST. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer ap-
pall'd:

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:

50

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which by a vision sent to her from heaven

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:

What 's past and what 's to come she can descry.

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,

For they are certain and unfallible.

CHAR. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to
try her skill,

60

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.

47 *Bastard*] This title was often employed without any sense of reproach.

48 *cheer appall'd*] countenance terror-stricken. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, III, ii, 96: "pale of *cheer*."

49 *wrought this offence*] done this harm (to your countenance).

56 *the nine sibyls*] There seems a confusion here with the *nine* books of Sibylline oracles offered to King Tarquin by the Sibyl of Cumæ. The number of the Roman Sibyls in mediæval traditions is variously given, but never appears as nine.

Re-enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, with JOAN LA PUCELLE

REIG. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

PUC. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile. 70

REIG. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

PUC. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty 80
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:

71 *She takes . . . dash*] She makes bold pretensions at the outset.

My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. 90
 Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

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

PUC. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
 Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
 The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
 Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth. 101

CHAR. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

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

[*Here they fight, and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.*]

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

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

CHAR. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help
 me:

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

91 *Resolve on this*] Be assured of this.

95 *buckle*] encounter, join in close fight. The word twice reappears in this play. Cf. IV, iv, 5, and V, iii, 28.

99 *five*] Steevens' correction of the Folio reading *fine*. Holinshed describes Joan of Arc's sword as being engraved with "*five* flower-de-luces on each side."

100 *at Touraine*] Touraine is a province of France, not a town. Holinshed describes the place as "Fierbois in Touraine."

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so, 110
 Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:
 'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

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

CHAR. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

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

ALEN. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
 Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech. 120

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

ALEN. He may mean more than we poor men do
 know:

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

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

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

CHAR. What she says I'll confirm: we'll fight it
 out.

PUC. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
 This night the siege assuredly I'll raise: 130
 Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
 Since I have entered into these wars.

121 *keeps no mean*] observes no moderation in the length of his interview.

131 *Saint Martin's summer*] An expression applied to the spell of hot weather which is occasionally experienced about St. Martin's day, November 11, after winter has set in. The speaker means "Expect prosperity after misfortune."

Glory is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
 With Henry's death the English circle ends;
 Dispersed are the glories it included.
 Now am I like that proud insulting ship
 Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

CHAR. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove? 140

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

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

REIG. Woman, do what thou canst to save our
 honours;
 Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.

CHAR. Presently we'll try: come, let's away about it:
 No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [Exeunt. 150

139 *Cæsar and his fortune*] Plutarch in his life of Julius Cæsar tells the story how Cæsar, while an unrecognised passenger on a small pinnace which got into difficulties at sea, discovered himself to the captain, saying to him: "Fear not, for thou hast *Cæsar and his fortune* with thee."

140 *Mahomet . . . dove*] According to a common mediæval tradition, Mahomet trained a dove to perch on his shoulder, pretending that the bird was an incarnation of the Holy Ghost.

142 *Helen*] The Roman Empress Helena, who, according to a legend, discovered the cross of Christ on a visit to Jerusalem in 326 A. D.

143 *Saint Philip's daughters*] The four daughters of Philip ("virgins, which did prophesy,") mentioned in *Acts* xxi, 9.

SCENE III—LONDON

~~www~~BEFORE THE TOWER

*Enter the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, with his Serving-men
in blue coats*

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

FIRST WARDER. [*Within*] Who 's there that knocks so
imperiously?

FIRST SERV. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

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

FIRST SERV. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

FIRST WARDER. [*Within*] The Lord protect him! so
we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd. 10

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?

*[Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and
Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.]*

2 *conveyance*] trickery, dishonest practice. Cf. *M. Wives*, I, iii, 27-28:

“‘*Convey*’ the wise it call. ‘Steal!’ foh! a fico for the phrase!”

4 *Gloucester*] Here pronounced trisyllabically, as in lines 6 and 62, *infra*.

13 *Break up*] Break open. Cf. *Micah* ii, 13: “they have *broken up*,
and have passed through the gate.”

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

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

WOODV. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandment 20
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 gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

SERVING-MEN. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or 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. How now, ambitious Humphry! what means this?

GLOU. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out? 30

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

GLOU. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:

30 *Peel'd*] Shaven, tonsured.

31 *proditor*] the Latin word for "traitor."

35 *Thou . . . sin*] The brothels were situated in Southwark, on land belonging to the See of Winchester.

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:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt. 40

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 darest; I beard thee to thy face.

GLOU. What! am I dared and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat:
In spite of pope or dignities of church, 50
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

WIN. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the
pope.

GLOU. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!

36 *canvass*] used here in the special sense of ensnare, catch in a net.
The term was technically applied to a means of trapping wild hawks.

39-40 *Damascus . . . Abel*] A mediæval legend placed the scene of Cain's murder of Abel near the site of Damascus.

42 *bearing-cloth*] the cloth on which a child is borne to the baptismal font.

47 *Blue . . . tawny coats*] Blue was the ordinary colour of servants' liveries in secular households, tawny of those in the service of ecclesiastics. The stage direction after line 28, *supra*, describes the Bishop of Winchester's "men" as dressed "in tawny coats."

53 *Winchester goose*] a slang term for a symptom of venereal disease.
Cf. line 35, *supra*.

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 men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers

MAY. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

GLOU. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my
wrongs:

Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, 60
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

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

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

[Here they skirmish again.]

MAY. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife 71
But to make open proclamation:
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst:
Cry.

OFF. All manner of men assembled here in arms this day
against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you,

57 *hurly-burly* (in stage direction)] general confusion. Cf. *Macb.*, I, i, 3:
"When the *hurly-burly's* done."

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

GLOU. Cardinal, I 'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large. 80

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

MAY. I 'll call for clubs, if you will not away.
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

GLOU. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou
mayst.

WIN. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt, severally, Gloucester and Winchester
with their Serving-men.*]

MAY. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt. 90

SCENE IV—ORLEANS

Enter, on the walls, a Master Gunner and his Boy

M. GUN. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

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

83 *I'll call for clubs*] "Clubs" was a common cry of bystanders when
affrays broke out in the streets, and seems intended to summon con-
stantes armed with clubs to allay the disturbance.

M. GUN. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by
me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars 10
In yonder tower to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;
And even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [Exit. 20
Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [Exit.

*Enter, on the turrets, the LORDS SALISBURY and TALBOT, SIR
WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others*

SAL. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?

10 *Wont*] Are accustomed. This is Steevens' emendation of the Folio reading *Went*.

16-18 *And even . . . longer*] Thus the First Folio. Many conjectural changes have been made to improve the metre without substantive success.

Or by what means got'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

TAL. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.

But with a baser man of arms by far
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdain'd scorn'd, and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.

30

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe 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 produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow 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.

40

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:

50

33 *vile-esteem'd*] Pope's emendation of the Folio reading *pil'd esteem'd*.
Cf. *Sonnet cxxi*, 1: "'T is better to be vile than *vile esteem'd*."

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
 That walk'd about me every minute while;
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock

SAL. I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
 But we will be revenged sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this grate, I count each one,
 And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
 Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.

60

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
 Let me have your express opinions

Where is best place to make our battery next.

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

GLAN. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

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

[Here they shoot. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.]

SAL. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners! 70

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 farest thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!

Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand

That hath contrived this woful tragedy!

53 *chosen shot*] picked shots or marksmen.

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
 Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
 Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up, 80
 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
 Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
 One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
 Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort; 90
 Thou shalt not die whiles —
 He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
 As who should say "When I am dead and gone,
 Remember to avenge me on the French."
 Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
 Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.]

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

Enter a Messenger

MESS. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
 The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd, 101

81 *leave*] leave off, cease.

95 *like thee, Nero*] The First Folio omits *Nero*; the Second Folio reads *Nero like will*. The present reading is due to Malone.

A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.

TAL. Hear, hear now dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

110

[Alarum. Exeunt.

SCENE V—THE SAME

*Here an alarum again: and TALBOT pursueth the DAUPHIN,
and driveth him: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving
Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter
TALBOT*

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

Re-enter LA PUCELLE

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

107 *puzzel*] filthy drab. The word, which comes from the Italian word
"puzzolente," is variously spelt in Elizabethan English.
dolphin] the common English spelling of the French title Dauphin.

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

Puc. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace thee.

[Here they fight.]

TAL. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage, 10
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

[They fight again.]

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

[A short alarum: then enter the town with soldiers.]

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [Exit.]

TAL. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do: 20
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away. [A short alarum.]

6 *Blood will I draw on thee*] It was a common belief that any one who drew a witch's blood was exempt from her power.

21 *like Hannibal*] Joan of Arc is likened to Hannibal, who broke through the encircling army of Fabius at Casinum by means of a stratagem; he drove among the Roman soldiers a herd of oxen with lighted torches attached to their horns.

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

30

[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*

It will not be: retire into your trenches:
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
 Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
 In spite of us or aught that we could do.
 O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
 The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Exit Talbot. Alarum; retreat; flourish.*

SCENE VI—THE SAME

*Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER,
 ALENÇON, and Soldiers*

PUC. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
 Rescued is Orleans from the English:
 Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

30 *so treacherous*] in so cowardly a fashion. This is the reading of the Folios, for which Pope substituted *so tim'rous*, which simplifies the passage.

2 *English*] Thus the First Folio. The later Folios read *English wolves*. If *English* be retained by itself, it must be pronounced trisyllabically.

CHAR. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
 How shall I honour thee for this success?
 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
 That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
 France, triumph in thy glorious prophets!
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state. 10

REIG. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout
 the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

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

CHAR. 'T is 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. 20
 A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
 Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:

4 *Astræa*] In classical mythology, the goddess of justice, who enforced the performance of promises. Zeus was her father and Themis her mother.

6-7 *Adonis' gardens . . . the next*] This is a curious classical reference. "Gardens of Adonis" (*κηποι Ἀδωνιδος*) was the name conferred throughout Greece in classical times on earthen vessels in which plants were brought to fruition with exceptional rapidity. Cf. Plato, *Phædrus*, 276. "The garden of Adonis" is represented allegorically by Spenser as the great treasury of nature's seeds. Cf. Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, III, vi, stanzas 29-63.

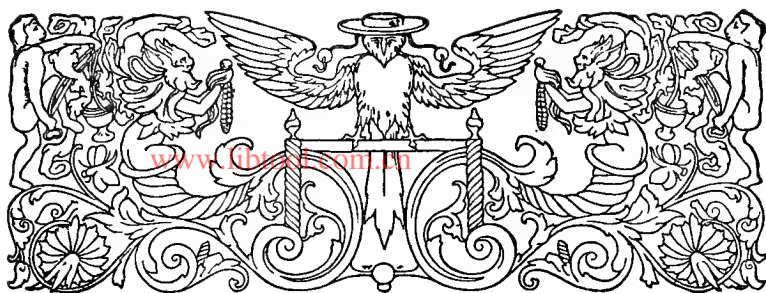
22 *Rhodope's or Memphis'*] Thus the Folios, save that they omit the apostrophe after Memphis. Memphis, a celebrated city of Egypt,

In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

30

was famed for its pyramids, one of the most imposing of which, according to both Pliny and Plutarch, was built at the expense of Rhodope, a famous Greek courtesan. Capell proposed to read *Rhodope's of Memphis*, which rather improves the sense.

25 *coffer of Darius*] the coffer of which, according to Plutarch, Alexander despoiled the Persian King Darius, and in which he enshrined the poems of Homer. Reference is made to the story in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589 (ed. Arber, p. 32).



ACT SECOND — SCENE I
BEFORE ORLEANS

Enter a Sergeant of a band, with two Sentinels

SERGEANT



IRS, TAKE YOUR PLACES
and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

FIRST SENT. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,

Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march

TAL. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,

Wallon and Picardy are friends to us,
 This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
 Having all day caroused and banqueted:
 Embrace we then this opportunity,
 As fitting best to quittance their deceit
 Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

BED. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his
 fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
 To join with witches and the help of hell!

BUR. Traitors have never other company.
 But what 's that Pucelle whom they term so pure? 20

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; 30

4 *court of guard*] guard-room; a corruption of the French "corps de garde."

8 *redoubted Burgundy*] brave, doughty Burgundy. The reference is to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, whose sister married the Duke of Bedford.

11 *secure*] careless, unsuspecting, like the Latin "securus."

14-15 *quittance . . . sorcery*] requite their deceit, which was contrived by trickery and mischievous magic.

That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

BED. Agreed: I'll to yond corner.

BUR. And I to this.

TAL. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

SENT. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!

[Cry: "St. George," "A Talbot."]

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready

ALEN. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?

BAST. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well. 40

REIG. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

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

BAST. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

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

ALEN. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.

BAST. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE

CHAR. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame? 50
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

³⁹ *unready*] undressed, both here and in the preceding stage direction, where *half ready* means half dressed.

Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

PUC. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

CHAR. Duke of Alençon, this was your default, 60
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 surprised.

BAST. Mine was secure.

REIG. And so was mine, my lord.

CHAR. And, for myself, most part of all this
night,

Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels: 70

Then how or which way should they first break in?

PUC. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: 't is sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this;
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

77 *lay . . . endamage them*] make new plans to injure them. The stage
direction which follows bears witness to a long-lived English tradi-

*Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying "A Talbot!
A Talbot!" They fly, leaving their clothes behind*

SOLD. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.

80

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II—ORLEANS

WITHIN THE TOWN

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

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

[*Retreat sounded.*]

TAL. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:

10

tion that the mere mention of Talbot's name bred incredible terror
in French hearers. See II, iii, 15-16, *infra*.

Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved 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.

20

BED. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

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

30

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,

19 *I muse . . . grace*] I am surprised we did not meet his grace the Dauphin.

By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe 40
 To visit her poor castle where she lies,
 That she may boast she hath beheld the man
 Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

BUR. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
 Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
 When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
 You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

TAL. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
 Could not prevail with all their oratory,
 Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled: 50
 And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
 And in submission will attend on her.
 Will not your honours bear me company?

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

TAL. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
 I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
 Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind?

CAPT. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—AUVERGNE

THE COUNTESS'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.

41 *lies*] dwells.

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.

10

Enter Messenger and TALBOT

MESS. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

COUNT. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

MESS. Madam, it is.

COUNT. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!

20

6 *Tomyris*] Queen of the Scythian tribe of Massagetæ, who defeated the invading army of Cyrus, the great Persian king, and, after he was slain in the battle, had his head flung into a bag filled with human blood.

10 *censure*] opinion, judgment. Cf. *Rich. III*, II, ii, 144: "To give your *censures* in this weighty business."

22 *silly*] harmless.

It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

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

COUNT. What means he now? Go ask him whither he
goes.

MESS. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure. 30

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

Re-enter Porter with keys

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

TAL. Prisoner! to whom?

COUNT. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years 40
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

TAL. Ha, ha, ha!

23 *writhled shrimp*] shrivelled or wrinkled midget.

35 *train'd*] enticed, allured.

42 *captivate*] made captive. Cf. V, iii, 107, *infra*: "women have been
captivate ere now."

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

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

COUNT. Why, art not thou the man?

TAL. I am indeed.

COUNT. Then have I substance too.

TAL. No, no, I am but shadow of myself: 50
You are deceived, my substance is not here:
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

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

TAL. That will I show you presently. 60

*[Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal
of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.]*

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

57 *This is a riddling merchant for the nonce*] This is a fellow dealing in riddles for the occasion. For this colloquial sense of "merchant," cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, II, iv, 162: "what saucy merchant was this?"

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. 70
 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. 80

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

SCENE IV—LONDON

THE TEMPLE-GARDEN

Enter the EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK;
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and another* Lawyer

PLAN. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this
 silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

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

79 *cates*] dainties.

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

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

SOM. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between
us. 10

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 judgement:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

PLAN. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side 20
That any purblind eye may find it out.

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

PLAN. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to
speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,

6 Or else . . . error ?] Or, in other words, was quarrelsome Somerset wrong? There is no opposition between this question and that implied in the preceding line.

26 In dumb significants] In dumb signs, in dumb show. Cf. *L.L.L.*, III, i, 124, "bear this *significant*," where "significant" is affectedly used by Armado for "a letter," that which signifies the speaker's meaning.

And stands upon the honour of his birth,
 If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
 From off this brier pluck a white rose with me. 30

SOM. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
 But dare maintain the party of the truth,
 Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

WAR. I love no colours, and without all colour
 Of base insinuating flattery
 I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

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

VER. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
 Till you conclude that he, upon whose side 40
 The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
 Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

SOM. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
 If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

PLAN. And I.

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

SOM. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
 Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red, 50
 And fall on my side so, against your will.

VER. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,

34 *I love no colours*] A quibble on the two senses of the word, namely
 "hues" and "pretences." Cf. *L. L. L.*, IV, ii, 140-141: "I do fear
colourable colours."

43 *well objected*] justly proposed.

44 *subscribe*] yield, submit.

Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.

SOM. Well, well, come on: who else?

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

PLAN. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

SOM. Here in my scabbard, meditating that 60
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

PLAN. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

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

PLAN. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

SOM. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

PLAN. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth; ⁷⁰
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

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

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

65-66 *'T is not for fear . . . roses*] Not from fear do my cheeks look pale, but from anger caused by the blush on thy cheeks, which counterfeits our red roses out of pure shame (at thy persistence in error).

76 *fashion*] Thus the Folios. Theobald proposed *faction*, a change which

SUF. Turn not thy scorns this way, Pantagenet.

PLAN. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and
thee. www.libtool.com.cn

SUF. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

SOM. Away, away, good William de la Pole!

80

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

WAR. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somers-
set;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

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

SOM. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,

90

For treason executed in our late king's days?

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

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

PLAN. My father was attached, not attainted,

is not essential. "Fashion" doubtless refers to Somerset's wearing the badge of the red rose.

83 *His grandfather*] Lionel Duke of Clarence was not *grandfather* to Richard Plantagenet, but was his maternal great-great-grandfather.

85 *crestless yeomen*] yeomen who have no right to coat armour.

86 *He . . . privilege*] He trusts to the privilege of sanctuary attaching to the Temple, the place of the present meeting, to escape punishment for his insolent speech.

96 *attached, not attainted*] arrested, not convicted after trial. "Attached"

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
 And that I 'll prove on better men than Somerset,
 Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
 For your partaker Pole and you yourself, 100
 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. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
 And know us by these colours for thy foes,
 For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

PLAN. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
 As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
 Will I for ever and my faction wear, 110
 Until it wither with me to my grave,
 Or flourish to the height of my degree.

SUF. Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!
 And so farewell until I meet thee next. [Exit.

SOM. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious
 Richard. [Exit.

PLAN. How I am braved and must perforce endure it!

WAR. This blot that they object against your house
 Shall be wiped out in the next parliament
 Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
 And if thou be not then created York,

is here a trisyllable. The Earl of Cambridge confessed his offence.
 Cf. *Hen. V*, II, ii, 66-181.

100 *partaker*] confederate.

102 *apprehension*] faculty for sarcasm, as in *Much Ado*, III, iv, 59-60:
 "how long have you professed *apprehension*?"

114 *Have with thee*] I go with thee, let us go together.

I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 120
 Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
 Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
 And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
 Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
 Shall send between the red rose and the white
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

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

VER. In your behalf still will I wear the same. 130

LAW. And so will I.

PLAN. Thanks, gentle sir.

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

SCENE V—THE TOWER OF LONDON

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair, and Gaolers

MOR. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
 Even like a man new haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;

2 *dying Mortimer*] There is no historical foundation for this account of the death of Edmund Mortimer, the Earl of March, who, after enjoying the favour of King Henry V throughout his reign, died of natural causes in his own castle early in Henry VI's reign. The dramatist seems to have confused Edmund Mortimer with a less famous cousin, Sir John Mortimer, who suffered a long imprisonment in the Tower.

And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief, 10
 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?

FIRST GAOL. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
 We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;
 And answer was return'd that he will come. 20

MOR. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
 Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
 Before whose glory I was great in arms,
 This loathsome sequestration have I had;
 And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
 Deprived of honour and inheritance.
 But now the arbitrator of despairs,

5 *the pursuivants of death*] the heralds forerunning death, and proclaiming its approach.

9 *exigent*] end. Cf. *The Wisdom of Dr. Dodypoll*, IV, 3: "my barbarous rudeness to her hath driven her to some desperate *exigent*."

28 *arbitrator*] settler, and so terminator. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, IV, v, 225-226: "And that old common *arbitrator*, Time, Will one day *end* it."

Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence: 30
 I would his troubles likewise were expired,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET

FIRST GAOL. My lord, your loving nephew now is
 come.

MOR. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

PLAN. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
 Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

MOR. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
 And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
 O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
 That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. 40

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great
 stock,

Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised?

PLAN. First, lean thine aged back against mine
 arm;

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.

This day, in argument upon a case,

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;

Among which terms he used 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. 50

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,

44 *my disease*] my trouble.

In honour of a true Plantagenet
 And for alliance sake, declare the cause
 My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

MOR. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
 And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
 Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
 Was cursed instrument of his decease.

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

60

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,
 Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
 The first-begotten and the lawful heir
 Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
 During whose reign the Percies of the north,
 Finding his usurpation most unjust,
 Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
 The reason moved these warlike lords to this
 Was, for that — young King Richard thus removed,
 Leaving no heir begotten of his body —
 I was the next by birth and parentage;
 For by my mother I derived am
 From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
 To King Edward the Third; whereas he

70

53 *for alliance sake*] for the sake of kinship.

64 *his nephew Richard*] Richard II was first-cousin to Henry IV.

“Nephew” is used in the vague sense of the Latin “nepos.”

74-75 *my mother . . . Clarence*] Duke Lionel was father of Mortimer's paternal grandmother.

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
 Being but fourth of that heroic line.
 But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
 They laboured to plant the rightful heir, 80
 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 derived
 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: 90
 Rut, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
 In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

PLAN. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

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

PLAN. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
 But yet, methinks, my father's execution
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny. 100

MOR. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
 Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,

88 *Levied an army*] There is no historic foundation for this statement that the Earl of Cambridge levied an army against Henry V. See note on II, iv, 96, *supra*, and *Hen. V*, II, ii, 66-181.

96 *the rest . . . gather*] the consequences I wish thee to infer.

And like a mountain not to be removed.
 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 that slaughterer
 doth
 Which giveth many wounds when one will kill. 110

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
 Only give order for my funeral:
 And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
 And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*]

PLAN. And peace, no war, befall thy parting
 soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
 And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
 Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
 And what I do imagine let that rest.
 Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself 120
 Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.*]

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
 Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:
 And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
 Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,

108 *redeem the passage*] purchase the continuance of your aged life, secure
 an extension of your days.

123 *with . . . sort*] by the ambition of men of lower rank.

I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.

129 *make my ill . . . good*] make the wrong done me, my ill-usage, a vantage ground or occasion of benefit to myself. Theobald here substituted *ill* for the Folio reading *will*.

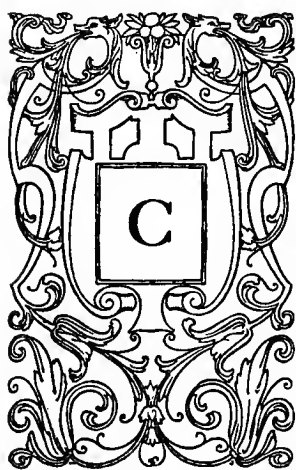


ACT THIRD — SCENE I — LONDON

THE PARLIAMENT-HOUSE

Flourish. Enter KING, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOUCESTER offers to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, tears it

WINCHESTER



SOMEST THOU WITH
deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studi-
ously devised,
Humphrey of Gloucester? If
thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto
my charge,
Do it without invention, sud-
denly;
As I with sudden and extemp-
oral speech
Purpose to answer what thou
canst object.

GLOU. Presumptuous priest! this place commands
my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.

SCENE I FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI

Think not, although in writing I preferr'd 10
 The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
 That therefore I have forged, 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; 20
 And for thy treachery, what 's more manifest?
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
 As well at London-bridge as at the Tower.
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

WIN. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouch-
 safe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.
 If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse, 80
 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?

1 *lines*] written lines of the bill or indictment mentioned in the preceding stage directions.

5 *invention*] premeditated device.

10 *preferr'd*] set forth, presented. In lines 33 and 110, *infra*, the word seems used in the sense of "promote."

13 *Verbatim*] By word of mouth.

And for dissension, who preferreth peace
 More than I do? — except I be provoked.
 No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
 It is not that hath incensed 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 —

40

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 I not protector, saucy priest?

WIN. And am not I a prelate of the church?

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

WIN. Unreverent Gloster!

GLOU. Thou art reverent

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

50

WIN. Rome shall remedy this.

33 *preferreth*] promoteth. See note on line 10, *supra*.

42 *Thou bastard . . . grandfather*] The Bishop of Winchester was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Catherine Swynford, whom the Duke afterwards married.

44 *imperious*] exercising power, reigning.

47 *keeps*] dwells, stays.

49 *reverent*] Thus the First and Second Folios, for which the Third and Fourth substituted *reverend*, which is the meaning of the word here. Cf. V, iii, 47, *infra*.

WAR. Roam thither, then.

SOM. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

WAR. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

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? 60

PLAN. [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his
tongue,

Lest it be said "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

KING. Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar! 70
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissention is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

[*A noise within*, "Down with the tawny-coats!"]
What tumult's this?

WAR. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again*, "Stones! stones!"]

Enter Mayor

MAY. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
 Pity the city of London, pity us!
 The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester'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 pate
 That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
 Our windows are broke down in every street,
 And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

80

Enter Serving-men, in skirmish, with bloody pates

KING. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
 To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.
 Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

FIRST SERV. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall
 to it with our teeth.

90

SEC. SERV. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[Skirmish again.]

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

THIRD SERV. My lord, we know your grace to be a
 man
 Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,

78 *The bishop*] The bishop's men. For a like omission of the possessive inflexion in a similar construction cf. *Rich. II*, II, iii, 62: "Shall be your love and labour's recompense."

93 *unaccustom'd*] unwonted, unseemly.

Inferior to none but to his majesty:
 And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
 So kind a father of the commonweal,
 To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
 We and our wives and children all will fight, 100
 And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

FIRST 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 awhile.

KING. 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, 110
 If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

WAR. Yield, my lord protector; yield, Winchester;
 Except you mean with obstinate repulse
 To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
 You see what mischief and what murder too
 Hath been enacted through your enmity;
 Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

WIN. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

GLOU. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
 Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest 120
 Should ever get that privilege of me.

99 *an inkhorn mate*] a fellow who reads and writes, a mere bookworm.

103 *pitch a field*] array themselves for battle.

110 *prefer*] promote. See note on line 10, *supra*.

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.

KING. 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? 130

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 Gloucester, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

GLOU. [*Aside*] 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! 140

WIN. [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

KING. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

FIRST SERV. Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

SEC. SERV. And so will I.

131 *a kindly gird*] a gentle reproof.

138 *This token*] No token is noticed in the text. Gloucester doubtless
takes the Bishop of Winchester by the hand as he speaks these words.

THIRD SERV. And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, &c.*]

WAR. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet 150
We do exhibit to your majesty.

GLOU. Well urged, 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.

KING. 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; 160
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

WIN. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

KING. If Richard will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

PLAN. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.

KING. Stoop then and set your knee against my
foot 170
And, in requerdon of that duty done,

156 *At Eltham . . . majesty*] of which I told your majesty at Eltham Place.

159 *restored to his blood*] reinstated in his hereditary honours, of which he was deprived on his father's execution.

170 *requerdon*] reward. The word appears as a verb, III, iv, 23, *infra*.

I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:
 Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
 And rise created princely Duke of York.

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

ALL. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of
 York!

SOM. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of
 York!

GLOU. Now will it best avail your majesty
 To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France: 180
 The presence of a king engenders love
 Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
 As it disanimates his enemies.

KING. When Gloucester says the word, King Henry
 goes;
 For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

GLOU. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.*]

EXE. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
 Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
 This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
 Burns under feigned ashes of forged love, 190
 And will at last break out into a flame:
 As fester'd members rot but by degree,
 Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
 So will this base and envious discord breed.

176 *grudge one thought*] harbour any grudge.

183 *disanimates*] discourages, dispirits.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy
 Which in the time of Henry named the fifth
 Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;
 That Henry born at Monmouth should win all
 And Henry born at Windsor lose all:
 Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
 His days may finish ere that hapless time.

200

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II—FRANCE

BEFORE ROUEN

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, with four Soldiers with
 sacks upon their backs*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
 Through which our policy must make a breach:
 Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
 Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
 That come to gather money for their corn.
 If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
 And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
 That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

FIRST SOL. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,¹⁰
 And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
 Therefore we'll knock.

[*Knocks.*]

WATCH. [*Within*] Qui est là?

¹⁰ *Qui est là ?*] Malone's emendation of the unintelligible *Che la* of the Folios. "Qui va là?" would be better French.

PUC. Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
 Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

WATCH. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

PUC. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the
 ground. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON,
 REIGNIER, and forces*

CHAR. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
 And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

BAST. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants; 20
 Now she is there, how will she specify
 Where is the best and safest passage in?

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

Enter LA PUCELLE on the top, thrusting out a torch burning

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

BAST. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend; 30
 The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

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

20 *practisants*] plotters, conspirators; formed from "practice," which commonly meant "trick" or "stratagem."

25 *No way . . . enter'd*] No way is equal in weakness or lack of defence to that by which she entered.

REIGN. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry "The Dauphin!" presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*Alarum. Exeunt.*]

An alarum. Enter TALBOT in an excursion

TAL. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy
tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France. [*Exit.* ⁴⁰]

*An alarum: excursions. BEDFORD, brought in sick in a chair.
Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY without: within LA PU-
CELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, on
the walls*

PUC. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'T was full of darnel; do you like the taste?

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

CHAR. Your grace may starve perhaps before that
time.

⁴⁰ *pride*] haughty power. Cf. IV, vi, 15, *infra*: "The *pride* of Gallia."
⁴⁴ *darnel*] a coarse weed found in cornfields and reputed when eaten to
produce dimness of sight. "Darnel," says Gerard in his *Herbal*,
"hurteth the eyes and maketh them dim, if it happen either in corne
for breade, or drinke."

BED. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

PUC. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance, 50

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

TAL. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
 Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
 Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
 And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
 Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
 Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

PUC. Are ye so hot, sir? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
 If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[The English whisper together in council.]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker? 60

TAL. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

PUC. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
 To try if that our own be ours or no.

TAL. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
 But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
 Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

ALEN. Signior, no.

TAL. Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
 Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
 And dare not take up arms like gentlemen. 70

PUC. Away, captains! let 's get us from the walls;
 For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.

51 *run a tilt at . . . chair*] challenge death sitting down.

64 *Hecate*] A trisyllable. Wherever else Shakespeare uses the word, he makes it a dissyllable.

God be wi' you, my lord! we came 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, 80
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

BUR. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

TAL. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

BED. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me: 90
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

BUR. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade
you.

BED. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

95-96 *Pendragon . . . foes*] Uther Pendragon, King Arthur's father, according to Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*, led his army to battle while confined by sickness to a litter.

TAL. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
 Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe! 100
 And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
 But gather we our forces out of hand
 And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt all but Bedford and Attendants.*]

*An alarum: excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE
 and a Captain*

CAPT. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, 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. LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, and
 CHARLES fly*

BED. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please, 110
 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.

[*Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*]

110 *Now, quiet soul, depart!* There is no historic foundation for this account of the death of Bedford, who died peaceably at Rouen in September, 1435.

An alarm. Re-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!

BUR. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments. 120

TAL. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his
gleeks?

What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

BUR. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy. 130

TAL. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.

122 *familiar*] an evil spirit commonly in attendance on a witch.

123 *braves . . . gleeks*] boasts . . . scoffs.

124 *all amort*] downcast. See note on *T. of Shrew*, IV, iii, 36.

126 *take some order*] make some necessary dispositions.

133 *exequies*] obsequies. See note on line 110, *supra*.

SCENE III—THE PLAINS NEAR ROUEN

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, LA
PUCELLE, and forces*

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

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

10

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 revered like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

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

20

CHAR. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,

1 *Dismay not*] Be not dismayed.

3 *corrosive*] irritant.

10 *of thy cunning . . . difference*] had no suspicion of thy skill.

11 *foil*] repulse. Cf. V, iii, 23, *infra*, "give the French the *foil*."

France were no place for Henry's warriors;
 Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
 But be extirped from our provinces.

ALEN. For ever should they be expelled from France,
 And not have title of an earldom here.

PUC. Your honours shall perceive how I will work
 To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum sounds afar off.*]

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

30

*Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over
 at a distance, TALBOT and his forces*

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

French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY and forces

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

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*]

CHAR. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

BUR. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

PUC. The princely Charles of France, thy country-
 man.

BUR. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching
 hence.

CHAR. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy
 words.

40

PUC. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

BUR. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

PUC. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds, 50
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign
gore:

Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

BUR. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

PUC. Besides, all French and France exclaims on
thee, 60
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation

41 *Brave Burgundy*] There is no historical foundation for any personal interview between Joan of Arc and the Duke of Burgundy, though the Maid appealed to the Duke by letter to forsake the English alliance, a request which he at the time ignored.

47 *lowly*] in a low state of vitality, enfeebled by starvation.

62 *lordly*] haughty, imperious.

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
 When Talbot hath set footing once in France
 And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
 Who then but English Henry will be lord,
 And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
 Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
 Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
 And was he not in England prisoner?
 But when they heard he was thine enemy,
 They set him free without his ransom paid,
 In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
 See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen
 And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
 Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
 Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

70

BUR. I am vanquished; these haughty words of
 hers
 Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
 And made me almost yield upon my knees.
 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
 And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
 My forces and my power of men are yours:
 So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

80

72 *They set him free*] This is an historical error. The Duke of Orleans was not released by his English gaolers till long after the events mentioned in the text. He was set free in 1440, at least five years after the Duke of Burgundy abandoned the English alliance.

75 *slaughter-men*] slaughterers.

78 *haughty*] high-spirited, a rare usage. Cf. IV, i, 35, *infra*, "haughty courage."

PUC. [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman: turn, and
turn again!

CHAR. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes
us fresh.

BAST. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

ALEN. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

CHAR. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers, ⁹⁰
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — PARIS

THE PALACE

*Enter the KING, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK,
SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER: VERNON, BASSET,
and others. To them with his Soldiers, TALBOT*

TAL. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart

10

85 *Done . . . again*] A feeble sneer at the alleged fickleness of Frenchmen. Cf. IV, i, 138, *infra*: "France, . . . a fickle wavering nation."

Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
 First to my God and next unto your grace. [Kneels.]

KING. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
 That hath so long been resident in France ?

GLOU. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

KING. 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, 20
 Your faithful service and your toil in war;
 Yet never have you tasted our reward,
 Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
 Because till now we never saw your face:
 Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
 We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
 And in our coronation take your place.

[Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.]

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: — 30
 Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

BAS. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
 The envious barking of your saucy tongue
 Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

17 *When I was young*] Henry VI was only nine months old at his father's death. Hence there is no historical foundation for this reminiscence.

20 *resolved*] convinced.

23 *reguerdon'd*] rewarded. See III, i, 170, *supra*.

29 *these colours*] the badge of the red rose.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI ACT III

VER. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

BAS. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

VER. Hark ye; not so; in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*]

BAS. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood. 40
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.*]

39 *whoso draws a sword*] *sc.* in the palace of a king. Cf. IV, i, 78, *infra*.

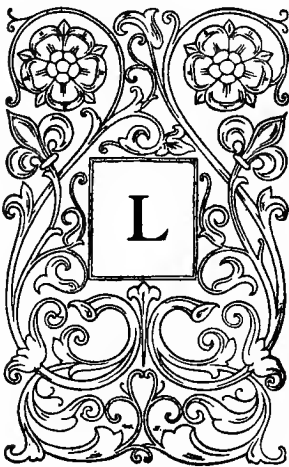


ACT FOURTH — SCENE I — PARIS

A HALL OF STATE

Enter the KING, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, the Governor of Paris, and others

GLOUCESTER



ORD 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 such as shall pretend

Malicious practices against his state:

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE

FAST. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais, To haste unto your coronation,

10

A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

TAL. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong 20
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surprised 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 30
And ill beseeeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

TAL. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,

6-7 *pretend Malicious practices*] intend or purpose wicked plots.

19 *Patay*] Malone's necessary correction of the Folio reading *Poictiers*.

Cf. I, i, 130-134, *supra*.

30 *fact*] deed (in a bad sense), crime.

35 *haughty*] high-spirited. Cf. III, iii, 78, *supra*: "haughty words."

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.

40

KING. 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 changed
 his style?

50

No more but, plain and bluntly, "To the king!"
 Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
 Or doth this churlish superscription
 Pretend some alteration in good will?
 What 's here? [Reads] "I have, upon especial cause,
 Moved 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."

60

38 *most extremes*] utmost extremities of danger.

45 *Stain*] Disgrace, discredit.

54 *Pretend*] Intend, as at line 6, *supra*.

O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

KING. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

GLOU. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

KING. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

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

KING. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with
him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you, my lord? are you not content? 70

TAL. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

KING. Then gather strength, and march unto him
straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,

And what offence it is to flout his friends.

TAL. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.

Enter VERNON and BASSET

VER. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

BAS. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

YORK. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince. 80

SOM. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him.

KING. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to
speak.

78 *the combat*] the right of challenge to single combat in the precincts of
the court. Cf. III, iv, 39, *supra*.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

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

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

KING. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

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

BAS. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue, 90
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
Argued 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. 100

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 provoked 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.

92 *sanguine colour*] colour of blood.

94 *repugn*] resist, oppose.

102-103 *with forged . . . gloss upon*] with ingeniously fabricated argument to give a plausibility to.

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. 110

KING. Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick
men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

YORK. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

SOM. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

YORK. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset. 120

VER. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

BAS. 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 130
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:

Let me persuade you take a better course.

EXE. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be
friends.

KING. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.

And you, my lords, remember where we are;
 In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
 If they perceive dissension in our looks
 And that within ourselves we disagree, 140
 How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
 Beside, what infamy will there arise,
 When foreign princes shall be certified
 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King Henry's peers and chief nobility
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,
 My tender years, and let us not forgo
 That for a trifle that was bought with blood! 150
 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, 160
 So let us still continue peace and love.
 Cousin of York, we institute your grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France:

138 *fickle . . . nation*] Cf. III, iii, 85, *supra*.

141 *grudging stomachs*] spirits bearing grudge, hearts or minds prone to disparagement.

And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Ourselves, my lord protector and the rest
 After some respite will return to Calais; 170
 From thence to England; where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With Charles, Alençon and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick,
 Exeter and Vernon.*]

WAR. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

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

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

YORK. An if I wist he did, — but let it rest; 180
 Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt all but 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 decipher'd there
 More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,

167 *digest*] vent, void, discharge.

180 *An if I wist*] Capell's emendation of the Folio *And if I wish*. York would seem to mean that if he knew anything at all, the King did think harm. "Wist" is the preterite of the verb "to wit," "to know."

Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
 But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 This shouldering of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying of their favourites, 190
 But that it doth presage some ill event.
 'T is much when sceptres are in children's hands;
 But more when envy breeds unkind division;
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.

SCENE II—BEFORE BOURDEAUX

Enter TALBOT, with trump and drum

TAL. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
 Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, 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 humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
 And do him homage as obedient subjects;
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
 But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants, 190

191 *But that it doth presage*] But sees or perceives that it doth presage.

An elliptical construction depending on line 187.

193 *envy . . . division*] malice or enmity breeds unnatural strife.

10-11 *three attendants . . . fire*] Cf. *Hen. V*, Prol. to Act I, 6-8: "at his
 [i. e., Mars's] heels, Leash'd in like hounds, should *famine, sword*

Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
 Who in a moment even with the earth
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
 If you forsake the offer of their love.

GEN. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
 Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
 On us thou canst not enter but by death;
 For, I protest, we are well fortified
 And strong enough to issue out and fight: 20
 If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
 On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
 To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
 To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot. 30
 Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
 This is the latest glory of thy praise

and fire Crouch for employment." Holinshed, following Hall, makes Henry V remark that "Bellona had *three handmaidens*, ever of necessity attending upon her, as *blood, fire and famine*."

15 *owl of death*] the cry of the owl was commonly thought to forebode death. Cf. *Macb.*, II, ii, 3: "It was the *owl* that shriek'd, the *fatal* bellman."

26 *apparent spoil*] obvious ruin. Cf. IV, v, 44, *infra*.

29 *rive*] discharge with violence.

That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul; 40
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c.*]

TAL. He fables not; I hear the enemy:
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
 If we be English deer, be then in blood;
 Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
 But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags, 50
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,

34 *due thee*] give thee thy due. The suggestion that "due" is an abbreviation of "endue" makes poor sense.

45 *park'd . . . pale*] enclosed and fenced in.

47 *Mazed*] Bewildered, as in a maze. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, ii, 54: "the mazed world."

48 *English deer . . . blood*] Cf. *L. L. L.*, IV, ii, 3: "The deer was, as you know, sanguis, *in blood*," *i. e.*, in good condition.

49 *rascal-like*] See note on I, ii, 35, *supra*.

And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—PLAINS IN GASCONY

Enter 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 espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for Bour-
deaux.

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

10

13 *lowted*] Thus the Folios; treated like a lout, befooled.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY

LUCY. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
 Never so needful on the earth of France,
 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
 Who now is girdled with a waist of iron, 20
 And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
 To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
 Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

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

LUCY. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord! 30

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, who two hours since
 I met in travel toward his warlike father!
 This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
 And now they meet where both their lives are done.

YORK. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
 To bid his young son welcome to his grave? 40

17 *Lucy*] The Folios give the preceding stage direction as *Enter another messenger*, and assign this and following speeches to *Mes.* But the next scene distinctly states that the messenger was Sir William Lucy. Hence the change, which Theobald first suggested.

Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
 That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
 Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
 Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
 'Long all of Somerset and his delay. [*Exit, with his soldiers.*]

LUCY. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
 Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss
 The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror, 50
 That ever living man of memory,
 Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,
 Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV—OTHER PLAINS IN GASCONY

*Enter SOMERSET with his army; a Captain of TALBOT'S
 with him*

SOM. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
 This expedition was by York and Talbot
 Too rashly plotted: all our general force
 Might with a sally of the very town

43 *no more . . . can*] my luck lets me do no more.

47 *the vulture of sedition*] doubtless an allusion to the story of Prometheus, on whose bosom an eagle or vulture fed, while he was chained to a rock.

51 *ever living man of memory*] man of ever-living memory. For the epithet cf. "our *ever-living* poet" in the publisher T[homas] T[horpe]'s dedication of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, 1609.

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.

CAP. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
 Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid. 10

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY

SOM. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

LUCY. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord
 Talbot;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
 Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
 And whiles the honourable captain there
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour, 20
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
 Let not your private discord keep away
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,

5 *buckled*] See note on I, ii, 95, *supra*.

13 *bought and sold*] betrayed, utterly ruined.

19 *in advantage lingering*] Johnson explains, "protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post." But Talbot's only advantage seemed to lie in being just able to hold his ground long enough to await relief.

21 *with worthless emulation*] in your contemptible envious rivalry.

Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

SOM. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

LUCY. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims; ³⁰
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

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

LUCY. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

SOM. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen
straight: 40

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

LUCY. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

SOM. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

LUCY. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V—THE ENGLISH CAMP NEAR
BOURDEAUX

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his son

TAL. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,

³⁵ *take foul scorn*] scorn as a foul disgrace.

That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
 When sapless age and weak unable limbs
 Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.

But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
 Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
 A terrible and unavoyded danger:

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
 And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
 By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

10

JOHN. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
 And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
 Dishonour not her honourable name,
 To make a bastard and a slave of me!
 The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
 That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

TAL. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

JOHN. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

TAL. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

20

JOHN. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
 Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
 Upon my death the French can little boast;
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
 But mine it will, that no exploit have done:

5 *drooping chair*] chair of declining years. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, V, ii, 48:

"thy *chair* days," i. e., thy old age.

8 *unavoyded*] unavoidable.

22 *your regard*] care of yourself.

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.

30

Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved 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 saved in thee.

JOHN. No part of him but will be shame in me.

TAL. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it. 40

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.

50

28 *for vantage*] to gain a strategic advantage in the fight.

29 *bow*] bend, yield. The word is twice used thus in the *Sonnets* (xc, 3, and cxx, 3).

44 *apparent*] obvious, evident. Cf. IV, ii, 26, *supra*.

TAL. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI—A FIELD OF BATTLE

*Alarum: excursions, wherein TALBOT's SON is hemmed about,
and TALBOT rescues him*

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

JOHN. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gavest new date.

TAL. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword
struck fire, 10
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,

52 *[fair son]* apparently Talbot plays at this inappropriate moment on the words "son" and "sun": hence the *eclipse* of his son's life in the next line.

3 *France his sword]* the sword of the King of France. For this common form of the genitival inflexion cf. I, ii, 1, *supra*, and note.

9 *my determined time]* the fixed limit of my life.

Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued 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 20
Bespoke him thus; "Contaminated base
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave
boy:"

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead: 30
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
'T is but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:

13 *spleen*] ardour, impetuosity.

15 *the pride*] haughty power. Cf. III, ii, 40: "the *pride* of France."

All these and more we hazard by thy stay; 40
 All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN. The sword of Orleans hath not made me
 smart;

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
 On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
 And like me to the peasant boys of France,
 To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!

Surely, by all the glory you have won, 50
 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 proved, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*]

44-47 *On that advantage . . . die*] Before I obtain that advantage (of continuing our household's name, cf. line 38, *supra*) at the price of so shameless an act as to preserve my paltry life and leave my father of glorious fame to die, I wish my horse may fall dead under me.

48 *like me to*] liken me to, compare me to, treat me on the same level as.
 52 *it is no boot*] it is no use.

55 *Icarus*] This mythical hero, son of Dædalus of Crete, was taught by his father to fly with wings of wax, but, falling into the sea, was drowned. Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, V, vi, 18-21: "what a peevish fool was that of Crete, That taught his son the office of a fowl! And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus."

SCENE VII—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

Alarum: excursions. Enter old TALBOT led by a Servant

TAL. Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
 O, where 's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:
 When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clustering battle of the French;
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
 His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

10

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

3 *Triumphant death . . . captivity*] The line suggests that a warrior's death in captivity — a possible fate which Talbot and his son are spared — is smeared or stained with dishonour, but death in fight on the battle-field, which both the speaker and his son experience, is an unalloyed triumph.

10 *Tendering my ruin*] Showing me tenderness in my fall. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, III, i, 277: "I tender so the safety of my liege."

Enter Soldiers, with the body of young TALBOT

TAL. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to
scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 20

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.

O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!

Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;

Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.

Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.

Come, come and lay him in his father's arms:

My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 30

Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*]

*Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE,
and forces*

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

18 *antic*] jester, fool, buffoon. Death is often figured as a grinning skeleton. Cf. *Rich. II*, III, ii, 162: "and there the *antic* [*i. e.*, Death] sits."

21 *lither*] soft, pliant. "*Lither* air" is found more than once in Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (1565). See Books VIII and XIV.

BAST. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
 Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
 PUC. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
 "Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:"
 But, with a proud majestic high scorn,
 He answer'd thus: "Young Talbot was not born 40
 To be the pillage of a giglot wench:"
 So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

BUR. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
 See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
 Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

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

CHAR. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled 50
 During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended; Herald of the French
 preceding*

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

CHAR. On what submissive message art thou sent?

35 *raging-wood*] raving-mad.

41 *the pillage of a giglot wench*] the spoil of a giddy wanton hussy.

42 *bowels of the French*] centre of the French army. Cf. Kyd's *Ieronimo*,
 "in the battle's bowels."

46 *nurser of his harms*] Cf. *Macb.*, III, v, 7: "The close *contriver* of
all harms."

LUCY. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

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

LUCY. But where 's the great Alcides of the field, . 60
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Shef-
field,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;
Great Marshal to Henry the Sixth 70
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

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

LUCY. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces! 80

63 *Washford*] Wexford.

O, that I could but call these dead to life!
 It were enough to fright the realm of France:
 Were but his picture left amongst you here,
 It would amaze the proudest of you all.
 Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
 And give them burial as beseems their worth.

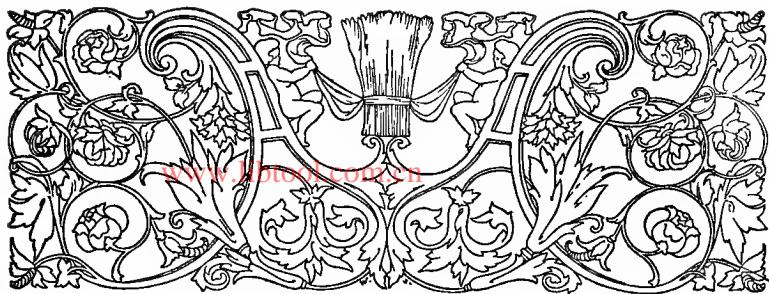
PUC. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
 He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
 For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
 They would but stink, and putrefy the air. 90

CHAR. Go, take their bodies hence.

LUCY. I'll bear them hence; but from their ashes
 shall be rear'd
 A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

CHAR. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou
 wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
 All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — LONDON

THE PALACE

Sennet. Enter KING, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER

KING



HAVE YOU PERUSED 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 ex-
cellence

To have a godly peace concluded
of
Between the realms of England
and of France.

KING. How doth your grace
affect their motion?

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

10

7 affect their motion] feel disposed towards their proposal.

KING. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professions 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.

20

KING. 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 WINCHESTER in Cardinal's habit, a Legate and two
Ambassadors*

EXE. What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?

13 *immanity*] savagery.

17 *near knit*] closely related; "knit" is suggested by the "knot of amity"
in the previous line. Pope, with many others, substitutes *kin*.

29 *cardinal's degree*] There is a careless discrepancy between the statement
made here that Winchester's cardinal's hat is a newly bestowed hon-
our, and that which assigns to him a "broad cardinal's hat" at the
opening of the play (I, iii, 36, *supra*). As a matter of history, the
Bishop was made a cardinal at the beginning of Henry VI's reign, and
the present reference to his promotion is misleading.

Then I perceive that will be verified 30
 Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
 " If once he come to be a cardinal,
 He 'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

KING. 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 resolved
 To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
 Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
 Shall be transported presently to France. 40

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.

KING. 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. 50

[Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.]

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

LEG. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

WIN. *[Aside]* Now Winchester will not submit, I
 trow,

46 *argument*] evidence, witness, testimony.

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
 Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
 That, neither in birth or for authority,
 The bishop will be overborne by thee: 60
 I 'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
 Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II—FRANCE

PLAINS IN ANJOU

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER,
 LA PUCELLE, *and forces*

CHAR. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
 spirits:
 'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt
 And turn again unto the warlike French.
 ALEN. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
 And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
 PUC. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
 Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter Scout

SCOUT. Success unto our valiant general,
 And happiness to his accomplices!
 CHAR. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee,
 speak. 10

62 sack . . . mutiny] devastate this country with civil war.
 9 accomplices] comrades.

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

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

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

PUC. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
 Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
 Let Henry fret and all the world repine.

20

CHAR. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—BEFORE ANGIERS

Alarum. Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE

PUC. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
 Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
 And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
 And give me signs of future accidents. [*Thunder.*]
 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
 Under the lordly monarch of the north,
 Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

² *periapts*] charms or amulets worn about the body as protection against disease or danger.

⁶ *lordly monarch of the north*] king of evil spirits, whose chief seat was popularly located about the north pole.

Enter Fiends

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustomed diligence to me.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd 10
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[They walk, and speak not.]

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.

[They hang their heads.]

No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.]

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice 20
Entreat 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,

12 *get the field*] gain the victory.

21 *Entreat . . . furtherance*] Prevail upon you to further my purposes according to your wont.

23 *give . . . the foil*] give the French the repulse, defeat the French. *Foil* is similarly used, III, iii, 11, *supra*.

25 *vail*] lower. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, i, 28: "Vailing her high top lower than her ribs."

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. Re-enter LA PUCELLE fighting hand to hand
 with YORK: LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly*

YORK. Damsel of France, I think I have you
 fast: 30

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
 And try if they can gain your liberty.
 A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
 See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
 As if with Circe she would change my shape!

PUC. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not
 be.

YORK. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
 No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

PUC. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and
 thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surprised 40
 By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

YORK. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy
 tongue!

PUC. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

YORK. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the
 stake. [Exeunt.]

28 *buckle*] encounter, fight. See I, ii, 95, note.

42 *banning*] cursing.

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK, with MARGARET in his hand

SUF. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

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[Gazes on her.]

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

50

MAR. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

SUF. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend. [She is going.]

60

O, stay! I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

45 *thou art my prisoner*] The facts of history are here altogether defied. Suffolk never took Margaret (of Anjou) prisoner. It was fourteen years after the capture of Joan of Arc that he opened negotiations with her for her marriage with Henry VI.

47 *reverent*] Hanmer's correction of the Folio reading *reverend*. Cf. III, i, 49, *supra*.

Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
 Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
 Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
 Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

70

MAR. Say, Earl of Suffolk, — if thy name be so —
 What ransom must I pay before I pass?
 For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

SUF. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
 Before thou make a trial of her love?

MAR. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I
 pay?

SUF. She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.

MAR. Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.

80

SUF. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
 Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

MAR. I were 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.

67 *disable*] disparage.

71 *makes the senses rough*] Thus the Folios. No change is necessary, though many have been proposed. The meaning is that the faculties work roughly, clumsily, or inefficiently under the staggering influence of dazzling beauty.

75-76 *How canst . . . her love*] This, like all the remarks of Suffolk, as far as line 100, is spoken by him aside.

77-78 *She's beautiful . . . won*] Cf. *Tit. Andr.*, II, i, 82-83: "She is a woman, therefore may be wooed. She is a woman, therefore may be won."

84 *a cooling card*] anything that damps one's ardour, throws cold water on one's hopes. The expression is very common in contemporary literature.

SUF. And yet a dispensation may be had.

MAR. And yet I would that you would answer me.

SUF. I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?

Why, for my ~~king~~ ~~tush~~, that's a wooden thing!

MAR. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter. 90

SUF. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,

And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too;

For though her father be the King of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match.

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. 100

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

SUF. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

MAR. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

SUF. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause —

MAR. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

SUF. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

MAR. I cry you mercy, 't is but Quid for Quo.

SUF. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose 110
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

89 *a wooden thing*] a stupid, lifeless thing to do.

101-102 *What though . . . dishonour me*] This and Margaret's two following speeches are spoken aside.

107 *captivate*] made captive. Cf. II, iii, 42, *supra*.

MAR. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

SUF. www.libtool.com.cn And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

MAR. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

SUF. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my —

MAR. 120 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 ye so content?

MAR. An if my father please, I am content.

SUF. Then call our captains and our colours forth.
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him. 130

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls

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. 140

REIG. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

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

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

[*Exit from the walls.*]

SUF. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, below

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

SUF. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
 Fit to be made companion with a king:
 What answer makes your grace unto my suit? 150

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

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

142 *face*] play the hypocrite. Hence an hypocritical character in Jon-
 son's *Alchemist* is so called.

REIG. And I again, in Henry's royal name, 160
 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.

[*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
 To be mine own attorney in this case.

I'll over then to England with this news,
 And make this marriage to be solemnized.

So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
 In golden palaces, as it becomes. 170

REIG. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
 The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

MAR. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise and
 prayers

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*]

SUF. Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Mar-
 garet;

No princely commendations to my king?

MAR. Such commendations as becomes a maid,
 A virgin and his servant, say to him.

SUF. Words sweetly placed and modestly directed. 180
 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.*]

164 *in traffic of*] in the business of.

183 *taint*] touched. Cf. V, v, 81-82, *infra*: "attaint With . . . love."

MAR. That for thyself: I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*]

SUF. O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise: 190
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV—CAMP OF THE DUKE OF
YORK IN ANJOU

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others

YORK. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd

SHEP. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

186 *peevish*] foolish, trivial.

189 *Minotaurs*] Minotaur was the name of the Cretan monster who devoured virgins.

191 *virtues that surmount*] supereminent virtues.

192 *And natural*] Capell's correction of the Folio reading *mad natural*.

5 *timeless*] untimely.

PUC. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

SHEP. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 't is not so; 10
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

WAR. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

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

SHEP. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. 20

PUC. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

SHEP. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt not thou stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field, 30
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

7 *miser*] miserable man, without suggestion of avarice.

16 *concludes*] is the natural conclusion.

17 *so obstacle*] an ignorant mispronunciation of "obstinate."

18 *collop*] a common term of endearment for child. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, I, ii,
137: "Most dear'st! my *collop*!"

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?

O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [Exit.]

YORK. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

PUC. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,

But issued from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,

By inspiration of celestial grace, 40

To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits:

But you, that are polluted with your lusts,

Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,

Because you want the grace that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible

To compass wonders but by help of devils.

No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been

A virgin from her tender infancy, 50

Chaste and immaculate in very thought;

Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,

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 barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,

That so her torture may be shortened.

PUC. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity, 60

49 *No, misconceived!* No, ye misconceivers!

That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
 I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
 Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
 Although ye hale me to a violent death.

YORK. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!

WAR. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
 Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

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

WAR. Well, go to; we 'll have no bastards live; 70
 Especially since Charles must father it.

PUC. You are deceived; my child is none of his:
 It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

YORK. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
 It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

PUC. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
 'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
 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, 80
 There were so many, whom she may accuse.

WAR. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.

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

74 *Machiavel*] Machiavelli, the famous author of *The Prince*, enjoyed the popular repute of a crafty schemer, and his name became a term of infamy. Cf. *M. Wives*, III, i, 104, and *3 Hen.*, VI, III, ii, 193: "And set the *murderous Machiavel* to school."

82 *liberal and free*] licentious and wanton.

PUC. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my
curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
[Exit, guarded.]

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

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, *attended*

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

YORK. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,

87 *reflex*] reflect; a very rare usage. Shakespeare only employs the word once elsewhere, and then as a noun. *Rom. and Jul.*, III, v, 20: "the pale *reflex* [*i. e.*, *reflexion*]."

By treason, falsehood and by treachery,
 Our great progenitors had conquered? 110
 O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
 The utter loss of all the realm of France.

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

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, and others

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 chokes 120
 The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
 By sight of these our baleful enemies.

CAR. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
 That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
 Of mere compassion and of lenity,
 To ease your country of distressful war,
 And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
 You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
 And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
 To pay him tribute, and submit thyself, 130

114 *severe*] The first syllable is accented, as in *Meas. for Meas.*, II, ii, 41:

“O just but *se'vere* law!” The usage is very rare.

121 *poison'd*] Thus the Folios. Theobald substituted *prison'd*. “Poison'd” agrees well enough with the epithet “baleful” in the next line.

124 *in regard*] considering that.

Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

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

CHAR. 'T is known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein revered for their lawful king: 140
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I 'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

YORK. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise, 150
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

146 *cast*] precluded.

150 *Stand'st thou aloof . . . comparison?*] Do you hold off or hesitate because you insist on comparing your former state with your present one?

152 *Of benefit*] as a gift, as an indulgence.

153 *challenge of desert*] claim or right of merit.

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 160
 And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen,
 By our proceeding in hostility;
 And therefore take this compact of a truce,
 Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

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

CHAR. It shall;
 Only reserved, 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 170
 Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
 Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
 So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
 Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
 For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V—LONDON

THE ROYAL PALACE

*Enter SUFFOLK in conference with the KING, GLOUCESTER
 and EXETER*

KING. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
 Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:

Her virtues graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven 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 10
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents, 20
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

KING. 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

5-9 *like as rigour . . . of her love*] The simile is far-fetched. The king seems to mean that as strong winds drive a ship against the tide, so is he driven by his love against the current of his material interests. There is no historic ground for representing King Henry as moved by reports of Margaret's beauty. The marriage was carried out by his advisers entirely as a matter of policy.

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; 30
 Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
 To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
 By reason of his adversary's odds:
 A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
 And therefore may be broke without offence.

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 lord, her father is a king, 40
 The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
 And of such great authority in France,
 As his alliance will confirm our peace,
 And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

GLOU. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
 Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

EXE. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal
 dower,
 Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

SUF. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your
 king, 50
 That he should be so abject, base and poor,
 To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
 Henry is able to enrich his queen,
 And not to seek a queen to make him rich:

31 *triumph*] tournament.

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
 As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
 Marriage is a matter of more worth
 Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
 Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
 Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
 And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
 It most of all these reasons bindeth us, 60
 In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
 For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
 An age of discord and continual strife?
 Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.
 Whom should we match with Henry, being a
 King,
 But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
 Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
 Approves her fit for none but for a king:
 Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit, 70
 More than in women commonly is seen,
 Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
 For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more conquerors,
 If with a lady of so high resolve
 As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.

53 *worthless*] fortuneless, penniless.

56 *by attorneyship*] by attorney, by vicarious agents.

64 *bringeth*] Thus the First Folio. The Second Folio needlessly inserts
forth before *bliss*. "Contrary" may easily be pronounced quadri-
 syllabically.

Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

KING. Whether it be through force of your report,
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My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that 80

My tender youth was never yet attaind

With any passion of inflaming love,

I cannot tell; but this I am assured,

I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,

Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,

As I am sick with working of my thoughts.

Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;

Agree to any covenants, and procure

That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come 90

To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd

King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:

For your expenses and sufficient charge,

Among the people gather up a tenth.

Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,

I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.

And you, good uncle, banish all offence:

If you do censure me by what you were,

Not what you are, I know it will excuse

This sudden execution of my will.

And so, conduct me where, from company, 100

I may revolve and ruminatè my grief.

[Exit.

GLOU. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.

81 *attaint*] touched. Cf. V, iii, 183, *supra*: "taint with love."

97 *censure*] judge.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI ACT V

SUF. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king and realm. [Exit.

104-106 *the youthful Paris*] Paris's visit to Greece resulted in his winning Helen's love.

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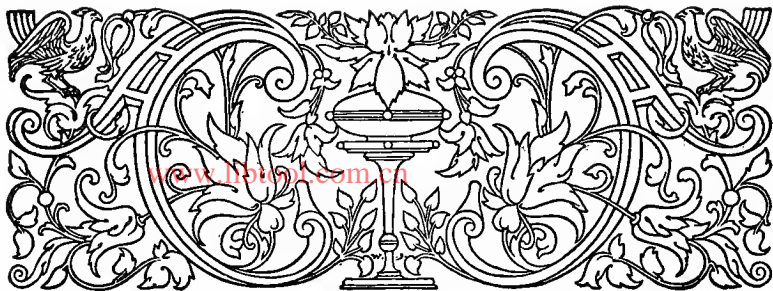


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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIDNEY LEE

VOLUME IX

KING HENRY VI—PART II

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE



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INTRODUCTION



WITH "Part II of Henry VI," to which Part III is in organic union, we enter into a new dramatic atmosphere. This fact, which has always been more or less accepted by the readers of these plays, seems to have impressed itself with fresh force on those who have enjoyed an opportunity of seeing them acted in immediate sequence to Part I. While in Part I there is much to interest the spectator, and while some of its scenes are in themselves decidedly striking, the impression produced by the play as a whole is that of crowding, clamour, and confusion. Part II affects the reader, and seems to have affected the theatrical audience, very differently. It conveys throughout a sense of perfect clearness in the conception and in the management of the dramatic action, which is carried on by groups of personages kept

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

perfectly distinct from one another. In the long First Act in particular, where several groups or characters are, as it were, each in its turn eliminated, the ground is cleared by a thoroughly perspicuous, if in its method very simple, process. And, as the action proceeds, the spectator is overtaken by no sense of crowding or confusion, as in Part I, and oppressed only by an ever-present consciousness of the lurking hatreds which, like underground fire, lie at the bottom of the tragedy, and ever and again flare up with appalling fury. Withal, incidents of the most startling and direct force — *horrors*, in a word — succeed each other with extraordinary rapidity; and both in this Part and in its successor, which carries on the action almost without a break, the contrasts are so frequent and so vivid as to overpower even a strong capacity for mental assimilation and digestion.

The differences in style between Part I and the two “later” Parts are not less marked. From the first, the ear seems conscious of a roll — unceasing, like that of the sea upon the shore. The rhetoric, though vehement and at times excessive, is very rarely meaningless or absurd.¹ Alliteration is indeed still employed; but it is used with more care and method than it was in Part I; it points the sententious speeches of the King and some of Gloucester’s caustic observations, rather than overcharges them. Rime, too, is more sparingly employed; and, though the trick of repeating words or sounds,

¹ Perhaps the drowning simile in Queen Margaret’s speech in Act III, sc. ii, of Part II might be held to deserve the latter epithet, though parallels could be found for its application.

INTRODUCTION

which was noted in Part I, also occurs in Part II, less frequent resort is on the whole here had to it ; a trying play on words (a pun) is, however, on more than one occasion introduced. Classical allusions are as plentiful as ever ; and it is as if only when the attention is strung up to the highest pitch, as in the scene of Cardinal Beaufort's death, all tricks of style were left aside.

Before proceeding to examine in more detail the ultimate sources of the successive scenes of Part II, I may at once point out that this play very closely follows the disposition of matter in the old play of the "First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster," on which, as has been already seen, it is founded, and the authorship of which will be discussed below.¹ The order of events adopted in the "Contention" is, it may be observed, historically speaking, fairly correct — except that Queen Margaret's marriage (1445) is placed before the downfall of the "Duchess of Gloucester" (1442), in order to admit of the introduction of a personal quarrel between the two women, and that York's first preferment of a claim to the crown is dated as previous to the battle of St. Albans (1455) instead of four or five years later.² This

¹ The precise relations in matter between the First and Second Parts of "Henry VI," and the "Contention" and the "Tragedy of the Duke of Yorke," respectively, are given in Miss Jane Lee's "Table of Shakespere's and Marlowe's Shares in Henry VI," Parts II and III, "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1876, pp. 293-303. Miss Lee notes that Malone's marking of these relations is by no means to be trusted in every case.

² He assumed the royal arms in the autumn of 1460 ; but, as Sir James Ramsay says (*u. s.*, vol. II, p. 213), "it is impossible to entertain any doubt of his intentions from the early part of 1459 onwards."

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

foreshortening of time is no doubt accountable for the compression into a single personage of the two Earls of Warwick (Beauchamp and Neville), and for a similar unification of two Dukes of Somerset (John de Beaufort, the Somerset of Part I, who died in 1443, and his brother Edmund). It may be added that the banishment of Suffolk and his murder at sea, both of which events belong to the year 1450, are in the play separated from one another by the death of Cardinal Beaufort, which took place in 1447. Cade's rebellion and the Duke of York's arrival from Ireland (1450) follow in the right chronological order.

The "Contention" (as for brevity's sake I shall call "The First Part of the Contention") appears to have been put together from Halle and Grafton, with possibly an occasional insertion from the "Mirror" and Holinshed. The "Second Part of Henry VI," while introducing a few additional details from Fabyan and Holinshed, follows Halle and the "Mirror" with a more assiduous fidelity in their praise of Humphrey of Gloucester and execration of Cardinal Beaufort, and in adopting Halle's view of the Queen as against Fabyan, with whom she remains virtually free from blame. Holinshed, who copied Halle, omitted his effective, though partisan, characterisation.

But, as early as 1549, a year after the publication of Halle's book and a decade before that of the "Mirror," Bishop Latimer, in his "Second Sermon preached before King Edward the Sixth," used as an ensample the story of the wicked Cardinal's murder of the Protector, and of his subornation of the Queen to his nefarious design.

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The narrative is so typical of the mid-Tudor view of earlier English history that I cannot refrain from quoting it in full ; the reference to Beaufort's Hat will not escape notice.

“ There was a bishop of Winchester in King Henry the Sixth's days, which King was but a child, and yet there were many good oaths made in his childhood, and I do not read that they were broken. This bishop was a great man born, and did bear such a stroke, that he was able to shoulder the lord Protector. Well, it chanced that the lord Protector and he fell out ; and the bishop would bear nothing at all with him, but played me the *satrapa*, so that the regent of France was fain to be sent for from beyond the seas, to set them at one, and go between them : for the bishop was as able and ready to buckle with the lord Protector as he with him.

“ Was not this a good prelate ? He should have been at home, preaching in his diocese, with a wanniaunt.¹

“ This Protector was so noble and godly a man, that he was called of every man the good Duke Humphrey. He kept such a house as never was kept since in England ; without any enhancing of rents, or any such matter. And the bishop, for standing so stiffly by the matter, and bearing up the order of our mother the holy Church, was made a cardinal at Calais ; and thither the bishop of Rome sent him a cardinal's hat. He should have had a Tyburn tippet, a half-penny halter, and all

¹ Cf. “ Pericles, Prince of Tyre,” Act II, sc. i : “ Come away, or I'll fetch thee, with a wanion.”

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

such proud prelates. These Romish hats never brought good into England.

“Upon this the bishop goeth me to the Queen Margaret, the king’s wife, a proud woman, and a stout; and persuaded her, that if the duke were in such authority still, and liked, the people would honour him more than they did the king; and the king should not be set by; and so, between them, I cannot tell how it came to pass, but at St. Edmundsbury, in a parliament, the good Duke Humphrey was smothered.”

Latimer’s sermons were, as is known, extremely popular, and they were frequently reprinted before 1590. But his illustrations are never recondite; and it is quite possible that Halle and the Bishop were the first to place on record a current legend which Fabyan, at a much earlier date, had in vain striven to correct. I have little or no doubt that Cardinal Beaufort suffered in reputation for Cardinals Kemp, Morton, and above all Wolsey, quite as much as he suffered on his own account.

It may be added that a number of details, which are not in the “Contention,” but to be found in the “Second Part of Henry VI,” are traceable to the chroniclers. Most of these I give in a note.¹

¹ Act I, sc. i, l. 109, “Keys of Normandy”: Fabyan. *Ib.* l. 128, “a whole fifteenth”: Halle and Holinshed. Sc. iii, l. 130, “Thy cruelty”: Halle, who refutes the charge. Act II, sc. i, l. 159, “whole towns” (for “dukedom”) in “Contention”: Halle and Holinshed (Rouen is in question). Sc. ii. The genealogy is corrected, in all but one mistake, apparently due to the “Mirror.”

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Act I. — The opening scene of Act I of the “Second Part of Henry VI” explains the general position of affairs, and indicates with sufficient correctness the parts played by the several nobles — impressively, though in this instance unhistorically, ending on the note “York.” “The keys of Normandy” (l. 109) is Fabyan’s phrase for Anjou and Maine; but it was Richard de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who conquered these. The “plainness” of Warwick (Richard Neville) is taken by the “Contention” from the “Mirror for Magistrates”; Halle and Holinshed more truthfully characterising him as “very subtle.” His “house-keeping” is described by Holinshed, copying Stowe. The “arms of York” (l. 251) seems to repeat the error of Part I; it was the arms of Clarence which the Duke had feared to blazon, using only those of Edmund of York (as is elaborately explained by Stowe, an excellent chronicler, to whom, as observed above, the playwrights do not seem to have had recourse).

An argument (which to me seems quite futile) has been urged against the Shakespearean authorship of this

Sc. iii, l. 11, “three days” (“two” in “Contention”): Halle and Holinshed. Act IV, sc. ii, l. 31, “cade of herrings” (“sprats” in “Contention”): Halle and Holinshed. *Ib.* l. 64, “all the realm shall be in common”: Halle and Holinshed. *Ib.* ll. 75-6, parchment and seal: Halle. Sc. viii, l. 1, “Saint Magnus’ Corner”: Halle and Holinshed. “Jack Cade the clothier” (Act IV, sc. ii, l. 4) is in the “Contention” “Jack Cade the Diar of Ashford”; and there are some other variations in the two plays as to the description of the insurrectionary leaders. In Act I, sc. ii, l. 29, the “Contention” mentions “the Cardinal of Winchester” instead of “Edmund Duke of Somerset” as the rival whose head Gloucester beholds in his dream.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

scene: namely, that the story of Althæa, correctly stated here (ll. 229 *seq.*) is given incorrectly in the "Second Part of Henry IV," Act II, sc. ii.

Scene ii begins the episode of Eleanor Cobham, "Duchess of Gloucester." Her downfall is briefly narrated by Halle and Holinshed, her practices of magic (see sc. iv) finding fuller mention in Fabyan; but all these chroniclers agree in noting that the Duke "took all these things patiently, and said little." The picture of Eleanor's pride and ostentation, amplified in our play from the hints in the "Contention," is derived from the "Mirror," to which the portraits of Eleanor and her husband are mainly due.

The couplet with which the text of this effective scene opens is no doubt singularly academic and unreal; but Eleanor's dream is very effectively introduced, and it is impossible to ignore the suggestion of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth conveyed by the whole scene.

The complicity of Queen Margaret in the plot against Duke Humphrey (sc. iii) is to be found in Halle, who, however, makes Suffolk and Buckingham the chief conspirators, and joins the Archbishop of York (Kemp) with the Cardinal. They, according to him, poisoned the Queen's mind. Holinshed is less severe against her, and Fabyan laments the slanders spread about to her discredit. The "Mirror," of course, accentuates Halle's charges, asserting that it was put into the Queen's mind that her husband ought not to be protected. Gloucester is here made to say that

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“York, our cousin most unkind,” joined in the plot for his own ends —

“Keeping close a title to the crown,
Lancaster’s house did labour to pull down,
The stay whereof he took to stand in me.”

The “Mirror” adds that the Parliament of Bury was summoned without consulting Duke Humphrey (compare Act II, sc. iv, l. 72), who repaired to it boldly, strong in his good conscience, though frightened by a bad dream.¹

The rest of the historical narrative incorporated in this scene is from Halle, or Holinshed. They also give briefly the tale of the armourer and his servant.

As to the matter of scene iv, Fabyan is fuller than either Halle or Holinshed, and Hume, the twice-paid medium, is mentioned by him. According to the “Mirror,” Eleanor’s design was to divine the King’s destiny — nothing further; but “Caiaphas our Cardinal” discovered her purpose.

Act II. — The story of Simpcox, which is introduced in scene i, for no purpose dramatically justifiable, was found by the author or authors of the “Contention” in Grafton only. He says that he found it in Sir Thomas More’s “Dialogue of Heresies.”² Here, the man who was the subject of the “miracle”

¹ The anonymous “Chronicle of London” (Vitellius A XVI) says of Gloucester: “how he dyde or in what maner the certaynte is unknowen, but only to god.” In this “Chronicle” there is no suggestion of foul play on the part of Cardinal Beaufort, or Suffolk, or any other known individual. (See Kingsford’s “Chronicles of London,” already cited, p. 157.)

² “Dialogue concerning heresies and matters of religion” (1528).

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

is not said to have been lame, or the King to have been present at the operation; and the whipping of the impostor over the stool is omitted. Otherwise, however, the delectable anecdote as related by Sir Thomas More furnishes a closer parallel to the scene in the play (which is responsible for Simpcox's name) than Grafton's version. I have therefore cited it in a note.¹

The prophecy of Somerset's danger from a castle is both in Halle and in the "Mirror."

¹ The Workes of Sir Thomas More, London, 1557, pp. 234 *seq.*: "As I remember me that I have hard my father tell of a begger, that in Kyng Henry his daies the sixt, came with his wife to saint Albonis. And there was walking about the towne begging a fue or six dayes before the Kings comynge thither, saienge y^t he was borne blinde, and neuer sawe in hys lyfe. And was warned in hys dreame, that he shoulde come out of Berwyke, where he said he had ever dwelled, to seke saynt Albon, and that he had been at his shryne, and had not been holpen. And therefore he woulde go seke hym at some other place; for he had hard some say sins he came y^t Saint Albonys body shold be at Colon, and indede such a contencion hath ther ben. But of troth, as I am surely informed, he lieth here at Saint Albonis, sauing some reliques of him, which thei there shew shrined. But to tell you forth, whan the King was comen, and the town fill, sodaynlye thys blind man at Saint Albonis shrine had his sight agayne, and a myracle solemply rongen, and *to down* songen, so that nothyng was talked of in al the towne, but this myracle. So happened it then, that duke Humphrey of Gloucester a great wyse man and very wel lerned, hauing great Joy to such a myracle, called y^e pore man unto hym. And first shewing himself Joyouse of goddes glory so shewed in the getting of his sight, and exortinge hym to mekeness, and to none ascribing of any part the worship to him self nor to be prowde of the peoples prayse, which would call him a good and godly man thereby, At last he looked well upon his eyen, and asked whyther he could neuer see nothing at al, in al hys life before. And when as well his wyfe as him self affermed fastely no, then he loked advisedly upon his cien again, and said, I beleve you very wel, for me thinketh that ye cannot se well yet. Yes, saith he, I thanke god and his holy marter, I can se nowe as well as any man. Ye can? quoth the Duke; what colour is my gowne? Then anone the begger tolde him. What colour, quoth he, is this man's gowne?"

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The King's religious ejaculations in this scene are, nearly all of them, additions to the text of the "Contention."

The genealogy in scene ii is a corrected version of that in the "Contention," which is wildly erroneous; but there still remains a confusion (ll. 38-42), due to the "Mirror," of Edmund with Sir Roger Mortimer. Both Halle and Holinshed name Salisbury and Warwick among the friends to whom Richard of York "privately declared his right and title to the crown."

The sequel of the story of the armourer and his man, introduced into scene iii for the sake of the groundlings, is again from Halle or Holinshed, who, however, say that the armourer was guiltless and that his servant was hanged at Tyburn. Peter's puritanical phraseology should be noticed.

The details of Eleanor's penance, so forcibly reproduced in scene iv by a dramatist who saw into the depths of human nature,¹ are taken exactly from Halle or Holinshed, including the three days' correction (scene iii). But Gloucester's protectorship had already

He told him also ; and so forth, without any sticking, he told him the names of al the colours that coulde bee shewed him. And whan my lord saw y^e, he bad him walke faytoure, and made him be set openly in the stocks. For, though he could have sene soudenly by miracle y^e difference betwene diuers colours, yet could he not by the syght so sodenly tell the names of all these colours, but if he had knowen them before, no more than the names of al the men y^e he should sodenly se. . . . And as that noble duke Humfrey wisely found out the falshed of that blison begger . . ."

¹ "Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!

Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back . . ."

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

come to an end three years sooner, on Henry's coronation. Scene iv generally follows the "Contention," except for additions to the speeches, in particular ll. 58-63 and 67-69, suggested by Halle's descanting (this is not copied by Holinshed) on Duke Humphrey's virtuous confidence in his own uprightness and impartial justice.

It is worth while to look rather closely into the process of the construction of Act III, which is dramatically powerful in both design and execution. It treats of the doom of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, and of the Nemesis which it drew down upon those who shared the guilt of it — above all upon the terrible Cardinal. And, throughout, the faith of the simple-minded King in his uncle's innocence pathetically remains unshaken.

Though the outline of scene i of this Act comes from the "Contention," long additions are made to Queen Margaret's speeches, especially ll. 18-35, 75-81 and 223-230; and the immediate guilt of the murder is fixed on the Cardinal (ll. 172-177, 235-237, 273-277, 323-325); in other respects, the identical words of the "Contention" are merely rearranged (with such vivid alterations as those of ll. 53, 55, 182, 188, 189), and the alliteration is introduced which usually in this play marks Gloucester's speeches and the scenes in which he appears. Similarly, the speeches of York have received additions of finer expressions. The elaborate description of Cade, towards the close of the scene, appears to be an invention.

In scene ii, which fixes the immediate guilt of the

INTRODUCTION

murder of Suffolk, the murderers and the prompt remorse of one of them (this latter a frequent Shakespearean touch) are additions to the "Contention," as well as nearly the whole of Margaret's speeches, with their inflated invective, before the entrance of Warwick, of which the old play contains only a few suggestive lines. The hypocritical words of Beaufort (ll. 31-32) are likewise new. Though the scene includes some fine bursts, together with the grandest of the many proverbial or quasi-proverbial utterances in this play,¹ and though "Macbeth" once more inevitably rises to the mind, I am bound to confess that the scene, impressive as it is, does not appear to me Shakespearean to a convincing degree.

The "Mirror" hints that the Duke was suffocated, but that the people imagined him to have died a natural death (as Stowe asserts was actually the case).² The popular riot would seem to be an invention of the authors of the "Contention." All the chroniclers speak of Suffolk's unpopularity; King Henry banished him, says Halle, "as the abhorred toad and common nuisance of the realm." Halle, followed by Holinshed, further says that the Queen's and Suffolk's oppression of the poor caused violent popular accusation of him, "the Queen's darling." The Queen, again, is declared to have

¹ "What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just."

The whole of this speech of the King's is an addition to the "Contention."

² Cf. Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. II, p. 76: The charge of actual murder, with incidents borrowed from the cases of Edward II and Thomas of Woodstock, seems an embellishment due to popular imagination.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

“entirely loved the Duke”; but there is no suggestion of any scandal between them.

In scene iii, as noticed above, the Cardinal is depicted as he had been blackened by Halle (copied by Grafton) and the “Mirror.” When the Cardinal lay dying (so, on the authority of his chaplain, Dr. Baker, we read in Halle), he cried: “Why should I die, having so much riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy or by riches to get it. Fie, will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing?” etc. . . . Since, in the opinion of Mr. Fleay, “not even in Shakespeare is there a death-scene equal to this”—a view, which, in conjunction with the fact of the last scene in “Doctor Faustus,” no doubt contributed to the critic’s notion that the Beaufort scene was Marlowe’s work—it should be noticed that the corresponding scene in the “Contention,” though carefully elaborated in the “Henry VI” version, is essentially identical with it.

Act IV.—The death of Suffolk, with which scene i is concerned, is but briefly told by Halle and Holinshed; and the details, all of which, including Suffolk’s claim to “the honourable blood of Lancaster,” are to be found in the “Contention,” seem to be due to its authors. Although a democratic touch is perceptible in this scene, which as it were helps to introduce the ensuing Cade scenes, the cause of Suffolk’s doom is indicated as having been the discontent excited by his failure in France. The rhetoric of this scene is curiously extravagant; but the gloomy note of scenery

INTRODUCTION

conveyed in the opening lines must be allowed to reveal a true poetic instinct.

The famous Cade scenes (ii-x) keep, all of them, remarkably close to Halle and Holinshed, and nearly the whole of the matter is in the "Contention"—down to the odd blunder, in scene ii, of parchment being made out of lambskin. Cade's advance from Southwark (July 2, 1450) and the fight which on the following day took place on London Bridge, with the death of Matthew Gough; Cade's striking of London Stone, and his riding "in every street like a lordly captain";¹ even St. Magnus' Corner—are all on record. Halle says that Scales was left to defend the town, when King Henry fled to Kenilworth, and mentions the embassy of Buckingham (before the flight), the pardon proffered by Archbishop Kemp, and the proclaimed reward of 1000 marks for the rebel's head. Holinshed, copying Fabyan, adds that Cade donned Sir Humphrey Stafford's brigandine, full of gilt nails. The Savoy (scene vii, l. 1) is not mentioned in the chronicles; it is possibly a reminiscence of Wat Tyler. Sir James Fenys, created Lord Say in 1447 and appointed Lord Treasurer in 1449, was very unpopular in Kent; Holinshed says that King Henry sent him to the Tower. The "Contention," like the "Second Part of Henry VI," makes him refuse to fly, confiding in his own innocence;

¹ "The Captaine of the Commons," as, according to Stowe, he called himself, in his formal demand that "all the extortions used daily among the common people might be laid down, that is to say, the greene Waxe" (cf. Act IV, scene ii), "which is falsely used, to the perpetual destruction of the King's true commons of Kent."

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

the additional touch of self-sacrifice is only in the later play (scene iv, l. 45).

It is curious that, in scene viii, Cade should use the same simile of the feather as illustrating the untrustworthiness of his followers, which King Henry VI applies to the common people in a pathetic passage of Part III (Act III, sc. ii).

When we reach scene x, it is not easy to understand the object of the character of Iden as slightly elaborated in our play from the Eyden of the "Contention." If he was a philosopher contented with his lot (and garden), why should he so exult in having made an end of Cade? ¹

Act V. — The return of York (sc. i), seeking "to pick a quarrel with the Duke of Somerset, which ruled the King, ordered the realm, and most might do with the queen," is represented in strict accordance with Halle. He puts together York's return from Ireland (1450) and his attempt to compel the dismissal of Somerset (1452); and, omitting mention of the first protectorate in 1453, he combines in one action the imprisonment of Somerset (1453) and Henry's release of him (1455), which provoked the battle of St. Albans. Holinshed, though somewhat vague, is more accurate. York, says Halle, nourished a personal grudge for the loss of Rouen, and "never left persecuting of the Duke of Somerset till he had brought him to his fatal point."

¹ The real Alexander Eden, the new sheriff of Kent, appears to have ridden after Cade, and captured him at the roadside near Heathfield, where a monument marks the place of the rebel's arrest, and where the road is still known as Cade Street. Ramsay, vol. II, p. 132, *note*.

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That Buckingham was Henry's messenger is stated by Holinshed. Ll. 144 and 202 attribute, as usual, the Beauchamp badge of the bear and ragged staff to the Nevilles. The age of Salisbury, as well as the participation in this stage of the conflict of York's sons, who were at the time infants, must be set down to the inventive powers of the authors of the "Contention;" but Somerset's death beneath the sign of the Castle, as fulfilling a prophecy (sc. iii), is to be found in Halle and Holinshed.

A. W. WARD.

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**THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY VI**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

KING HENRY the Sixth.

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Young CLIFFORD, his son.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF WARWICK.

LORD SCALES.

LORD SAY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother.

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

VAUX.

MATTHEW GOFFE.

A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.

JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, priests.

BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer.

THOMAS HORNER, an armourer. PETER, his man.

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

SIMPCOX, an impostor.

ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.

JACK CADE, a rebel.

GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver,
MICHAEL, &c., followers of Cade.

Two Murderers.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.

ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester.

MARGARET JOURDAIN, a witch.

Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle,
Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers,
Messengers, &c.

A Spirit

SCENE: *England*

¹ This play was first printed in its present shape in the First Folio of 1623. A first draft appeared under the title of *The First Part of The Contention of the Two Famous Houses of Yorke & Lancaster* in quarto in 1594, and was reprinted in 1600 and 1619. Beyond the heading at the beginning of the Folio "Actus Primus—Scena Prima," the early editions indicate no divisions of Act or Scene; these were first supplied by Nicholas Rowe in 1709. Rowe also introduced for the first time a list of "dramatis personæ."



ACT FIRST — SCENE I — LONDON

THE PALACE

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, THE KING, HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT, on the one side; THE QUEEN, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BUCKINGHAM, on the other

SUFFOLK



S BY YOUR HIGH IMPERIAL majesty
I had in charge at my depart for
France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for
your grace,
So, in the famous ancient city
Tours,
In presence of the Kings of
France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber,
Bretagne and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task and was espoused:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,

10

In sight of England and her lordly peers,
 Deliver up my title in the queen
 To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
 Of that great shadow I did represent;
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
 The fairest queen that ever king received.

KING. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret:
 I can express no kinder sign of love
 Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! 20
 For Thou hast given me in this beauteous face
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

QUEEN. Great King of England and my gracious
 lord,
 The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
 By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
 In courtly company or at my beads,
 With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,
 Makes me the bolder to salute my king
 With ruder terms, such as my wit affords 30
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

KING. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
 Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
 Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;

3 *procurator*] proxy. This is the title bestowed on Suffolk in the account
 (in Hall's *Chronicle*) of his marriage with the Princess as proxy
 for the King.

27 *at my beads*] at my prayers.

28 *alder-liefest*] dearest of all. The word is not used elsewhere by Shake-
 speare, but cf. III, i, 164, *infra*: "My *liefest* liege."

Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

ALL [*kneeling*]. Long live Queen Margaret, England's
happiness!

QUEEN. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

SUFF. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace 40
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

GLOU. [*Reads*] "Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father —"
[*Lets the paper fall.*]

KING. Uncle, how now!

GLOU. Pardon me, gracious lord; 50
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

KING. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

CAR. [*Reads*] "Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."

54-56 *Item . . . her father*] The Cardinal makes the text of the opening words of this clause differ slightly from the form in which they had already been read out by Gloucester. The discrepancy is not of a kind which could be accounted for by Gloucester's failure of vision, and is probably a mere oversight on the dramatist's part. For a similar discrepancy cf. I, iv, 64, *infra*.

KING. 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, 60
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick ;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk,

GLOU. Brave peers of England, pillars of the
state, 70

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got? 80
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,

Studied so long, sat in the council-house
 Early and late, debating to and fro
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
 And had his highness in his infancy
 Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
 And shall these labours and these honours die? 90
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?
 O peers of England, shameful is this league!
 Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
 Blotting your names from books of memory,
 Razing the characters of your renown,
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
 Undoing all, as all had never been!

CAR. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
 This peroration with such circumstance? 100
 For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

GLOU. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
 But now it is impossible we should:
 Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
 Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
 Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

SAL. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,

88 *had*] This is Grant White's emendation of the Folio *hath*. Rowe proposed *was*. Other editors keep *hath* and insert *Been* before *Crowned* in the next line.

96 *characters*] the written records.

97 *monuments . . . France*] the memorials of the conquest of France.

100 *circumstance*] circumstantial detail.

These counties were the keys of Normandy.
 But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son? 110

WAR. For grief that they are past recovery:
 For, were there hope to conquer them again,
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
 Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
 And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
 Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
 Mort Dieu!

YORK. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
 That dims the honour of this warlike isle! 120
 France should have torn and rent my very heart,
 Before I would have yielded to this league.
 I never read but England's kings have had
 Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;
 And our King Henry gives away his own,
 To match with her that brings no vantages.

GLOU. A proper jest, and never heard before,
 That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
 For costs and charges in transporting her!

110 *Warwick, my valiant son*] Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, the kingmaker, who first makes his appearance in this play. He is to be distinguished from Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, his father-in-law, who figures in the First Part of *Hen. VI.* Some of the achievements of the Beauchamp Earl are erroneously put in this scene to the credit of Nevill, the kingmaker Earl of Warwick, who was only a boy when Anjou and Maine were conquered.

128 *a whole fifteenth*] a tax of a fifteenth part of a subject's personal property. Cf. IV, vii, 20, *infra*. In *1 Hen. VI.* V, v, 93, Suffolk was promised a tenth; but history allots him only a fifteenth.

She should have stay'd in France and starved in France,
Before — 131

CAR. My lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

GLOU. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone, 140
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [Exit.]

CAR. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'T is known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it. 150
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,"
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"

151 *smoothing*] cajoling, flattering. Cf. II, i, 22: "That *smooth'st* it so
with king."

With "God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,

He will be found a dangerous protector.

BUCK. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,

He being of age to govern of himself?

161

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,

And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,

We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

CAR. This weighty business will not brook delay;

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.

[Exit.

SOM. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's
pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,

Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:

His insolence is more intolerable

170

Than all the princes in the land beside:

If Gloucester be displaced, he'll be protector.

BUCK. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,

Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.

SAL. Pride went before, ambition follows him.

While these do labour for their own preferment,

Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester

Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,

180

More like a soldier than a man o' the church,

158 *gloss*] blandishment.

175 *Pride . . . follows him*] Cf. *Proverbs* xvi, 18: "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

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 housekeeping,
 Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
 Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:
 And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
 In bringing them to civil discipline,
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
 When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
 Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:
 Join we together, for the public good,
 In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
 With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
 And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
 While they do tend the profit of the land.

190

WAR. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land, 200
 And common profit of his country!

YORK. [*Aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest
 cause.

SAL. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

WAR. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;

186 *housekeeping*] hospitality.

189 *brother York . . . Ireland*] The Duke of York was the speaker's
 brother-in-law; the Duke married Salisbury's sister. The Duke of
 York's acts in Ireland are antedated. He did not go thither till 1449,
 four years after the events of this scene.

203 *the main*] the main chance, as explained at line 207.

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.

www.libtool.com. [Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.]

YORK. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
 Paris is lost; the state of Normandy 210

Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:

Suffolk concluded on the articles,

The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased
 To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.

I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?

'T is 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 220

Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands,

And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,

While all is shared and all is borne away,

Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:

So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,

While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.

Methinks the realms of England, France and Ireland

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood

211 *on a tickle point*] in tottering, unsteady condition.

216 *thine*] York is addressing himself. Cf. 225-226, *infra*.

220 *While as*] While. The archaic enclitic "as" is attached to "while" nowhere else in Shakespeare, though often found after "where" and "when." Cf. *Where as*, I, ii, 58, *infra*.

As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd
 Unto the prince's heart of Calydon. 230
 Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
 Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
 A day will come when York shall claim his own;
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts
 And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
 Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist, 240
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.
 Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
 Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state;
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,

229-230 *Althæa . . . Calydon*] Ovid, in *Metamorphoses*, VIII, 260-547, tells the familiar story of how Althæa, mother of Meleager, prince of Calydon, was warned that her son should live only so long as a certain brand was unconsumed by fire, and how, being angered by her son, she committed the brand to the flames, and so caused his death. Shakespeare makes a confused reference to the fable in *2 Hen. IV*, II, ii, 83-86.

232 *hope of France*] hope of acquiring the throne of France. This and the next line are repeated with very slight verbal change, III, i, 87-88, *infra*.

242 *church-like humours fits*] The plural subject with the verb in the singular was no uncommon usage. The king's "church-like humours" (*i. e.*, religiosity or pietistic disposition) are fully described at I, iii, 53-62, *infra*.

With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed; 250
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II — THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S
 HOUSE

Enter DUKE HUMPHREY *and his wife* ELEANOR

DUCH. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
 Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world?
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
 What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
 Enchased with all the honours of the world?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same. 10
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.

253 *force perforce*] Both words were often used singly as adverbs in the same sense, "of necessity." Their conjunction intensifies that meaning.

254 *bookish rule*] the rule of one engrossed in books.

5 *sullen earth*] gloomy earth. Cf. *Sonnet* xxix, 12: "the lark . . . arising From *sullen earth*."

What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
 And, having both together heaved 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.

GLOU. 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, 20
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
 My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

DUCH. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll
 requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

GLOU. 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 placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
 And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk. 30
 This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

DUCH. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
 That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove
 Shall lose his head for his presumption.
 But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
 Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
 In the cathedral church of Westminster,
 And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;

Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem. 40

GLOU. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, beloved 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! 50

DUCH. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

GLOU. Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.

Enter Messenger

MESS. My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.

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

DUCH. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently. 60

[Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.]

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.

54 *check'd]* chidden, reprov'd.

58 *Where as]* Where. See note on I, i, 220.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
 I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
 And, being a woman, I will not be slack
 To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
 Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
 We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME

HUME. Jesus preserve your royal majesty! 70

DUCH. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

HUME. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's ad-
 vice,

Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

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

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,

With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

HUME. This they have promised, to show your
 highness

A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,

That shall make answer to such questions 80

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

DUCH. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:

When from Saint Alban's we do make return,

We'll see these things effected to the full.

68 *Sir John*] The Duchess summons the priest Sir John Hume. "Sir"
 was in common use as a clerical title.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [Exit.]

HUME. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:

The business asketh silent secrecy. 90

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold flies from another coast;

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,

And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,

Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,

They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess,

And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say "A crafty knave does need no broker;" 100

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last

Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,

And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:

Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit.]

93 *coast*] quarter.

100 "*A crafty . . . broker*"] An oft-cited proverb. Cf. Ben Jonson in *Every Man in his Humour*, III, v, 34: *a crafty knave needs no broker*. "Broker" means agent, go-between.

SCENE III—THE PALACE

Enter three or four Petitioners, PETER, the Armourer's man,
www.libtool.being one

FIRST PETIT. My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

SEC. PETIT. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN

PETER. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

SEC. PETIT. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

SUF. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me? ¹⁰

FIRST PETIT. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

QUEEN. [*Reading*] "To my Lord Protector!" Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

FIRST PETIT. 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.

3 *in the quill*] in a body, in unison, altogether. Cf. *Roxburghe Ballads*, Vol. II, p. 136: "Thus those females were all *in a quill*." "Quile," in the sense of "heap" is still in provincial use in England. The word "quill" has been connected philologically with both "coil" (*sc.* of rope) and the French "accueil," a gathering, or assemblage.

SUF. Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed. What's yours? What's here! [*Reads*] "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Mel-ford." How now, sir knave!

SEC. PETIT. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

PETER [*giving his petition*]. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

QUEEN. What say'st thou? 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? [*Enter Servant.*] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently: we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exit Servant with Peter.*]

QUEEN. 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.*]

QUEEN. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise, 40
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?

30 *master*] Warburton's correction of the Folio reading *Mistress*.

32 *Who is there?*] A summons to one without to enter.

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still
 Under the surly Gloucester's governance?
 Am I a queen in title and in style,
 And must be made a subject to a duke?
 I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
 Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
 And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France, 50
 I thought King Henry had resembled thee
 In courage, courtship and proportion:
 But all his mind is bent to holiness,
 To number Ave-Maries on his beads;
 His champions are the prophets and apostles,
 His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,
 His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
 Are brazen images of canonized saints.
 I would the college of the cardinals
 Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome, 60
 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.

QUEEN. Beside the haughty protector, have we
 Beaufort,
 The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,

52 *courtship and proportion*] courtliness and shapeliness.

61 *the triple crown*] The papal crown was of triplicate shape.

66 *haughty*] Thus the First Folio. The Second and later Folios improve the metre by reading *haught*, a form of the word occasionally found elsewhere.

And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

SUF. And he of these that can do most of all 70
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

QUEEN. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be avenged on her? 80
Contemptuous base-born callet 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 limed a bush for her,
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,

73-84 *Not all these lords . . . my father's lands*] This speech lacks historic foundation. The Duchess of Gloucester was disgraced and permanently dismissed from court three years before Henry VI's queen arrived in England.

78 *She bears . . . back*] Cf. Marlowe's *Edward II*, I, iv, 408: "He wears a lord's revenues on his back."

81 *callet*] strumpet, drab; used thus in *Othello*, IV, ii, 121. In *Wint. Tale*, II, iii, 90, the word is applied to a scolding wife.

86 *limed*] smeared with birdlime. Cf. II, iv, 54, *infra*, "limed bushes," III, iii, 16, "lime twigs," and *3 Hen. VI*, V, vi, 13, "The bird that hath been limed in a bush."

That she will light to listen to the lays,
 And never mount to trouble you again.
 So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
 For I am bold to counsel you in this.
 Although we fancy not the cardinal,
 Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
 Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
 As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
 Will make but little for his benefit.
 So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
 And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

90

Sound a Sennet. Enter the KING, DUKE HUMPHREY of Gloucester, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SOMERSET, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

KING. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
 Or Somerset or York, all's one to me. 100

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

SOM. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
 Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

WAR. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
 Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

CAR. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

WAR. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

BUCK. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

WAR. Warwick may live to be the best of all. 110

88 *light*] alight.

102 *deny'd*] thus the first three Folios. The Fourth Folio adopts the more modern form of the word, *deny'd*.

SAL. Peace, son! and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

QUEEN. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

GLOU. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure. these are no women's matters.

QUEEN. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

GLOU. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

SUF. Resign it then and leave thine insolence. 120
Since thou wert king — as who is king but thou? —
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

CAR. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's
bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

SOM. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

BUCK. Thy cruelty in execution 180
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

QUEEN. 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 Gloucester. The Queen drops her fan.]

115 *censure*] opinion. The word is quite free from any suggestion of reproach.

184 *suspect*] suspicion. Cf. III, i, 140, *infra*.

Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?

[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*]

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

DUCH. Was't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I'd set my ten commandments in your face. 140

KING. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.

DUCH. 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 wear no breeches,

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged. [*Exit.*]

BUCK. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:

She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,

She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter GLOUCESTER

GLOU. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown 150

With walking once about the quadrangle,

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,

140 *ten commandments*] the ten fingers; a common slang usage of the time. Cf. line 188, *infra*: "By these *ten* bones."

144 *Though . . . breeches*] Though in this place she who is most master wear no breeches, though here the queen (a woman) is master.

147 *listen after*] go after and carefully observe. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, I, i, 29: "to *listen after* news."

148 *tickled*] pricked on, goaded.

fume] anger. Modern editors often substitute *fury*, which improves the metre. But the change is not absolutely necessary.

150 *over-blown*] blown over, spent.

Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
 But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
 As I in duty love my king and country!
 But, to the matter that we have in hand:
 I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
 To be your regent in the realm of France.

SUF. Before we make election, give me leave 160
 To show some reason, of no little force,
 That York is most unmeet of any man.

YORK. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
 First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
 Next, if I be appointed for the place,
 My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
 Without discharge, money, or furniture,
 Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:
 Last time, I danced attendance on his will
 Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost. 170

WAR. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
 Did never traitor in the land commit.

SUF. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

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

Enter HORNER, the Armourer, and his man PETER, guarded

SUF. Because here is a man accused of treason:
 Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

167 *Without discharge . . . furniture*] Without means of discharging my
 duties, without money or equipment.

171 *fact*] crime.

YORK. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

KING. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

SUF. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason: 180
His words were these: that Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

KING. Say, man, were these thy words?

HOR. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said
nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am
falsely accused by the villain.

PET. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak
them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring
my Lord of York's armour. 190

YORK. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

HOR. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the
words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did
correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon
his knees he would be even with me: I have good wit-
ness of this; therefore I beseech your majesty, do not
cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation. 200

KING. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

188 *ten bones*] ten fingers: the speaker holds up his hand. Cf. line 140,
supra, *ten commandments*.

191 *mechanical*] menial; an epithet of contempt applied to a manual
labourer.

GLOU. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
 Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
 Because in York this breeds suspicion:
 And let these have a day appointed them
 For single combat in convenient place,
 For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
 This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

SOM. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

HOR. And I accept the combat willingly. 210

PET. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake,
 pity my case. The spite of man prevaieth against me.
 O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to
 fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

GLOU. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

KING. Away with them to prison; and the day of
 combat shall be the last of the next month. Come,
 Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — GLOUCESTER'S GARDEN

*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and
BOLINGBROKE*

HUME. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you,
 expects performance of your promises.

BOLING. Master Hume, we are therefore provided:
 will her Ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

4 *exorcisms*] conjurations for raising spirits, not as in modern usage for driving them away.

HUME. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

BOLING. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you 10 prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess aloft, HUME following

DUCH. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear the sooner the better.

BOLING. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand. 20
Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.

14 gear] business.

16 *the silent of the night*] the silence of the night. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, V, iii, 49-50, "the sweet [*i. e.*, sweetness] o' the night," and *Tempest*, I, ii, 327, "that vast [*sc.* space] of night."

18 *ban-dogs*] chained up mastiffs.

22 *a hallow'd verge*] the circumference of a charmed circle.

SPIR. Adsum.

M. JOURD. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power

Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

SPIR. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

BOLING. "First of the king: what shall of him become?"

[*Reading out of a paper.*]

SPIR. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose; 30
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*]

BOLING. "What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?"

SPIR. By water shall he die, and take his end.

BOLING. "What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?"

SPIR. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

BOLING. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!

False fiend, avoid! [Thunder and lightning. Exit spirit. 40]

*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.
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.

24 *Asmath*] An irregular form of the name of Asmodeus the evil spirit
(*Tobit*, ch. iii, verse 8).

28 *That I*] Would that I.

40 *avoid*] be off.

42 *at an inch*] in the nick of time.

What, madam, are you there? the king and common-
weal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

DUCH. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.

BUCK. True, madam, none at all: what call you this?

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close, 50

And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.

Stafford, take her to thee.

[Exeunt above Duchess and Hume, guarded.]

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.

All, away! *[Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.]*

YORK. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd
her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

[Reads.]

"The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death." 60

Why, this is just

"Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse."

Well, to the rest:

48 *Injurious*] Abusive.

62 *Aio te . . . posse*] The ambiguous oracle announced, according to Roman historians, by the Pythian Apollo to Pyrrhus, the king of Epirus, who invaded Italy and threatened Rome 280 B. C. The Latin words are capable of meaning either that Pyrrhus can conquer the Romans, or that the Romans can conquer him.

“Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
 By water shall he die, and take his end.
 What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
 Let him shun castles;
 Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
 Than where castles mounted stand.”

Come, come, my lords; 70
 These oracles are hardly attain'd,
 And hardly understood.
 The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
 With him the husband of this lovely lady:
 Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:
 A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

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 Servingman

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick 80
 To sup with me to-morrow night. Away! [*Exeunt.*]

64 “*Tell me . . . Suffolk*] These are not the exact words of the paper as they are first read out by Bolingbroke in line 32, *supra*. The small discrepancy resembles that already noticed, I, i, 54-56, *supra*.

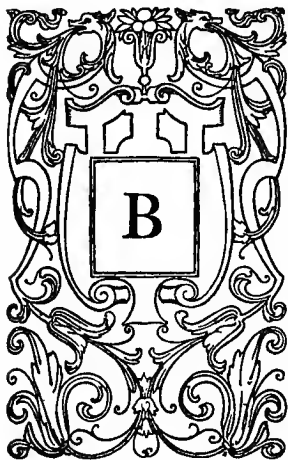
71 *hardly attain'd*] obtained with difficulty.



ACT SECOND — SCENE I — SAINT ALBAN'S

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL, and SUFFOLK,
with Falconers halloing*

QUEEN



BELIEVE ME, LORDS, FOR
flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these
seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was
very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had
not gone out.

KING. But what a point, my
lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above
the rest!
To see how God in all His crea-
tures works!

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

SUF. No marvel, an it like your majesty,

¹ for *flying at the brook*] as regards hawking for waterfowl.

² *these seven years' day*] this space of seven years.

⁴ *old Joan . . . out*] old Joan applies to the old hawk, against whose

My lord protector's hawks do tower so well; 10
 They know their master loves to be aloft,
 And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

GLOU. My lord 't is but a base ignoble mind
 That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

CAR. I thought as much; he would be above the
 clouds.

GLOU. Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by
 that?

Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

KING. The treasury of everlasting joy.

CAR. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and
 thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart; 20
 Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
 That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

GLOU. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown
 peremptory?

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

taking flight at all there were heavy odds, owing to the violence of
 the wind.

5 *point*] applied technically in hawking to the hovering of the falcon over
 the spot where the quarry seeks refuge.

8 *fain of*] fond of, desirous of.

16 *how . . . that*] what do you think of that?

20 *Beat on a crown*] Cf. I, ii, 47, *supra*: "And wilt thou still be *hammering*
treachery?"

22 *smooth'st it so*] flatterest so. Cf. I, i, 151, *supra*: "*smoothing*
words."

24 *Tantæne . . . iræ*] Quotation from Virgil, *Æneid*, bk. i, line 15:
 "Do such passions possess souls divine?"

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

SUF. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

GLOU. As who, my lord?

SUF. Why, as you, my lord,
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship. 30

GLOU. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

QUEEN. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

KING. I prithee, peace, good queen,
And whet not on these furious peers;
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

CAR. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

GLOU. [*Aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would 't were
come to that!

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] Marry, when thou darest.

GLOU. [*Aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers
for the matter; 40

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] Ay, where thou darest not peep:
an if thou darest,

This evening on the east side of the grove.

KING. How now, my lords!

CAR. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,

26 *With such . . . do it*] Thus the Folios. The line seems defective.
Warburton's emendation *With such holiness can you not do it?* is
frequently adopted.

40 *Make . . . matter*] Bring no members of your faction into this
contest.

Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. [*Aside to Glou.*] Come with thy
two-hand sword.

GLOU. True, uncle.

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] Are ye advised? the east side
of the grove?

GLOU. [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

KING. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

GLOU. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord. ⁵⁰
[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave
your crown for this,

Or all my fence shall fail.

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] *Medice, teipsum* —
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

KING. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,
lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

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

Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying "A miracle!"

GLOU. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

60

46 *two-hand sword*] sometimes called the "long sword," needing both
hands for wielding.

52 *fence*] skill in fencing.

53 *Medice, teipsum*] "Physician, [heal] thyself"; from the Vulgate, *Luke*
iv, 23: "Medice, cura teipsum."

55 *stomachs*] tempers, anger.

TOWNS. A miracle! a miracle!

SUF. Come to the king and tell him what miracle.

TOWNS. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

KING. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his brethren, bearing SIMPCOX, between two in a chair, SIMPCOX's Wife following

CAR. Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

KING. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale, 70
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

GLOU. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the
king;

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

KING. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?

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. 80

61 *A miracle! a miracle!*] This story is absent from the Chronicles of both Holinshed and Hall, which supply the dramatist with his main material. It was first narrated by Sir Thomas More in his *Dialogue concerning heresies*, whence it was borrowed by the chronicler Grafton.

GLOU. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst
have better told.

KING. Where wert thou born?

SIMP. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.

KING. 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, camest thou here by
chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

SIMP. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep, 90
By good Saint Alban; who said, "Simpcox, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

WIFE. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

CAR. What, art thou lame?

SIMP. Ay, God Almighty help me!

SUF. How camest thou so?

SIMP. A fall off of a tree.

WIFE. A plum-tree, master.

GLOU. How long hast thou been blind?

SIMP. O, born so, master.

GLOU. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

SIMP. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

WIFE. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

GLOU. Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst
venture so. 101

92 *offer*] *sc.* money, make offering.

SIMP. Alas, good master, my wife desired some
damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

GLOU. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.

Let me see www.third-eyes.com thine eyes: wink now: now open
them:

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

SIMP. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and
Saint Alban.

GLOU. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this
cloak of?

SIMP. Red, master; red as blood. 110

GLOU. Why, that's well said. What colour is my
gown of?

SIMP. Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet.

KING. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is
of?

SUF. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

GLOU. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a
many.

WIFE. Never, before this day, in all his life.

GLOU. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

SIMP. Alas, master, I know not.

GLOU. What's his name?

SIMP. I know not. 120

GLOU. Nor his?

SIMP. No, indeed, master.

GLOU. What's thine own name?

SIMP. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

GLOU. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave

in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again? 132

SIMP. O master, that you could!

GLOU. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

MAY. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

GLOU. Then send for one presently.

MAY. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit an Attendant.]

GLOU. 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. 141

SIMP. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips

GLOU. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

BEAD. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

129 *nominate*] give names to.

140-141 *leap me*] "me" is the ethic dative.

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!"*]

KING. O God, liest Thou this, and bearest so long?

QUEEN. It made me laugh to see the villain run. 151

GLOU. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

WIFE. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

GLOU. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, &c.*]

CAR. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

SUF. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

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

Enter BUCKINGHAM

KING. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

BUCK. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold. 161

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practised dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

153 *pure need*] sheer necessity.

162 *A sort . . . bent*] A set of blackguards, bent on mischief.

163 *confederacy*] partnership in conspiracy.

Demanding of King Henry's life and death, 170
 And other of your highness' privy-council;
 As more at large your grace shall understand.

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] And so, my lord protector, by
 this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
 This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
 'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

GLOU. 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. 180

KING. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
 Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

QUEEN. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest,
 And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

GLOU. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
 How I have loved 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 conversed with such 190
 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 Gloucester's honest name.

KING. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
 To-morrow toward London back again,

183 *tainture of thy nest*] defilement of thy household.

To look into this business thoroughly,
 And call these foul offenders to their answers,
 And poise the cause in justice' equal scales, 199
 Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
www.libtool.com.cn [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE II — LONDON

THE DUKE OF YORK'S GARDEN

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK

YORK. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave
 In this close walk to satisfy myself,
 In craving your opinion of my title,
 Which is infallible, to England's crown.

SAL. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

WAR. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
 The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

YORK. Then thus:

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons: 10
 The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
 The second, William of Hatfield, and the third,
 Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
 Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
 The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;

3 *close walk*] retired path (of the garden). Cf. line 60, *infra*: "private plot."

5 *Which*] The antecedent is "your opinion" (line 4).

The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;

William of Windsor was the seventh and last.

Edward the Black Prince died before his father,

And left behind him Richard, his only son,

Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king; 20

Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,

The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,

Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,

Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,

And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,

Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

WAR. Father, the duke hath told the truth;

Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

YORK. Which now they hold by force and not by right; 30

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,

The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

SAL. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

YORK. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line

I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:

Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;

Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.

SAL. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,

39-42 *This Edmund . . . till he died*] There is much confusion here. In *1 Hen. VI*, II, v, this Edmund Mortimer (5th Earl of March) has already been erroneously brought on the stage as dying in captivity

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown; 40
 And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
 Who kept him in captivity till he died.
 But to the rest.

YORK. His eldest sister, Anne,
 My mother, being heir unto the crown,
 Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son
 To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth
 son.

By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
 To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
 Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
 Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence: 50
 So, if the issue of the elder son
 Succeed before the younger, I am king.

WAR. What plain proceeding is more plain than
 this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
 The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
 Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
 It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee
 And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
 Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
 And in this private plot be we the first 60

in the Tower of London, whereas he died a free man in Ireland. The present allegation that he was imprisoned by Owen Glendower is equally wrong. It was an uncle of this Edmund, another Edmund Mortimer, who was Glendower's prisoner.

53 *proceeding*] course of narrative, narration.

60 *private plot*] sequestered place. Cf. line 3, *supra*: "close walk."

That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

BOTH. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's
king! libtool.com.cn

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, 70
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'T is that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

SAL. My lord, break we off; we know your mind
at full.

WAR. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

YORK. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself: 80
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king. [*Exeunt.*]

68 *advice*] forethought, caution.

SCENE III—A HALL OF JUSTICE

Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, GLOUCESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard

KING. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester'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 adjudged to death.
 You four, from hence to prison back again;
 From thence unto the place of execution:
 The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
 And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
 You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
 Despoiled of your honour in your life,
 Shall, after three days' open penance done,
 Live in your country here in banishment,
 With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

10

DUCH. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

GLOU. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged thee:

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

[Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
 Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
 Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go; 20
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

KING. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere
thou go,

Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

QUEEN. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's realm. 30
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

GLOU. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [Exit.]

QUEEN. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret
queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself, 40
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.

21 *would . . . would*] In both cases the word here means "would have,"
"requires," "stands in need of."

25 *lantern . . . feet*] Cf. the Prayer Book version of *Psalm* cxix, 105:
"Thy word is a *lantern unto my feet*, and a light unto my paths."

41 *bears so shrewd a maim*] endures so grievous a mutilation.

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

SUF. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

YORK. Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists, 50
So please your highness to behold the fight.

QUEEN. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

KING. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

YORK. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter at one door, HORNER, the Armourer, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door PETER, his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and 'Prentices drinking to him

FIRST NEIGH. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to
you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall
do well enough. 61

43 *raught*] having been seized (by me). Cf. Drayton's *Poly-olbion*, LX, 290: "He *raught* the wreath."

45-46 *hangs his sprays . . . days*] lets its branches droop; thus Eleanor's grandeur dies in its early days, before it enjoys maturity.

47 *let him go*] dismiss thought of him. Gloucester has left the stage after line 38.

48 *appellant*] accuser, plaintiff.

SEC. NEIGH. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

THIRD NEIGH. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

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

FIRST 'PREN. Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be not afraid.

SEC. 'PREN. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the 'prentices.

71

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

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

80

PETER. Peter, forsooth.

SAL. Peter! what more?

PETER. Thump.

SAL. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

HOR. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king,

63 *charneco*] common sweet wine, from the name of a village near Lisbon.
87-88 *take my death*] undergo death, stake my life.

nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow! 90

YORK. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

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

HOR. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [Dies.]

YORK. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

PETER. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

KING. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight; For by his death we do perceive his guilt: And God in justice hath reveal'd to us 100
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[Sound a flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE IV — A STREET

Enter GLOUCESTER and his Serving-men, in mourning cloaks

GLOU. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds

90 *downright blow*] Warburton, Malone, and others insert here from the Quartos the following words, which are omitted from the Folios, *as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart*. Ascapart was the old giant whom, according to legend, Bevis of Southampton slew.

95 *in thy master's way*] which disabled thy master.

Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
 So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
 Sirs, what's o'clock?

SERV. Ten, my lord.

GLOU. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
 To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
 Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
 To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
 Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
 The abject people gazing on thy face,
 With envious looks 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.

10

*Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER in a white sheet, and a taper
 burning in her hand; with SIR JOHN STANLEY, the Sheriff,
 and Officers*

SERV. So please your grace, we'll take her from the
 sheriff.

GLOU. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

DUCH. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
 Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!
 See how the giddy multitude do point,
 And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

8 *Uneath*] Uneasily, hardly, with difficulty.

12 *envious*] malicious. Cf. line 23, *infra*: "hateful looks" (*i. e.*, looks full of hatred).

Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,
 And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
 And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

GLOU. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

DUCH. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!
 For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
 And thou a prince, protector of this land,
 Methinks I should not thus be led along,
 Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
 And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
 To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.

30

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
 And when I start, the envious people laugh,
 And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
 Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
 Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
 To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.

40

Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
 And he a prince and ruler of the land:

Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
 As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

23 *hateful*] full of hatred. Cf. line 12, *supra*: "envious looks."

24 *rue*] pity.

31 *Mail'd up in shame*] Wrapped, bundled up in the disgraceful sheet of penance. Cf. Drayton's *England's Heroicall Epistles* 1598,—“Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey”: “See me mayld vp in a sheete Doe shamefull penance three times in the streete.”

33 *deep-fet*] deep-fetched.

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 limed bushes to betray thy wings,
 And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
 But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
 Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

50

GLOU. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;
 I must offend before I be attainted;
 And had I twenty times so many foes,
 And each of them had twenty times their power,
 All these could not procure me any scathe,
 So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.
 Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
 Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
 But I in danger for the breach of law.
 Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
 I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
 These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

60

54 *limed*] smeared with birdlime. Cf. I, iii, 86, *supra*: "myself have limed a bush for her."

57 *seek prevention of thy foes*] seek to prevent thy foes from carrying out their schemes against you.

62 *scathe*] hurt, harm; the word is only retained in modern use in "scatheless" and "unscathed."

68 *sort*] adapt, suit.

Enter a Herald

HER. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,

70

Holden at ~~Bury the first of this~~ next month.

GLOU. 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.

GLOU. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

STAN. So am I given in charge, may't please your
grace.

80

GLOU. Entreat her not the worst in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!

DUCH. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not fare-
well!

GLOU. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exeunt Gloucester and Serving-men.]

DUCH. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death, —
Death, at whose name I oft have been afar'd,

73 *close*] crafty.

82 *the world may laugh again*] things may smile yet, luck may turn.

Because I wish'd this world's eternity. 90
 Stanley, I prithee, 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 used according to your state.

DUCH. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
 And shall I then be used reproachfully?

STAN. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's
 lady;

According to that state you shall be used.

DUCH. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare, 100
 Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

SHER. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

DUCH. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.
 Come, Stanley, shall we go?

STAN. Madam, your penance done, throw off this
 sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

DUCH. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

And show itself, attire me how I can. 109

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

100-101 *Sheriff . . . shame*] Sheriff, farewell, and may you fare better
 than I, although thou hast acted as conductor or guardian of me in
 my shame.

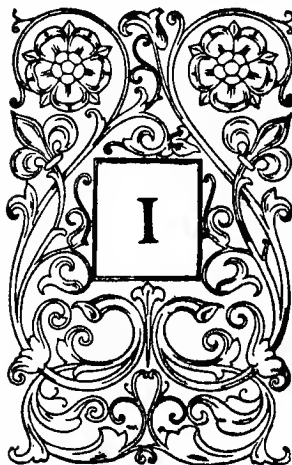


ACT THIRD — SCENE I

THE ABBEY AT BURY ST EDMUND'S

Sound a Sennet. Enter KING, QUEEN, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY and WARWICK to the Parliament

KING



MUSE MY LORD OF Gloucester is not come: 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

QUEEN. Can you not see? or will ye 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,

10

10 *glance . . . look*] give a perfunctory glance at him.

Immediately he was upon his knee,
 That all the court admired him for submission:
 But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
 When every one will give the time of day,
 He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
 And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
 Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
 Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
 But great men tremble when the lion roars;
 And Humphrey is no little man in England. 20
 First note that he is near you in descent,
 And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
 Me seemeth then it is no policy,
 Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
 And his advantage following your decease,
 That he should come about your royal person,
 Or be admitted to your highness' council.
 By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
 And when he please to make commotion,
 'T is to be fear'd they all will follow him. 30
 Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
 And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
 The reverent care I bear unto my lord
 Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;

18 *grin*] growl. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 459: "the wolf doth *grin* before he barketh."

23-24 *it is no policy, Respecting*] it is not good policy, it is unwise considering.

35 *collect*] note, observe.

Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
 I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.
 My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
 Reprove my allegation, if you can; 40
 Or else conclude my words effectual.

SUF. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
 And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
 I think I should have told your grace's tale.
 The duchess by his subornation,
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
 Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
 Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
 As next the king he was successive heir,
 And such high vaunts of his nobility, 50
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
 By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
 And in his simple show he harbours treason.
 The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
 No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man
 Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

CAR. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

YORK. And did he not, in his protectorship, 60
 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.

40 *Reprove*] Refute.

48 *reputing of*] valuing himself upon, pluming himself on.

54 *simple show*] artless aspect, appearance of innocence.

BUCK. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke
Humphrey.

KING. 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 Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person, 70
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.

QUEEN. 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 inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all 80
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET

SOM. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

KING. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from
France?

64 *to*] as compared to.

66 *at once*] in one word.

72 *well given*] well disposed. Cf. *Jul. Cas.*, I, ii, 197: "He is a noble
Roman and *well given*."

74 *fond affianc*] foolish confidence.

SOM. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

KING. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be
done!

YORK. [*Aside*] 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; 90
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOUCESTER

GLOU. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

SUF. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too
soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

GLOU. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 100

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. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes
of France,

87-88 *Cold news . . . fertile England*] These lines are, with very slight
verbal change, a repetition of I, i, 232-233, *supra*.

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

GLOU. 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, 110
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

CAR. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

GLOU. I say no more than truth, so help me God! 120

YORK. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That England was defamed by tyranny.

GLOU. Why, 't is well known that, whiles I was
protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,

115 *proper store*] personal property, private fortune.

117 *dispursed*] disbursed.

123 *That . . . tyranny*] So that England was disgraced by tyrannical rule.

I never gave them condign punishment: 130
 Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
 Above the felon or what trespass else.

SUF. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
 But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
 Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
 I do arrest you in his highness' name;
 And here commit you to my lord cardinal
 To keep, until your further time of trial.

KING. My Lord of Gloucester, 't is my special hope
 That you will clear yourself from all suspect: 140
 My conscience tells me you are innocent.

GLOU. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
 Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
 And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
 Foul subornation is predominant,
 And equity exiled 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: 150
 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,

132 *Above the felon . . . else*] More severely than the offence of the felonious thief or any other crime; "what" means "whatever."

133 *easy*] slight.

140 *suspect*] suspicion. The Folios read *suspense*. The correction is Capell's. Cf. I, iii, 134, *supra*: "the *suspect* is great."

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
 Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
 The envious load that lies upon his heart;
 And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
 Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
 By false accuse doth level at my life: 160

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
 Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
 And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
 My liefest liege to be mine enemy:
 Ay, all of you have laid your heads together —
 Myself had notice of your conventicles —
 And all to make away my guiltless life.
 I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
 The ancient proverb will be well effected: 170
 "A staff is quickly found to beat a dog."

CAR. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
 If those that care to keep your royal person
 From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
 Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
 And the offender granted scope of speech,
 'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

SUF. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
 With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
 As if she had suborned some to swear 180
 False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

160 *accuse*] accusation.

164 *liefest*] dearest. Cf. I, i, 28, *supra*: "alder *liefest* sovereign."

179 *clerkly couch'd*] couched in civil, scholarly phrases.

QUEEN. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

GLOU. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

BUCK. He'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day:
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

CAR. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

GLOU. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body. 190

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.*]

KING. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

QUEEN. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

KING. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery, 200

For what's more miserable than discontent?

Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth and loyalty:
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I proved thee false or fear'd thy faith.

What luring 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;

192 *gnarling*] snarling.

And as the butcher takes away the calf, 210
 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
 Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,
 And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
 Even so myself bewails good Gloucester'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. 220
 His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
 Say "Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none."

*[Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk,
 and York. Somerset remains apart.]*

QUEEN. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's
 hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
 Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
 Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,
 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent. 230

211 *binds the wretch . . . strays*] ties a halter about the calf's neck and beats it when it tries to get loose.

223 *Free lords*] Thus the Folios. *Fair lords* and *My lords* are suggested emendations. Probably the original reading means "lords free from the compassionate scruples of the king," "unfettered by sentimentality."

225 *show*] specious show of innocence.

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I —
 And yet herein I judge mine own wit good —
 This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CAR. That he should die is worthy policy;
 But yet we want a colour for his death:
 'T is 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; 240
 And yet we have but trivial argument,
 More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

YORK. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

SUF. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

YORK. 'T is 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:
 Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
 To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
 As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector? 250

QUEEN. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

SUF. Madam, 't is true; and were 't not madness, then,

236 *colour*] pretext.

252-260 *were 't not madness . . . by reasons, to my liege*] The meaning is,

"It were madness to make the fox guardian of the sheepfold. He is a crafty murderer by nature, and his potential guilt must not be lightly slurred over or ignored, because his purpose of murder be foiled. Duke Humphrey, sharing the nature of a fox, deserves death." In other words, Humphrey is proved by sound arguments or reasons an enemy to his king as completely as the fox, even before he has shed the sheep's blood, is proved by nature an enemy to the flock (line 258).

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
 Who being accused a crafty murderer,
 His guilt should be but idly posted over,
 Because his purpose is not executed.
 No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
 By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
 As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege. 260
 And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
 Sleeping or waking, 't is no matter how,
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit
 Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

QUEEN. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.

SUF. Not resolute, except so much were done;
 For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
 Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270
 And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
 Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

CAR. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
 Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
 Say you consent and censure well the deed,

260 *reasons*] arguments. Thus the original editions. Many modern editors substitute *reason*, and a few *treason*. But no change is needed.

261 *stand on quillets*] depend on legal niceties.

265 *mates*] overcomes, subdues. Cf. Marlowe's *Faustus*, cho. 2: "Mars did *mate* the Carthaginians."

272 *be his priest*] render him the last rites in death.

275 *censure well*] judge well, approve.

And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

SUF. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

QUEEN. And so say I.

YORK. And I: and now we three have spoke it, 280
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

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 uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

CAR. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

YORK. That Somerset be sent as regent thither: 290
'T is meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

SOM. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

YORK. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin: 300
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

281 *It skills not . . . doom*] It is no great matter who contests our decision.

QUEEN. 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 proved 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 kernes of Ireland are in arms, 310
And temper clay with blood of Englishman:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

YORK. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

SUF. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

YORK. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 320

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

CAR. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.

306 *happily*] perchance.

310 *uncivil kernes*] uncivilized light-armed footsoldiers of Ireland. Cf.
lines 361 and 367, *infra*, and *Rich. II*, II, i, 156, "those rough
rugheaded *kernes*."

320 *take order*] take measures, arrange.

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. 330

[*Exeunt all but York.*]

YORK. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution:

Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art

Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:

Let pale-faced 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. 340

Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done,

To send me packing with an host of men:

I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me:

I take it kindly; yet be well assured

You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,

I will stir up in England some black storm

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell; 350

331 *steel*] harden, make resolute.

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
 Until the golden circuit on my head,
 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
 And, for a minister of my intent,
 I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
 John Cade of Ashford,
 To make commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the title of John Mortimer.
 In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 360
 Oppose himself against a troop of kernes,
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
 And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
 Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
 Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
 Hath he conversed with the enemy,
 And undiscover'd come to me again,
 And given me notice of their villanies. 370
 This devil here shall be my substitute;
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:

352 *the golden circuit*] the golden circlet, the diadem. Cf. *Macb.*, I, v, 25:
 "the golden round [*i. e.*, crown]."

354 *mad-bred flaw*] violent squall or gust of wind.

361 *kernes*] See note on line 310, *supra*; cf. line 367, *infra*.

363 *porpentine*] the common Elizabethan form of "porcupine."

365 *Morisco*] Morris-dancer, to whose legs small bells (line 366) were attached. Florio (*Ital. Dict.*) defines "Moresca" as "a kind of morrice or antique dance after the Moorish or Ethiopian fashion."

By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 How they affect the house and claim of York.
 Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him
 Will make him say I moved him to those arms.
 Say that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength, 580
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
 For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.]

SCENE II — BURY ST EDMUND'S

A ROOM OF STATE

Enter certain Murderers, hastily

FIRST MUR. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
 We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

SEC. MUR. O that it were to do! What have we
 done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK

FIRST MUR. Here comes my lord.

SUF. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

FIRST MUR. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

378 *'moved . . . arms]* instigated him to take up arms or to collect armed bands. "Arms" is used in the sense of "armed bands," *infra*, IV, ix, 29, "His arms," and V, i, 18, "these arms," and 39, "thy arms."

379 *great like]* greatly like, very probable.

SUF. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand. 10

Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,

According as I gave directions?

FIRST MUR. 'T is, my good lord.

SUF. Away! be gone. *[Exeunt Murderers.]*

*Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, CARDINAL
BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, with Attendants*

KING. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

SUF. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. *[Exit.]*

KING. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester 20
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approved in practice culpable.

QUEEN. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

KING. I thank thee, Nell; these words content me
much.

11 *Is*] Thus the First Folio, for which the Second and Third Folios substitute *are*. But 'T is (line 13) renders a change undesirable. "All things" is equivalent to "everything." The singular verb with the plural subject is no uncommon construction in Shakespeare.

22 *approved . . . culpable*] proved guilty of treasonable practice.

26 *Nell*] Thus the original editions. The dramatist addresses Queen

Re-enter SUFFOLK

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

SUF. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

QUEEN. Marry, God forfend!

30

CAR. God's secret judgement: I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.

[The King swoons.]

QUEEN. How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king
is dead.

SOM. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

QUEEN. Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine
eyes!

SUF. He doth revive again: madam, be patient.

KING. O heavenly God!

QUEEN. How fares my gracious lord?

SUF. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, com-
fort!

KING. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

40

Margaret by this name by an oversight. He was thinking of the Duke of Gloucester's wife, Eleanor. The error of substituting Eleanor's name for Margaret's is thrice repeated in lines 79, 100, and 120, *infra*.

40 *right now*] just now.

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.

50

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 Gloucester's dead.

QUEEN. 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,

60

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me?

For it is known we were but hollow friends:

It may be judged I made the duke away;

So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,

52 *basilisk*] according to Pliny's *Natural History*, Book XXIX, pp. 356-357 (translated by Holland), the basilisk was a serpent who killed any man who looked at it. Cf. III, ii, 324, *infra*: "murdering *basilisks*!"

63 *blood-drinking sighs*] Cf. line 61, "blood-consuming sighs," and 3 *Hen. VI*, IV, iv, 22, "blood-sucking sighs." It was a common belief that every sigh absorbed a drop of blood.

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy! 70
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

KING. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched
 man!

QUEEN. 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 Gloucester's tomb?
 Why, then, dame Eleanor was ne'er thy joy.
 Erect his statuë and worship it, 80
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.
 Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
 And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime?
 What boded this, but well forewarning wind
 Did seem to say "Seek not a scorpion's nest,
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore"?
 What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,

73 *Be woe for me*] Grieve for me (not for Gloucester).

76 *adder, waxen deaf*] Cf. *Psalms* lviii, 4: "like the *deaf adder, which stoppeth her ear, which will not listen to the voice of charmers.*"

79 *Eleanor*] See note on line 26, *supra*, and cf. 100 and 120, *infra*.

80 *statuë*] The Folios read *statue*. The form "statua" is more common in Elizabethan literature. The word was invariably pronounced as a trisyllable.

83 *awkward wind . . . bank*] adverse wind . . . shore.

88 *gentle gusts*] the epithet here, like "well forewarning (wind)" in line 85, and "pretty-vaulting (sea)" in line 94, implies that the speaker credits

And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves;
 And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore, 90
 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 refused to drown me,
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on
 shore,
 With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
 The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish Eleanor. 100
 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 received it,
 And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
 And even with this I lost fair England's view, 110

with kindly characteristics the obstacles that impeded her voyage to England. The conceit is quite in Shakespeare's manner.

89 *he that . . . caves*] Æolus, the god of the winds, who kept them in the confines of a cave. His name is mentioned in line 92, *infra*. Cf. Virgil, *Æneid*, I, 52-54.

100 *perish*] destroy. The verb is used transitively.

Eleanor] See note on line 26, *supra*, and cf. 79 and 120.

And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
 When he to madding Dido would unfold
 His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!
 Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
 Ay me, I can no more! die, Eleanor! 120
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, and many
 Commons*

WAR. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
 By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees
 That want their leader, scatter up and down,
 And care not who they sting in his revenge.

111 *bid . . . heart*] ordered my eyes to hurry after the heart-shaped jewel flung into the sea. Cf. lines 106-107.

116 *witch*] Theobald's emendation of the Folio reading *watch*. "Witch" for "bewitch" is not uncommon. The word is similarly used in line 119.

116-118 *Ascanius . . . Troy*] The Virgilian story is much misrepresented here. It was Cupid in the disguise of Æneas's son Ascanius, who, sitting in Dido's lap, infected her with love of his father. It was Æneas himself who told of his "acts commenced in burning Troy."

117 *madding*] on the point of going mad with love.

120 *Eleanor*] See note on line 26, *supra*, and cf. 79 and 100.

Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
 Until they hear the order of his death. 129

KING. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;
 But how he died God knows, not Henry:
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
 And comment then upon his sudden death.

WAR. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
 With the rude multitude till I return. [Exit.]

KING. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my
 thoughts,

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
 Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
 If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
 For judgement only doth belong to Thee. 140
 Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
 Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
 To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
 And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
 But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
 And to survey his dead and earthy image,
 What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

*Re-enter WARWICK and others, bearing GLOUCESTER's body
 on a bed*

WAR. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

KING. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
 For with his soul fled all my worldly solace, 151
 For seeing him I see my life in death.

129 *order*] manner.

152 *my life in death*] my life in the condition of death, my own 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. 160
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man; 170
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd

159 *instance*] proof, evidence.

161 *a timely-parted ghost*] the body of one who has departed from life in nature's own good time. The expression is the antithesis of "timeless [*i. e.*, premature] death" in line 187, *infra*.

163 *Being all descended*] The subject is evidently "the blood" (line 160); this antecedent is suggested by "bloodless" at the end of the preceding line (162).

165 *the same*] the blood; see line 160.

172 *abroad display'd*] stretched out broad or wide, with the fingers spread.

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 lodged.
 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; 180
 And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

WAR. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's
 foes,

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
 'T is like you would not feast him like a friend;
 And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

QUEEN. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
 As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

WAR. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
 And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
 But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter? 190
 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.

QUEEN. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's
 your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?

176 *lodged*] beaten down; a common provincial use as applied to corn flattened by wind or rain.

187 *timeless*] premature. Cf. line 161, *supra*: "timely-parted," and note.

SUF. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
 But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
 That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
 That slanders me with murder's crimson badge. 200
 Say, if thou dares, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
 That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*]

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

QUEEN. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
 Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
 Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

WAR. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
 For every word you speak in his behalf
 Is slander to your royal dignity.

SUF. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour! 210
 If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
 Thy mother took into her blameful bed
 Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
 Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art
 And never of the Nevils' noble race.

WAR. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
 And I should rob the deathsman 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 221
 Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,

205 *controller*] censorious critic.

216 *bucklers*] shields.

218 *Quitting*] Acquitting, releasing, freeing.

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 darest go with me.

WAR. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
 Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee 230
 And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.]

KING. What stronger breastplate than a heart
 untainted!

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

[A noise within.]

QUEEN. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn

KING. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons
 drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
 Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

SUF. The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury
 Set all upon me, mighty sovereign. 241

SAL. *[to the Commons, entering]* Sirs, stand apart; the
 king shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
 Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,

Or banished fair England's territories,
 They will by violence tear him from your palace,
 And torture him with grievous lingering death.
 They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
 They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
 And mere instinct of love and loyalty, 250
 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, 260
 It were but necessary you were waked,
 Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
 The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
 That they will guard you, whether you will or no,
 From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,
 With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
 Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
 They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS [*within*]. An answer from the king, my
 Lord of Salisbury! 270

SUF. 'T is like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
 Could send such message to their sovereign:

263 mortal worm] deadly serpent.

But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To show how quaint an orator you are:
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won
 Is, that he was the lord ambassador
 Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

COMMONS [*within*]. An answer from the king, or we
 will all break in!

KING. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
 I thank them for their tender loving care; 280
 And had I not been cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
 For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
 And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
 Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
 He shall not breathe infection in this air
 But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

QUEEN. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

KING. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk! 290
 No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
 Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
 Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
 But when I swear, it is irrevocable.
 If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
 On any ground that I am ruler of,
 The world shall not be ransom for thy life.

274 *quaint*] cunning, dexterous.

277 *sort*] pack, company.

287 *in this air*] into this air.

Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*]

QUEEN. Mischance and sorrow go along with you! 300
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

SUF. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

QUEEN. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

SUF. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse
them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan, 310
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

306 *heavy*] mournful, sad.

310 *kill, as doth the mandrake's groan*] There was an old superstition exposed by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar Errors*, II, 6, that the mandrake plant, when pulled up by the roots, uttered a shriek, which caused death to the hearer. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, IV, iii, 47: "And shrieks like *mandrake's* torn out of the earth."

And even now my burthen'd heart would break, 330
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
 Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

QUEEN. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st
 thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass, 330
 Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

SUF. You bade me ban, and will you bid me
 leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

QUEEN. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy
 hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears; 340
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

324 *basilisks*] See note on III, ii, 52, *supra*.

325 *lizards' stings*] another false conception of natural history. Lizards are perfectly harmless, and are credited with stings only in fable.

333 *leave*] leave off.

To wash away my woful monuments.
 O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
 That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
 Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for
 thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
 'T is but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
 As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
 I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
 Adventure to be banished myself: 350
 And banished I am, if but from thee.
 Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.
 O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
 Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
 Loather a hundred times to part than die.
 Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

SUF. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
 'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
 A wilderness is populous enough, 360
 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 livest.

343-345 *O, could this kiss . . . breathed for thee !*] Would that, by virtue of the seal-like impression that this kiss of mine makes upon thy hand, thou mightest keep in thy thought these lips of mine, through which a thousand sighs are breathed for thee.

Enter VAUX

QUEEN. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I
prithce? www.library.com.cn

VAUX. To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him, 370
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow as to him
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

QUEEN. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit Vaux.]

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these! 380
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,

369 *Cardinal . . . death*] The historical sequence of events is here much misrepresented by the dramatist. The Cardinal's death did not occur till almost six weeks after Gloucester's, the latter dying February 28, 1447, the former April 11 following. Suffolk's banishment did not take place till three years later.

381 *at an hour's poor loss*] at the abbreviation of the Cardinal's life by one short hour, a very brief period of time. The Queen implies that the Cardinal, being an old man, has merely died an hour before his time, which is no theme for deep sorrow.

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? 390
 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 turn my flying soul,
 Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
 And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
 To die by thee were but to die in jest; 400
 From thee to die were torture more than death:
 O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

QUEEN. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
 It is applied to a deathful wound.
 To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;

384 *southern clouds*] the south was regarded as the rainy quarter. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, I, iv, 103: "the *dew-dropping south*," and *Cymbeline*, IV, ii, 350: "the *spongy south*."

394 *Where, from*] Whereas, out of.

403 *corrosive*] This is the original reading, for which Malone substituted *cor'sive* to suit the metre. In any case the word must be pronounced as a dissyllable.

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

SUF. I go.

QUEEN. And take my heart with thee.

SUF. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.

410

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

QUEEN. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III—A BEDCHAMBER

*Enter the KING, SALISBURY, WARWICK, to the CARDINAL
in bed*

KING. 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.

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

WAR. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

CAR. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

407 *Iris*] properly the messenger of Juno; she is often identified with the rainbow. In *Tempest*, IV, i, 76, she is called "many-colour'd messenger." Cf. Ovid, *Met.*, I, 270: "Nuntia Junonis varios induta colores."

Can I make men live, whether they will or no? 10
 O, torture me no more! I will confess.

Alive again? then show me where he is:
 I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
 Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
 Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

KING. O thou eternal mover of the heavens,
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch! 20
 O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
 That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
 And from his bosom purge this black despair!

WAR. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

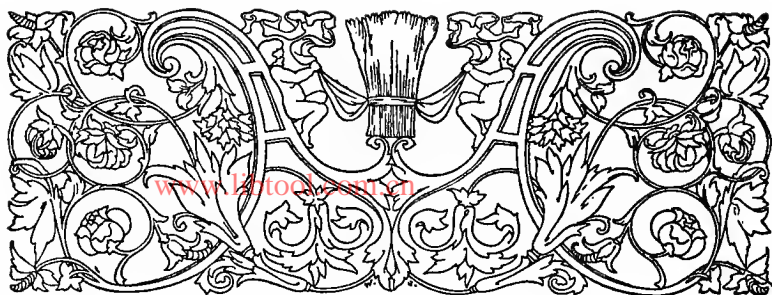
SAL. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

KING. 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. 30

KING. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
 Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
 And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*]

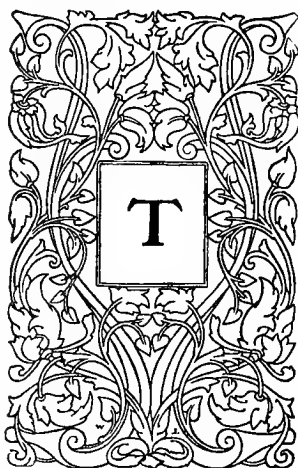
16 *lime-twigs*] twigs smeared with birdlime. See note on I, iii, 86.



ACT IV — SCENE I
THE COAST OF KENT

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, and others, prisoners

CAPTAIN



HE GAUDY, BLABBING
and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the
sea ;
And now loud-howling wolves
arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy
night ;
Who, with their drowsy, slow
and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and
from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious dark-
ness in the air.

Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize ;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,

1 *blabbing and remorseful*] tell-tale and compassionate. Cf. *Macb.*, "Scarf
up the tender eye of *pitiful* day."

SCENE I SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

Here shall they make their ransom on the sand, 10
Or with their blood stain this discoloured 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.

FIRST GENT. What is my ransom, master? let me
know.

MAST. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

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

CAP. What, think you much to pay two thousand
crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?

Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall: 20

The lives of those which we have lost in fight

Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

FIRST GENT. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare
my life.

SEC. GENT. And so will I, and write home for it
straight.

WHIT. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die; [To *Suf.*
And so should these, if I might have my will.

CAP. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

SUF. Look on my George; I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid. 30

WHIT. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

6 *Clip*] Embrace, encircle.

25 *laying . . . abroad*] placing my own ship alongside the prize.

29 *George*] A metal badge in the shape of the figure of St. George on
horseback. A part of the insignia of the order of the Garter.

How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death
affright?

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

WHIT. Gualtier or Walter, which it is, I care not:
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wiped away the blot; 40
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
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:
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

CAP. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

SUF. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood, 50
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?

35 *by water I should die*] Cf. I, iv, 33 and 65, *supra*, where the prophecy of Suffolk's death is announced in the words: "By water shall he die, and take his end."

50 *King Henry's blood*] This is a false claim on Suffolk's part. His mother was a remote cousin of Henry VI. No Lancastrian blood could be accurately said to flow in his veins.

52 *a jaded groom*] a contemptible groom, as contemptible as the poorest class of horse.

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 abortive pride; 60
 How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
 And duly waited for my coming forth?
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

WHIT. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

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

SUF. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

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

SUF. Thou darest not, for thy own.

CAP. Yes, Pole.

SUF. Pole!

CAP. Pool! Sir Pool! lord! 70

54 *foot-cloth mule*] a mule covered with a rich foot-cloth nearly touching the ground on each side. It was a caparison only used by persons of rank and wealth. Cf. IV, vii, 43, *infra*.

60 *abortive pride*] pride that has been born before its time, unnatural, futile.

61 *voiding lobby*] hall or corridor of entry and exit.

63 *writ in thy behalf*] written letters recommending thee for preferment.

64 *charm . . . tongue*] charm into silence thy insolent tongue. Cf. *Othello*, V, ii, 187: "I will not *charm my tongue*; I am bound to speak."

70 *Yes, Pole. . . . lord!*] These three interjectory speeches of the Captain and Suffolk were added by Capell from the Quartos. They were omitted from the Folios. Suffolk's family name was De la Pole, "Pole" being pronounced "Pool."

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
 Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
 Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
 For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
 Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;
 And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death
 Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
 And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
 For daring to affy a mighty lord 80
 Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding hearts.
 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, surprised our forts,
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home. 90
 The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,

71 *kennel*] used here in the sense of "channel," "gutter," "ditch."

80 *affy*] affianced, betrothed.

84-85 *Sylla . . . hearts*] Sulla, the Roman general, who engaged in civil war with his rival general, Marius, and made himself dictator of Rome, instituted a reign of terror, which was defamed by a ruthless massacre of his opponents.

85 *gobbets*] fragments. The word is only used by Shakespeare here. and V, ii, 58, *infra*.

thy mother's] thy mother-country's.

87 *thorough*] through, owing to.

Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
 And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
 And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,
 Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
 Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
 Under the which is writ "Invitis nubibus."
 The commons here in Kent are up in arms: 100
 And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
 Is crept into the palace of our king,
 And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

SUF. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
 Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
 Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives:
 It is impossible that I should die 110
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

98-99 *half-faced sun . . . nubibus*] Edward III's badge or cognisance was a picture of the sun seeking to shine through clouds. The Latin motto "Invitis nubibus" means "in spite of the clouds."

108 *Bargulus . . . pirate*] Cicero's *De Officiis*, II, xi, incidentally mentions as a type of wickedness "Bargulus, Illyrius latro" on the authority of a Greek historian Theopompus of Chios. Cicero's work was extant in English translations. The Quarto reads here *Mighty Abradas the great Macedonian pirate*, of whom nothing else is known save two bare mentions of him in Robert Greene's prose romances *Penelope's Web*, 1587 (ed. Grosart, Vol. V, p. 197), and *Menaphon*, 1587 (*ibid.*, Vol. VI, p. 77).

Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

CAP. ~~Walter~~ libtool.com.cn

WHIT. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

SUF. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*: it is thee I fear.

WHIT. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

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

FIRST GENT. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair. 120

SUF. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Used 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. 130

CAP. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

SUF. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!

117 *Gelidus timor occupat artus*] "Chill fear seizes my limbs." This is the reading of the Second and later Folios. The First Folio unintelligibly places the word *Pine* before *gelidus*. For this word Theobald substituted *Pænæ* (*i. e.*, of punishment), and Malone *Pene*. The precise source of the quotation is unknown, though similar expressions are found in classical poetry. Cf. Virgil's *Æneid*, VII, 446: "subitus tremor occupat artus."

Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
 A Roman sworder and banditto slave
 Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
 Stabb'd Julius Cæsar, savage islanders
 Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*]

CAP. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
 It is our pleasure one of them depart: 140
 Therefore come you with us and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK'S body

WHIT. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
 Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*]

FIRST GENT. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
 His body will I bear unto the king:

134 *bezonians*] needy beggars. Shakespeare only uses the word once elsewhere, in *2 Hen. IV*, V, iii, 112. It is formed from the Italian "bisogno," "need," "want." Cf. Cotgrave's *Fr.-Eng. Dict.*, "Bisongne . . . a filthy knave, or clowne; a raskall, *bisonian*, base-humored scoundrell." "Besonian" is also found in Elizabethan literature in the sense of "raw recruit."

136-138 *Tully . . . Julius Cæsar . . . Pompey the Great*] Plutarch gives a full account of Cicero's assassination by "Herennius, a centurion, and Popilius Laena, a tribune of the soldiers." Brutus was popularly credited in error with being Julius Cæsar's bastard son, owing to the fact that his mother, after her lawful husband's death and his birth, became Cæsar's mistress. It is incorrect to describe Pompey as slain by "savage islanders." According to Plutarch he was treacherously slain on the banks of the Nile by hirelings of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, of whom he was seeking asylum.

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends ;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit with the body.]

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SCENE II — BLACKHEATH

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.

HOLL. 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.

HOLL. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

BEVIS. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

HOLL. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

BEVIS. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

HOLL. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

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

2 up] in rebellion.

HOLL. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, ²⁰
the tanner of Wingham, —

BEVIS. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to
make dog's-leather of.

HOLL. And Dick the butcher, —

BEVIS. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and in-
iquity's throat cut like a calf.

HOLL. And Smith the weaver, —

BEVIS. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

HOLL. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

*Drum. Enter CADE, DICK Butcher, SMITH the Weaver,
and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers*

CADE. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed ³⁰
father, —

DICK. [*Aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of her-
rings.

CADE. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired
with the spirit of putting down kings and princes, —
Command silence.

DICK. Silence!

CADE. My father was a Mortimer, —

DICK. [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good
bricklayer.

CADE. My mother a Plantagenet, —

40

³² *cade*] a cask, barrel, from the Latin "cadus."

³³ *fall*] The Fourth Folio's correction of the earlier reading *fail*. The
word is a quibble on the Latin "cado," fall. The pun is out of
keeping with Cade's alleged illiteracy.

DICK. [*Aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

CADE. My wife descended of the Lacies, —

DICK. [*Aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

SMITH. [*Aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

CADE. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

DICK. [*Aside*] 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. 50

CADE. Valiant I am.

SMITH. [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

CADE. I am able to endure much.

DICK. [*Aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

CADE. I fear neither sword nor fire.

SMITH. [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

DICK. [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. 60

CADE. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and

46 *furred pack*] knapsack of skin with the hair outward.

washes bucks] washes clothes. Cf. *M. Wives*, III, iii, 2: "buck-basket," *i. e.*, clothes-basket.

48 *field*] a quibble on the heraldic sense of the word.

50 *cage*] village gaol.

52 *beggary is valiant*] an allusion to the common expression "valiant or sturdy [*i. e.*, able-bodied] beggars."

58 *of proof*] a quibble on the two senses of the expression, *viz.*, "warranted to resist assault," and "well-worn."

vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be, —

ALL. God save your majesty!

CADE. I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will ⁷⁰ apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

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

CADE. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say, 't is the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there? 80

Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham

SMITH. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

CADE. O monstrous!

SMITH. We took him setting of boys' copies.

CADE. Here's a villain!

63 *three-hooped pot*] a common drinking mug, made, like barrels, of wooden staves bound together at fixed intervals by hoops. The quart pot had three hoops.

79 *mine own man*] myself.

SMITH. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

CADE. Nay, then, he is a conjuror.

DICK. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand. www.libtool.com.cn

CADE. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, 90
of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

CLERK. Emmanuel.

DICK. They use to write it on the top of letters: 't will go hard with you.

CADE. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

CLERK. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name. 101

ALL. He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

CADE. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL

MICH. Where's our general?

CADE. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

88 *obligations*] documentary bonds.

95 *on the top of letters*] Piously worded greetings, like the cited word "Emmanuel," which literally means "God with us," often headed official letters. Cf. the old play, *The Famous Victories of Henry V*: "Deliver him our safe conduct Under our broad seale *Emanuel*" (Hazlitt, *Shak. Libr.*, Vol. I, Pt. II, p. 353).

MICH. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

CADE. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a' ? 112

MICH. No.

CADE. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises*] Now have at him!

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his Brother, with drum and soldiers

STAF. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down; Home to your cottages, forsake this groom: The king is merciful, if you revolt. 120

BRO. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood, If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

CADE. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not: It is to you, good people, that I speak, Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

STAF. Villain, thy father was a plasterer; And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

CADE. And Adam was a gardener.

BRO. And what of that? 130

120 *if you revolt*] *sc.* from Cade; if you desert the rebel.

123 *I pass not*] I care not, regard not. Cf. George Herbert, *The Temple*—
Forerunners, vi: "Yet if you go, *I pass not*; take your way."

128 *shearman*] one who shears woollen cloth, a clothworker.

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.

BRO. That's false.

CADE. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 't is true: The elder of them, being put to nurse,

Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Became a bricklayer when he came to age: 140

His son am I; deny it, if you can.

DICK. Nay, 't is too true; therefore he shall be king.

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

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

ALL. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

BRO. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

CADE. [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself. 150

Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

152-153 *span-counter*] a boy's game played with marbles or counters.

The first player threw his counter to any distance; the second aimed his counter at the first player's, so as either to hit it or to come within a span or hand's breadth of it.

DICK. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

CADE. And good reason; for thereby is England mained, 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. 162

STAF. O gross and miserable ignorance!

CADE. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counselor, or no?

ALL. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

BRO. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king. 170

STAF. Herald, away; and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors: And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.]

CADE. And you that love the commons, follow me.

Now show yourselves men; 't is for liberty.

157 *mained*] Thus the first three Folios. A pun on the reference to "Maine" (line 156) is obviously intended, and the Fourth Folio's change to *maim'd* is unnecessary.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon; 180
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

DICK. They are all in order and march toward us.

CADE. But then are we in order when we are most
out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — ANOTHER PART OF BLACKHEATH

*Alarums to the fight, wherein both the STAFFORDS are slain.
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 behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine
own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,
the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt
have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

DICK. I desire no more.

CADE. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less.

180 *clouted shoon*] hobnailed shoes.

7 *hundred lacking one*] Malone added from the Quartos the words *a week*,
which seem an improvement. During Lent Elizabethan butchers
were prohibited from selling flesh meat unless they obtained a special
license, which invariably specified the number of beasts they might
slaughter each week.

This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

DICK. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

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

SCENE IV — LONDON

THE PALACE

Enter the KING with a supplication, and the QUEEN with Suffolk's head, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD SAY

QUEEN. 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?

10-11 (stage direction) *putting on . . . brigandine*] "brigandine" is body-armour or corslet, in which rings of iron or small iron plates were fastened together, beneath a canvas or leather covering. The stage direction, which is supplied by the Cambridge editors from Holinshed's account of the episode of Cade's action, is not in the Folios.

2 *fearful*] full of fear, nervous.

KING. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
 For God forbid so many simple souls 10
 Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
 Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
 Will parley with Jack Cade their general:
 But stay, I'll read it over once again.

QUEEN. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
 Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,
 And could it not enforce them to relent,
 That were unworthy to behold the same?

KING. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy
 head.

SAY. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his. 20

KING. How now, madam!
 Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
 I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
 Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

QUEEN. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for
 thee.

Enter a Messenger

KING. How now! what news? why comest thou in
 such haste?

MESS. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
 Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
 Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,

12 *cut them short*] reduce their numbers.

16 *a wandering planet*] according to astrology, planets exerted irresistible
 influence over those born under their sway.

And calls your grace usurper openly, 30
 And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

His army is a ragged multitude
 Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
 Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
 Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
 All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
 They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

KING. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

BUCK. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
 Until a power be raised to put them down. 40

QUEEN. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
 These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!

KING. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
 Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

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

Enter another Messenger

MESS. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:
 The citizens fly and forsake their houses: 50
 The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
 Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
 To spoil the city and your royal court.

37 *caterpillars*] unproductive parasites.

39 *Killingworth*] An old name of Kenilworth, the well-known Warwickshire Castle, at this time a royal palace.

BUCK. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

KING. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour
us.

QUEEN. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

KING. Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish
rebels.

BUCK. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

SAY. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [Exeunt. 60

SCENE V — LONDON

THE TOWER

*Enter LORD SCALES upon the Tower, walking. Then enter
two or three Citizens below*

SCALES. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

FIRST CIT. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for
they have won the bridge, killing all those that with-
stand 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 to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe; 10
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.

9 gather head] collect reinforcements.

SCENE VI—LONDON

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CANNON STREET

*Enter JACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his staff on
London-stone*

CADE. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running

SOLD. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

CADE. Knock him down there. *[They kill him.]*

SMITH. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning. 10

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.]*

² *London-stone*] A rounded block of stone which was a familiar landmark in Elizabethan London. It stood in Cannon Street. Portions of it, having been built into the street wall of St. Swithin's Church, still survive.

³ *pissing-conduit*] a well-known fountain in London, similar to one still to be seen in Brussels.

¹⁴ *set London bridge on fire*] The bridge was of stone, with rows of houses on each side of it. It was these which Cade proposed to set on fire.

SCENE VII—LONDON

www.libtob.com.cn SMITHFIELD

Alarums. MATTHEW GOFFE *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.

HOLL. [*Aside*] Mass, 't will be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.

SMITH. [*Aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; 10 for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

CADE. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

HOLL. [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

CADE. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

1 *Savoy*] The Savoy Palace in the Strand, London, was pulled down by the rebels under Wat Tyler in 1381, and was not rebuilt till 1505, when a royal hospital was erected on the site. The text here therefore involves an error of fact.

Enter a Messenger

MESS. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy. 20

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY

CADE. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth 30 of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used,

20 *fifteens*] A tax on personal property of one fifteenth of its value was called "a fifteenth." Cf. I, i, 128, *supra*. Lord Say is credited with having levied this tax twenty-one times.

23 *say*] woollen stuff resembling serge.

26 *Basimecu*] A corrupted form of an obscene French term of abuse.

32 *score and the tally*] The tally was the stick on which notches or scores were cut. Illiterate persons were in the habit of keeping their accounts in this fashion. Cf. *Sonnet* cxii, 10: "Nor need I *tallies* thy dear love to *score*."

33 *printing*] an anachronism. Caxton did not introduce printing into England till 1476, twenty-six years after Cade's rebellion.

and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not? 40

SAY. What of that?

CADE. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

DICK. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

SAY. You men of Kent, — 50

DICK. What say you of Kent?

SAY. Nothing but this; 't is "bona terra, mala gens."

CADE. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

40-41 *because . . . hanged them*] By a custom known as the "benefit of clergy," convicted prisoners who were able to read were entitled to claim exemption from full penalties.

43 *foot-cloth*] the rich caparison of a horse, which was a distinguishing feature of the equipages of the rich. Cf. IV, i, 54, *supra*, and note. The preposition "in" here has the force of "on."

52 *bona terra, mala gens*] a pleasant land but evil people. Cf. Heber's Missionary Hymn: "Though every prospect pleases And only man is vile."

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. 60
 I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
 Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
 Justice with favour have I always done;
 Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
 When have I aught exacted at your hands,
 But 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, 70
 Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
 You cannot but forbear to murder me:
 This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
 For your behoof, —

CADE. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

56-57 *Kent . . . isle*] Cf. Julius Cæsar, *Commentaries*, Bk. V: "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt," which Arthur Golding translated thus (1590): "Of all the inhabitants of *this isle The civilist are the Kentish folke.*" These last words figure almost verbatim in Lyly's *Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 247).

58 *because*] Thus the Folios. Hammer substituted *beauteous*.

66 *But*] The Folios misread *Kent*. Dr. Johnson suggested the change.

68 *my book preferr'd me*] my love of study, my learning, recommended me. Cf. *Hen. VIII*, I, i, 122-123: "A beggar's *book* Outworths a noble's blood."

SAY. Great men have reaching hands : oft have I struck
Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

GEO. O monstrous coward ! what, to come behind
folks ?

SAY. These cheeks are pale for watching for your
good.

CADE. Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 80
'em red again.

SAY. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

CADE. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the
help of hatchet.

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. 90

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 injured, that ye seek my death ?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live ! 98

84-85 *Ye shall have . . . hatchet*] Cade means that Lord Say shall be
cured by a hempen rope round his neck, and the executioner's axe
about his head.

96 *guiltless blood-shedding*] the shedding of innocent blood ; "guiltless"
is an epithet of "blood."

CADE. [*Aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

ALL. It shall be done.

SAY. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? 110
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

CADE. Away with him! and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her 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.

101 a *familiar*] the demon or spirit who, it was believed, might be in servile attendance on a human being.

114-116 *there shall not . . . ere they have it*] An alleged feudal usage, known as "mercheta mulierum," which is the central motive of Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Custom of the Country*.

116 *in capite*] a pun on the feudal term "tenant in capite," which was the technical designation of those who held land directly of the king.

117-118 *as free . . . tell*] Ancient feudal grants were occasionally made on fantastic terms, and these words of Cade appear almost verbatim in the conditions attaching to tenures of certain feudal property.

DICK. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills? 120

CADE. Marry, presently.

ALL. O, brave!

Re-enter one with the heads

CADE. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. Away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII — SOUTHWARK

Alarum and retreat. Enter CADE and all his rabblement

CADE. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! [*Sound a parley.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so

120 *our bills*] a quibble on the two meanings of "bills," viz., halberds or staves, and mercantile bills, or bills of credit. The identical pun appears in *Much Ado*, III, iii, 198-199.

1 *Up Fish Street, etc.*] Theobald placed this scene in Southwark. At line 23 Cade mentions that he is at the "White Hart in Southwark." But both Fish Street (or Fish Street Hill, where the London Monument stands) and St. Magnus' Corner (in Lower Thames Street) are on the City side of the river Thames and on the opposite side to Southwark. In this first speech Cade may be directing his men to cross the river.

bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD, attended
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BUCK. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee: Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

CLIF. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, 10
And yield to mercy whilst 't is offer'd you;
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say "God save his majesty!"
Who hateth him and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

ALL. God save the king! God save the king!

CADE. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? 20
will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your

24 *given out*] given up or over.

faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's so
course light upon you all!

ALL. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

CLIF. Is ~~Cade the son of~~ Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar, 40
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 "Villiago!" 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; 50
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

45 "*Villiago!*"] Thus the Folios. "*Viliaco*" was no uncommon term of reproach among Elizabethans. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour*, V, iii: "Now out, base *Viliaco*." Florio in his *Ital.-Eng. Dict.* gives "*Vigliacco*, a rascal."

them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying. ~~In despite of the~~ devils and hell, have through the very middest of you! and heavens and ⁶⁰ honour be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. *[Exit.]*

BUCK. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him; And he that brings his head unto the king Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.]
Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX — KENILWORTH CASTLE

Sound trumpets. Enter KING, QUEEN, and SOMERSET, on the terrace

KING. 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.

⁴ *nine months old*] This is historically correct. But cf. *1 Hen. VI*, III, iv, 17-18, where the king is erroneously made to say that he remembers the advice his father gave him in his youth.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD

BUCK. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

KING. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?

Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks

CLIF. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield; 10
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

KING. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

ALL. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger

MESS. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes

26 *Of . . . kernes*] Thus the Folios. A foot is wanting to complete the metre. Dyce suggested the insertion of *savage* after *Of*. "Gallowglasses" and "kernes" (cf. III, i, 310, 361, and 367, *supra*) were two orders of Irish footsoldiers, of whom the former was the more

Is marching hitherward in proud array,
 And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
 His arms are only to remove from thee
 The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor. 30

KING. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York
 distress'd;

Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,
 Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
 But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;
 And now is York in arms to second him.
 I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
 And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
 Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
 And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
 Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 40

SOM. My lord,
 I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
 Or unto death, to do my country good.

KING. 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.

KING. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
 For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

heavily armed. See *Macb.*, I, ii, 12-13: "The merciless Macdonwald . . . from the western isles Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied."

29 *arms*] armed bands. See note on III, i, 378, *supra*, and cf. V, i, 18 and 39, *infra*.

44 *rough in terms*] violent or vituperative in language.

SCENE X—KENT

IDEN'S GARDEN

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Enter CADE

CADE. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word "sallet" was born to do me good: ¹⁰ for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word "sallet" must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN

IDEN. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.

8 *sallet*] there is a quibble in the lines that follow on the two meanings of the word, viz., "salad" and "helmet."

12 *brown bill*] battle-axe.

I seek not to wax great by others' waning, 20
 Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:
 Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
 And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

CADE. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me
 for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.
 Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand
 crowns of the king by carrying my head to him: but
 I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my
 sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

IDEN. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be, 30
 I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
 Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
 And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
 Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
 But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

CADE. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever
 was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well:
 I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and
 thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a
 door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more. 40

IDEN. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England
 stands,
 That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
 Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
 Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
 See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
 Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;

20 *waning*] Pope's ingenious correction of the Folio misreading *warning*.
 30 *companion*] fellow.

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
 Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
 My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
 And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
 Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
 As for words, whose greatness answers words,
 Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

50

CADE. By my valour, the most complete champion
 that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut
 not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou
 sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou
 mayst be turned to hobnails. [*Here they fight. Cade falls.*]

O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me:
 let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me
 but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all.
 Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place
 to all that do dwell in this house, because the uncon-
 quered 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;

52-53 *As for words . . . forbears*] The general sense is, as in § *Hen. VI*,
 I, iv, 49-50: "I will not bandy with thee *word for word*, But *buckle*
with thee blows twice two for one." Iden means that he will have no
 more to do with mere words, the capacity of which, however great, is
 only to be fitly measured by mere words. He prefers that his silent
 sword shall proclaim the issue of the quarrel, with which his speech
 declines to concern itself further.

But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got. 70

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
feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour.

[Dies.]

IDEN. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my
judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave, 80
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.]



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

FIELDS BETWEEN DARTFORD AND BLACKHEATH

Enter YORK, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours

YORK



FROM IRELAND THUS
comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble
Henry's head :

Ring, bells, aloud ; burn, bon-
fires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's
lawful king.

Ah ! sancta majestas, who would
not buy thee dear ?

Let them obey that know not
how to rule ;

This hand was made to handle
nought but gold.

I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it :
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

10

SCENE I SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

Enter BUCKINGHAM

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

BUCK. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

YORK. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy
greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

BUCK. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace;

Or why thou, being a subject as I am,

Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, 20

Should raise so great a power without his leave,

Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

YORK. [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so
great:

O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,

I am so angry at these abject terms;

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

I am far better born than is the king,

More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:

But I must make fair weather yet a while, 30

18 *these arms*] armed bands. See note on III, i, 378, *supra*, and cf. IV, ix, 29, *supra*, and line 39, *infra*.

26-27 *Ajax . . . fury*] Ovid, in *Metamorphoses*, Bk. XIII, tells how Ajax, son of Telamon, angry because the arms of the dead Achilles were awarded to Ulysses and not to himself, slew a flock of sheep, which he mistook in his madness for the sons of Atreus, who had made the award. In *Ant. and Cleop.*, IV, xiii, 2, Shakespeare calls Ajax "Telamon."

Till Henry be more weak and I more strong. —
 Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
 That I have given no answer all this while;
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 The cause why I have brought this army hither
 Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
 Seditious to his grace and to the state.

BUCK. That is too much presumption on thy part:
 But if thy arms be to no other end,
 The king hath yielded unto thy demand: 40
 The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

YORK. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

BUCK. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

YORK. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
 Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
 Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
 You shall have pay and every thing you wish.
 And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
 Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
 As pledges of my fealty and love; 50
 I'll send them all as willing as I live:
 Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
 Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

BUCK. York, I commend this kind submission:
 We twain will go into his highness' tent.

39 *arms*] See note on line 18, *supra*.

46 *Saint George's field*] The muster or parade ground — in Southwark
 — of the London soldiery. It is mentioned again in *2 Hen. IV*,
 III, ii, 190.

51 *as willing as I live*] with all the pleasure in life.

Enter KING and Attendants

KING. 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.

KING. Then what intends these forces thou dost
bring? 60

YORK. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE'S head

IDEN. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

KING. 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. 70
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

IDEN. I was, an 't like your majesty.

KING. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

IDEN. Alexander Iden; that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

BUCK. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

KING. 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. 80

IDEN. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege! [Rises.

Enter QUEEN and SOMERSET

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KING. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the
queen:

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

QUEEN. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his
head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face.

YORK. How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? 90

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear, 100

97 *a palmer's staff*] a pilgrim's staff; a symbol of ultra-piety.

98 *awful*] causing awe, reverend.

100 *Achilles' spear*] A post-Homeric tradition that the touch of Achilles' spear could cure the wounds it inflicted is often noticed by Ovid. Cf. *Metamorphoses*, XIII, 171-172. Robert Greene, in his *Orlando Furioso* (1599), lines 516-518, gives the same account of the capacities of Achilles' spear.

Is able with the change to kill and cure.
 Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
 And with the same to act controlling laws.
 Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
 O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

SOM. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
 Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
 Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

YORK. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of
 these,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man. 110
 Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail: [*Exit Attendant.*
 I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
 They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

QUEEN. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
 To say if that the bastard boys of York
 Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[*Exit Buckingham.*

YORK. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
 Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
 The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
 Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those 120
 That for my surety will refuse the boys!

101 *with the change*] *i. e.*, from frown to smile.

103 *act controlling laws*] put into force coercive laws.

109 *these*] York appeals either to his troops or to his sons, whom he summons two lines below.

112 *ward*] gaol, prison.

117 *Neapolitan*] Queen Margaret's father, René, Duke of Anjou, claimed the throne of Naples which his father had occupied, but he never succeeded in asserting his claim to that kingdom.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

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Enter CLIFFORD and his SON

QUEEN. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

CLIF. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

[*Kneels.*]

YORK. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

CLIF. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistakest me much to think I do:
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

130

KING. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

CLIF. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

QUEEN. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

YORK. Will you not, sons?

EDW. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

131 *Bedlam*] The popular name of Bethlehem Hospital for the insane in Bishopsgate ward in the city of London. Originally founded in 1246, it still survives, though it has been removed to Lambeth; "bedlam" (line 132) was commonly used as an adjective meaning "mad."

137 *His sons*] York's sons were, according to historic fact, mere children at the date of these events. The eldest, Edward, was just thirteen, and Richard, the fourth and youngest, was well under three.

RICH. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

CLIF. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here! 141

YORK. Look in a glass, and call thy image so:

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the EARLS OF WARWICK and SALISBURY

CLIF. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

If thou darest bring them to the baiting place. 150

RICH. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:

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!

146 *astonish . . . curs*] terrorise these curs, who are at once cruel and treacherous.

149 *bear-ward*] Pope's change for the First Folio reading *Berard*. Cf. line 210, *infra*. "Bear-ward" is commonly used by Elizabethan writers for "bear-keeper."

153 *being suffer'd with*] being allowed to have his way with, being suffered to approach.

158 *As crooked . . . thy shape*] According to Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Essex deliberately insulted Queen Elizabeth by telling her

YORK. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

CLIF. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves. 160

KING. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
 Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
 Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
 What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
 And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
 O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
 If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
 Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
 Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
 And shame thine honourable age with blood? 170
 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.

KING. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

at a council meeting in 1598 that "her conditions were as crooked as her carcass," a speech which the queen rewarded by boxing the Earl's ears. Cf. *Tempest*, V, i, 290-291: "as disproportion'd in his manners As in his shape."

165 *seek . . . spectacles*] apply your failing sight to finding out matter for grief.

169 *to find out war*] by finding out war, by stirring up strife. The infinitive is here used gerundively.

174 *with mickle age*] with the weight of great age.

SAL. I have.

180

KING. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

SAL. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow
 To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
 To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
 And have no other reason for this wrong
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

190

QUEEN. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

KING. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

YORK. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolved for death or dignity.

CLIF. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

WAR. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
 To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

CLIF. I am resolved to bear a greater storm
 Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
 And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
 Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

200

181 *dispense with*] get a dispensation from heaven, square heaven, arrange to get off divine punishment.

200 *burgonet*] a close-fitting helmet or steel cap, said to have been invented by the Burgundians.

201 *household*] The First Folio reads *housed*. Malone restored *household* from the Quartos.

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 shows
 That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
 Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

CLIF. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
 And tread it under foot with all contempt,
 Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear. 210

Y. CLIF. And so to arms, victorious father,
 To quell the rebels and their complices.

RICH. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
 For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. CLIF. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou
 canst tell.

RICH. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.
 [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II — SAINT ALBAN'S

Alarums to the battle. Enter WARWICK

WAR. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls:
 And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
 Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,

210 *bear-ward*] See line 149, *supra*, and note.

215 *stigmatic*] one marked with the stigma of deformity. Strictly the word is applied to a criminal branded by a hot iron with a stigma.

Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

YORK. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encounter'd him, 10
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter CLIFFORD

WAR. Of one or both of us the time is come.

YORK. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other
chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

WAR. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou
fight'st.

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,

It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*]

CLIF. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou
pause?

YORK. With thy brave bearing should I be in love, 20
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

CLIF. Nor should thy prowess want praise and
esteem

But that 't is shown ignobly and in treason.

YORK. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.

CLIF. My soul and body on the action both!

YORK. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.

[*They fight, and Clifford falls.*]

CLIF. ~~La fin couronne les œuvres.~~ [Dies.]

YORK. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [Exit. 30]

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. [*Seeing his dead father*] O, let the vile world end,

40

And the premised flames of the last day

27 *lay*] wager, stake.

28 *La fin . . . œuvres*] Cf. *All's Well*, IV, iv, 35: *The fine's the crown*, an English version of this proverb, which is best known in its Latin form "Finis coronat opus."

29 *Thus war . . . peace*] There is no historic foundation for the death of Clifford at York's hand. He was killed by the rank and file of the enemy in a desperate charge. Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, I, i, 7, where the facts are correctly narrated.

35 *part*] party, side. Cf. line 87, *infra*.

39 *not essentially but by circumstance*] not by nature but by accident.

41 *premised*] sent before their time, premature.

Knit earth and heaven together!
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds
 To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
 The silver livery of advised age,
 And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
 My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 't is mine, 50
 It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
 No more will I their babes: tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
 And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
 Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame. 60
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
 As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;

47 *advised age*] wise experience.

48 *in thy reverence*] in the period of life which entitles you to reverence.
chair-days] Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, IV, v, 5, and note.

58 *gobbets*] fragments. See note on IV, i, 85, *supra*.

59 *Medea*] The story that Medea, when fleeing from Colchos with Jason, murdered her young brother Absyrtus and hacked his body into pieces, so as to delay her father's pursuit of her, is told by Ovid in *Tristia*, III, Elegy 9.

But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit, bearing off his father.]

Enter RICHARD and SOMERSET to fight. SOMERSET is killed

RICH. So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still: 70
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.]

Fight. Excursions. Enter KING, QUEEN, and others

QUEEN. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame,
away!

KING. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret,
stay.

QUEEN. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor
fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect, 80

69 *the wizard famous in his death*] a reference to the spirit's prediction about Somerset, I, iv, 34 seq. and 66 seq.: "Let him shun castles," etc. Somerset is slain before an alehouse bearing the sign of "The Castle."

We shall to London get, where you are loved,
 And where this breach now in our fortunes made
 May readily be stopp'd.

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Re-enter young CLIFFORD

Y. CLIF. But that my heart 's on future mischief
 set,
 I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
 But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
 Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
 Away, for your relief! and we will live
 To see their day and them our fortune give:
 Away, my lord, away!

[*Exeunt.* 90

SCENE III — FIELDS NEAR SAINT ALBAN'S

Alarum. Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD, WARWICK, and
 Soldiers, *with drum and colours*

YORK. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
 That winter lion, who in rage forgets
 Aged contusions and all brush of time,
 And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,

86 *uncurable discomfit*] irremediable discomfiture, irretrievable disaster.
 87 *parts*] party. Cf. line 35, *supra*: "our *part*." This is the Folio
 reading. Dyce substituted *part*.

3 *Aged . . . time*] The contusions or injuries of age and the rub of time.

4 *brow*] height, full flush, as of the brow of a hill. Cf. *K. John*, V, vi, 17:
 "in the black *brow* of night."

Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

RICH. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act: 10
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 pleased him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have: 20
'T is 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.

9 *bestrid him*] stood over him when he had fallen, and so protected him.

Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, V, i, 121-122: "if thou see me down in the battle,
and *bestride* me, so; 't is a point of friendship."

20 *we . . . have*] we have not secured what we have won.

22 *opposites . . . nature*] foes of such recuperative power.

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 faith, lords, 't was a glorious day:

Saint Alban's battle won by famous York

30

Shall be eternized in all age to come.

Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all:

And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*]

29 *faith*] Malone restored this word from the Quartos in place of the Folio reading *hand*.

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