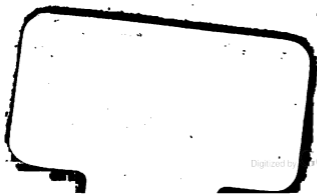


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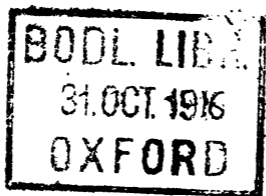
CONTAINING,
KING HENRY VI. PART II.
KING HENRY VI. PART III.
KING RICHARD III.
KING HENRY VIII.



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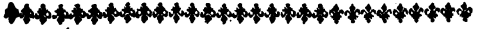
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THE SECOND PART OF

HENRY VI.

WITH THE DEATH OF THE

GOOD DUKE *Humphry.*



A 2

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY VI.

HUMPHRY *Duke of Gloucester, Uncle to the King.*

Cardinal BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, Brother to King Henry IV. natural Son to John of Gaunt.*

Duke of YORK, *pretending to the Crown.*

Duke of BUCKINGHAM,

Duke of SOMERSET,

Duke of SUFFOLK,

Earl of SALISBURY,

Earl of WARWICK,

Lord CLIFFORD, *of the King's Party.*

Lord SAY.

Lord SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*

Sir JOHN STANLEY.

Sir HUMPHRY STAFFORD.

Young STAFFORD, *his Brother.*

ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*

Young CLIFFORD, *Son to the Lord Clifford.*

EDWARD PLANTAGENET,

RICHARD PLANTAGENET,

Vaux, *A Sea-Captain, and Walter Whitmore—Pirates.*

HUME and SOUTHWEL — 2 *Priests.*

BOLINGBROKE, *an Astrologer.*

A Spirit attending on Jordan the Witch.

THOMAS HORNER, *an Armorer.*

PETER; *his Man.*

Mayor of St. Albans.

SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.*

Jack Cade, **Bevis**, **Michael**, **John Holland**, **Dick the Butcher**,
Smith the Weaver, *and several others—Rebels.*

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry VI. secretly in Love with the Duke of Suffolk.*

Dame ELEANOR, *Wife to the Duke of Gloucester.*

Mother Jordan, a Witch employ'd by the Dutchess of Gloucester.

Wife to SIMPCOX.

Petitioners, Aldermen, a Bedel, Sberiff and Officers, Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is laid very dispersedly in several Parts of England.



• T H E
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S E C O N D P A R T
O . F
King *HENRY VI.*

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

The PALACE.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal on the one side. The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham on the other.

Suf. † **A**S by your high imperial Majesty
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princess *Marg'ret* for your
Grace;

So in the famous ancient city *Tours*,
In presence of the Kings of *France* and *Sicil*,
The Dukes of *Orleans*; *Bretagne*, *Alanson*,

* This and the third part were first written under the Title of *The Contention of York and Lancafter*: printed in 1600; but since vastly improved by the Author.

† *Vide Hall's Chron.* fol. 66, year 23. Init.

Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Bishops,
 I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,
 In fight of *England* and her lordly Peers,
 Deliver up my title in the Queen

[*Presenting the Queen to the King.*]

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

K. Henry. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret;
 I can express no kinder sign of love
 Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lend'ft me life,
 Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulness:
 For thou hast giv'n me, in this beauteous face,
 A world of earthly blessings to' my soul,
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious Lord,
 The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
 By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
 In courtly company, or at my beads,
 With you mine alder-lieft Sovereign;
 Makes me the bolder to salute my King
 With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

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

All kneel. Long live Queen Marg'ret, England's happiness!

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

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

Glou. reads.] Imprimis, it is agreed between the French King Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquis of Suffolk, Ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said
 Henry

Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier, King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.

Item, That the Dutchy of Anjou, and the County of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the King her father.

[Lets fall the paper.

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

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

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

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

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

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th' parts of France, 'till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, and Somerset,
Salisbury and Warwick,
We thank you 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.

[Exit King, Queen, and Suffolk.

SCENE II. Manent the rest.

Glou. Brave Peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphry must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?

And

And did my brother *Bedford* toil his wits
 To keep by policy what *Henry* got?
 Have you your selves, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
 Brave *York*, and *Salisbury*, victorious *Warwick*,
 Receiv'd deep scars in *France* and *Normandy*?
 Or hath mine uncle *Beaufort*, and my self,
 With all the learned council of the realm,
 Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
 Early and late, debating to and fro,
 How *France* and *Frenchmen* might be kept in awe?
 And was his Highness in his infancy
 Crowned in *Paris*, in despite of foes?
 And shall these labours and these honours die?
 Shall *Henry's* conquest, *Bedford's* vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
 O Peers of *England*, shameful is this league,
 Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
 Blotting your names from books of memory,
 Rasing the characters of your renown,
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd *France*,
 Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
 This peroration with such circumstances?

For *France*, 'tis 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 giv'n the Dutchy 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 who died for all,
 These counties were the keys of *Normandy*:
 But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery.
 For were there hope to conquer them again,
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears,
Anjou and *Maine*! my self did win them both:
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.
 And are the cities that I got with wounds,

Delivered

King HENRY VI.

Delivered up again with peaceful words? *

York. *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.

Glow. A proper jest, and never heard before,
 That *Suffolk* should demand a whole fifteenth,
 For cost and charges in transporting her :
 She should have staid in *France*, and starv'd in *France*,
 Before ———

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

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

[Exit.

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage :
 'Tis known to you he is mine enemy ;
 Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
 And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
 Consider, Lords, he is the next of blood,
 And heir apparent to the *English* crown.
 Had *Henry* got an empire by his marriage,
 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
 There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
 Look to it, Lords, let not his smoothing words
 Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
 What though the common people favour him,
 Calling him *Humpbry*, the good Duke of *Glo'ster*,
 Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice,

* ----- peaceful words?

York. For *Suffolk's* Duke, may he be suffocate,
 That dims the honour of this warlike isle :
France should, &c.

Jesu maintain your Royal Excellence,
 With, God preserve the good Duke Humphry ?
 I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering glois,
 He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our Sovereign,
 He being of age to govern of himself ?
 Cousin of *Somerset*, join you with me,
 And all together with the Duke of *Suffolk*,
 We'll quickly hoise Duke *Humphry* from his seat.

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

Som. Cousin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphry's* pride
 And greatness of his place be grief to us,
 Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal :
 His insolence is more intolerable
 Than all the Princes in the land beside :
 If *Glo'ster* be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or *Somerset* or I will be Protector,
 Despight Duke *Humphry*, or the Cardinal.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.]

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
 While these do labour for their own preferment,
 Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
 I never saw but *Humphry* Duke of *Glo'ster*
 Did bear him like a noble gentleman :
 Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal
 More like a soldier than a man o'th' church,
 As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
 Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
 Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.

Warwick my son, the comfort of my age !
 Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
 Have won the greatest favour of the Commons,
 Excepting none but good Duke *Humphry*.
 And brother *York*, thy acts in *Ireland*,
 In bringing them to civil discipline ;
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of *France*,
 When thou wert Regent for our Sovereign ;
 Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.
 Join we together for the publick 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 *Humbry's* deeds,
 While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the land
 And common profit of his country !

York. And so says *York*, for he hath greatest cause.

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

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*]

S C E N E III. *Manet York.*

York. *Anjou* and *Maine* are given to the *French*,
Paris is lost, the state of *Normandy*
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone :
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
 The Peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd
 To change two Dukedoms for a Duke's fair daughter.
 I cannot blame them all, what is't to them ?
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
 Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,
 And purchase friends and give to courtizans,
 Still revelling like Lords 'till all be gone :
 While as the silly owner of the goods
 Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
 And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
 While all is shar'd, and all is born away ;
 Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.
 So *York* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue ;
 While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
 Methinks the realms of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*,
 Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
 As did the fatal brand *Albea* burnt,
 Unto the Prince's heart of *Calydon*.

Anjou and *Maine* both given unto the *French* :
 Cold news for me : for I had hope of *France*,

* unto the main.

War. Unto the main ? Oh father, *Maine* is lost,
 That *Maine*, which by main force *Warwick* did win,
 And would have kept, so long as breath did last :
 Main-chance, father, you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
 Which I will win from *France*, or else be slain.

Ev'n.

Ev'n as I have of fertile *England's* soil.
 A day will come when *York* shall claim his own,
 And therefore I will take the *Newills'* parts,
 And make a shew of love to proud Duke *Humphry* ;
 And when I spy advantage, claim the crown ;
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
 Nor shall proud *Lancaster* usurp my right,
 Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.
 Then, *York*, be still a while, 'till time do serve :
 Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the State ;
 'Till *Henry* surfeit in the joys of love,
 With his new bride and *England's* dear-bought Queen,
 And *Humphry* with the Peers be fall'n at jars.
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd ;
 And in my standard bear the arms of *York*,
 To grapple with the house of *Lancaster* ;
 And force perforce I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.

[Exit *York*.]S C E N E IV. *The Duke of Gloucester's house.**Enter Duke Humphry, and his Wife Eleanor.*

Elean. Why droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd corn
 Hanging the head with *Ceres'* plenteous load ?
 Why doth the great Duke *Humphry* knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world ?
 Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,
 Gazing at that which seems to dim thy sight ?
 What see'st thou there ? King *Henry's* diadem,
 Inchas'd with all the honours of the world ?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same.
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold :
 What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine.
 And having both together heav'd it up,
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven ;
 And never more abase our sight so low,

As

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*,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world !

My troublous dreams this night do make me sad.

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

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 th' Cardinal ;

And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmund* Duke of *Somerset*,
And *William de la Pole* first Duke of *Suffolk*.

This was the dream ; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument
That he that breaks a stick of *Glo'ster's* grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But list to me, my *Humpbry*, 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 *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glou. Nay, *Eleanor*, then must I chide outright :

Presumptuous dame, ill-natur'd *Eleanor*,

Art thou not second woman in the realm,

And the Protector's wife, below'd of him ?

Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought ?

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,

To tumble down thy husband and thy self

From top of honour to disgrace's feet ?

Away from me, and let me hear no more !

Elean. What, what, my Lord, are you so cholerick

With *Eleanor*, for telling but her dream ?

Next time I'll keep my dreams unto my self,

And not be check'd.

Glou. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

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

Glou. I go: come, *Nell*, thou too wilt ride with us?

[*Exit Gloucester.*]

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

Follow I must, I cannot go before,

While *Glo'ster* bears this base and humble mind.

Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,

I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,

And smooth my way upon their headless necks:

And being a woman, I will not be slack

To play my part in fortune's pageant.

Where are you there? Sir *John*! nay, fear not, man,

We are alone, here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your Royal Majesty!

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

Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Hume's* advice,
Your Grace's title shall be multiply'd.

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

With *Margery Jordan* the cunning witch,

And *Roger Bolingbrook* the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to shew your Highness

A Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

That shall make answer to such questions

As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the questions:

When from *St. Albans* we do make return,

We'll see those things effected to the full.

Here, *Hume*, take this reward, make merry, man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit Eleanor.*]

Hume. *Hume* must make merry with the Dutchess' gold:

Marry and shall; but how now, Sir *John Hume*?

Seal up your lips, and give no words, but mum!

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame *Eleanor* gives gold to bring the witch:

Gold

Gold cannot come amifs, 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 *Eleanor's* aspiring humour)
 Have hired me to undermine the Dutchefs,
 And buz theſe conjurations in her brain.
 They ſay, a crafty knave does need no broker ;
 Yet am I *Suffolk's* and the Cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall go near
 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
 Well, ſo it ſtands ; and thus I fear at laſt,
Hume's knavery will be the Dutchefs' wreck,
 And her attainure will be *Humpbry's* fall ;
 Sort how it will, I ſhall have gold for all. [Exit.

S C E N E V. *The Palace.*

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorer's man being one.

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

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

Enter Suffolk and Queen.

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

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

Suf. How now, fellow, would'ſt any thing with me ?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my Lord, pardon me ; I took ye for my Lord Protector.

Q. Mar. To my Lord Protector ? [Reading.] Are your ſupplications to his Lordſhip ? let me ſee them ; what is thine ?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't pleaſe your Grace, againſt *John Goodman*, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my houſe and lands, and wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy wife too ? that's ſome wrong indeed. What's yours ? what's here ? [Reads.] *Against the Duke of Suffolk,*

folk, for inclosing the Commons of Melford. How now, Sir Knave?

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

3 *Pet.* Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

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

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

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

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

[Tears the supplications.]

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

All. Come, let's be gone.

[Exeunt.]

Q. *Mar.* My Lord of *Suffolk*, say, is this the guise?

Is this the fashion in the Court of *England*?

Is this the government of *Britain's* Isle?

And this the royalty of *Albion's* King?

What, shall King *Henry* be a pupil still,

Under the surly *Glo'ster's* governance?

Am I a Queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a Duke?

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

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

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

I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee

In courage, courtship, and proportion:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number *Ave Marias* on his beads;

His champions are the prophets and apostles,

His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

I would the college of the Cardinals

Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,

And

And set the triple crown upon his head!
That were a state fit for his holiness.

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

Q. Mar. Beside the proud Protector, have we *Beaufort*
Th' imperious churchman ; *Somerfet*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *York* ; and not the least of these
But can do more in *England* than the King.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in *England* than the *Nevills* ;
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple Peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these Lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife :
She sweeps it through the Court with troops of Ladies
More like an Empress than Duke *Humbry's* wife.
Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen ;
She bears a Duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
'Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedoms for his Daughter.

Suf. Madam, my self have lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her rest ; and, Madam, list to me,
For I am bold to counsel you in this ;
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the Lords,
'Till we have brought Duke *Humbry* 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 your self shall steer the happy helm.

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

K. Henry. For my part, noble Lords, I care not which, Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

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

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

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

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

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

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

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

Sal. Peace, son; and shew some reason, Buckingham, Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the King forsooth will have it so.

Glou. Madam, the King is old enough himself To give his censure: these are no woman's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace To be Protector of his Excellence?

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

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence. Since thou wert King, (as who is King but thou?)

The common-wealth hath daily run to wreck.

The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,

And all the Peers and Nobles of the Realm

Have been as bond-men to thy sov'raignty.

Car. The Commons hast thou rack'd, the Clergy's bags Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire, Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution Upon offenders hath exceeded law, And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in France, If they were known, as the suspect is great,

Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit Glou.]

Give me my fan; what, minion? can ye not?

[She gives the Dutchess a box on the ear.]

Is't you mercy, Madam; was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *French-woman*;

Did I come near your beauty with my nails,

I set my ten commandments in your face.

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

Elean. Against her will, good King? look to't in time,

She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:

Though in this place most Master wears no breeches,

She shall not strike dame *Eleanor* unrevenged. [Exit *Eleanor*.]

Back. Lord Cardinal, I'll follow *Eleanor*,

And listen after *Humphry*, how he proceeds:

She's tickled now, her fume can need no spurs,

She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[Exit *Buckingham*.]

SCENE VII. Re-enter Duke *Humphry*.

Glou. Now, Lords, my choler being over-blown

With walking once about the Quadrangle,

I come to talk of common-wealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,

Prove them, and I lye open to the law.

But God in mercy deal so with my soul,

As I in duty love my King and Country!

But to the matter that we have in hand:

I say, my Sovereign, *York* is meetest man

To be your Regent in the Realm of *France*.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave

To shew some reason of no little force,

That *York* is most unmeet of any man.

York, I'll tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet:

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;

Next, if I be appointed for the place,

My Lord of *Somerset* will keep me here

Without discharge, mony, or furniture,

'Till *France* be won into the Dauphin's hands.

Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,

'Till *Paris* was besieg'd, famish'd and lost.

War.

War. That I can witness, and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong *Warwick!*

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

Enter Horner the Armorer, and his Man Peter, guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason.

Pray God the Duke of *York* excuse himself.

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

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

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

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

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

Peter. By these ten bones, my Lord, he did speak them
to me in the garret one night, as we were scow'ring my
Lord of *York's* armour.

York. Base dunghil villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:
I do beseech your royal Majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

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

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

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 *Humphry's* doom.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Then be it so: my Lord of *Somerſet*;
We make your Grace Regent over the *French*.

Som. I humbly thank your royal Majeſty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for God's fake
pity my caſe; the ſpight of man prevaileth 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.

K. Henry. Away with them to priſon; and the day of
combat ſhall be the laſt of the next month. Come, *So-*
merſet, we'll ſee thee ſent away. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

A Room prepared for the pretended Incantments.

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbrook.

Hume. Come, my maſters; the Dutchels, I tell you,
expects performance of your promiſes.

Boling. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will
her Ladyſhip behold and hear our exorcifms?

Hume. Ay, what elſe? fear not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an
invincible ſpirit; but it ſhall be convenient, Maſter *Hume*,
that you be by her aloft, while we be buſie below; and
ſo I pray you, go in God's name and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*]
Mother Jordan, be proſtrate and grovel on the earth;
John Southwel, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor above.

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

Boling. Patience, good Lady, wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night,
The time of night when *Troy* was ſet on fire,
The time when ſcreech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
When ſpirits walk, and ghoſts break up their graves;
That time beſt fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, fit you and fear not; whom we raiſe
We will make faſt within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies and make the circle; Bo-*
linbrook or Southwel reads, Conjuro te, &c. It
thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riſeth.
Spirit.

Spirit. Adsum.

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

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

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

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

[As the Spirit speaks they write the answer.]

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

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

Boling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him shun castles.

Safer shall he be on the plains,
Than where a castle mounted stands.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

*Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid! [Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.]*

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

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

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

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

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

*Buck. True, Madam, none at all: What call you this?
Away with them, let them be clap'd up close,
And kept apart. You, Madam, shall with us,
Stafford, take her to thee.*

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

[Exeunt Guard with Jordan, Southwel, &c.]
The

(--- Southwel, &c.)

York Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well;

A pretty plot, well chose to build upon.

Now, pray, my Lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

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

[Reads.]

Why,

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

Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of *York*,
 To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. My Lord, at your good pleasure. Who's within
 there ?

Enter a Serving-man.

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

ACT II. SCENE I.

At St. Albans.

*Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Protector, Cardinal
 and Suffolk, with Faulconers bawling.*

Q. Mar. **B**elieve me, Lords, for flying at the brook,
 I saw no better sport these seven years day ;
 Yet by your leave, the wind was very high,
 And ten to one old *Joas* had not gone out.

K. Henry. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
 And what a pitch she flew above the rest !
 To see how God in all his creatures works !
 Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,
 My Lord Protector's Hawks do towre so well ;
 They know their master loves to be aloft,
 And bears his thoughts above his Faulcon's pitch.

*Why, this is just, *As to *Æacidam Romanus vincere posse.***

Well, to the rest :

*Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk* ?*

By water shall he die and take his end.

*What shall betide the Duke of *Somerfet* ?*

Let him scan castles.

Safer shall he be on the plains,

Than where a castle mounted stands,

Come, come, my Lords,

These oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The King is now, &c.

This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary
 after what the spectators have heard in the Scene immediately pro-
 ceeding, is not to be found in the first editions of this Play.

Gloss.

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

Car. I thought as much, he'd be above the clouds.

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

K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy !

Car. Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and thoughts
Bent on a crown, the treasure of thy heart :
Pernicious Protector; dangerous Peer,
That smooth'f it so with King and common-weal !

Glou. What, Card'nal ! is your priesthood grown so
peremptory ?

Churchmen so hot ? good uncle, hide such malice.

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 your self, my Lord,
An't like your lordly Lord Protectorship.

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

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

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

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

Glou. Faith holy uncle, would 'twere come to that.

Car. Marry, when thou dar'f't.

Glou. Make up no factious numbers for that matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. Ay, where thou dar'f't not peep : and if
thou dar'f't,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.

K. Henry. How now, my Lords ?

Car. Believe me, cousin *Glo'ster*,

Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport — Come with thy two-hand sword.

[Aside to Gloucester.]

Glou. True, uncle.

Car. Are ye advis'd ? — The east side of the grove.

Glou. Cardinal, I am with you.

[Aside.]

K. Henry.

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

Glo. Talking of hawking, nothing else, my Lord. —
Now by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
For this, or all my fence shall fail.

[*Aside.*]
Car. [*Aside.*] Protector, see to't well, protect your self.

K. Henry. The winds grow high, so do your stomachs;
Lords.

How irksome is this musick to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my Lords, let me compound this strife.

SCENE II. *Enter One crying, A miracle!*

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle do'st thou proclaim?

One. A miracle, a miracle!

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

One. Forsooth, a blind man at *St. Alban's* shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight,
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

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

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

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

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

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

K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we, for thee, may glorifie the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your Grace,

Wife. Ay, indeed was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your Worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou couldst have
better told.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born?

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

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C

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee :

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

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

Simp. God knows of pure devotion, being call'd
A hundred times and oftner, in my sleep,
By good Saint *Alban* ; who said, *Simpcox, come,
Come offer at my Shrine, and I will help thee.*

Wife. Most true, forsooth ; and many a time and oft
My self have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame ?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me !

Suf. How cam'st thou so ?

Simp. A fall from off 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 once in all my life, when I was a youth.

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

Glou. Mafs, thou lov'st plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glou. A subtle knave, but yet it shall not serve :
Let's see thine eyes, wink now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet, thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, clear as day, I thank God and St. *Alban*.

Glou. Say'st thou me so ? what colour is this cloak of ?

Simp. Red, master, red as blood.

Glou. Why, that's well said : what colour is my gown of ?

Sim. Black, forsooth, coal-black, as jet.

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

Suf. And yet, I think, jet he did 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.

Glou. What's his name ?

Simp. I know not.

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 thou there, the lying'st knave
In christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,

Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus

To know the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish colours : true, but suddenly

To nominate them all, it is impossible.

My Lords, *St. Alban* here hath done a miracle :

Would ye not think that cunning to be great,

That could restore this cripple to his legs ?

Simp. O master, that you could !

Glou. My masters of *St. Albans*,

Have you not bedels in your town,

And things call'd whips ?

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

Glou. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the bedel hither straight.

[*Exit Mess.*]

Glou. Now fetch me a stool hither. Now, Sirrah, if
you mean to save your self from whipping, leap me over
this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone : you
go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Bedel with whips.

Glou. Well, Sir, we must have you find your legs.
Sirrah bedel, whip him 'till he leap over that same stool.

Bed. I will, my Lord. Come on, Sirrah, off with your
doublet quickly.

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

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

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

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glou. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

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

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

[*Exit Bedel with the Women.*]

Car. Duke *Humphry* hath 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.

SCENE III. *Enter Buckingham.*

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

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold :

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady *Eleanor*, the Protector's wife,
(The ring-leader and head of all this rout)
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground ;
Demanding of King *Henry*'s life and death,
And other of your Highness' privy-council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

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

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

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

[*Aside to Gloucester.*]

Glou. Ambitious churchman, leave t' afflict my heart :

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers ;

And vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,

Or to the meanest groom.

K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads !

Q. Mar. Gloucester, set here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thy self be faultless, thou wert best.

Glou. Madam, for me, to heav'n I do appeal,

How I have lov'd my King and common-weal ;

And for my wife, I know not how it stands.

Sorry am I to hear what I have heard ;

Noble she is ; but if she have forgot

Honour

Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile Nobility ;
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd *Glo'ster's* honest name.

K. Henry. Well, for this night we will repose us here ;
To-morrow toward *London* back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers ;
And poise the cause in Justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

SCENE IV. *The Duke of York's Palace.*

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 my self.
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible to *England's* crown.

Sal. My Lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

War. Sweet *York*, begin ; and if thy claim be good,
The *Neuils* are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus :

Edward the Third, my Lords, had seven sons :
The first, *Edward* the black Prince, Prince of *Wales* ;
The second, *William* of *Hatfield* ; and the third,
Lionel Duke of *Clarence* ; next to whom
Was *John* of *Gaunt*, the Duke of *Lancaster* ;
The fifth was *Edmund* *Langley* Duke of *York* ;
The sixth was *Thomas* *Woodstock* Duke of *Glo'ster* ;
William of *Windsor* was the seventh and last.
Edward the black Prince dy'd before his father,
And left behind him *Richard*, his only son,
Who, after *Edward* the Third's death, reign'd King,
'Till *Henry* *Bolingbroke* Duke of *Lancaster*,
The eldest son and heir of *John* of *Gaunt*,
Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful King,
Sent his poor Queen to *France* from whence she came,
And him to *Pomfret* ; where, as you all know,

Harmless King *Richard* trait'rously was murther'd.

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

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right :
For *Richard* the first son's heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

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

York. The third son, Duke of *Clarence*, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue *Philippe*, a daughter,
Who married *Edmund Mortimer* Earl of *March* ;
Edmund had issue, *Roger* Earl of *March* :

Roger had issue, *Edmund*, *Anne*, and *Eleanor*.

Sal. This *Edmund*, in the reign of *Bolingbroke*,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;
And, but for *Owen Glendower*, had been King ;
Who kept him in captivity, 'till he dy'd.

But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, *Anne*,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*,
Who was the son of *Edmund Langley*,
Edward the Third's fifth son's son, and by her
I claim the kingdom, for she then was heir
To *Roger* Earl of *March*, who was the son
Of *Edmund Mortimer*, who married *Philippe*,
Sole daughter unto *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*,
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this ?

Henry doth claim the crown from *John* of *Gaunt*,
The fourth son ; *York* here claims it from the third.

'Till *Lionel's* issue fail, his should not reign ;

It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee

And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.

Then, father *Salisbury*, kneel we together,

And in this private plot be we the first,

That shall salute our rightful Sovereign

With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Botb. Long live our Sovereign *Richard*, *England's* King !

York. We thank you, Lords ; but I am not your King

'Till

'Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of *Lancaster*;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.

Do you, as I do, in these dang'rous days,
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk's* insolence,
At *Beaufort's* pride, at *Somerset's* ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the crew of them,
'Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humphrey*;
'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if *York* can prophesie.

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

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

York. And, *North*, this I do assure my self:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*
The greatest man in *England* but the King.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V. *A Room of State.*

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret and
state, the Dutchess, Mother Jordan, Southwel, Hume
and Bolingbrook, with Guard.

K. Henry. Stand forth, dame *Eleanor Cobham*, *Gloster's*
wife,

In fight of God and us your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law for sins,
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
You four from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution;
The witch in *Smithfield* shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir *John Stanley* in the *Isle of Man*.

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Glos. The law thou seest hath judg'd thee, *Eleanor*,
I cannot justify whom law condemns.

[*Ex. Eleanor and the others guarded.*

Mus.



Mine Eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
 Ah, *Humbry* ! this dishonour in thine age
 Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
 'Beseech your Majesty give me leave to go ;
 Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.

K. Henry. Stay, *Humbry*, Duke of *Glo'ster* ; ere thou go,
 Give up thy staff, ; *Henry* will to himself
 Protector be, and God shall be my hope,
 My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.
 And go in peace, *Humbry*, no less belov'd,
 Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a King of years
 Should be to be protected like a child :
 God and King *Henry* govern *England's* realm :
 Give up your staff, Sir, and to th' 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 willing at thy feet I leave it,
 As others would ambitiously receive it.
 Farewel, good King ; when I am dead and gone,
 May honourable peace attend thy throne ! [*Exit Gloucester.*]

Q. Mar. Why, now is *Henry* King, and *Marg'ret* Queen.
 And *Humbry* Duke of *Glo'ster* scarce himself,
 That bears so shrewd a maim ; two pulls at once ;
 His Lady banish'd, and a limb lost off :
 This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,
 Where best it fits to be, in *Henry's* hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays,
 Thus *Eleanor's* pride dies in her younger days.

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,
 This is the day appointed for the combat,
 And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
 The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
 So please your Highness to behold the fight.

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

K. Henry. A' God's name see the lists and all things fit ;
 Here let them end it, and God guard the right !

York.

York. I never saw a fellow worse beftead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant,
The fervant of the armourer, my Lords.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter at one door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him fo much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his ftaff with a fand-bag faftned to it; * and at the other door his Man, with a drum and a fand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him.*

1 Neighb. Here, neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a cup of fack; and fear not, neighbour, you fhall do well enough.

2 Neighb. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Peter. *Peter*, forfooth.

Sal. *Peter*? what more?

Peter. *Tbump*.

Sal. *Tbump*? Then fee thou thump thy matter well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my man's infligation, to prove him a knave and my felf an honeft man: and touching the Duke of *York*, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the King nor the

* According to the old laws of Duels this was the manner of fighting appointed for inferior people, as thofe of a higher degree ufed the fword and lance.

Queen, and therefore, *Peter*, have at thee with a down-right blow.

York. Dispatch : this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound trumpets, Alarm to the combatants.

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

Arm. Hold, *Peter*, hold ; I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*]

York. Take away his weapon : fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence ? O *Peter*, thou hast prevail'd in the right.

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

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to murder wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII. *The Street.*

Enter Duke Humphry and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.

Glou. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud ;
And after summer evermore succeeds
The barren winter with his nipping cold :
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's a clock ?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

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

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

Serv.

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

Glow. No, stir not for your lives, let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame ?

Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee,
Ah, *Glo'ster* hide thee from their hateful looks,
And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,
And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

Glow. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this grief.

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

Ah, *Humphry*, can I bear this shameful yolk ?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun :
No : dark shall be my light, and night my day.
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke *Humphry's* wife,
And he a Prince and ruler of the land :
Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
That he stood by, whilst I his forlorn Dutchess
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle, rascal follower.

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

But

But fear thou not until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor ever seek prevention of thy foes.

Glou. Ah, *Nell*, forbear; thou aimest all awry,
I must offend, before I be attained;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle *Nell*;
I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience,
This few-days-wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

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

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 *Ile of Man*.

Glou. Must you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here?

Stan. So am I giv'n in charge, may't please your Grace.

Glou. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well; the world may laugh again,
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her: and so, Sir *John*, farewell.

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

Glou. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exit Gloucester.*

Elean. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.
Stanley, I pr'ythee go and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no favour;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the *Isle of Man*,
There to be us'd according to your state.

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

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

Elean. Shériff, fare well, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sber. It is my office, Madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.
Come, *Stanley*, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

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

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

ACT III. SCENE I.

St. Edmund's Bury.

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

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

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How peremptory and unlike himself!
We know the time, since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for submission.

But meet him now, and be it in the morn
When ev'ry one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shews an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin,

But great men tremble when the Lion roars,
 And *Humbry* is no little man in *England*.
 First note, that he is near you in descent,
 And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
 Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
 (Respecting what a ranc'rous mind he bears,
 And his advantage following your decease)
 That he should come about your Royal person,
 Or be admitted to your Highness' council.
 By flatt'ry hath he won the Commons hearts:
 And when he'll please to make commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted,
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
 And choak the herbs for want of husbandry.
 The reverent care I bear unto my Lord
 Makes me collect these dangers in the Duke.
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear:
 Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
 I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
 My Lords of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
 Reprove my allegation if you can,
 Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this Duke.
 And had I first been put to speak my mind,
 I think I should have told your Grace's tale.
 The Dutchess, by his subornation,
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,
 Yet the repeating of his high descent
 As next the King he was successive heir,
 And such high vaunts of his Nobility,
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick Dutchess,
 By wicked means to frame our Sov'reign's fall.
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
 And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
 The Fox barks not when he would steal the Lamb.
 No, no, my Sov'reign, *Glo'ster* is a man
 Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,

Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

York. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the Realm
For soldiers pay in *France*, and never sent it ?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphry*.

K. Henry. My Lords, at once ; the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise ; but shall I speak my conscience ?
Our kinsman *Glo'ster* is as innocent

From meaning treason to our Royal person,
As is the sucking Lamb or harmless Dove :
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah ! what's more dangerous than this fond
affiance ?

Seems he a Dove ? his feathers are but borrow'd ;
For he's disposed as the hateful Raven.

Is he a Lamb ? his skin is surely lent him ;
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous Wolf.

Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit ?
Take heed, my Lord ; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereign !

K. Henry. Welcome, Lord *Somerset* ; what news from
France ?

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

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

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

Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.

But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

[*Abide.*

SCENE II. *Enter Gloucester.*

Glow. All happiness unto my Lord the King !

Pardon, my Liege, that I have staid so long.

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

Glou. Well, *Suffolk,* yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The purest spring is not so free from mud,

As I am clear from treason to my Sovereign.

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

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

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

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,

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 tryal day!

No; many a pound of my own proper store,

Because I would not tax the needy Commons,

Have I disbursed to the garrisons,

And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Glou. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your Protectorship you did devise

Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,

That *England* was defam'd by tyranny.

Glou. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector

Pity was all the fault that was in me:

For I should melt at an offender's tears,

And lowly words were ransom for their fault:

Unless it were a bloody murderer,

Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,

I never gave them condign punishment.

Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd

Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf.

Suf. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd
 But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
 Whereof you cannot easly purge your self.
 I do arrest you in his Highness' name,
 And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
 To keep, until your further time of tryal.

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

Glo. Ah, gracious Lord ! these days are dangerous ;
 Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
 And charity chac'd hence by rancour's hand ;
 Foul subornation is predominant,
 And equity exil'd your Highness' land.
 I know, their complot is to have my life :
 And if my death might make this island happy,
 And prove the period of their tyranny,
 I would expend it with all willingness.
 But mine is made the prologue to their play :
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
 And *Suffolk's* cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
 Sharp *Buckingham* unburthens with his tongue
 The envious load that lyes upon his heart :
 And dogged *York*, that reaches at the moon,
 Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
 By false accuse doth level at my life.
 And you, my sovereign Lady, with the rest ;
 Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
 And with your best endeavours have stirr'd up
 My liefeft Liege to be mine enemy :
 Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
 (My self had notice of your conventicles)
 And all to make away my guiltless life.
 I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt :
 The ancient proverb will be well effected,
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

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

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign Lady here
With ignominious words, though clarkly coucht?
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations, to o'er-throw his state.

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glou. Far truer spoke than meant; I lose indeed;
Beswore the winners, for they play'd me false;
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

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

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glou. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his crutch
Before his legs be firm to bear his body;
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my fear were false, ah that it were!
For, good King *Henry*, thy decay I fear. [*Exit, guarded.*]

S C E N E III.

K. Henry. My Lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if our self were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your Highness leave the Parliament?

K. Henry. Ay, *Margaret*; my heart is drown'd with
grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within my eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle *Humbry*, in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good *Humbry*, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith;
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life,
That never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong?

And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strives,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house ;
Even so remorseless have they born 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 my self bewail good *Glo'ster's* case
With sad unhelpful tears ; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good :
So mighty are his vowed enemies.

His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say, *who's a traitor ? Glo'ster be is none.*

[Exit.

Q. Mar. See, Lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot
beams ;

Henry my Lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity : *Glo'ster's* shew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers :
Or as the snake roll'd in a flow'ry bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

Believe me, Lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet herein I judge my own wit good)
This *Glo'ster* should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

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

Suf. But in my mind, that were no policy :
The King will labour still to save his life,
The Commons haply rise to save his life ;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

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

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

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

But, my Lord Cardinal, and 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

To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke *Humbry* for the King's Protector ?

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

Suf. Madam, 'tis true ; and were't not madness then
To make the fox surveyor of the fold ?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No ; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As *Humbry's* prov'd by reasons to my Liege ;
And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him ;
Be it by ginns, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead ; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice noble *Suffolk*, resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done ;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant ;
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my Sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest :
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender to the safety of my Liege.

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

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I ; and now we three have spoken it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

S C E N E IV. *Enter a Post.*

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

Car.

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

York. That *Somerſet* be ſent a Regent thither :

'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd :

Witness the fortune he hath had in *France*.

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

York. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done :

I rather would have loſt my life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of diſhonour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, 'till all were loſt.

Shew me one ſcar character'd on thy ſkin :
Mens fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, doth ſeldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this ſpark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :

No more, good *York* ; ſweet *Somerſet*, be ſtill.

Thy fortune, *York*, hadſt thou been Regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worſe than his.

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

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

Car. My Lord of *York*, try what your fortune is ;

Th' uncivil kerns of *Ireland* are in arms,
And temper'd clay with blood of *Engliſhmen*.

To *Ireland* will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county ſome,
And try your hap againſt the *Iriſhmen* ?

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

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

York. I am content ; provide me ſoldiers, Lords,
Whiſt I take order for mine own affairs.

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

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he ſhall trouble us no more :
And ſo break off : the day is almoſt ſpent :

Lord *Suffolk*, you and I muſt talk of that event.

York. My Lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen days

At

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*. [Exit]

S C E N E V. *Manet York.*

York. Now, *York*, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution ;
Be that thou hop' st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying ;
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart !
Faster than spring-time show'rs, comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busie than the lab'ring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, Nobles, well ; 'tis politickly done,
To send me packing with an host of men :
I fear me you but warm the starved Snake,
Who cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me ;
I take it kindly : yet be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whilst I in *Ireland* nourish'a mighty band,
I will stir up in *England* some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heav'n or hell,
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd flaw.
And for'a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong *Kentish* man,
John Cade of *Abbsford*,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of *John Mortimer*.
In *Ireland* have I seen this stubborn *Cade*
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fight so long, 'till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine ;
And in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild *Morisco*,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
 Hath he conversed with the enemy,
 And undiscover'd come to me again,
 And giv'n me notice of their villainies.
 This devil here shall be my substitute ;
 For that *John Mortimer* which is now dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble,
 By this I shall perceive the Commons mind,
 How they affect the house and claim of *York*;
 Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured ;
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him
 Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms,
 Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
 Why then from *Ireland* come I with my strength,
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd :
 For *Humphry* being dead, as he shall be,
 And *Henry* put a-part, the next for me.

[Exit.

SCENE VI. *The Palace.*

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

1. Run to my Lord of *Suffolk* ; let him know
 We have dispatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.

2. Oh that it were to do ! what have we done ?
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

Enter *Suffolk*.

1. Here comes my Lord.

'*Suf.* Now, Sirs, have you dispatch'd
 This thing ?

1. Ay, my good Lord, 'tis done, he's dead.

'*Suf.* Why, that's well said. Go get you to my house,
 I will reward you for this vent'rous deed :

The King and all the Peers are here at hand.

Have you laid fair the bed ? are all things well,
 According as I gave directions ?

1. Yes, my good Lord.

'*Suf.* Away, be gone.

[Exit Murderers.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal, Somerset,
 with Attendants.

K. Henry. Go call our Uncle to our presence straight :
 Say we intend to try his Grace to-day,

If

If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

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

K. Henry. Lords, take your places; and I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle *Glo'ster*,
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a Nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Henry. I thank thee: well, these words content me
much.

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, *Glo'ster* is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment: I did dream to-night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*King swoons.*]

Q. Mar. How fares my Lord? help, Lords, the King
is dead.

Som. Rear up his body, wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help! oh *Henry*, ope thine eyes.

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

K. Henry. O heav'nly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious Lord?

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

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

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

Yet

Yet do not go away; come, basilisk,
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
 For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
 In life, but double death, now *Glo'ster's* dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of *Suffolk* thus?

Although the Duke was enemy to him,
 Yet he most christian-like laments his death.
 As for my self, foe as he was to me,
 Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
 Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life;
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
 And all to have the noble Duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me?
 For it is known we were but hollow friends:
 It may be judg'd I made the Duke away,
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
 And Princes Courts be filled with reproach:
 This get I by his death: ah me unhappy!
 To be a Queen, and crown'd with infamy.

K. Henry. Ah, woe is me for *Glo'ster*, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is!

What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
 What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
 Be pois'nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
 Is all thy comfort shut in *Glo'ster's* tomb?
 Why then dame *Margaret* was ne'er thy joy.
 Erect his statue, and do worship to it,
 And make my image but an ale-house sign.
 Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the sea,
 And twice by adverse winds from *England's* bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime?
 What boaded this? but well fore-warning winds
 Did seem to say, seek not a scorpion's nest,
 Nor set thy footing on this unkind shoar.
 What did I then, but curse the gentle guffs,
 And him that loos'd them from their brazen caves,
 And bid them blow towards *England's* blessed shoar,
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?

Yet *Aeolus* would not be a muttherer,
He left that hateful office unto thee.*

The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy Palace perish *Margaret*.

As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
When from thy shoar the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest gazing sight of the land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,
(A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,
And threw it tow'rds thy land; the sea receiv'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart.

And ev'n with this I lost fair *England's* view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of *Albion's* wish'd coast.

How often have I tempted *Suffolk's* tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)

To fit and witch me, as *Astanius* did,
When he to riddling *Dido* would unfold

His father's acts, comment'd in burning *Troy*!

Am I not witcht like her? art thou not false like him?

Ah me, I can no more: die, *Margaret*!

For *Henry* weeps that thou didst live so long:

Noise within. Enter *Warwick*, *Salisbury*, and many
Commons.

War. It is reposed; mighty Sovereign,
That good Duke *Humphry* traiterously is murder'd
By *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal *Beaufort's* means:
The Commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not whom they sting in their revenge.

* ---- office unto thee.

The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.
The splitting rocks, &c.

My self have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

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

War. That I shall do, my Liege : stay, *Salisbury*,
With the rude multitude, 'till I return. [*Warwick goes in.*]

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

[*Bed with Gloucester's body put forth.*]

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

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

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made :
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace ;
For seeing him, I see my life is 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.
Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and blood-less,
Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
Who in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But see, his face is black and full of blood,

His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,

Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man ;

His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,

His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt

And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.

Look on the sheets ; his hair, you see, is sticking ;

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,

Like to the summer's corn, by tempest lodg'd :

It cannot be but he was murther'd here :

The least of all these signs were probable.

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

My self and *Beaufort* had him in protection,

And we, I hope, *Sirs*, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you had vow'd Duke *Humbry's* death,

And you forsooth had the good Duke to keep :

'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,

And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you belike suspect these Noblemen,

As guilty of Duke *Humbry's* timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,

But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter ?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,

But may imagine how the bird was dead,

Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak ?

Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

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

Is *Beaufort* term'd a kite ? where are his talons ?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,

But here's a 'vengeful sword, rusted with ease,

That shall be scoured in his ranc'rous heart,

That slanders me with murther's crimson badge.

Say if thou dar'st, proud Lord of *Warwickshire*,

That I am faulty in Duke *Humbry's* death.

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

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,

Though *Suffolk* dare him twenty thousand times.

War.

War. Madam, be still; with rev'rence may I say;
For ev'ry word you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

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

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thy self wast born in bastardy:
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

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

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

[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*]

S C E N E VII.

K. Henry. What stronger breast-plate than a heart un-
tainted?

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

[*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why, how now, Lords? your wrathful wea-
pons drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

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

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart, the King shall know your mind.
Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord *Suffolk* strait be put to death,
Or banished fair *England's* territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good Duke *Humphry* dy'd ;
They say, in him they fear your Highness' death ;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
(Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking)
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royal person,
That if your Highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ;
Yet notwithstanding such a strange edict,
Were there a serpent seen with forked tongue
That slyly glided tow'rs your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd ;
Lest being suffer'd in that harmless slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false *Suffolk* is ;
With whose invenomed and fatal sting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord of *Salisbury*.

Suf. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their Sovereign :
But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how queint 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.

Within.

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

K. Henry. Go, *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care ;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
For sure my thoughts do hourly prophesie
Mischance unto my state by *Suffolk's* means.
And therefore by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far-unworthy Deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

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

K. Henry. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.
No more, I say : if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word ;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable :
If after three days space thou here be' st found,
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, *Warwick*, come, good *Warwick*, go with me ;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt King, Warwick, &c.*]

SCENE VIII. *Manent Queen and Suffolk.*

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you !
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be play-fellows to keep you company !
There's two of you, the devil make a third,
And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps !

Suf. Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations,
And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy ?

Suf. A plague upon them ; wherefore should I curse them ?
Would curses kill as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As leap-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.

My

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
 Mine hair be fixt on end like one distract :
 Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban.
 And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink,
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest thing they taste,
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypres trees,
 Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks,
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards stings,
 Their musick frightful as the serpent's hiss,
 And boading screech-owls make the consort fall !
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet *Suffolk*, thou torment'st thy self,
 And these dread curses like the sun 'gainst glass,
 Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,
 And turn the force of them upon thy self.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave ?
 Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain-top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. Oh, let me intreat thee cease ; give me thy hand,
 That I may dew it with my mournful tears ;
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
 To wash away my woful monuments !
 Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
 That thou might'st think on these lips by the seal,
 Through which a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee !
 So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief ;
 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by :
 As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
 I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
 Adventure to be banished my self :
 And banished I am, if but from thee.
 Go, speak not to me ; even now be gone —
 Oh, go not yet — Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
 Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,

Leather

Loather a hundred times to part than die :

Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee !

Suf. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence ;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So *Suffolk* had thy heav'nly company.
For where thou art, there is the world it self,
With ev'ry sev'ral pleasure in the world ;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more — Live thou to joy thy life !
My self no joy in ought but that thou liv'st.

SCENE IX. Enter *Vaux*.

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

Vaux. To signifie unto his Majesty,
That Cardinal *Beaufort's* at the point of death :
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometimes he talks as if Duke *Humphry's* ghost
Were by his side ; sometimes he calls the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soul :
And I am sent to tell his Majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

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

[Exit *Vaux*.]

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

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe

Dvir

Dying with mother's dug between its lips :
 Where from thy fight 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 liv'd in sweet *Elysium*.
 To die by thee were but to die in jest,
 From thee to die were torture more than death ;
 Oh ! let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away ! though parting be a corrosive,
 It is applied to a deathful wound.
 To *France*, sweet *Suffolk* ; let me hear from thee :
 For wherefoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
 I'll have an *Iris* that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

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

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

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

SCENE X. *The Cardinal's Bed-chamber.*

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

K. Henry. How fares my Lord ? speak ; *Beaufort*, to
 thy Sovereign.

Car. If thou beest Death, I'll give thee *England's* treasure,
 Enough to purchase such another Island,
 So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

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

War. Beaufort, it is thy Sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my tryal when you will,
 Dy'd he not in his bed ? where should he die ?
 Can I make men live whe'r they will or no ?
 Oh, torture me no more, I will confess ———
 Alive again ? then shew me where he is :
 I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him ———
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them :

Comb down his hair ; look, look, it stands upright,
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul :
 Give me some drink, and bid th'apothecary
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal mover of the heav'ns,
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch ;
 Oh, beat away the busie meddling fiend,
 That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
 And from his bosom purge this black despair !

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be !
 Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
 Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
 He dies, and makes no sign : O God, forgive him !

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
 Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
 And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

The Coast of Kent.

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

Cap. **T**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 tragick melancholy night :
 Who with their drowsie, slow, and flagging wings
 Clip dead mens graves ; and from their misty jaws
 Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize :
 For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
 Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
 Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee ;
 And thou that art his mate, make boot of this ;
 The other, *Walter Whitmore*, is thy share.

Gen. What is my ransom, master, let me know.

[*Exit.*]

Maft. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And fo much fhall you give, or off goes yours.

Whit. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen ?
Cut both the villains throats, for die you fhall :
Nor can thofe lives which we have loft in fight,
Be counter-pois'd with fuch a petty fum.

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

2 *Gent.* And fo will I, and write home for it ftraight.

Whit. I loft mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, fhalt thou die ; [To Suffolk.]
And fo fhould thefe, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not fo rash, take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my *George*, I am a gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou fhalt be paid.

Whit. And fo am I ; my name is *Walter Whitmore*,
How now ? why ftart'ft thou ? what, doth death affright ?

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

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

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

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

Suf. Ay, but thefe rags are no part of the Duke.
Jove fometimes went disguis'd, and why not I ?

Cap. Bat *Jove* was never flain, as thou fhalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly fwain, King *Henry's* blood,
The honourable blood of *Lancafter*,
Must not be fhed by fuch a jaded groom :
Hast thou not kis'd thy hand, and held my ftirrop ?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I fhook my head ?

How

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-faln,
 Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride :
 How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
 And duly waited for my coming forth !
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

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

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

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

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

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own,

Cap. Poole, Sir Poole ? Lord ?

Ay, kennel — puddle — sink, whose filth and dirt
 Troubles the silver spring where *England* drinks :
 Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
 For swallowing up the treasure of the realm.
 Thy lips that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the ground ;
 And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Humphry's* death,
 Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.
 And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
 For daring to affie a mighty Lord
 Unto the daughter of a worthless King,
 Having nor subject, wealth, nor diadem !
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 And, like ambitious *Sylla*, over-gorg'd
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
 By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were sold to *France* ;
 The false revolting *Normans* thorough thee
 Disdain to call us Lord ; and *Picardie*
 Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
 The princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevills* all,
 (Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain)
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms.

And now the house of *York* (thrust from the crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless King,
 And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,)
 Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours
 Advance a half-fac'd sun striving to shine ;
 Under the which is writ, *In vitis nubibus.*
 The Commons here in *Kent* are up in arms :
 And to conclude, reproach and beggary
 Are 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 poultry, servile, subject drudges !
 Small things make base men proud. This villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
 Than *Bardylis* * the strong *Illyrian* Pirate.
 Drones suck not eagles blood, but rob bee-hives.
 It is impossible that I should die
 By such a lowly vassal as thy self.
 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. Waker —

Whit. Come, *Suffolk*, I must waft thee to thy death.

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

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

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

x Gent. My gracious Lord, intreat him ; speak him fair.

Suf. *Suffolk's* imperial tongue is stern and rough,
 Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
 Far be it we should honour such as these
 With humble suit ; no ; rather let my head
 Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
 Save to the God of heav'n and to my King ;
 And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
 Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
 Know true Nobility is exempt from fear :
 More can I bear than you dare execute.

* *Bardylis* was the King of *Illyria* whom *Philip* of *Macedon* conquer'd. *Diador. Sic.* lib. 16. The reason why he is call'd a Pirate is this, that it was the character of the whole *Illyrian* nation (a powerful and a maritime people) to live by rapine and plunder. *Illyrii ex ipso vitio adfuerunt.* *Quint. Curt.* lib. 3. c. 10.

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

Suf. Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty you can,
That this my death may never be forgot.

Great men oft die by vile *Bexonians*.

A *Roman* sworder and *Bandetto* slave

Murth'rd sweet *Tully*. *Brutus'* bastard hand

Stab'd *Julius Cæsar*, savage Islanders

Pompey the Great; and *Suffolk* dies by pirates.

[*Exit* Walter Whitmore with *Suffolk*.

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

It is our pleasure one of them depart;

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt* Captain and the rest.

Manet the first Gentleman. Enter Whitmore with the body.

Whit. There let his head and liveless body lye,

Until the Queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit* Whitmore.

1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

His body will I bear unto the King;

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends,

So will the Queen that living held him hear. [*Exit*.

SCENE II. Southwark.

Enter *Bevis* and *John Holland*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bevis. Nay more, the King's council are no good work-
men.

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

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

Hol. I see them; I see them; there's *Best's* son, the tanner of *Wingham*.

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

Hol. And *Dick* the butcher.

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

Hol. And *Smith* the weaver.

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

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

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

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

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes; command silence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My father was a *Mortimer* —

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

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet* —

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

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies* —

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

Weav. But now of late not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

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

Cade. Valiant I am.

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

Cade. I am able to endure much.

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

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

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

* A quibble intended between two senses of the word, one as being able to resist, the other as being well tried, that is, long worn.

Dick.

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

Cade. Be brave then, for your captain is brave and vows reformation. There shall be in *England* seven half-penny haves sold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the Realm shall be in common, and in *Cbeapside* shall my palfry go to grass; and when I am King, as King I will be —

All. God save your Majesty! www.libtool.com.cn

Cade. I thank you, good people. There shall be no mony, all shall eat and drink upon my score, and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their Lord.

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

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

Enter a Clerk.

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

Cade. O monstrous!

Weaw. We took him setting boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

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

Cade. Nay then he's a conjurer.

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

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

Clerk. *Emanuel.*

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

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name?

* Several instances of This may be found in *Mabilion's Diplomata.*

or hast thou a mark to thy self like an honest plain-dealing man ?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest ; away with him ; he is 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.

Micb. Where is our General ?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

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

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

Micb. No.

Cade. To equal him I will make my self a Knight presently ; rise up, Sir *John Mortimer*. Now have at him.

S C E N E III.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, and young Stafford, with drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds ; the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forsake this groom ; The King is merciful if you revolt.

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

Cade. As for these filken-coated slaves I pass them, It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom (in time to come) I hope to reign ; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

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

Cade. And *Adam* was a gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that ?

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

Staf. Ay, Sir.

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

Y. Staf.

Y. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question ; but I say 'tis true :
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I, deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

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

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

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

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

Cade. He lies, for I invented it my self. 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.

Dick. And furthermore we'll have the Lord *Sey*'s head,
for selling the Dukedom of *Maine*.

Cade. And good reason ; for thereby is *England* maim'd,
and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it
up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that Lord *Sey* hath gelded
the Common-wealth, and made it an eunuch ; and more
than that, he can speak *French*, and therefore he is a
traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance !

Cade. Nay, answer if you can : the *Frenchmen* are our
enemies ; go to then ; I ask but this ; can he that speaks
with the tongue of the enemy be a good counsellor or no ?

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

Y. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Affail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away, and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with *Cade* ;
That those which fly before the battel ends,
May (even in their wives and childrens sight)

Be hang'd up for example at their doots ;
And you that be the King's friends follow me.

[*Ex. the two Staffords with their Followers.*

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me.

Now shew your selves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one Lord, one gentleman ;
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoone,
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us?

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order.

Come, march forward. [*Ex. Cade and his Party.*

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

Enter Cade and the rest.

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

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behaved'st thy self as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house ; therefore thus I will 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 deserv'st no less. This monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse's heels 'till I do come to *London*, where we will have the Mayor's sword born before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the goals, and let out the prisoners.

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

SCENE IV. Black-heath.

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

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate ;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this ?
Here may his head lye on my throbbing breast ;

But

But where's the body that I should embrace ?

Buck. What answer makes your Grace to the rebels supplication ?

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

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

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

Say. Ay, but I hope your Highness shall have his.

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

Q. Mar. My love, I should not mourn, but die for thee,
Enter a Messenger.

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

Mes. The rebels are in *Southwark* ; fly, my Lord :
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord *Mortimer*,
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence's* house,
And calls your Grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in *Westminster*.
His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless :
Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his brother's death
Hath given them heart, and courage to proceed :
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillers, and intend their death.

K. Henry. O graceless men ! they know not what they do.

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

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

K. Henry.

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

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

Enter another Messenger.

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

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

K. Henry. Come, *Marg'ret*, God our hope will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.

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

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

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

SCENE V. LONDON.

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

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

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

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them my self.

The rebels have assay'd to win the *Tower*.

But get you into *Smithfield*, gather head,
And thither will I send you *Matthew Goff*.

Fight for your King, your country and your lives,
And so farewell, for I must hence again. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. Changes to Cannon-Street.

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

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this city, and here sitting
upon *London-Stone*, I charge and command that of the city's
cost the pissing conduit run nothing but charet wine the first
year

year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

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

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

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

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: but first go and set London-Bridge on fire, and if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [Exit omnes.]

S C E N E VII. *Changes to Smithfield.*

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

Cade. So, Sirs: Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the Inns of courts, down with them all!

Dick. I have a suit unto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

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

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm, my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

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

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

S C E N E VIII. *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.

Enter George 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

canst thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of *Normandy* unto Monsieur * *Basinecu*, the Dauphin of *France*? be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the besom that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art: thou hast most traitterously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas before our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy face that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of the peace to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

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

Dick. And work in their shirt too, as my self for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of *Kent*, —

Dick. Well, what say you of *Kent*?

Say. Nothing but this: *Bona terra mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks latin,

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will,

Kent, in the commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this Isle;
Sweet is the country, beauteous, full of riches,
The people liberal, valiant, active, worthy:
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity,
I sold not *Maine*, I lost not *Normandy*,
Yet to recover them would lose my life:
Justice with favour have I always done;

* He means to say, *Basine me quise.*

Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never ;
 When have I ought exacted at your hands ?
Keat 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 heav'n,
 Unless you be possess'd with dev'lish spirits,
 Ye cannot but forbear to murder me :
 This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
 For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, tut ! when struck'st thou one blow in the field ?

Say. Great men have reaching hands ; oft have I stuck
 Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous coward ! what to come behind folks ?

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th' ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor mens causes
 Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. He shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help
 of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man ?

Say. The palsie, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who would say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole or no ? take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most ?

Have I affected wealth or honour ? speak.

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold ?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold ?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death ?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,

This breast from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live !

Cade. I feel remorse in my self 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

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I say,

I say, and strike off his head presently, and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir *James Cromer*, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, country-men, if when you make your pray'rs, God should be so obdurate as your selves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: [*Ex. some with Lord Say.*] the proudest Peer of the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay me her maidenhead ere they have it; men shall hold of me in *Capite*. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord, when shall we go to *Cheapside*, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Enter one with the beads.

Cade. But is not this braver? let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well when they were alive: Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in *France*. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these born before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss. Away! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX. *Changes to Southwark.*

Alarum, and Retreat. *Enter again Cade, and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. Up *Fish-street*, down *St. Magnes' Corner*, kill and knock down, throw them into *Thames*.

A Parley sounded.

What noise is this I hear? dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee: Know, *Cade*, we come ambassadors from the King Unto the Commons, whom thou hast mis-led, And here pronounce free pardon to them all That will forsake thee, and go home in peace. *Clif.*

Clif. What say ye, country-men, will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fag up his cap, and say, *God save his Majesty!*
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Lay the fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Take 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 them? will you needs
be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? hath my
sword therefore broke through *London* gates, that you should
leave me at the *White-bart* in *Southwark*? I thought you
would never have given out these arms 'till you had reco-
vered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and
dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the Nobility. Let
them break your backs with burthens, take your houses
over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your
faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so God's
curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow *Cade*, we'll follow *Cade*!

Clif. Is *Cade* the son of *Henry* the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of *France*,
And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in *London* streets,
Crying *Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born *Cades* miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a *Frenchman's* mercy.
To *France!* to *France!* and get what you have lost;
Spare *England*, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;

God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the King and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of *Henry* the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying; in despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heav'n's and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers base and ignominious treasons make me betake me to my heels. [Exit.]

Buck. What, is he fled? go some and follow him.

And he that brings his head unto the King,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.]

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean

To reconcile you all unto the King. [Exeunt omnes.]

S C E N E X. *The Palace at Killingworth.*

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerset on the Terras.

K. Henry. Was ever King that 'joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a King at nine months old;

Was never subject long'd to be a King,

As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!

K. Henry. Why, *Buckingham*, is the traitor *Cade* surpriz'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my Lord, and all his pow'rs do yield,
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your Highness' doom of life or death.

K. Henry. Then, heav'n, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And *Henry*, though he be unfortunate,

Assure

Affare your selves will never be unkind :
 And so with thanks and pardon to you all,
 I do dismifs you to your severall countries.

All. God save the King! God save the King! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
 The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
 And with a puiffant and mighty pow'r
 Of desp'rate gallow-glasses and stout kerns,
 Is marching hitherward in proud array :
 And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
 His arms are only to remove from thee
 The Duke of Somerses, whom he terms a traitor:

K. Henry. Thus stands my state 'twixt Cade and York
 distrest,

Like to a ship that having 'scap'd a tempest
 Is straitway cakn'd and boarded with a pirate.
 But now is Cade driv'n back, his men dispers'd,
 And now is York in arms to second him.
 I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet with him,
 And ask him what's the reason of these arms :
 Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower ;
 And, Somerses, we will commit thee thither,
 Until his army be dismift from him.

Som. My Lord,

I'll yield my self to prison willingly,
 Or unto death, to do my country good!

K. Henry. In any case be not too rough in terms,
 For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my Lord, and doubt not so to deal,
 As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better ;
 For yet may England curse my wretched reigne. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XI. *A Garden in Kent.*

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition ; fie on my self 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 o'er a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden
to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while,
which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot wea-
ther; and I think this word sallet was born to do me good,
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 serv'd me instead of a quart-pot
to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve 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's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others waining,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy;
Sufficieth, 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, vil-
lain, thou wilt betray me and get a thousand crowns of the
King by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat
iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin,
ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these sawcy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the best blood that ever was broach'd,
and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no meat
these five days, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I
do not leave you as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may
never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said while *England* stands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Esquire of *Kent*,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man,
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:

Thy

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
 Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon,
 My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast ;
 And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
 Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth :
 As for more words, let this my sword report
 (Whose greatness answers words) what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that
 ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not
 out the burly-bon'd clown in chine of beef ere thou sleep in
 thy sheath, I beseech *you* on my knees thou may'st be
 turned into hobnails.

Here they fight.

O I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me ; let ten
 thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten
 meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden,
 and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this
 house, because the unconquer'd soul of *Cade* is fled !

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have slain, that monstrous traitor ?
 Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
 And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead.
 Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
 But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
 To emblaze the honour which thy master got.

Cade, Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory: tell
Kent from me she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the
 world to be cowards ; for I that never fear'd any, am
 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,
 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

ACT V. SCENE I.

*In the Fields near London.**Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.*

York. **F**ROM *Ireland* thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble *Henry's* head.

Ring bells aloud, burn bonfires clear and bright,

To entertain great *England's* lawful King!

Ah Majesty! who would not buy thee dear?

Let them obey that know not how to rule.

This hand was made to handle nought but gold,

I cannot give due action to my words,

Except a sword or scepter balance it.

A scepter shall it have, (have I a soul,)

On which I'll toss the Flower-de-Luce of *France*.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? *Buckingham* to disturb me?

The King hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. *Humphry* of *Buckingham*, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from *Henry* our dread Liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave;
Or dare to bring thy force so near the Court.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

Oh! I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,

I am so angry at these abject terms.

And now, like *Ajax Telamonius*,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

I am far better born than is the King:

More like a King, more kingly in my thoughts.

But I must make fair weather yet a while,

'Till *Henry* be more weak and I more strong.

O *Buckingham*! I pr'ythee, pardon me,

That I have giv'n no answer all this while;

My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.

The cause why I have brought this army hither,

[*Aside.*]

Is to remove proud *Somerſet* from the King,
Seditious to his Grace and to the ſtate.

Buck. That is too much preſumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of *Somerſet* is in the *Tower*.

York. Upon thine honour, is he priſoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is priſoner.

York. Then, *Buckingham*, I do diſmiſs my powers.

Soldiers, I thank you all; diſperſe your ſelves;

Meet me to-morrow in *St. George's* field,
You ſhall have pay and ev'ry thing you wiſh.

And let my Sovereign, virtuous *Henry*,
Command my eldeſt ſon, nay, all my ſons,

As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll ſend them all as willing as I live;

Lands, goods, horſe, armour, any thing I have
Is his to uſe, ſo *Somerſet* may die.

Buck. *York*, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion,
We twain will go into his Highneſs' tent. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The King's Pavilion.*

Enter King *Henry* and Attendants. Re-enter *Buckingham*
and *York* with Attendants.

K. Henry. *Buckingham*, doth *York* intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
York doth preſent himſelf unto your Highneſs.

K. Henry. Then what intend theſe forces thou doſt bring?

York. To have the traitor *Somerſet* from hence,
And fight againſt that monſtrous rebel *Cade*,
Whom ſince I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter *Iden* with *Cade's* head.

Iden. If one ſo rude and of ſo mean condition
May paſs into the preſence of a King,
Lo, I preſent your Grace a traitor's head;
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat ſlew.

K. Henry. The head of *Cade*? great God! how juſt art
thou!

O let me view his viſage being dead,
That living wrought me ſuch exceſſing trouble.

Tell

Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him ?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.

K. Henry. How art thou call'd ? and what is thy degree ?

Iden. Ev'n *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,

A poor Esquire of *Kent* that loves the King.

Buck. So please it you, my Lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created Knight for his good service.

K. Henry. *Iden*, kneel down ; and rise thou up a Knight :
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May *Iden* live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege !

S C E N E III.

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

K. Henry. See, *Buckingham*, *Somerset* comes with the Queen ;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Q. Mar. For thousand *Yorks* he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now ? is *Somerset* at liberty ?
Then, *York*, unloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of *Somerset* ?

False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse ?

King did I call thee ? no, thou art no King :

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'ft not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown :

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely scepter.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,

Whose smile and frown (like to *Achilles'* spear *)

* The story is that *Telephus* the Son of *Hercules* being King of *Mysia* opposed the passage of the *Greeks* to *Troy*, and being grievously wounded by *Achilles* consulted the oracle how he might be cured. The answer he received was that nothing but the same Spear which gave the Wound could heal it: upon which he made friends to *Achilles* who by the rust from the steel of his Spear scraped into the Wound cured him. And in return for so great a benefit *Telephus* followed *Achilles* as an Auxiliary to the siege of *Troy*. *Ovid* refers to this Story in the following verses :

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,

And with the same to act controlling laws :

Give place ; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more

O'er him, whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

Sm. O monstrous traitor ! I arrest thee, *York*,

Of capital treason 'gainst the King and crown ;

Obey, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.

York. Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail :

Would'st have me kneel ? first, let me ask of them,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man.

I know, ere they will let me go to ward,

They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come again,

To say, if that the bastard boys of *York*

Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted *Neapolitan*,

Out-cast of *Naples*, *England's* bloody scourge !

The sons of *York*, thy betters in their birth,

Shall be their father's bail, and bane to those

That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward Plantagenet and Richard Plantagenet.

See where they come, I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes *Clifford*, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my Lord the King !

York. I thank thee, *Clifford* ; say, what news with thee ?

Nay, do not fright me with an angry look ;

We are thy Sovereign, *Clifford*, kneel again ;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King, *York*, I do not mistake,

But thou mistak'st me much to think I do ;

To *Bedlam* with him, is the man grown mad ?

K. Henry. Ay, *Clifford*, a *Bedlam* and ambitious humour

Makes him oppose himself against his King.

*Vulnus in Herculeo quæ quondam fecerat posse
Vulneris auxilium Pelias basta tulit.*

And *Propertius*,

*Mysus & Amonia juvenis quæ cuspide vulnus
Senerat, hæc ipsa cuspide sensit opem.*

Clif.

Clif. He is a traitor, let him to the *Tower*,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so.

I am the 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.

S C E N E IV.

Enter the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
Turn back and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail betwixt his legs and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose your selves to match Lord *Warwick*.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed lest by your heat you burn your selves.

K. Henry. Why, *Warwick*, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old *Salisbury*, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son,
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?

* Alluding to the *Nevills'* crest which was the Bear and ragged Staff
Why

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 milky age.

Sal. My Lord, I have consider'd with my self
The title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my conscience do reputed his Grace
The rightful heir to *England's* royal seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with heav'n for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath:
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To 'reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Henry. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Old Clif. The first, I warrant thee; if dreams prove true.

War. You were best go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day:

And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

War. Now by my father's badge, old *Newil's* crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm)
Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

R. Plan. Fie, charity for shame, speak not in spight,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou canst tell.

R. Plan. If not in heav'n, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Battle at St. Albans.*

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dying mens cries do fill the empty air,
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:

War. How now, my noble Lord? what all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford,

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick: seek thee out some other chase,
For I my self must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then nobly, York! 'tis for a crown thou fight'st:
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [Exit War.]

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!

York. A dreadful lay address thee instantly.

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*Fight*]
[*Dies*]
Yorks

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still;
Peace with his soul, heav'n, if it be thy will!

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heav'n's do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance: Let no soldiers fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; for he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O let the vile world

[*Seeing his Father.*

And the promised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heav'n together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordained, O dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this fight
My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 'tis mine
It shall be stony. *York* not our old men spares:
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
Meet I an infant of the house of *York*,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild *Medea* young *Absyrtus* did.
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old *Clifford's* house;
As did *Aeneas* old *Anchises* bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then *Aeneas* bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[*Exit, bearing off his Father.*

H 2

Enter

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. Plant. So, lye thou there: [*Somerſet is kill'd.*]

For underneath an ale-houſe' paltry ſign,
The caſtle in *St. Albans, Somerſet*
Hath made the * wizzard famous in his death;
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful ſtill:
Prieſts pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

[*Exit R. Plantagenet.*]

SCENE VI. *Fight. Excurſions.*

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and others.

Q. Mar. Away, my Lord, you are ſlow; for ſhame, away!

K. Henry. Can we out-run the heav'ns? good *Marg' ret,*
ſtay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wiſdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to ſecure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarm afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then ſhould ſee the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply 'ſcape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We ſhall to *London* get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be ſtopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future miſchief ſet,
I would ſpeak blaſphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you muſt: uncurable diſcomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our preſent pow'rs.
Away for your relief, and we will live
To ſee their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my Lord, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*Alarm. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet,
Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

York. Of *Salisbury*, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contuſions and all bruſh of time;

* See before, p. 22.

And,

And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion. This happy day
Is not it self, nor have we won one foot,
If *Salisbury* be lost.

R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times befrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was; still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in an homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body,
But noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By th' Mass, so did we all. I thank you, *Richard*,
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them,
For, as I hear, the King is fled to *London*,
To call a present court of Parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.
What says Lord *Warwick*, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can,
Now by my hand, Lords, 'twas a glorious day,
St. Alban's battel, won by famous *York*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound drums and trumpets, and to *London* all,
And more such days as this to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*]

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The THIRD PART of

H E N R Y VI.

With the DEATH of the

Duke of *Y O R K.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY VI.

EDWARD, *Son to the King, and Prince of Wales.*

Duke of EXETER, *Brother to K. Henry IV.*

Duke of SOMERSET,

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,

Earl of OXFORD,

Earl of WESTMORLAND,

Earl of CLIFFORD,

Earl of RICHMOND, *a Youth, afterwards K. Henry VII.*

RICHARD, *Duke of York.*

EDWARD, *Eldest Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Edward IV.*

GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence, second Son to the D. of York.*

RICHARD, *Duke of Gloucester, third Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Richard III.*

EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland, youngest Son to the D. of York.*

Duke of NORFOLK,

Marquis of MONTAGUE,

Earl of WARWICK,

Earl of SALISBURY,

Earl of PEMBROKE,

Lord HASTINGS,

Lord STAFFORD,

Sir JOHN MORTIMER,

Sir HUGH MORTIMER,

Sir WILLIAM STANLEY.

Lord RIVERS, *Brother to the Lady Gray.*

Sir JOHN MONTGOMERY.

Lieutenant of the TOWER.

Mayor of COVENTRY.

Mayor and Aldermen of YORK.

SOMERVILLE.

Humphry and Sinklo, *two Huntsmen.*

LEWIS, *King of France.*

BOURBON, *Admiral of France.*

Queen MARGARET.

BONA, *Sister to the French King.*

Lady GRAY, *Widow of Sir R. Gray, afterwards Q. to Ed. IV.*

Soldiers and other attendants on K. Henry and K. Edward.

In Part of the Third Act the SCENE is laid in France, during all the rest of the Play in England.

} *Lords of K. Henry's side*

} *of the D. of York's Party.*

} *Uncles to the D. of York.*



• T H E
T H I R D P A R T
O F
King *HENRY VI.*

A C T I. S C E N E I.
L O N D O N.

Before the Parliament-House.

Alarm. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

War. **I** Wonder how the King escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

He sily stole away and left his men :
Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland*,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford*, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battel's front ; and breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord *Stafford's* father, Duke of *Buckingham*,

* First printed under the title of *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth ; or the second part of the Contention of York and Lancaster.* 1600.

Is either slain or wounded dangerous.

I cleft his beaver with a down-right blow :

That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mout. And, brother, here's the Earl of *Wiltshire's* blood
Whom I encounter'd as the battels join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Shewing Somerset's head*]

York. *Richard* hath best deserv'd of all my sons.

Norf. Is his Grace dead, my Lord of *Somerset* ?
Such hope have all the line of *John of Gaunt* !

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King *Henry's* head.

War. And so do I ; victorious Prince of *York*,
Before I see thee seated in the throne,

Which now the house of *Lancaster* usurps,
I vow by heav'n these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful King,
And this the regal seat ; possess it, *York*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henry's* heir's.

York. Assist me then, sweet *Warwick*, and I will ;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you ; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle *Norfolk* ; stay by me, my Lords.
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night. [*They go up.*]

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

York. The Queen this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council ;
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless *Plantagenet* Duke of *York* be King,
And bashful *Harry* depos'd, whose cowardise
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my Lords, be resolute ;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest He that holds up *Lancaster*,
Dares stir a wing, if *Warwick* shake his bells.
I'll plant *Plantagenet*, root him up who dare :
Resolve thee, *Richard*, claim the *English* crown.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, and others.

K. Henry. My Lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state; belike he means
(Back'd by the power of *Warwick*, that false Peer,)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as King,
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord *Clifford*, and you vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his fav'rites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heav'n's be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down,
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle *Earl of Westmorland*.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such is he:
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let us assail the family of *York*.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin, be it so.

K. Henry. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Henry. Far be the thought of this from *Henry's* heart,
To make a shambles of the Parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats,
Shall be the war that *Henry* means to use.
Thou factious Duke of *York*, descend my throne,

[*To the Duke,*

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy Sovereign.

York. *Henry*, I am thine.

Exe. For shame come down: he made thee Duke of *York*,

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the Earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. *Exeter*, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping *Henry*.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural King?

War. True, *Clifford*, and that's *Richard* Duke of *York*,

K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York.

York. It must and shall be so, content thy self.

War. Be Duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.

West. He is both King and Duke of *Lancaster*,
And that the Lord of *Westmorland* shall maintain.

War. And *Warwick* shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

North. Yes, *Warwick*, I remember it to my grief.
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. *Plantagenet*, of thee and these thy sons
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more, lest that instead of words
I send thee, *Warwick*, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor *Clifford*! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of *York*;
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
I am the son of *Henry* the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the *French* to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of *France* sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You're old enough now, yet methinks you lose;
Tear the crown, father, from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so, set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Henry. Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to
speak.

War. *Plantagenet* shall speak first: hear him, Lords,
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Henry. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat ?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm ;

Ay, and their colours often born in *France*,

And now in *England* to our heart's great sorrow,

Shall be my winding sheet : why faint you, Lords,

My title's good and better far than his.

War. But prove it, *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

K. Henry. *Henry* the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his King.

K. Henry. I know not what to say, my title's weak :
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heir ?

York. What then ?

K. Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful King :
For *Richard* in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the crown to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his Sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown ?

Exc. No, for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of *Exeter* ?

Exc. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not ?

Exc. My conscience tells me he is lawful King.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd : 'tis not thy southern power
Of *Essex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King *Henry*, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence ;
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father !

K. Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my heart!

York. *Henry of Lancaster*, resign thy crown:

What mutter you, or what conspire you, Lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of *York*,

Or I will fill this house with armed men,

And o'er the chair of state where now he sits

Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers stamp themselves.*]

K. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word;
Let me for the time present reign as King.

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son!

War. What good is this to *England* and himself!

West. Base, fearful and despairing *Henry*!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thy self and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. No I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.

West. Farewel, faint-hearted and dogen'rate King,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides!

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of *York*,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd!

[*Exeunt North. Clif. West.*]

S C E N E III.

War. Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.

Exc. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Henry. Ah, *Exeter*! —

War. Why should you sigh, my Lord?

K. Henry. Not for my self, Lord *Warwick*, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may; I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and whilst I live,

To honour me as thy true King and Sovereign;
Neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down, and reign thy self.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live King Henry! *Plantagenet*, embrace him.

K. Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now *York* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.

Exc. Accurst be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Tucket.* Here they come down.

York. Farewel, my gracious Lord, I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep *London* with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to *Norfolk* with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea; from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York, War, Norf. and Mont.*

K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow to the Court.

Enter Queen Margaret, and the Prince of Wales.

Exc. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her
anger:

I'll steal away.

K. Henry. So, *Exeter*, will I.

[*Going.*

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremity?

Ah wretched man! would I had dy'd a maid,

And never seen thee, never born thee son,

Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?

Hadst thou but lov'd him half so much as I,

Or felt that pain which I did for him once,

Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood;

Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather than made that savage Duke thine heir,

And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me;

If you be King, why should not I succeed?

K. Henry. Pardon me, *Marg'ret*; pardon me, sweet son;

The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee? art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak: ah tim'rous wretch!

Thou hast undone thy self, thy son, and me,

And given unto the house of *York* such head,
 As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
 To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
 What is it but to make thy sepulchre,
 And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is Chancellor and the Lord of *Calais*,
 Stern *Faulconbridge* commands the narrow seas,
 The Duke is made Protector of the realm,
 And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
 The trembling lamb, invironed with wolves.
 Had I been there, which am a filly woman,
 The soldiers should have tosd me on their pikes,
 Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour.
 And seeing thou dost, I here divorce my self
 Both from thy table, *Henry*, and thy bed,
 Until that act of Parliament be repealed,
 Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern Lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
 And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
 And utter ruin of the house of *York*.

Thus do I leave thee; come, son, let's away,
 Our army's ready, come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Henry. Gentle son *Edward*, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field
 I'll see your Grace; 'till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away, we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Q. Mar. and Prince.*]

K. Henry. Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son
 Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
 Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke,
 Whose haughty spirit winged with desire
 Will truss my crown, and like an empty eagle
 Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
 The loss of those three Lords torments my heart;
 I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair;

Come,

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exc. And as I hope shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Changes to Sandal-Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Edward Plantagenet, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a sweet contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us,
The crown of *England*, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not 'till King *Henry* be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving th' house of *Lancaster* leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn!

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou can'st not, son, it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority o'er him that swears.

Henry had none, but did usurp the place.

Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous;

Therefore to arms! and, father, do but think

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,

Within whose circuit is *Elysium*

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,

Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of *Henry's* heart.

York. Richard, enough: I will be King, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to *London* presently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this enterprize.
Thou, *Richard*, shalt to th' Duke of *Norfolk* go,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, *Edward*, shall unto my Lord of *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise.
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
But that I seek occasion how to rise;
As yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of *Lancaster*?

Enter Messenger.

But stay, what news? why com'st thou in such post?

Mes. The Queen, with all the northern Earls and Lords,
Intends here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortifie your hold, my Lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What, think'st thou that
we fear them?

Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me;
My brother *Montague* shall post to *London*.
Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple *Henry* nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not.
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit Montague.*]

Enter Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir *John* and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine uncles,
You are come to *Sandal* in a happy hour.
The army of the Queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's General; what should we fear? [*A march afar off.*]

Edw.

Edw. I hear their drums : let's set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battel strait.

York. Five men to twenty ! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battel have I won in *France*,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one :
Why should I not now have the like success ?

[*Alarm. Excunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Field of Battle.*

Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands ?
Ah, Tutor, look where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away ! thy priesthood saves thy life ;
As for the brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him !

Tutor. Ah ! *Clifford*, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit with Soldiers.*]

Clif. How now ? is he dead already ? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes ? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up Lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws ;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatning look.
Sweet *Clifford* hear me speak before I die :
I am too mean a subject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live !

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy : my father's blood
Hath stop't the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again :
He is a man, and, *Clifford*, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me :
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It

It could not slake mine ire nor ease my heart.
 The sight of any of the house of York
 Is as a fury to torment my soul :
 And 'till I root out their accursed line,
 And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
 Therefore —

Rut. O let me pray before I take my death :
 To thee I pray — sweet *Clifford*, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm ; why wilt thou slay me ?

Clif. Thy father hath. www.libtool.com.cn

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
 Left in revenge thereof (sith God is just)
 He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days,
 And when I give occasion of offence,
 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause !

Thy father slew my father, therefore die. [*Clif. stabs him.*]

Rut. *Dii faciant laudis summa sit ista tua !* [*Dies.*]

Clif. *Plantagenet*, I come, *Plantagenet*,
 And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
 Shall rust upon my weapon, 'till thy blood
 Congeal'd with this do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI. *Alarum.* Enter the Duke of York.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field :
 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me,
 And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
 Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
 My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them :
 But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown, by life or death.
 Three times did *Richard* make a lane to me,
 And thrice cry'd, *Courage, father, fight it out !*
 And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
 With purple falchion painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,

Richard

Richard cry'd, Charge! and give no foot of ground;
 And cry'd, A crown or else a glorious tomb,
 A scepter or an earthly sepulchre.

With this we charg'd again; but, out alas!
 We bodg'd again; as I have seen a Swan
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[A short alarm within.]

Ah! hark, the fatal followers do pursue,
 And I am faint and cannot fly their fury.
 And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
 The sands are number'd that make up my life,
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, the
 Prince of Wales, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
 I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet!

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
 With downright payment shew'd unto my father.
 Now Phœnix hath tumbled from his car,
 And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My ashes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
 A bird that will revenge upon you all:
 And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heav'n,
 Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why comè you not? what! multitudes and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;
 So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
 So desp'rate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. Oh Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
 And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
 And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
 And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardise,
 Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
 But bethink with thee blows twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes

I would prolong a while the traitor's life :

Wrath makes him deaf ; speak thou, *Northumberland*.

North. Hold, *Clifford*, do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart,
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away ?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the goshawk.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[*They take York prisoner.*]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty ;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-matched.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now ?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here,
That raught at mountains with out-stretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

What, was it you that would be *England's* King ?

Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent ?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now,

The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George* ?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies ?

Or with the rest, where is your darling *Rusland* ?

Look, *York*, I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant *Clifford* with his rapier's point

Made issue from the bosom of the boy :

And if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas poor *York* ! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee grieve, to make me merry, *York*.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parcht thine intrails,

That not a tear can fall for *Rusland's* death ?

Why art thou patient, man ? thou should'st be mad ;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus :

Stamp,

Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou would'st be see'd I see to make me sport :

York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.

A crown for York——and, Lords, bow low to him :

Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay marry, Sir, now looks he like a King :

Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,

And this is 'he was his adopted heir.

But how is it that great *Plantagenet*

Is crown'd so soon, hath broke his solemn oath ?

As I bethink me, 'you should not be King

'Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath ?

Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable :

Off with the crown, and with the crown his head,

And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay, let's hear the orisons he makes.

York, She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of

France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth ;

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull,

Upon their woes whom fortune captivates !

But that thy face is vizard-like, unchanging,

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless :

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,

Of both the *Sicilia* and *Jerusalem*,

Yet not so wealthy as an *English* yeoman.

Hath that poor Monarch taught thee to insult ?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,

Unless the adage must be verify'd,

That *beggars mounted run their horse to death.*

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud,

But God he knows thy share thereof is small.

'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd,

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.

'Tis government that makes them seem divine,

The want thereof makes thee abominable.

Thou art as opposite to every good,

As the Antipodes are unto us,

Or as the south to the *Septentrion*.

Oh tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide,

How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to wear a woman's face ?

Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible ;

Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

Bidst thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish.

Would'st thou have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy will.

For raging wind blows up incessant show'rs,

And when the rage allays, the rain begins.

These tears are my sweet *Rutland's* obsequies,

And ev'ry drop cries vengeance for his death,

'Gainst thee, fell *Clifford*, and thee, false *French* woman.

North. Beshrew me but his passions move me so,

That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his

The hungry Canibals would not have touch'd,

Would not have stain'd the roses just i'th' bud :

You're more inhuman, more inexorable,

Oh ten times more, than tygers of *Hyrkania*.

See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears :

This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this ;

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,

Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears :

Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,

And say, *Alas, it was a piteous deed.*

There take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse.

And in thy need such comfort come to thee,

As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !

Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the world,

My

My soul to heav'n, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
As that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*]

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.
[*Stabs him also.*]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds, to seek out thee. [*Dies.*]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on *York* gates;
So *York* may overlook the town of *York*. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Marches of Wales.

A March. Enter *Edward Plantagenet*, *Richard Plantagenet*,
and their Power.

Edw. I Wonder how our Princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From *Clifford's* and *Northumberland's* pursuit.
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.

How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battel range about,
And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth;
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pincht a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.

So far'd our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son,

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Edw.

Edw. See how the morning-opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun ;
How well resembles it the prime of youth ;
Trim'd like a younker prancing to his love !
Dazzle mine eyes ? or do I see three suns ?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see, they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable :
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wond'rous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we the sons of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithstanding join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters : by your leave, I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue ?

Mes. Ah ! one that was a woful looker on
When as the noble Duke of *York* was slain,
Your Princely father, and my loving Lord.

Edw. Oh, speak no more ! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

Mes. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of *Troy*
Against the *Greeks* that would have entred *Troy*.
But *Hercules* himself must yield to odds ;
And many strokes, though with a little ax,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting *Clifford* and the Queen ;
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,

Lough'd

Laugh'd in his face ; and when with grief he wept,
 The ruthless Queen gave him, to dry his cheek,
 A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
 Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slain :
 And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
 They took his head, and on the gates of *York*
 They set the same, and there it doth remain
 The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon,
 Now thou art gone we have no staff, no stay.
 Oh *Clifford*, boist'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slain
 The flower of *Europe* for his chivalry,
 And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him ;
 For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
 Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
 Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
 Might in the ground be clos'd up in rest !
 For never henceforth shall I joy again,
 Never, oh never shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen :
 For th' self-same wind that I should speak withal
 Is kindling coals that fire up all my breast,
 And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
 To weep, is to make less the depth of grief :
 Tears then for babes ; blows and revenge for me !
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee :
 His Dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
 Shew thy descent, by gazing 'gainst the sun :
 For chair and Dukedom, throne and Kingdom say,
 Either they're thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter *Warwick*, *Marquiss of Montague*, and
 their Army.

War. How now, fair Lords ? what fare ? what news
 abroad ?

Rich. Great Lord of *Warwick*, if we should recount

Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance
 Stab poniards in our flesh 'till all were told,
 The words would add more anguish than the wounds,
 O valiant Lord, the Duke of York is slain.

Edw. O *Warwick!* *Warwick!* that *Plantagenet*
 Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
 Is by the stern Lord *Clifford* done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears ;
 And now, to add more measure to your woes ;
 I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
 After the bloody fray at *Wakefield* fought,
 Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
 Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
 Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
 I then in *London*, keeper of the King,
 Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
 March'd towards *St. Albans* t'intercept the Queen,
 Bearing the King in my behalf along :
 For by my scouts I was advertis'd
 That she was coming, with a full intent
 To dash our late decree in Parliament,
 Touching King *Henry's* oath, and your succession :
 Short tale to make, we at *St. Albans* met,
 Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought ;
 But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
 That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen ;
 Or whether 'twas report of her success,
 Or more than common fear of *Clifford's* rigour,
 Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
 I cannot judge : but to conclude with truth ;
 Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
 Our soldiers like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
 With promise of high pay and great reward ;
 But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
 And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
 So that we fled ; the King unto the Queen,

Lord

Lord *George* your brother, *Norfolk*, and my self,
In haste, post haste, are come to join with you:
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick*?
And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England*?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Dutches of *Burgundy*,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Ricb. 'Twas odds belike when valiant *Warwick* fled;
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, 'till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, *Richard*, dost thou bear:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint *Henry's* head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace and prayer.

Ricb. I know it well, Lord *Warwick*, blame me not,
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our *Ave Marias* with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say ay, and to it, Lords!

War. Why, therefore *Warwick* came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother *Montague*.
Attend me, Lords: the proud insulting Queen,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easie-melting King, like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the Parliament:
And now to *London* all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of *Lancaster*.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:

Now if the help of *Norfolk* and my self,
 With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of *March*,
 Amongst the loving *Welshmen* canst procure,
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand:
 Why, *Via!* straight to *London* will we march,
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
 And once again cry charge upon our foes,
 But never once again turn back: and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great *Warwick* speak;
 Ne'er may he live to see a sun-shine day
 That cries retire, if *Warwick* bid him stay!

Edw. Lord *Warwick*, on thy shoulder will I lean,
 And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the hour!)
 Must *Edward* fall, which peril heav'n forefend!

War. No longer Earl of *March*, but Duke of *York*;
 The next degree is *England's* royal throne:
 For King of *England* shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every borough as we pass along:
 And he that throws not up his cap for joy;
 Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
 Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
 But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as steel,
 As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds,
 I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums; God and St. *George* for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mes. The Duke of *Norfolk* sends you word by me
 The Queen is coming with a puissant host,
 And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts; brave warriors, let's away!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III. YORK.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, and the Prince of Wales, with Drums and Trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my Lord, to this brave town of *York*!
 Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy

That

That fought to be encompass'd with your crown,
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord?

K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
To see this fight it irks my very soul : [wreck ;
With-hold revenge, dear God ! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?

Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?

Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,

And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious *Tork* did level at thy crown,

Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows.

He but a Duke, would have his son a King,

And raise his issue like a loving fire ;

Thou being a King, blest with a goodly son,

Didst yield consent to disinherit him ;

Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young,

And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,

Yet in protection of their tender ones

Who hath not seen them (even with those wings

Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful flight)

Makes war with him that climb'd unto their nest,

Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?

For shame, my Liege, make them your president.

Were it not pity, that this goodly boy

Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault,

And long hereafter say unto his child,

What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,

My careless father fondly gave away ?

Ah, what a shame was this ! look on the boy,

And let his manly face, which promiseth

Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart

To hold thine own, and leave thine own to him.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force :

But, *Clifford*, tell me, didst thou never hear,

That things ill-gotten have had bad success ?

And happy *always* was it for that son,

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell ?

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind ;

And would my father had left me no more !

For all the rest is held at such a rate,

As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,

Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah, cousin *York*, would thy best friends did know

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here !

Q. Mar. My Lord, cheer up your spirits, our foes are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint :

You promis'd Knighthood to our forward son,

Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.

Edward, kneel down.

K. Henry. *Edward Plantagenet*, arise a Knight,

And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,

I'll draw it as Apparent to the crown,

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness ;

For with a band of thirty thousand men

Comes *Warwick*, backing of the Duke of *York* :

And in the towns as they do march along

Proclaims him King, and many fly to him.

Darraign your battel, they are near at hand.

Clif. I would your Highness would depart the field :

The Queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too ; therefore I'll
 stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble Lords,

And hearten those that fight in your defence :

Unsheath your sword, good father ; cry *St. George* !

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head ;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Q. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy.
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy Sovereign and thy lawful King ?

Edw. I am his King, and he should bow his knee ;
I was adopted heir by his consent ;
Since when his oath is broke : for, as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him by new act of Parliament
To blot out me and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too :
Who should succeed the father, but the son ?

Rich. Are you there, butcher ? O, I cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it not ?

Clif. Ay, and old *York*, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, Lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, *Henry*, wilt thou yield the crown ?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*, dare
you speak ?

When you and I met at *St. Albans* last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, *Clifford*, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley, scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that *Clifford*, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child ?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother *Rutland* :
But ere sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Have done with words, my Lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue; I am a King, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here Cannot be cur'd by words, therefore be still.

Ricb. Then, execution, re-unsheath thy sword: By him that made us all, I am resolv'd

That *Clifford's* manhood lyes upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, *Henry*, shall I have my right or no? A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day, That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head! For *York* in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which *Warwick* says is right, There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Ricb. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands, For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam, But like a foul mishapen stigmatick, Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided, As venomous toads, or lizards dreadful stings.

Ricb. Iron of *Naples* hid with *English* gilt, Whose father bears the title of a King,

(As if a channel should be call'd the sea)

Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught, To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns, To make this shameless callat know her self,

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Although thy husband may be *Menelaus*;

And ne'er was *Agamemnon's* brother wrong'd

By that false woman, as this King by thee.

His father revell'd in the heart of *France*,

And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin stoop:

And had he match'd according to his state,

He might have kept that glory to this day.

But when he took a beggar to his bed,

And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,

Even

Even then that sun-shine brew'd a show'r for him,
 That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of *France*,
 And heap'd sedition on his crown at home :
 For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride ?
 Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,
 And we in pity of the gentle King
 Had slept our claim until another age.

Cl. But when we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,
 And that thy sunnier bred us no increase,
 We set the ax to thy usurping root ;
 And though the edge hath something hit our selves,
 Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
 We'll never leave 'till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I despise thee,
 Not willing any longer conference,
 Since thou deny'st the gentle King to speak.
 Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours wave,
 And either victory or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, *Edward* —

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay.
 These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V. *A Field of Battle.*

Alarum, Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-spent with toil, as runners with a race,
 I lay me down a little while to breathe :
 For strokes receiv'd and many blows repaid
 Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
 And spight of spight needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heav'n ; or strike, ungentle death ;
 For this world frowns, and *Edward's* sun is clouded.

War. How now, my Lord, what hap ? what hope of good ?

Enter Clarence.

Cl. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair,
 Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
 What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings ;
 And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, *Warwick*, why hast thou withdrawn thy self
 * Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
 Broach'd with the steely point of *Clifford's* lance :
 And in the very pangs of death he cry'd,
 (Like to a dismal clangor heard from far)
Warwick, revenge ! brother, revenge my death !
 So underneath the belly of his steeds,
 That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
 The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunk with our blood ;
 I'll kill my horse because I will not fly :
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,
 And look upon, as if the tragedy
 Were plaid in jest by counterfeiting actors ?
 Here on my knee I vow to God above,
 I'll never pause again, never stand still,
 'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
 Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O *Warwick*, I do bend my knee with thine,
 And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.
 And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
 Thou setter up and plucker down of Kings !
 Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
 That to my foes this body must be prey,
 Yet that thy brazen gates of heav'n may ope,
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.
 Now, Lords, take leave until we meet again,
 Where-e'er it be, in heaven or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand ; and, gentle *Warwick*,
 Let me embrace thee in my weary arms :
 I that did never weep, now melt with woe,
 That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away : once more, sweet Lords, farewell !

Cl. Yet let us all together to our troops ;
 And give them leave to fly that will not stay ;

* It was not the Marquis of *Montague* who was slain in this battle,
 but a natural brother of the Earl of *Warwick*.

And

And call them pillars that will stand to us ;
 And if we thrive, promise them such rewards,
 As victors wear at the *Olympian* games.
 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
 For yet is hope of life and victory ;
 Fore-slow no longer, make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*]

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, *Clifford*, I have singled thee alone,
 Suppose this arm is for the Duke of *York*,
 And this for *Rutland*, both bound to revenge,
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
 This is the hand that stabb'd thy father *York*,
 And this the hand that slew thy brother *Rutland*,
 And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
 And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother.
 To execute the like upon thy self ;
 And so have at thee.

They fight. *Warwick* enters, *Clifford* flies,

Rich. Nay, *Warwick*, single out some other chafe,
 For I my self will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Alarum.* Enter King Henry alone

K. Henry. This battel fares like to the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light,
 What time the shepherd blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
 Now sways it this way, like the self-same sea
 Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
 Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
 Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
 Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind ;
 Now one the better, then another best,
 Both tagging to be victors, breast to breast,
 Yet neither conqueror nor conquered ;
 So is the equal poize of this fell war.
 Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down :
 To whom God will, there be the victory !
 For *Margaret* my Queen and *Clifford* too
 Have chid me from the battel, swearing both
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.

VOL. VI.

Ward

Would I were dead, if God's good will were so !
 For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
 O God ! methinks it were a happy life
 To be no better than a homely swain,
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
 How many make the hour full compleat,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times :
 So many hours must I tend my flock,
 So many hours must I take my rest,
 So many hours must I contemplate,
 So many hours must I sport my self ;
 So many days my ewes have been with young,
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau,
 So many months ere I shall shear the fleeces :
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years
 Past over, to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah ! what a life were this ! how sweet, how lovely !
 Gives not the haw-thorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their filly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To Kings that fear their subjects treachery ?
 O yes it doth, a thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a Prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust and treasons wait on him.

SCENE VII. *Alarm. Enter a Son, bearing his Father.*
Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body.
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessed with some store of crowns,
 And I that, haply, take them from him now,

May

May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man to me.

Who's this? oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I un'wares have kill'd:

Oh heavy times, begetting such events!

From London by the King was I prest forth,

My father being the Earl of Warwick's man

Came on the part of York, prest by his master;

And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,

Have by my hands of life bereaved him.

Pardon me, God! I knew not what I did;

And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.

My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks:

And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!

Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,

Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.

Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;

And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,

Be blind with tears, and break o'er-charg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,

Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold:

For I have bought it with an hundred blows.

But let me see: is this our foe-man's face?

Ah no, no, no, it is my only son!

Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,

Throw up thine eye; see, see what showers arise,

Blown with the windy tempest of my heart

Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.

O pity, God, this miserable age!

What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,

Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,

This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!

O boy! thy father gave thee life too late,

And hath bereft thee of thy life too soon.

K. Henry. Woe above woe; grief more than common

O that my death would stay these rueful deeds! [grief!

O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses.

The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheek; methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears; and ne'er be satisfy'd!

K. Henry. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Mis-think the King, and not be satisfy'd!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. Henry. Was ever King so griev'd for subjects woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [Exit.]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet,
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell:

And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As *Priam* was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill. [Exit.]

K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a King more woful than you are.

SCENE VIII.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince of
Wales, and Exeter.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly; for all your friends are fled;
And *Warwick* rages like a chafed bull:
Away, for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my Lord, towards *Berwick* post
Edward and *Richard*, like a brace of grey-hounds [amain.
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel graspt in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs, and therefore hence amain!

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.

Nay,

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed.
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet *Exeter* ;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away ! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

A loud Alarm. Enter Clifford wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out ; ay, here it dies,
Which while it lasted, gave King *Henry* light.

O *Lancaster* ! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.

My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee, [*Falling.*]

And now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing *Henry*, strengthening mis-proud *York* ;

The common people swarm like summer flies,

And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun ?

And who shines now, but *Henry's* enemies ?

O *Pbaetus* ! hadst thou never giv'n consent

That *Pbaeton* should check thy steyf steeds,

Thy burning car had never scorch'd the earth :

And, *Henry*, hadst thou sway'd as Kings should do,

Or as thy father and his father did,

Giving no ground unto the house of *York*,

They never then had sprung like summer flies.

I, and ten thousand in' this luckless realm,

Had left no mourning widows for our death ;

And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.

For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air ?

And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity ?

Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds,

No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight :

The foe is merciless, and will not pity ;

For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.

The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

And much effuse of blood doth make me faint :

Come, *York* and *Richard*, *Warwick* and the rest,

I stab'd your father's bosom ; split my breast. [*He faints.*]

Alarm and Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard,

Montague, Clarence, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, Lords, good fortune bids us pause,

L 3

And

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded Queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a King,
As doth a Sail fill'd with a fretting gust
Command an Argosie to stem the waves.

But think you, Lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For though before his face I speak the word,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. [Clifford groans.]

Rich. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
A deadly groan, like life in death departing.
See who it is.

Edw. And how the battel's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
Set his fell murth'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof let his supply the room.
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-beading tongue no more shall speak.

War. I think his understanding is bereft:
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'er-shades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
As in the time of death he gave our father.

Cl. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Cl. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love *York*, and I am son to *York*.

Edw. Thou pitied'st *Rutland*, I will pity thee.

Cl. Where's Captain *Margaret* to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, *Clifford*, swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath! nay then the world goes hard,

When *Clifford* cannot spare his friends an oath:

I know by that he's dead; and by my soul,

If this right hand would buy but two hours life,

That I in all despite might rail at him,

This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unslaked thirst

York and young *Rutland* could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.

And now to *London* with triumphant march,

There to be crowned *England's* royal King:

From whence shall *Warwick* cut the sea to *France*,

And ask the *Lady Bona* for thy Queen.

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together.

And having *France* thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again:

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buz t' offend thine ears,

First will I see the coronation,

And then to *Britany* I'll cross the sea,

T'effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Edw. Ev'n as thou wilt, sweet *Warwick*, let it be;

For on thy shoulder do I build my seat:

And never will I undertake the thing

Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.

Richard, I will create thee Duke of *Glo'ster*,

And *George*, of *Clarence*; *Warwick* as our self:

Shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*; *George*, of *Glo'ster*;

For *Glo'ster's* Dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:

Richard, be Duke of *Glo'ster*: now to *London*,

To see these honours in possession.

[Exit.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Forest in the North of England.**Enter Sinklo and Humphry, with cross-bows in their bands.*

Sin. UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll shroud our
selves,

For through this laund anon the Deer will come ;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the Deer.

Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

Sin. That cannot be : the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost ;
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best.
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Hum. Here comes a man, let's stay 'till he be past.

Enter King Henry, with a pray-book.

K. Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n ev'n of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful fight :
No, *Harry, Harry*, 'tis no land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,
Thy balm washt off wherewith thou wast anointed :
No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right :
No, not a man comes for redress to thee ;
For how can I help them, and not my self ?

Sin. Ay, here's a deer, whose skin's a keeper's fee :
This is the *quondam* King, let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace these four adversities ;
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we ? let us lay hands upon him.

Sin. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. My Queen and son are gone to *France* for aid ;
And as I hear, the great commanding *Warwick*
Is thither gone to crave the *French* King's sister
To wife for *Edward*. If this news be true,
Poor Queen and son ! your labour is but lost ;
For *Warwick* is a subtle orator,

And

And *Lewis* a Prince soon won with moving words :
 By this account then *Margaret* may win him,
 For she's a woman to be pitied much :
 Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast ;
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;
 The Tyger will be mild while she doth mourn,
 And *Nero* would be tainted with remorse,
 To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
 Ay, but she's come to beg, *Warwick* to give :
 She on his left side craving aid for *Henry* ;
 He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
 She weeps, and says her *Henry* is depos'd ;
 He smiles, and says his *Edward* is install'd ;
 That she, poor wretch ! for grief can speak no more :
 While *Warwick* tells his title, smooths the wrong,
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
 And in conclusion wins the King from her,
 With promise of his sister, and what else,
 To strengthen and support King *Edward*'s place.
 O *Marg'ret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poor soul)
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Ham. Say, what art thou that talk'st of Kings and Queens ?

K. Henry. More than I seem, and less than I was born to ;
 A man at least, for less I should not be ;
 And men may talk of Kings, and why not I ?

Ham. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a King.

K. Henry. Why so I am in mind, and that's enough.

Ham. But if thou be a King, where is thy crown ?

K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head :
 Not deck'd with diamonds and *Indian* stones ;
 Not to be seen : my crown is call'd *Content*,
 A crown it is that seldom Kings enjoy.

Ham. Well, if you be a King crown'd with *Content*,
 Your crown *Content* and you must be contented
 To go along with us. For, as we think,
 You are the King, King *Edward* hath depos'd :
 And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
 Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never swear, and break an oath ?

Ham. No, never such an oath, and will not now.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell when I was King of
England?

Him. Here in this country where we now remain.

K. Henry. I was anointed King at nine months old,
My father and my grandfather were Kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

Sin. No, we were subjects but while you were King.

K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear:
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oath, for of that sin
My mild intreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,
And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.

Sin. We are true subjects to the King, *King Edward*.

K. Henry. So would you be again to *Henry*,
If he were seated as *King Edward* is.

Sin. We charge you in God's name and in the King's
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Henry. In God's name lead, your King's name be
obey'd;
And what God will, that let your King perform,
And what he will I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *The King's Palace in London.*

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Gray.

K. Edw. Brother of *Glo'ster*, at *St. Alban's* field
This Lady's husband, * *Sir John Gray*, was slain,
His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands,
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of *York*
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

* *Vid. Hall. 3 year of Edw. IV. f. l. 5.*

Glo. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit :
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less ; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea ! is it so ?

I see the Lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble suit.

Cl. He knows the game ; how true he keeps the wind !

Glo. Silence !

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

Gray. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay.
May't please your Highness to resolve me now ;
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. Ay, widow ! then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall please you :
Fight closer, or good faith you'll catch a blow.

Cl. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. God forbid that ! for he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow ? tell me.

Cl. I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. Nay, whip me then : he'll rather give her two.

Gray. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

Gray. Be pitiful, dread Lord, and grant 'em then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave ; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

K. Edw. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your children ?

Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love my self.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good ?

Gray. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Gray. So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them ?

Gray. What you command that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon ?

Gray. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw.

- K. Edw.* Ay but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
Gray. Why then I will do what your Grace commands.
Glo. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.
Cl. As red as fire! nay then her wax must melt.
Gray. Why stops my Lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easie task, 'tis but to love a King,
Gray. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why then thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
Gray. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glo. The match is made, she seals it with a curse.
K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
Gray. The fruits of love I mean, my loving Liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me in another sense.
 What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?
Gray. My love 'till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
 That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
Gray. Why then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind,
Gray. My mind will never grant what I perceive
 Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lye with thee.
Gray. To tell you plain, I'd rather lye in prison.
K. Edw. Why then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
Gray. Why then mine honesty shall be my dowry;
 For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
Gray. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me:
 But, mighty Lord, this merry inclination
 Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
 Please you dismiss me, or with ay or no.
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say Ay to my request;
 No; if thou dost say No to my demand.
Gray. Then No, my Lord; my suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brow.
Cl. He is the bluntest wooer in christendom.
K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replete with modesty,
 Her words do shew her wit incomparable,
 All her perfections challenge Sovereignty;
 One way or other she is for a King.

And

And she shall be my love, or else my Queen.

Say that King *Edward* take thee for his Queen ?

Gray. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious Lord ;
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a Sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends,
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto :
I know I am too mean to be your Queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow ; I did mean my Queen.

Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons shall call you
father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children ;
And by God's mother, I being but a batchelor
Have other some : why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Cl. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shrift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry here.

Cl. To whom, my Lord ?

K. Edw. Why, *Clarence*, to my self.

Glo. That would be ten days wonder at the least.

Cl. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extreams.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers ; I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace-gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the *Tower* ;
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along ; Lords, use her honourably. [*Exe.*

SCENE III. *Manet Gloucester.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
 Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
 That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
 To cross me from the golden time I look for!
 And yet between my soul's desire and me,
 (The lustful *Edward's* title buried)
 Is *Clarence, Henry*, and his son young *Edward*,
 And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
 To take their rooms ere I can place my self.
 A cold premeditation for my purpose!
 Why then I do but dream on Sov'ignity,
 Like one that stands upon a promontory
 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
 And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
 Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way:
 So do I wish the crown being so far off,
 And so I chide the means that keep me from it,
 And so I say I'll cut the causes off,
 Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible.
 My eye's too quick, my heart o'er-weens too much,
 Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
 Well; say there is no kingdom then for *Richard*:
 What other pleasure can the world afford?
 I'll make my heaven in a Lady's lap,
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,
 And 'witch sweet Ladies with my words and looks.
 O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb,
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
 To shrink mine arm like to a wither'd shrub;
 To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where fits deformity to mock my body;
 To shape my legs of an unequal size;
 To disproportion me in every part:
 Like to a Chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp
 That carries no impression like the dam.
 And am I then a man to be belov'd?

Oh

Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
 Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o'er-bear such
 As are of better person than my self;
 I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the crown,
 And while I live t' account this world but hell,
 Until the head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear
 Be round-impaled with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home:
 And I, (like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desp'rately to find it out)
 Torment my self to catch the *English* crown.
 And from that torment I will free my self,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody ax.
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
 And cry content to that which grieves my heart,
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions:
 I'll drown more sailors than the Mermaid staff,
 I'll slay more gazers than the Basilisk,
 I'll play the orator as well as *Nestor*,
 Deceive more sily than *Ulysses* could,
 And, like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy*:
 I can add colours to the Camelion,
 Change shapes with *Proteus*, for advantages,
 And set the murth'rous *Machiviel* to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

S C E N E IV. Changes to France.

Flourish. Enter King Lewis, Lady Bona, Bourbon, Prince
 of Wales, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford.
 Lewis sits; and riseth up again.

K. Lewis. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret;
 Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
 And birth, that thou should'st stand while Lewis sits.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret

Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
 Where Kings command. I was, I must confess,
 Great *Albion's* Queen in former golden days:
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
 And to my humble seat conform my self.

K. Lewis. Why, say, fair Queen, whence springs this
 deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears
 And stops my tongue, while my heart's drown'd in cares.

K. Lewis. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thy self,
 And sit thee by our side. Yield not thy neck [*Sets her by him.*]
 To fortune's yolk, but let thy dauntless mind
 Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, *Queen Margaret*, and tell thy grief;
 It shall be eas'd, if *France* can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
 And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.
 Now therefore be it known to noble *Lewis*,
 That *Henry*, sole possessor of my love,
 Is of a King become a banish'd man,
 And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a forlorn;
 While proud ambitious *Edward* Duke of *York*
 Usurps the regal title, and the seat
 Of *England's* true anointed lawful King.
 This is the cause that I poor *Margaret*,
 With this my son *Prince Edward*, *Henry's* heir,
 Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid:
 And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:
 Our people and our Peers are both mis-led,
 Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
 And, as thou seest, our selves in heavy plight.

K. Lewis. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the storm,
 While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lewis. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. Oh, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
 And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

S C E N E

SCENE V. *Enter Warwick.*

K. Lewis. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence ?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of *Warwick*, *Edward's* greatest friend.

K. Lewis. Welcome, brave *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France* ? *[He descends. She arises.]*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise ;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Sov'reign, and thy vowed friend,
I come (in kindness and unfeigned love)
First to do greetings to thy royal person,
And then to crave a league of amity ;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady *Bona*, thy fair sister,
To *England's* King in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, *Henry's* hope is done.

War. And gracious Madam, in our King's behalf,
[Speaking to Bona.]

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my Sov'reign's heart ;
Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy Beauty's image and thy virtue's.

Q. Mar. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, hear me speak,
Before you answer *Warwick*. His demand
Springs not from *Edward's* well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity :
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance ?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That *Henry* liveth still ; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henry's* son.
Look therefore, *Lewis*, by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour :
For tho' usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heav'n as are just ; and eith' suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious *Margaret* !

Prince. And why not *Queen* ?

War. Because thy father *Henry* did usurp,

And thou no more art Prince than she is Queen;

Oxf. Then *Warwick* disannuls great *John of Gaunt*;
Which did subdue the greatest part of *Spain*;
And after *John of Gaunt*, *Henry* the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all *France*:
From these our *Henry* lineally descends.

War. *Oxford*, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not how *Henry* the sixth hath lost
All that which *Henry* the fifth had gotten?
Methinks these Peers of *France* should smile at that.
But for the rest; you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years, a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, *Warwick*, canst thou speak against thy Liege
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfal of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, *Warwick*, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of *Lancaster*;

War. And I the house of *York*.

K. Lewis. Queen *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and Lord

Oxford,

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use farther conference with *Warwick*.

[They stand aloof.]

Q. Mar. Heav'n's grant that *Warwick's* words bewitch
him not!

K. Lewis. Now, *Warwick*, tell me even upon thy con-
science,

Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lewis. But is he gracious in the people's eyes?

War. The more that *Henry* was unfortunate.

K. Lewis. Then further; all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister *Bona*.

War. Such it seems

As may beseem a Monarch like himself:

My self have often heard him say and swear

That this his love was a perennial plant,

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,

The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unless the Lady *Bona* quit his pain.

K. Lewis. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant or your denial shall be mine.

Yet I confess, that often ere this day, [*Speaks to Warwick.*

When I have heard your King's desert recounted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lewis. Then, *Warwick*, this: our sister shall be
Edward's.

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn

Touching the jointure that your King must make,

Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.

Draw near, Queen *Margaret*, and be a witness

That *Bona* shall be wife to th' *English* King.

Prince. To *Edward*, but not to the *English* King.

Q. Mar. Deceitful *Warwick*, it was thy device

By this alliance to make void my suit;

Before thy coming *Lewis* was *Henry's* friend.

K. Lewis. And still is friend to him and *Margaret*;

But if your title to the crown be weak,

As may appear by *Edward's* good success;

Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd

From giving aid, which late I promised.

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,

That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. *Henry* now lives in *Scotland* at his ease,

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.

And is for you your self, our *quondam* Queen,

You

You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 'twere you troubled him than *France*.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless *Warwick*, peace,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of Kings!

I will not hence, 'till with my talk and tears
(Both full of truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy sly conveyance, * and thy Lord's false love,

[*Post blowing a horn within.*
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lewis. *Warwick*, this is some post to us or thee.

SCENE VI. Enter a *Post*.

Post. My Lord ambassador, these letters are for you ;
[*To Warwick.*

Sent from your brother, Marquis *Montague*.

These from our King unto your Majesty. [*To K. Lewis.*

And, Madam, these for you, from whom I know not.

[*To Q. Margaret.* They all read their Letters.

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while *Warwick* frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how *Lewis* stamps as he were nettled.
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lewis. *Warwick*, what are thy news? and yours,
fair Queen?

Q. Mar. Mine such as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lewis. What! has your King marry'd the Lady *Grey*?
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to perswade me patience?

Is this th' alliance that he seeks with *France*?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your Majesty as much before ;
This proveth *Edward's* love and *Warwick's* honesty.

War. King *Lewis*, I here protest in sight of heav'n,
And by the hope I have of heav'nly bliss,

That I am clear from this misdeed of *Edward's* :

No more my King ; for he dishonours me,

But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of *York*

* By *Conveyance* is here meant the Art of a Jugler, Tricks of Je-
gerdomain.

My father came untimely to his death ?
 Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece ?
 Did I impale him with the regal crown ?
 Did I put *Henry* from his native right ?
 And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame ?
 Shame on himself, for my desert is honour !
 And to repair my honour lost for him,
 I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*.
 My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
 And henceforth I am thy true servitor :
 I will revenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
 And replant *Henry* in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love,
 And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
 And joy that thou becom'st King *Henry's* friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
 That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish us
 With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
 I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
 And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
 'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him ;
 And as for *Clarence*, as my letters tell me,
 He's very likely now to fall from him,
 For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
 Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall *Bona* be reveng'd,
 But by thy help to this distressed Queen ?

Q. Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall poor *Henry* live,
 Unless thou rescue him from foul despair ?

Bona. My quarrel and this *English* Queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady *Bona*, joins with yours.

K. Lewis. And mine with hers, and thine, and *Margaret's*.
 Therefore at last I firmly am resolv'd
 You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lewis. Then, *England's* messenger, return in post,
 And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
 That *Lewis* of *France* is sending over maskers
 To revel it with him and his new bride.
 Thou see'st what's pass, go fear thy King withal.

Bona.

Bona. Tell him in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. [Exit Post.

K. Lewis. But, *Warwick*, thou
Thy self and *Oxford* with five thousand men
Shall cross the seas, and bid false *Edward* battle:
And as occasion serves, this noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my younger daughter and my joy
To him forthwith, in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son *Edward*, she is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwick*,
And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,
That only *Warwick's* daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it:
And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his hand to *Warwick*.

K. Lewis. Why stay we now? these soldiers shall be levy'd,
And thou, Lord *Bourbon*, our high Admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long 'till *Edward* fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a Dame of *France*.

[Exeunt. Manet *Warwick*.

War. I came from *Edward* as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:

Not

Not that I pity *Henry's* misery,
But seek revenge on *Edward's* mockery.

[Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to England.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset and Montague.

Glo. NOW tell me, brother *Clarence*, what think you
Of this new marriage with the *Lady Gray*?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Cla. Alas, you know 'tis far from hence to *France* :
How could he stay still *Warwick* made return?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talk : here comes the King.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, *Lady Gray* as *Queen*, *Pembroke*, *Stafford*, and *Hastings* : Four stand on one side,
and four on the other.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Cla. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother *Clarence*, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive as half malecontent?

Cla. As well as *Lewis* of *France*, or th' Earl of *Warwick*,
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause :
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwick's*, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our King.
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother *Richard*, you offended too?

Glo. Not I; no : God forbid that I should wish
Them severed whom God hath join'd together !
Pity to sunder them, that yolk so well.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your dislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the *Lady Gray*
Should not become my wife, and *England's* Queen.
And you too, *Somerset* and *Montague*,
Speak freely what you think.

Cla. Then this is my opinion ; that King *Lewis*
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the *Lady Bona*.

Glo. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K.

K. Edw. What if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with *France* in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not *Montague* that of it self
England is safe, if true within it self?

Mont. Yes, but the safer when 'tis back'd with *France*.

Hast. 'Tis better using *France*, than trusting *France*.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend our selves:
In them, and in our selves, our safety lyes.

Cl. For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord *Hungerford*.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant,
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord *Scales*
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me or *Clarence*;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Cl. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord *Bonvill* on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor *Clarence*! is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Cl. In chusing for your self, you shew'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King;
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

Queen. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my state to title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than my self have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns ;
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,
And their true Sov'reign, whom they must obey ?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands :
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

S C E N E II. *Enter Post.*

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
from *France* ?

Post. My Sovereign Liege, no letters and few words,
But such as I (without your special pardon)
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee :
So tell their words, as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King *Lewis* to our letters ?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words ;
Go tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is sending over masters
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is *Lewis* so brave ? belike he thinks me *Henry*.
But what said Lady *Bona* to my marriage ?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain ;
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less ;
She had the wrong. But what said *Henry's* Queen ?
For so I heard that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him (quoth she) my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the *Amazon*.
But what said *Warwick* to these injuries ?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words ;
Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

K. Edw. Ha ! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words ?

Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd :
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is *Warwick* friends with *Margaret* ?

Post. Ay, gracious Sov'reign, they're so link'd in friendship,
The young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwick's* daughter.

Cl. Belike the younger ; *Clarence* will have the elder.
Now, brother King, farewell, and fit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwick's* other daughter,
That though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to your self.
You that love me and *Warwick*, follow me.

[Exit *Clarence*, and *Somerſet* follows.]

Glo. Not I : my thoughts aim at a further matter :
I stay not for the love of *Edward*, but the crown. [Aside.]

K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Somerſet* both gone to *Warwick* ?
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen ;
And haste is needful in this desp'rate case :
Pembroke and *Stafford*, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;
They are already, or will soon be landed :
My self in person will straight follow you.

[Exeunt *Pembroke* and *Stafford*.]

But ere I go, *Hastings* and *Montague*,
Resolve my doubt : you twain of all the rest
Are near to *Warwick* by blood and by alliance ;
Tell me if you love *Warwick* more than me.
If it be so, then both depart to him :
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help *Montague*, as he proves true !

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he favours *Edward's* cause !

K. Edw. Now, brother *Richard*, will you stand by us ?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so ; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour

'Till we meet *Warwick* with his foreign power. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE III. In Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French Soldiers.

War. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people swarm by numbers to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* come :
Speak suddenly, my Lords, are we all friends ?

Cl. Oh ! fear not that, my Lord.

War. Then, gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick* ;

And welcome, *Somerset* : I hold it cowardise

To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.

Else might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edward's* brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.

But welcome, friend, my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests, but in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,

We may surprize and take him at our pleasure ?

Our scouts have found th' adventure very easie :

That as *Ulysses* and stout *Diomedes*

With slight and manhood stole to *Rhesus's* Tents,

And brought from thence the *Tbracian* fatal steeds ;

So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,

At unawares may beat down *Edward's* guard,

And seize himself : I say not, slaughter him,

For I intend but only to surprize him.

You that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the name of *Henry* with your leader.

[*They all cry, Henry !*

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,

For *Warwick* and his friends, God and *St. George* ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand :
The King by this has set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed ?

1 *Watch.* Why, no ; for he hath made a solemn vow,

N 2

Never

Never to lye and take his natural rest,
 'Till *Warwick*, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

2 Watch. To-morrow then belike shall be the day,
 If *Warwick* be so near as men report.

3 Watch. But say, I pray, what Nobleman is that
 That with the King here resteth in his tent?

1 Watch. 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the King's chiefest friend.

3 Watch. O, is it so? but why commands the King
 That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
 While he himself keeps here in the cold field?

2 Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because dangerous.

3 Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
 I like it better than a dang'rous honour.

If *Warwick* knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1 Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we this royal tent,
 But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and
 French Soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his tent, and see where stands his guard:
 Courage, my masters: honour now or never!

But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1 Watch. Who goes there?

2 Watch. Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick! Warwick!
 and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying, Arms! Arms!
 Warwick and the rest following them.*

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding,

*Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King
 out in a gown, sitting in a chair; Gloucester and Ha-
 stings flying over the stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. *Richard* and *Hastings*; let them go, here is
 The Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke! why, *Warwick*, when we parted
 Thou call'dst me King.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrac'd me in my Ambassade,
 Then I degraded you from being King,

And

And come now to create you Duke of York,
 Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
 That know not how to use Ambassadors,
 Nor how to be contented with one wife,
 Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
 Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
 Nor how to throwd your self from enemies ?

K. Edw. Brother of *Clarence*, and art thou here too ?
 Nay then I see that *Edward* must needs down.
 Yet, *Warwick*, in despite of all mischance,
 Of thee thy self, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as King :
 Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
 My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then for his mind be *Edward* England's King ;
 [Takes off his Crown.

But *Henry* now shall wear the *English* crown,
 And be true King indeed ; thou but a shadow.
 My Lord of *Somerset*, at my request,
 See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
 Unto my brother, Archbishop of *York* :
 When I have fought with *Pembroke* and his fellows,
 I'll follow you, and tell you what reply
Lewis and Lady *Bona* sent to him :
 Now for a while farewell, good Duke of *York* !

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide ;
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[He is led out forcibly.

Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do,
 But march to *London* with our soldiers ?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,
 To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
 And see him seated in the regal throne.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Changes to the Palace.

Enter *Rivers*, and the *Queen*.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change ?

Queen. Why, brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learn
 What late misfortune has befalln King *Edward* ?

Riv. What ! loss of some pitcht battel against *Warwick* ?

Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my Sovereign slain ?

Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner ;
Either betray'd by falshood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares ;
And as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the Bishop of *York*,
Fell *Warwick's* brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news I must confess are full of grief :
Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may ;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen. 'Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of *Edward's* off-spring in my womb :
This is't that makes me bridle in my passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross :
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King *Edward's* fruit, true heir to th' *English* crown.

Riv. But, Madam, where is *Warwick* then become ?

Queen. I am inform'd that he comes towards *London*,
To set the crown once more on *Henry's* head :
Guess thou the rest, King *Edward's* friends must down.
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that once hath broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of *Edward's* right.
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud :
Come therefore let us fly, while we may fly ;
If *Warwick* takes us, we are sure to die.

[*Excurs.*]

S C E N E VI. *A Park in Yorkshire.*

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Now, my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case ; you know our King, my brother,
Is pris'ner to the Bishop, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often but attended with weak guard
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.

I have

I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my Lord, for this way lyes the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man, see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother *Glo'ster*, *Hastings* and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the Bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste,
Your horse stands ready here at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To *Lyn*, my Lord,

And slip from thence to *Flanders*.

Glo. Well guest, believe me, for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell, shield thee from *Warwick's* frown,

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exit.

SCENE VII. *The Tower in London.*

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Henry. Mr. Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken *Edward* from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due sets?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sov' reigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. Henry. For what, Lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,

For that it made imprisonment a pleasure :
 Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
 Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
 At last, by notes of household harmony,
 They quite forget their loss of liberty.
 But, *Warwick*, after God, thou sett'st me free,
 And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee :
 He was the author, thou the instrument.
 Therefore that I may conquer fortune's spite,
 By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
 And that the people of this blessed land
 May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars ;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
 I here resign my government to thee,
 For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
 And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
 By spying and avoiding fortune's malice ;
 For few men rightly temper with the stars :
 Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
 For chusing me when *Clarence* is in place.

Cl. No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the sway,
 To whom the heav'ns in thy nativity
 Adjudg'd an olive branch and lawrel crown,
 As likely to be blest in peace and war ;
 And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse *Clarence* only for Protector.

K. Henry. *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both your
 hands.

Now join your hands, and with your hands, your hearts,
 That no dissention hinder government.
 I make you both Protectors of this land,
 While I my self will lead a private life ;
 And in devotion spend my latter days,
 To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers *Clarence* to his Sov'reign's will ?

Cl. That he consents, if *Warwick* yield consent ;
 For on thy fortune I repose my self.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content :
 We'll yolk together, like a double shadow

To

To *Henry's* body, and supply his place ;
 I mean, in bearing weight of government,
 While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
 And, *Clarence*, now then it is more than needful
 Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a traitor,
 And all his lands and goods confiscated.

Cl. What else ? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

K. Henry. But with the first of all our chief affairs,
 Let me intreat, for I command no more,
 That *Margaret* your Queen and my son *Edward*
 Be sent for, to return from *France* with speed.
 For 'till I see them here, by doubtful fear
 My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Cl. It shall be done, my Sov'reign, with all speed.

K. Henry. My Lord of *Somerset*, what youth is that
 Of whom you seem to have so tender care ?

Som. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earl of *Richmond*.

K. Henry. Come hither, *England's* hope : if secret powets

[Lays his hand on his head.

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
 This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
 His looks are full of peaceful Majesty,
 His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
 His hand to wield a scepter, and himself
 Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
 Make much of him, my Lords ; for this is he
 Must help you more, than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend ?

Post. That *Edward* is escaped from your brother,
 And fled, as he hears since, to *Burgundy*.

War. Unfavoury news ; but how made he escape ?

Post. He was convey'd by *Richard* Duke of *Gloster*,
 And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
 In secret ambush on the forest side,
 And from the Bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him :
 For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.

But

But let us hence, my Sov'reign, to provide
A salve for any sove that may betide.

[Exeunt.

Manent Somerfet, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward's* :
For doubtless *Burgundy* will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before't be long.
As *Henry's* late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond* ;
So doth my heart mis-give me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to *Britany* ;
'Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if *Edward* re-possess the crown,
'Tis like that *Richmond* with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to *Britany*.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII. *Changes to York.*

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother *Richard*, *Hastings*, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My wained state for *Henry's* regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from *Burgundy*,
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From *Ravenspurg*, before the gates of *York*,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedom ?

Glo. The gates made fast ! brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man, aboardments must not now affright us :
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My Liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter on the Walls the Mayor of York and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;
For now we owe allegiance unto *Henry*.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. But, master Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward* at the least is Duke of *York*.

Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Duke-
As being well content with that alone. [dom,

Glo. But when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [Aside.

Hast. Why, master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are King *Henry's* friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[He descends.

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon.

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen.

K. Edw. So, master Mayor; these gates must not be shut
But in the night, or in the time of war.

What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[Takes his Keys.

For *Edward* will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter *Montgomery*, with Drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir *John Montgomery*,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir *John*; but why come you in
arms?

Mont. To help King *Edward* in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good *Montgom'ry*: but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our Dukedom, 'till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[The Drum begins a March.

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir *John*, a while, and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,

If

If you'll not here proclaim your self our King,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title ?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points ?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim :

'Till then 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand ;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will ; for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my Sov'reign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be *Edward's* champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet, *Edward* shall be here proclaim'd :
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. [*Flourish.*]

Sol. *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, King of
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*

Mont. And whosoe'er gain-says King *Edward's* right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*]

All. Long live *Edward* the fourth !

K. Edw. Thanks, brave *Montgomery* ; and thanks to all.
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now for this night let's harbour here at *York* :

And when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards *Warwick* and his mates ;

For well I wot that *Henry* is no soldier.

Ah, froward *Clarence*, evil it beseems thee

To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy brother !

Yet as we may, well meet both thee and *Warwick*.

Come on, brave soldiers, doubt not of the day ;

And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX. *Changes again to London.*

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, Warwick, Montague, Cla-
rence, Oxford, and Somerset.*

War. What counsel, Lords ? *Edward* from *Belgia*,

With hafty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march again to *London*,
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Henry. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Cl. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In *Warwickshire* I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war,

Those will I muster up; and thou, son *Clarence*,
Shalt stir, in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Ken*,

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.

Thou, brother *Montague*, in *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leicestershire*, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st.

And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
In *Oxfordshire* shalt muster up thy friends.

My Sov'reign, with the loving citizens,
(Like to his Island girt with th' Ocean,
Or modest *Dian* circled with her nymphs,)

Shall rest in *London*, 'till we come to him:

Fair Lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.

Farewel, my Sovereign!

K. Henry. Farewel, my *Hector*, and my *Troy's* true hope!

Cl. In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Henry. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Montague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell!

War. Farewel, sweet Lords, let's meet at *Coventry*.

[*Exeunt*.]

K. Henry. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinks your Lordship?
Methinks the pow'r that *Edward* hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stop't mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;

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O

My

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
 My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
 Then why should they love *Edward* more than me?
 No, *Exeter*, these graces challenge grace:
 And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
 The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! a Lancaster!*

Exc. Hark, hark, my Lord, what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, &c. with Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him hence,
 And once again proclaim us King of *England*.
 You are the fount that make small brooks to flow.
 Now stops thy spring, my sea shall suck them dry,
 And swell so much the higher, by their ebb.
 Hence with him to the *Tower*, let him not speak.

[*Ex. with King Henry.*

And, Lords, to *Coventry* bend we our course,
 Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains.
 The sun shines hot, and if we use delay
 Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes before his forces join,
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
 Brave warriors, march amain towards *Coventry*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Coventry.

*Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers
 and others upon the Walls.*

War. **W**HERE is the post that came from valiant *Oxford*?
 How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mess. By this at *Dunsmore*, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother *Montague*?

Where is the post that came from *Montague*?

2 Mess. By this at *Daintry*, with a puissant troop.

Enter Somerville.

War. Say, *Somerville*, what says my loving son?

And

And by thy guess how nigh is *Clarence* now ?

Someru. At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his drum.

Someru. It is not his, my Lord : here *Southam* lyes :
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from *Warwick*.

War. Who should that be ? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Someru. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. *Flourish.* Enter King Edward, Gloucester,
and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See how the surly *Warwick* mans the wall.

War. Oh unbid spight ! is sportful *Edward* come ?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could hear no news of his repair ?

K. Edw. Now, *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,

Call *Edward* King, and at his hands beg mercy ?

And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,

Call *Warwick* patron, and be penitent ?

And thou shalt still remain the Duke of *York*.

Glo. I thought at least he would have said the King,

Or did he make the jest against his will ?

War. Is not a Dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift ?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor Earl to give :

I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the Kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick's* gift.

War. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight :

And, weakling ! *Warwick* takes his gift again,

And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his subject.

K. Edw. But *Warwick's* King is *Edward's* prisoner :

And, gallant *Warwick*, do but answer this,

What is the body when the head is off ?

Glo. Alas ! that *Warwick* had no more fore-cast,

But while he thought to steal the single ten,

The King was slyly finger'd from the deck :

You left poor *Henry* at the Bishop's palace,

And ten to one you'll meet him in the *Tower*.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so, yet you are *Warwick's* fill.

Glo. Come, *Warwick*, take the time, kneel down,
kneel down;

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy
friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, while thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

S C E N E II.

Enter Oxford, with Drum and Colours.

War. O chearful colours! see where *Oxford* comes!

Oxf. *Oxford!* *Oxford!* for *Lancaster*.

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs,
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, *Oxford!* for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. *Montague!* *Montague!* for *Lancaster*.

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Ev'n with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drum and Colours.

Som. *Somerset!* *Somerset!* for *Lancaster*.

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of *Somerset*,
Have sold their lives unto the house of *York*,
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drum and Colours.

War. And lo! where *George* of *Clarence* sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle:
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails

More

More than the nature of a brother's love.

Come, *Clarence*, come; thou wilt, if *Warwick* call.

Cl. Father of *Warwick*, know you what this means?
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

[Takes his red rose out of his hat and throws it
towards *Warwick*.]

I will not ruinate my father's house,
(Who gave his blood to lime the stones together)
And set up *Lancaster*. Why, trow'ft thou, *Warwick*,
That *Clarence* is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful King?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety,
Than *Jepthab's*, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim my self thy mortal foe:
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
And so, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defie thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, *Edward*, I will make amends:
And, *Richard*, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more
belov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good *Clarence*, this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

K. Edw. What, *Warwick*, wilt thou leave the town
and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards *Barnet* presently,

And bid thee battle, *Edward*, if thou dar'ft.

K. Edw. Yes, *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords] to the field; *St. George* and victory! [Exeunt.

March. *Warwick* and his Company follow.

SCENE III. *A Field of Battle near Barnet.*
Alarm and Excursions. Enter King Edward bringing forth
Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. So, lye thou there; die thou, and die our fear;
 For *Warwick* was a bug that scar'd us all.
 Now, *Montague*, sit fast, I seek for thee,
 That *Warwick's* bones may keep thine company. [Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
 And tell me who is victor, *York*, or *Warwick*?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shews,
 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,

That I must yield my body to the earth,
 And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the Cedar to the ax's edge,
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping Lion slept,
 Whose top-branch over-peer'd *Jove's* spreading tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'ful wind.
 These eyes that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
 To search the secret treasures of the world.

The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
 Were lik'ned oft to kingly sepulchres:

For who liv'd King, but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile, when *Warwick* bent his brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood,
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Ev'n now forsake me; and of all my lands
 Is nothing left me, but my body's length.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, *Warwick*, *Warwick*, wert thou as we are,
 We might recover all our lofs again:

The Queen from *France* hath brought a puissant power.
 Ev'n now we heard the news: ah, could'st thou fly!

War. Why then I would not fly. — Ah, *Montague*,
 If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,

And with thy lips keep in my soul a while.
 Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst;

Thy

Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, *Montague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, *Warwick*, *Montague* hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gasp cry'd out for *Warwick*;
And said, *Commend me to my valiant brother*.
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
Ob! farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweetly rest his soul!

Fly, Lords, and save your selves, for *Warwick* bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [Dies.]

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.

[They bear away his Body, and Excunt.]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the Field.*

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Gloucester,
Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my Lords, those powers that the Queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clas. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came.
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And *Somerfet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her.
If she hath time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course tow'rd *Tewksbury*.
We having now the best at *Barnet* field,

Will

Will thither straight ; for willingness rids way :
 And as we march, our strength will be augmented
 In every county as we go along :

Strike up the drum, cry, courage ! and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. TEWKSBURY.

March. Enter *Queen Margaret, Prince of Wales, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great Lords, wise men ne'er fit and wail their
 But chearly seek how to redress their harms. [*loft,*

What though the mast be now blown over-board,

The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,

And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?

Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he

Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad

With tear-full eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much ?

While in his moan the ship splits on the rock,

Which industry and courage might have sav'd ?

Ah, what a shame, ah, what a fault were this !

Say *Warwick* was our anchor ; what of that ?

And *Montague* our top-mast ; what of him ?

Our slaughter'd friends, the tackle ; what of these ?

Why, is not *Oxford* here another anchor ?

And *Somerset* another goodly mast ?

The friends of *France* our shrouds and tacklings still ?

And though unskilful ; why not *Ned* and I

For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge ?

We will not from the helm to sit and weep,

But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck :

As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.

And what is *Edward*, but a ruthless sea ?

What *Clarence* ; but a quick-sand of deceit ?

And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal rock ?

All these, the enemies to our poor bark.

Say you can swim ; alas, 'tis but a while ;

Tread on the sand, why there you quickly sink ;

Bestride the rock, the tide will wash you off,

Or else you famish, that's a three-fold death.

This speak I, Lords, to let you understand,

In

In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage then ! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here :
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes ;
Left in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage !
And warriors faint ! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
Oh brave young Prince ! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee ; long may 'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories !

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle *Somer set* ; sweet *Oxford*, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less ; it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battel, hence we will not budge.

S C E N E VI.

March. *Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence,
and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heav'n's assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yct ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out :
Give signal to the fight, and to it, Lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should
My tears gain-say ; for every word I speak, [say
Ye see I drink the water of my eye :

Therefore no more but this ; *Henry*, your Sov'reign,
Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent :

And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice : then in God's name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

Alarum. Retreat. Excursions. Both Parties go out.
Re-enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, &c. Queen
Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset Prisoners.

K. Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with *Oxford* to *Holmes-castle* * straight :
For *Somerset*, off with his guilty head.

Go bear them hence, I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune. [*Exe.*

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet *Jerusalem*.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds *Edward*
Shall have a high reward, and he his life ?

Glo. It is, and lo where youthful *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What ? can so young a thorn begin to prick ?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to ?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious *York*.
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth,
Reign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor ! thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah ! that thy father had been so resolv'd !

* *Holmes-castle* is an old castle near *Troisburry*.

Glo.

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from *Lancaster*.

Prince. Let *Æsop* fable in a winter's night,
His curriish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Cl. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you're undutiful:

Lascivious *Edward*, and thou, perjurd *George*,

And thou, mis-shapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are:

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

Glo. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*]

K. Edw. And take thou that to end thy agony.

[*Edward stabs him.*]

Cl. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*Cl. stabs him.*]

Q. Mar. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*]

K. Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we have done too
much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What? doth she swoon? use means for her
recov'ry.

Glo. *Clarence*, excuse me to the King my brother:

I'll hence to *London* on a serious matter.

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Cl. What? what?

Glo. *Tower*, the *Tower*!

[*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. Oh *Ned*, sweet *Ned*! speak to thy mother, boy.
Can'st thou not speak? O traitors, murderers!

They that stabb' *Cæsar* shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man; this (in respect) a child,

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child,

What's

What's worfe than murthurer, that I may name it ?
 No, no, my heart will burft, an if I fpeak —
 And I will fpeak, that fo my heart may burft.,
 Butchers and villains, bloody Canibals,
 How fweet a plant have you untimely cropt !
 You have no children, butchers ; if you had,
 The thought of them would have firr'd up remorse ;
 But if you ever chance to have a child,
 Look in his youth to have him fo cut off,
 As, deathsmen ! you have rid this fweet young Prince.

K. *Edw.* Away with her, go bear her hence by force.

Q. *Mar.* Nay, never bear me hence, difpatch me here :
 Here fheath thy fword, I'll pardon thee my death :
 What ? wilt thou not ? then, *Clarence*, do it thou.

Cl. By heav'n, I will not do thee fo much eafe.

Q. *Mar.* Good *Clarence*, do ; fweet *Clarence*, do thou do it.

Cl. Didft thou not hear me fwear I would not do it ?

Q. *Mar.* Ay, but thou ufeft to forfwear thy felf :
 'Twas fin before, but now 'tis charity.
 What, wilt thou not ? where is that Devil-butcher,
Richard ? hard-favour'd *Richard*, where art thou ?
 Thou art not here : Murthurer is thy Almsdeed.
 Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'ft back.

K. *Edw.* Away, I fay ; I charge ye bear her hence.

Q. *Mar.* So come to you and yours, as to this Prince !

[*Exit* Q. *Margaret.*]

K. *Edw.* Where's *Richard* gone ?

Cl. To *London* all in poft, and as I guefs,
 To make a bloody fupper in the *Tower*.

K. *Edw.* He's fudden, if a thing comes in his head,
 Now march we hence, difcharge the common fort
 With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London* ;
 And fee our gentle *Queen* how well ſhe fares ;
 By this, I hope, ſhe hath a fon for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The Tower of London.*

*Enter King Henry, and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant
 on the Tower Walls.*

Glo. Good day, my Lord ; what, at your booke fo hard ?

K. *Henry.* Ay, my good Lord ; my Lord, I ſhould fay.
 'Tis fin to flatter, good was little better : [*Enter,*
 Good

Good *Glo'ster*, and good devil were alike,
And both prepos't'rous ; therefore not good Lord.

Glo. Sir, leave us to our selves, we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

K. Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf,
So first the harmless flock doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat, unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath *Richard* now to act ?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Henry. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings mis-doubteth ev'ry bush ;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of *Crete*,
That taught his son the office of a fowl ?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, *Dædalus* ; my poor boy, *Icarus* ;
Thy father, *Minos* that deny'd our course ;
The sun that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother *Edward* ; and thy self, the sea,
Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words ;
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick history.

But wherefore dost thou come ? Is't for my life ?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner ?

K. Henry. A persecutor I am sure thou art ;
If murth'ring innocents be executing,
Why then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst
presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands fate,

And orphans for their parents timeless death,
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign ;
 The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckless tune ;
 Dogs howl'd, an hideous tempest shook down trees ;
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung :
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
 To wit, an indigested deform'd lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
 To signifie thou cam'st to bite the world :
 And if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.

Glo. I'll hear no more : die, prophet, in thy speech ;
 [Stabs him.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Henry. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this —
 O ! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee ! [Dies.]

Glo. What ! will th' aspiring blood of *Lancaster*
 Sink in the ground ? I thought it would have mounted.
 See how my sword weeps for the poor King's death !
 O, may such purple tears be always shed
 From those who wish the downfall of our house !
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither,

[Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
 Indeed 'tis true that *Henry* told me of :
 For I have often heard my mother say
 I came into the world with my legs forward.
 Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
 And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?
 The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd
 O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth !
 And so I was, which plainly signify'd
 That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dog :
 Then since the heav'ns have shap'd my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother,
 And this word *love* which grey-beards call divine,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me ! I am my self alone.
Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the light,
 But I will fort a pitchy day for thee :
 For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
 That *Edward* shall be fearful of his life,
 And then to purge his fear I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his son, are gone ;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest ;
 Counting my self but bad, 'till I be best.
 I'll throw thy body in another room ;
 And triumph, *Henry* ! in the day of doom. [Exit.

S C E N E VIII. *The Palace in London.*

Enter *King Edward*, *Queen*, *Clarence*, *Gloucester*, *Hastings*,
Nurse, and *Attendants*.

K. Edw. Once more we sit on *England's* royal throne,
 Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies :
 What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride ?
 Three Dukes of *Somerset*, three-fold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted champions :
 Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the son ;
 And two *Northumberland*s ; two braver men
 Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound.
 With them the two brave bears, *Warwick* and *Montague*,
 That in their chains fetter'd the Kingly Lion,
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
 And made our footstool of security.
 Come hither, *Bess*, and let me kiss my boy :
 Young *Ned*, for thee, thine uncles and my self
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter-night,
 Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st re-possess the crown in peace ;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid, [Aside.
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave,

And heave it shall some weight or break my back ;
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

[Pointing to his beard

K. Edw. *Clarence and Glo'ster*, love my lovely *Queen*,
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Gla. The duty that I owe your Majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thanks, noble *Clarence*; worthy brother, thanks:

Glo. And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

To say the truth, so *Judas* kiss'd his master, [Aside,
And cry'd, all hail ! when as he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers loves,

Gla. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret* ?
Raignier her father to the King of *France* .
Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

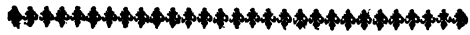
K. Edw. Away with her, and waite her hence to *France*,
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comick shows,
Such as besit the pleasure of the Court ?
Sound, drums and trumpets ; farewell, sow'r annoy !
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt omnes





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THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
RICHARD III.



F 3

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD IV.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward V. } Sons to Edward IV.

RICHARD, Duke of York.

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, Brother to Edward IV.

RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, Brother to Edward IV. afterwards King Richard III.

CARDINAL, Archbishop of York.

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Duke of NORFOLK.

Earl of SURREY.

Marquis of DORSET, Son to the Queen:

Earl RIVERS, Brother to the Queen.

Lord GRAY, Son to the Queen.

Earl of RICHMOND, afterwards King Henry VII.

Bishop of ELY.

Lord HASTINGS.

Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN, a Friend to the Queen's Family.

**Sir RICHARD RADCLIFF, } Friends to the Duke of
Lord LOVEL, } Gloucester.**

CATESBY,

Sir JAMES TYRREL, a Villain.

Lord STANLEY, Steward of the Household to Edward IV.

Earl of OXFORD,

BLOUNT,

HERBERT,

Sir WILLIAM BRANDON,

BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Two Children of the Duke of Clarence.

LORD MAYOR.

Sir CHRISTOPHER UNSWICK, a Priest and Chaplain to the Countess of Richmond.

Queen of Edward IV.

Queen MARGARET, Widow of Henry VI.

ANNE, Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Henry VI. afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.

Duchess of York, Mother to Edward IV, Clarence, and Richard III.

Sheriff, Pursuivants, Citizens, Ghosts of those murder'd by Richard III. with Soldiers and other Attendants.

The SCENE in ENGLAND.

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T H E
L I F E and D E A T H
O F
R I C H A R D III.

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

The COURT.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

NOW is the Winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this Sun of York:
And all the clouds that low'r'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass,
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's grace,

To

To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph ;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world ; scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionably,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;
 Why I, (in this weak piping time of peace)
 Have no delight to pass away the time ;
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother *Clarence* and the King
 In deadly hate, the one against the other ;
 And if King *Edward* be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
 This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd up,
 About a prophecy which says that 'G
 Of *Edward's* heirs the murder'er shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day ; what means this armed guard
 That waits upon your Grace ?

Cl. His Majesty,

Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the *Tower*.

Glo. Upon what cause ?

Cl. Because my name is *George*.

Glo. Alack, my Lord, that fault is none of yours ;
 He should for that commit your godfathers.

Belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
 That you should be new christned in the *Tower*.

But what's the matter, *Clarence*, may I know ?

Cl. Yea, *Richard*, when I know ; for I protest
 As yet I do not ; but as I can learn,

He

He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G;
And says a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be.

And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women.
'Tis not the King that sends you to the *Tower*;
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence*, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodvil her brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the *Tower*?
From whence this day he is delivered.

We are not safe; *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cl. By heav'n, I think there is no man secure
But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge between the King and mistress *Sbors*,
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her Deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow, and her self,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

Brak. I beg your Graces both to pardon me:
His Majesty hath straitly giv'n in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glo. Ev'n so, an't please your worship, *Brakenbury*?
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man — we say the King
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble Queen
Well strook in years, fair, and not over-jealous.
We say that *Sbors*'s wife hath a pretty foot,

A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue :
That the Queen's kindred are made gentle-folks :
How say you, Sir ? can you deny all this ?

Brak. With this, my Lord, my self have nought to do.

Glo. What, fellow ? nought to do with mistress Shore ?

I tell you, Sir, he that doth-naught with her,
Excepting one, were best do it secretly.

Brak. What one, my Lord ?

Glo. Her husband, knave — wouldst thou betray me ?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
And to forbear your conf'rence with the Duke.

Cla. We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's subjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell ; I will unto the King,
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
(Were it to call King *Edward's* widow sister)

I will perform it to infranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace of brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lie for you :
Mean time have patience.

Cla. I must perforce. [Exit *Brak.* and *Cla.*

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return :
Simple plain *Clarence* — I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heav'n,
If heav'n will take the present at my hands.
But who comes here ? the new-deliver'd *Hastings* ?

Enter *Lord Hastings*.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord !

Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain !
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment ?

Hast. With patience, noble Lord, as pris'ners must :
But I shall live, my Lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too ;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast.

Hast. More pity, that the Eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home :
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now by *St. Paul*, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person :
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is, my Lord.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die,
'Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse up to heav'n.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :

Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in !

For then, I'll marry *Warwick's* youngest daughter :
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father ?

The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father :

The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,

Which I, by marrying her, must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market :

Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still lives and reigns ;

When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II. *A Street.*

*Enter the Coarse of Henry the Sixth, with balberds to guard
it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,

If honour may be shrowded in a herse ;

Whilst I a while obsequiously lament

Th' untimely fall of virtuous *Lancaster*.

Poor clay-cold figure of a holy King!

Pale ashes of the house of *LANCASTER!*
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood,
 Be't lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor *ANNE*,
 Wife to thy *EDWARD*, to thy slaughter'd son,
 Stab'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds.
 Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
 Curs'd be the hand that made these fatal holes!
 Curs'd be the heart that had the heart to do it!
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness!
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young Lord and thee!
 Come now tow'rd *CHERTSEY* with your holy load,
 Taken from *PAUL'S* to be interred there.
 And still as you are weary of this weight,
 Rest you, while I lament King *HENRY'S* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you that bear the Coarse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the Coarse; or, by *St. Paul*,
 I'll make a Coarse of him that disobey.

Gent. My Lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog, stand thou when I command:
 Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
 Or, by *St. Paul*, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
 Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avant,

Avant, thou dreadful minister of hell !
Thou had'st but pow'r over his mortal body,
His soul thou can'st not hurt ; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul dev'l ! for God's sake hence, trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell :
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Oh, gentlemen ! see ! see dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy deeds inhuman and unnatural,
Provoke this deluge most unnatural.

O God ! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !
O earth ! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !
Or heav'n with lightning strike the murth'rer dead ;
Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man ;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry :
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit my self.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse my self.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee,
Thou canst make no excuse that will be currant,
Unless thou hang thy self.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse my self:

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy self,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say, they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by *Edward's* hands.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'st. *Queen Margaret's* Cause
Thy murd'rous faulchion smooaking in his blood:
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her stand'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on ought but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!

O, he was gentle, mild and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heav'n that hath him.

Anne. He is in heav'n, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me that help'd to send him thither:
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will bear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lye'st!

Glo. So will it, madam, 'till I lye with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. And I know so. But, gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a slower method:
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameful as the Executioner?

Anne.

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurst th' effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect:

Your beauty that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;

As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thy self, fair creature, thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, Lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: why dost thou spit at me? [*She spits at him.*]

Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet Lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears;

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,

Not when my father York, and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made,
 When black-fac'd *Clifford* shook his sword at him :
 Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
 Told the sad story of my father's death,
 And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
 That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
 Like trees be-dash'd with rain : in that sad time,
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear :
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
 I never sued to friend, nor enemy ;
 My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words ;
 But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
 For kissing, Lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
 Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
 And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.*]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King *Henry* ;
 But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
 Nay, now dispatch : 'twas I that stabb'd young *Edward* ;
 But 'twas thy heav'nly face that set me on.

[*She falls the sword.*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Ann. Arise, dissembler ; though I wish thy death,
 I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill my self, and I will do it.

Ann. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and even with thy word,
 This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
 Shall for thy love, kill a far truer love ;
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Ann. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. F fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Ev'n so thy breast incloseth my poor heart:

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to *Crosby*-place:*

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd

At *Chertsey* monast'ry this noble King,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,

I will with all expedient duty see you.

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,

Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart, and much it joys me too,

To see you are become so penitent.

Trassel and *Barkley*, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:

But since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already. [*Exeunt two with Anne.*]

Glo. Take up the Coarse.

Gen. Towards *Chertsey*, noble Lord?

Glo. No, to *White-Friars*, there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt with the Coarse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

* A house near *Bishops gate-Street* belonging to the Duke of *Gloucester*.

I'll have her — but I will not keep her long.
 What! I that kill'd her husband and his father!
 To take her in her heart's extreamest hate,
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
 The bleeding witness of my hatred by:
 With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
 And I no friends to back my suit withal,
 But the plain devil and dissembling looks:
 And yet to win her — All the world to nothing!
 Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I, some three months since,
 Stabb'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury*?
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
 Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
 Young, wise, and valiant, and no doubt right royal,
 The spacious world cannot again afford:
 And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
 That cropt the golden prime of this sweet Prince,
 And made her widow to a woful bed?
 On me, whose all not equals *Edward's* moiety?
 On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
 I do mistake my person all this while;
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 My self to be a marv'loous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
 And entertain a score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body:
 Since I am crept in favour with my self,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But first I'll turn yon fellow into his grave,
 And then return lamenting to my love,
 Shine out, fair sun, 'till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[Exit.

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, Lord Gray, and Dorset.

Riv. Have patience, Madam, there's no doubt, his Majesty

Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Gray.

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse ;
Therefore for God's sake entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen. If he were dead, what would betide of me ?

Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.

Queen. The loss of such a Lord includes all harms.

Gray. The heav'ns have blest you with a goodly son
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah ! he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of *Richard Glo'ster*,
A man that loves not me, nor nose of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be Protector ?

Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet ;
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

Gray. Here come the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Stanley*.

Buck. Good time of day unto your Royal Grace !

Stan. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been !

Queen. The Countess *Richmond*, good my Lord of *Stanley*,
To your good prayer will scarcely say Amen ;
Yet, *Stanley*, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;
Or if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness ; which I think proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of *Stanley* ?

Stan. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, Lords ?

Buck. Madam, good hope ; his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Queen. God grant him health ! did you confer with him ?

Buck. Madam, we did ; he seeks to make atonement
Between the Duke of *Glo'ster* and your brothers,
And between them and my lord Chamberlain ;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen. Would all were well — but that will never be —
I fear our happiness is at the height,

Enter

Enter Gloucester, and Hastings.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.

Who are they that complain unto the King,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with *French* nods, and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating jacks?

Gray. To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace;
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person,
Whom God preserve better than you would wish,
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen. Brother of *Glo'ster*, you mistake the matter:
The King of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews it self
Against my children, brother, and my self,
Hath sent for you, that he may learn the ground
Of your ill will, and thereby may remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell; the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey, where eagles dare not perch.
Since every jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a jack.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother *Glo'ster*.
You envy my advancement and my friends:
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo. Mean time God grants that we have need of you.
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
My self disgrac'd; and the Nobility
Held in contempt, while many fair promotions

Are

Are daily given to ennoble those,
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Queen. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his Majesty

Against the Duke of *Clarence*; but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.

My Lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these wild suspects.

Glo. You may deny too that you were the cause
Of my Lord *Hastings'* late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my Lord, for —

Glo. She may, Lord *Rivers*? why, who knows not so?
She may do more, Sir, than denying that:

She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.

What may she not? she may — ay marry may she —

Riv. What marry may she?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King,
A batchelor, a handsome stripling too:

I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Queen. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, I have too long born
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:

By heav'n, I will acquaint his Majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.

I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great Queen with this condition,

To be thus taunted, scorn'd and baited at.

Small joy have I in being *England's* Queen.

SCENE IV. Enter *Queen Margaret*.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and spare not: look, what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the King:

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband *Henry* in the *Tower*,
And *Edward*, my poor son, at *Tewksbury*.

Glo.

Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your husband King;
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and such better blood than his or thine.

Glo. In all which time you and your husband *Gregory*
Were factious for the house of *Lancaster*;
And, *Rivers*, so wete you; — was not your husband,
In *Marg'ret's* battel, at *St. Albans* slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murth'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor *Clarence* did forsake his father *Warwick*,
Ay, and forswore himself, (which *Jesu* pardon!) —

Q. Mar. Which God's revenge!

Glo. To fight on *Edward's* party for the crown,
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mew'd up:
I would, to God my heart were flint, like *Edward's*,
Or *Edward's* soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish, foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to' hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou Cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is!

Riv. My Lord of *Gloster*, in those busse days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Sov'reign King;
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be! — I had rather be a pedlar;
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Queen. As little joy, my Lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's King,
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me;
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?

Not that, I being Queen, you bow like subjects ;
 Let that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels ?
 Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away !

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my fight ?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
 That will I make, before I let thee go.

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me, [To Gloucester.
 And thou a kingdom ; all of you allegiance ; [To the Queen.
 The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
 And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
 And with thy scoons drew'st rivers from his eyes,
 And then to dry them gav'st the Duke a clout,
 Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;
 His curses, then from bitterness of soul
 Denounc'd against thee, are now fall'n upon thee ;
 And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Queen. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
 And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept, when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What ! were you snarling all before I came,
 Ready to catch each other by the throat,
 And turn you all your hatred now on me ?
 Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heav'n,
 That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
 Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
 Could all but answer for that peevish beat ?
 Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n ?
 Why then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses.
 If not by war, by surfeit die your King !
 As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
 For Edward our son, that was Prince of Wales,
 Die in his youth, by like untimely violence !
 Thy self a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
 Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self !

Long

Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's loss,
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
 Long die thy happy days before thy death,
 And after many length'ned hours of grief,
 Die, neither mother, wife, nor *England's* Queen!
Rivers and *Dorset*, you were standers-by,
 And so wast thou, *Lords Hastings*, when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 By some unlook'd for accident all cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt
 hear me.

If heav'n's have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it, 'till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul;
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends:
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
 Thou elvish-markt, abortive, rooting hog,
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell:
 Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb,
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins,
 Thou rag of honour, thou detested —

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard.

Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
 That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did, but look'd for no reply.
 Oh, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.

Queen.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse against your self.

Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottel'd spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool, thou whet'st a knife to kill thy self:

The day will come that thou shalt wish for me,
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False boading woman, end thy frantick curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you, you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my subjects:

O, serve me well, and teach your selves that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master Marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce currant.

O that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry, learn it, learn it, Marquis.

Dors. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,
Our Ai'ry buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness my son now in the shade of death,

Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your Ai'ry buildeth in our Ai'ry's nest;

O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it!

As it was won with blood, so be it lost!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,

And shamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame,

And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O Princely *Buckingham*, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee :
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood ;
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle sleeping peace.

G. Buckingham, beware of yonder dog ;
Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death ;
Have not to do with him ; beware of him,
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks upon him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of *Buckingham* ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious Lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel ?
And sooth the devil that I warn thee from ?

O, but remember this another day ;
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;
And say poor *Marg'ret* was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's !

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine : I wonder she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy Mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Dorf. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong :
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd ;
He is frank'd up to fasting for his pains,
God pardon them that are the cause thereof !

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us,

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd ;

For had I cur'd now, I had cur'd my self.

[*Aside.*

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you;
And for your Grace, and you, my noble Lord.

Queen. *Catesby*, we come; Lords, will you go with us?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your Grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl;
The secret mischiefs that I set a-broach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkness,
I do bewEEP to many simple gulls;
Namely to *Stanley*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*;
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorset*, *Gray*.

But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I cloathe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stoln forth of holy writ,
And seem a Saint, when most I play the Devil.

Enter two Villains.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

1 Vil. We are, my Lord, and come to have the warrant
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to *Crosby-place*.

But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

2 Vil. Fear not, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools eyes drop
tears.

I like you, lads; about your business; go.

[*Exeunt.*

R 2

SCENE

SCENE V. *The Tower.**Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.**Brak.* Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day ?

Cl. O, I have past a miserable night,
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
 That as I am a christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days :
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my Lord ? I pray you
 tell me.

Cl. Methought that I had broken from the *Tower*,
 And was embark'd to cross to *Burgundy*,
 And in my company my brother *Glo'ster*,
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd *England*,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of *York* and *Lancaster*,
 That had befall'n us. As we pass'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that *Glo'ster* stumbled, and in falling
 Struck me (that sought to stay him) over-board,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown !
 What dreadful noise of waters in my ears !
 What fights of ugly death within mine eyes !
 I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
 A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon :
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems ;
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

Cl. Methought I had, and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth

To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

Cl. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life.

O then began the tempest to my soul:

I past, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferry-man which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
 Who cry'd aloud—*What scourge for perjury*

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?

And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud——
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;

Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments——

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends

Invirion'd me, and howled in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that with the very noise

I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after

Could not believe but that I was in hell.

Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Cl. Ah! *Brakenbury*, I have done those things,

That now give evidence against my soul,

For *Edward's* sake; and see how he requites me!

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,

Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:

O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!

I pr'ythee, *Brakenbury*, stay by me;

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my Lord; God give your Grace good rest!

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours, [*Aside.*

Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,

An outward honour, for an inward toil;
 And for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares :
 So that between their titles, and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

SCENE VI. *Enter the two Villains.*

1 *Vil.* Ho, who's here ?

Brak. In God's name, what art thou ? how cam'st thou
 hither ?

2 *Vil.* I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came hither
 on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief ?

1 *Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious. Let him see
 our commission, and talk no more.

Brak. [*Reads.*] I am in this commanded, to deliver
 The noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.

I will not reason what is meant hereby,
 Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.

There lyes the Duke asleep, and there the keys.

I'll to the King, and signify to him,

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wisdom : fare you
 well.

2 *Vil.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps ?

1 *Vil.* No ; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he
 wakes.

2 *Vil.* Why, he shall never wake until the great judg-
 ment-day.

1 *Vil.* Why then he'll say we stab'd him sleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word *judgment* hath bred a kind
 of remorse in me.

1 *Vil.* What ? art thou afraid ?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a warrant : but to be
 damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can de-
 fend me.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of *Gloster*, and tell him so.

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, stay a little : I hope this holy
 burnour of mine will change ; it was wont to hold me but
 while one tells twenty.

1 *Vil.* How dost thou feel thy self now ?

2 *Vil.*

1 Vil. Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 Vil. Remember the reward, when the deed's done.

2 Vil. Come, he dies : I had forgot the reward.

1 Vil. Where's thy conscience now ?

2 Vil. O, in the Duke of *Glo'ster's* purse.

1 Vil. When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 Vil. 'Tis no matter, let it go ; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 Vil. What if it come to thee again ?

2 Vil. I'll not meddle with it, it makes a man a coward : a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him ; a man cannot swear, but it checks him ; a man cannot lye with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom : it fills one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turn'd out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing ; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 Vil. 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 Vil. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not : he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 Vil. I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 Vil. Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work ?

1 Vil. Take him on the costard, with the hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 Vil. O excellent device, and make a sop of him.

1 Vil. Soft, he wakes. Shall I strike ?

2 Vil. No, we'll reason with him.

Cl. Where art thou, Keeper ? give me a cup of wine.

2 Vil. You shall have wine enough, my Lord, anon.

Cl. In God's name, what art thou ?

1 Vil. A man, as you are.

Cl. But not as I am, royal.

1 Vil. Nor you as we are, loyal.

Cl. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 Vil.

1 *Vil.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Cl. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?

2 *Vil.* To, to, to—

Cl. To murder me?

Bot. Ay, ay.

Cl. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Cl. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never, my Lord, therefore prepare to die.

Cl. Are you drawn forth among a world of men,
To slay the innocent? what's my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have giv'n their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me:

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Vil.* And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cl. Erroneous vassals! the great King of Kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,

That thou shalt do no murder; will you then

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Vil.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee.
For false forswearing and for murder too:

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Vil.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow, and with thy treach'rous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy Sovereign's son.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Vil.*

1 Vil. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such high degree?

Cl. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my brother, for his sake,
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,*
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect, or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 Vil. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave *Plantagenet*,
That Princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Cl. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 Vil. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

Cl. If you do love my brother, hate not me:
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother *Glo'ster*;
Who will reward you better for my life,
Than *Edward* will for tidings of my death.

2 Vil. You are deceiv'd, your brother *Glo'ster* hates you.

Cl. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

1 Vil. Ay, so we will.

Cl. Tell him, when that our Princely father *York*
Blest his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid *Glo'ster* think on this, and he will weep.

1 Vil. Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Cl. O do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Vil. As snow in harvest: — you deceive your self,
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Cl. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs,

* --- for the deed,

O know you yet, he doth it publickly,

Take not, &c.

This line interpolated since the first edition.

That

That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Vil.* Why so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heav'n.

2 *Vil.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my Lord.

Cl. Have you that holy feeling in your soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Vil.* What shall we do?

Cl. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Vil.* Relent? 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Cl. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me. †

1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and desp'rately dispatch'd:

How fain, like *Pilate*, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder!

Re-enter first Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st
me not?

By heav'n, the Duke shall know how slack you've been.

2 *Vil.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother †

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slain,

1 *Vil.* So do not I; go coward as thou art.

2 --- and save your souls.

Which of you, if you were a Prince's son,

Being pent from liberty, as I am now,

If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,

Would not intreat for life? as you would beg

Were you in my distress --- *These lines are not in the old-edition.*

1 *Vil.* Relent? &c.

† --- intreat for me,

A begging Prince what beggar pities not!

2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my Lord.

1 *Vil.* Take that, &c.

Well,

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
 'Till that the Duke give order for his burial;
 And when I have my meed, I must away;
 For this will out, and then I must not stay.

[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings,
 Catesby, Buckingham, and other Lords.

K. Edw. **W**HY so; now have I done a good day's
 work.

You Peers, continue this united league;

I every day expect an embassage

From my Redeemer to recall me hence.

And now in peace my soul shall part to heav'n,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth;

Hastings and *Rivers*, take each other's hand,

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heav'n, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate,

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your King,

Left he that is the supream King of Kings

Confound your hidden falshood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love *Hastings* with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, your self is not exempt from this;

Nor your son *Dorset*; *Buckingham*, nor you;

You have been factious one against the other.

Wife, love Lord *Hastings*, let him kiss your hand,

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There, *Hastings*; I will never more remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. *Dorset*, embrace him: *Hastings*, love Lord
 Marquiss.

Dorf. This interchange of love, I here protest,

Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Edw. Now, Princely *Buckingham*, seal thou this league
 With

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. When ever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, and not with dutious love [*To the Queen.*
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love !
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he to me ! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[Embracing Rivers, &c.]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother *Gloster* here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.

Enter Gloucester and Ratcliff.

Glo. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen ;
And, Princely Peers, a happy time of day !

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day :
Brother, we have done deeds of charity,
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed Peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most Sovereign Liege :
Among this Princely heap, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise
Hold me a foe : if I unwittingly
Have ought committed that is hardly born
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace :
'Tis death to me to be at enmity ;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious services.
Of you, my noble cousin *Buckingham*,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us.
Of you and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,
That all without desert have frown'd on me :
Of you, Lord *Woodvil*, and Lord *Scales*, of you,

Dukes,

Dukes, Earls, Lords, gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that *Englishman* alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night ;
I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter ;
I would to God all strifes were well compounded !
My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our brother *Clarence* to your grace,

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead ? [*They all stopt.*]
You did him injury to scorn his Coarse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead ! who knows he is ?

Queen. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord *Dorset*, as the rest ?

Dorf. Ay, my good Lord ; and no man in the presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is *Clarence* dead ? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged *Mercury* did bear :
Some tardy cripple had the countermend,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant, that some less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve no worse than wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from suspicion !

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. A boon, my Sov'reign, for my service done.

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace ; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, Sov'reign, of my servant's life,
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk*.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death ?
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him ? who, in my wrath,

Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd ?
 Who spoke of brotherhood ? who spoke of love ?
 Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
 The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me ?
 Who told me in the field at *Tewksbury*,
 When *Oxford* had me down, he rescued me,
 And said, *Dear brother, live and be a King ?*
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Ev'n in his garments, and did give himself
 All thin and naked to the numb cold night ?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But when your carters, or your waiting vassals
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You strait are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
 But for my brother not a man would speak,
 Nor I, ungracious, spake unto my self
 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life :
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
 O God ! I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
 Come, *Hastings*, help me to my closet. Ah !
 Poor *Clarence* ! *[Exeunt some with the King and Queen.]*

Glo. These are the fruits of rashness : mark'd you not,
 How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence*' death ?
 Oh ! they did urge it still unto the King.
 God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go
 To comfort *Edward* with our company ? *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

Enter : the Dutchess of York, with the two Children of Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead ?

Dutch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft ? and beat your breast ?
 And cry, O *Clarence* ! my unhappy son !

Son.

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive ?

Dutch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both.
I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loth to lose him ; not your father's death ;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead :
The King mine uncle is to blame for this.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With daily earnest prayers.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dutch. Peace, children, peace ; the King doth love you well.
Incapable and shallow innocents !
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can ; for my good uncle *Glo'ster*
Told me the King, provok'd to't by the Queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him ;
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me ; and kindly kist my cheek ;
Bad me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah ! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice !
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame ;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam ?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this ?

Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers and Dorset after her.

Queen. Ah ! who shall hinder me to wail and weep ?
To chide my fortune, and torment my self ?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to my self become an enemy —

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience ?

Queen. To make an act of tragick violence.

Edward, my Lord, thy son, our King, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone ?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap ?

If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's,
Or like obedient subjects follow him,
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Dutch. Ah ! so much int'rest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title to thy noble husband ?

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images.

But now two mirrors of his Princely semblance
Are crack'd in pices by malignant death ;

And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.

Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left :

But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble hands,

Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)

To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries !

Son. Ah, aunt ! you wept not for our father's death ;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolours likewise be unwept !

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints :*

Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord *Edward* !

Bil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord *Clarence* ?

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* and *Clarence* !

Queen. What stay had I, but *Edward* ? and he's gone.

Bil. What stay had we, but *Clarence* ? and he's gone.

Dutch. What stays had I but they ? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Bil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas ! I am the mother of these griefs,
Their woes are partell'd, mine are general.

* --- forth complaints :

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

That I being govern'd by the watry moon,

May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world,

Ah, for my husband ----

She

She for an *Edward* weeps, and so do I ;
 I for a *Clarence* weep, so doth not she ;
 These babes for *Clarence* weep, and so do I.
 Alas ! you three, on me threefold distressed
 Pour all your tears ! I am your sorrow's nurse,
 And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dorf. Comfort, dear mother ; God is much displeas'd,
 That with unthankfulness you take his doing.
 In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
 With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
 Much more to be thus opposite with heav'n,
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you like a careful mother
 Of the young Prince your son ; send strait for him.
 Let him be crown'd, in him your comfort lives.
 Drown desp'rate sorrow in dead *Edward's* grave,
 And plant your joys in living *Edward's* throne.

S C E N E III. *Enter Gloucester, Buckingham,
 Stanley, Hastings and Ratcliff.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause
 To wail the dimming of our shining star :
 But none can help our harms by wailing them.
 Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
 I did not see you. Humbly on my knee
 I crave your blessing.

Dutch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
 Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man !
 That is the butt end of a mother's blessing ;
 I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

[*Aside.*

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart-sorrowing Peers,
 That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
 Now cheer each other in each other's love ;
 Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
 We are to reap the harvest of his son.
 The broken rancor of your high-swoln hearts,
 But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
 Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd and kept ;
 Me seemeth good, that with some little train,

Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fetcht
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Marry, my Lord, left by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is yet ungovern'd,
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself :
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the King made peace with all of us ;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Stan. And so in me, and so I think in all.
Yet since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd ;
Therefore I say, with noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet but few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that strait shall post to *Ludlow*.
Madam, and you my sister, will you go,
To give your censures in this weighty business? [Exeunt.

Manent Buckingham and Gloucester.

Buck. My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's sake let not us two stay at home ;
For by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet ! — my dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Tow'rd *Ludlow* then, for we'll not stay behind. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV. *A Street.*

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour, whither away so fast ?

2 *Cit.* I promise you I hardly know my self :

Hear you the news abroad ?

1 *Cit.* Yes, the King is dead,

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r Lady, seldom comes a better :
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed !

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King *Edward's* death ?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true, God help the while !

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Wo to that land that's govern'd by a child !

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government :

Which in his non-age, counsel under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself
No doubt shall then, and 'till then govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state when *Henry* the Sixth
Was crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so ? no, no, good friends, God wot ;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel ; then the King
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father ;
Or by his father there were none at all :
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of *Glo'ster*,
And the Queen's sons and brothers haughty, proud :
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst ; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks ;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
Untimely storms make men expect a death :
All may be well ; but if God fort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly the hearts of men are full of fear :
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so ;
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust

Ensuing danger ; as by proof we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the Justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I, I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. *The Court.*

Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, the Queen, and the Dutchess of York.

Arch. I heard they lay the last night at *Northampton*,
At *Stony-Stratford* they do rest to-night :
To-morrow or next day they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince ;
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear, not ; they say my son of *York*
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my good cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. *Ay*, quoth my uncle *Glo'ster*,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
And since, methinks I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flow'rs are slow, and weeds make haste.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee,
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

York. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dutch. I hope he is, but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's Grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How, my young *York* ? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old ;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty *York*, who told thee this ?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Dutch.

Dutch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A parlous boy——go to, you are too shrewd.

Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a child.

Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news?

Mes. Such news, my Lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well, Madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mes. Lord Rivers and Lord Gray are sent to *Pomfret*,
With them Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes,
Gloster and *Buckingham*.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The sum of all I can I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lady.

Queen. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throat;
Welcome, destruction, blood and massacre!
I see, 'tis in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss;
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves the conquerors
Make war upon themselves, blood against blood,
Self against self: O most preposterous
And frantick outrage! end thy damned spleen,
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cause.

Arch.

Arch. My gracious Lady, go,
 And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
 For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
 The seal I keep; and so betide it me,
 As well I tender you, and all of yours!
 Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in London.

The Trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Archbishop, with others.

Buck. WELCOME, sweet Prince, to London, to your
 * chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts Sovereign,
 The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle, but our crosses on the way
 Have made it tedious, wearisome and heavy.
 I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
 Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
 No more can you distinguish of a man,
 Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows,
 Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
 Those uncles which you want were dangerous:
 Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
 But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:

God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends, but they were none.

Glo. My Lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

Mayor. God bless your Grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
 I thought my mother, and my brother York,
 Would long ere this have met us on the way.
 Fie, what a slug is *Hastings*! that he comes not
 To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good-time here comes the sweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord; what, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knows, not I,

* London was anciently call'd *Castra regia*.

The

The Queen your mother, and your brother *York*,
Have taken Sanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fic, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of *York*
Unto his Princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord *Hastings*, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Arch. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of *York*,
Anon expect him here; but if she be
Obdurate to entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of Sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless, obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional.
Weigh it but with the greenness of his age,
You break not Sanctuary, in seizing him;
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place:
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it,
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there:
Oft have I heard of Sanctuary-men,
But Sanctuary-children ne'er 'till now.

Arch. My Lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my Lord. [Exit *Arch.* and *Hast.*

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
Say, uncle *Gloster*, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn 'till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self,
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the *Tower*;
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the *Tower* of any place ;
Did *Julius Cæsar* build that place, my Lord ?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding ages have rebuilt.

Prince. Is it upon record ? or else reported
Successively from age to age he built it ?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle ?

Glo. I say, without characters fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal wise antiquity, [Aside]
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That *Julius Cæsar* was a famous man ;
With what his valour did enrich his wit ;
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death made no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin *Buckingham*.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord ?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in *France* again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short summer lightly has a forward spring.

Enter York, Hastings, and Archbishop.

Buck. Now in good time here comes the Duke of *York*.

Prince. *Richard* of *York*, how fares our noble brother ?

York. Well, my dread Lord, so I must call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours ;
Too soon he dy'd that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of *York* ?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

York. And therefore is he idle ?

Glo.

Glo. Oh, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have pow'r in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you uncle then, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give,
And being a toy it is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then I see you'll part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

York. I'd weigh it lightly were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little Lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of *York* will still be cross in talk;
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me;
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:

Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself;
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious Lord, will't please you pass along?
My self and my good cousin *Buckingham*

Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the *Tower*, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the *Tower*, my Lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector here will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the *Tower*.

Glo. Why, Sir, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle *Clarence*' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.

But come, my Lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the *Tower*.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Haft. and Archbishop.*]

S C E N E II.

Manent Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York*
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: oh, 'tis a per'lorus boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest: come, *Catesby*, thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter
To make Lord *William Hastings* of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble Duke
In the seat royal of this famous Isle?

Catesb. He for his father's sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to ought against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? will not he?

Catesb. He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.

Buck. Well then, no more thap this: go, gentle *Catesby*,
And as it were far off sound thou Lord *Hastings*,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the *Tower*,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thy self shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*; tell him, *Catesby*,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at *Pomfret-castle*; And

And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress *Shore* one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good *Catesby*, go, effect this business soundly.

Catesby. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleep?

Catesby. You shall, my Lord.

Glo. At *Crosby*-place, there you shall find us both.

[Exit *Catesby*.]

Buck. My Lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord *Hastings* will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off' his head, man: somewhat we will do,
And look, when I am King, claim thou of me
Th' Earldom of *Hereford*, and all the moveables
Whereof the King, my brother, stood possessit.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Lord Hastings's House.*

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

Mes. My Lord, my Lord!

Hast. Who knocks?

Mes. One from Lord *Stanley*.

Hast. What is't a clock?

Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Mes. So it appears by what I have to say:

First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then?

Mes. Then certifies your Lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had ras'd off his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held,
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him tow'rs the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,

Bid him not fear the separated councils :
 His honour and my self are at the one,
 And at the other is my good friend *Catesby* ;
 Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence :
 Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance ;
 And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond
 To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers,
 To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,
 And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
 And we will both together to the *Tower*,
 Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.

Mef. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrows to my noble Lord !

Hast. Good morrow, *Catesby*, you are early stirring !
 What news, what news in this our tott'ring state ?

Cates. It is a reeling world indeed, my Lord ;
 And I believe will never stand upright,
 'Till *Richard* wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How ! wear the garland ? dost thou mean the crown ?

Cates. Ay, my good Lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
 Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

Cates. Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
 Upon his party, for the gain thereof ;
 And thereupon he sends you this good news,
 That this same very day your enemies,
 The kindred of the Queen, must die at *Pomfret*.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
 Because they have been still my adversaries ;
 But that I'll give my voice on *Richard's* side,
 To bar my master's heir in true descent,
 God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Cates. God keep your Lordship in that gracious mind !

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence.

That

That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, *Catesby*, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who as thou know'st are dear
To Princely *Richard* and to *Buckingham*.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you —
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*]

Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord, good morrow; and good morrow, *Catesby*;
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my life as dear as yours,
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now;
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet you see how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we tow'rd the *Tower*? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you: wot ye what, my
Lord?
To-day the Lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their
heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my Lord, away.

T. 3

Enter

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[Exeunt Lord Stanley and Catesby.]

Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet;
Then was I going prisoner to the *Tower*,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies,
But now I tell thee, keep it to thy self,
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was,

Purs. God hold it to your honours good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow; there drink that for me.

[Throws him his purse.]

Purs. I thank your honour.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I'm glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart;
I'm in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

[He whispers.]

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at *Pomfret* they do need the Priest,
Your honour hath no striving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you tow'rd the *Tower*?

Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I shall not stay;
I shall return before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, altho' thou know'st it not. *[Aside.]*
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your Lordship.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV. *Pomfret-Castle.*

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with balberds, carrying Lord Rivers, Lord Gray, and Sir Thomas Vaughan to death.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, let me tell thee this,

1

To-day

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*! O thou bloody prison!
Fatal and ominous to noble Peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:

And for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Gray. Now *Marg'ret's* curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on *Hastings*, You, and I,
For standing by when *Richard* stab'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd the *Richard*, curs'd the *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd the *Hastings*. O remember, God!

To hear her prayer for them, as now for us:

As for my sister and her Princely sons,

Be satisfy'd, dear God! with our true blood;

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come, *Gray*; come, *Vaughan*; let us all embrace;
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V. *The Tower.*

Buckingham, *Stanley*, *Hastings*, *Bishop of Ely*, *Catesby*,
Norfolk, *Ratcliff*, *Lovel*, with others, at a table.

Hast. Now, noble Peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation;

In God's name speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are, and want but nomination,

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind,

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;

Nor I of his, my Lord, than you of mine:

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love,

Hast.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well :
 But for his purpose in the coronation,
 I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
 His gracious pleasure any way therein :
 But you, my noble Lord, may name the time,
 And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
 Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Glo. My noble Lords and cousins all, good morrow :
 I have been long a sleeper ; but I trust
 My absence doth neglect no great design,
 Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my Lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,
 I mean your voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord *Hastings* no man might be bolder,
 His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
 My Lord of *Ely*, when I was last in *Holbourne*,
 I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;
 I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit Ely.*]

Glo. Cousin of *Buckingham*, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded *Hastings* in our business,
 And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
 That he will lose his head ere give consent,
 His master's son, as worshipfully he terms it,
 Shall lose the royalty of *England's* throne.

Buck. Withdraw your self a while, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Buckingham.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph :
 To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;
 For I my self am not so well provided,
 As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord the Duke of *Gloucester* ?
 I have sent straitway for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks chearfully and smooth this morning ;
 There's some conceit or other likes him well,

When

When that he bids good-morrow with such spirit,
 I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
 Can lesser hide his love or hate than he ;
 For by his face strait shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
 By any likelihood he shew'd to-day ?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended ;
 For were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
 That do conspire my death with devilish plots
 Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevailed
 Upon my body with their bellish charms.

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
 Makes me most forward in this Princely presence,
 To doom th' offenders, whoso'er they be :
 I say, my Lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
 Look how I am bewitch'd ; behold mine arm
 Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up :
 And this is *Edward's* wife, that monstrous witch,
 Consorted with that harlot, strumpet *Sbars*,
 That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble Lord ———

Glo. If ? thou protector of this damned strumpet,
 Talk'st thou to me of *Is* ? thou art a traitor ———
 Off with his head ——— now, by *Saint Paul* I swear,
 I will not dine until I see the same.

Lowel and Catesby, look that it be done :

The rest that love me, rise and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lowel and Catesby, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe, for *England* ! not a whit for me ;
 For I, too fond, might have prevented this :
Stanley did dream the bear did raise our helms,
 But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly ;
 Three times to-day my foot-cloth-horse did stumble,
 And started when he look'd upon the *Tower*,
 As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
 O, now I need the Priest that spake to me :
 I now repent I told the Pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
 To-day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
 And I my self secure in grace and favour.
 Oh *Marg'ret*, *Marg'ret*, now thy heavy curse
 Is lighted on poor *Hastings'* wretched head.

Cates. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at dinner.

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
 Who builds his hope in th' air of your fair looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
 Ready with every nod to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Low. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. Oh bloody *Richard!* miserable *England!*
 I prophesie the fearful'st time to thee,
 That ever wretched age hath look'd upon:
 Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
 They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. {*Exit.*

S C E N E VI. *Continues in the Tower.*

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty Armour, un-
 wellous: ill-favour'd.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy colour,
 Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
 And then again begin, and stop again,
 As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
 Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
 Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
 Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
 Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
 And both are ready in their offices,
 At any time to grace my stratagems.

Glo. Here comes the Mayor.

Enter the Lord Mayor, attended.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him —
 Lord Mayor —

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, a drum!

Glo. Some one o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent —

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel and Catesby with Hastings's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; *Catesby* and *Lovel*.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings*.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man that I must weep:

I took him for the plainest, harmless creature

That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;

Made his my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts;

So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,

That, (his apparent open guilt omitted,

I mean his conversation with *Shore's* wife)

He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert 'st shelter'd traitor —

Would you imagine, or almost believe,

(Were't not, that by great preservation

We live to tell it) that the subtle traitor

This day had plotted, in the council-house,

To murder me and my good Lord of *Glo'ster*?

Mayor. What? had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are *Turks* or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death;

But that the extream peril of the case,

The peace of *England*, and our person's safety

Enforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor. Now fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;

And your good Graces both have well proceeded,

To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with mistress *Shore*.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,

Until your Lordship came to see his end;

Which now the loving haste of these our friends,

Something against our meaning hath prevented;

Because; my Lord, we would have had you heard

11.

The

The traitor speak, and tim'rously confess
 The manner and the purpose of his treasons :
 That you might well have signify'd the same
 Unto the citizens, who haply may
 Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. Tut! my good Lord, your Grace's word shall
 serve,

As well as I had seen and heard him speak :
 And do not doubt, right noble Princes both,
 But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
 With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
 T' avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
 Yet witness what you hear we did intend :
 And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell. [*Exit Mayor.*]

Glo. Go after, after, cousin *Buckingham*.
 The Mayor towards *Guild-Hall* hies him in all post :

There at your meetest vantage of the time,
 Infer the bastardy of *Edward's* children ;
 Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a citizen,
 Only for saying he would make his son
 Heir to the Crown, meaning indeed his house,
 Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
 Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
 And bestial appetite in change of lust,
 Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
 Ev'n where his ranging eye, or savage heart,
 Without controul, lusted to make a prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child
 Of that insatiate *Edward*, noble *York*
 My Princely father then had wars in *France* ;
 And by just computation of the time,
 Found that the issue was not his begot :
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,
 Being nothing like the noble Duke, my father :
 Yet touch this springly, as 'twere far off,
 Because, my Lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the orator

As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for my self; and so, my Lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard's castle*,
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four a clock,
Look for the news that the *Guild-Hall* affords.

[Exit Buckingham.]

Glo. Go, *Lovel*, with all speed to *Doctor Shew*.
Go thou to *Friar Peuker*, bid them both [To *Catesby*.]
Meet me within this hour at *Baynard's Castle*.

[Exit *Lovel* and *Catesby* severally.]

Now will I go to take some privy order
To draw the brats of *Clarence* out of sight;
And to give order, that no sort of person
Have any time recourse unto the Princess.

[Exit.]

Enter a *Scrivener*.

Scriv. Here is th' Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in *Paul's*.

And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I've spent to write it over,
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it sent me:
The precedent was full as long a doing.

And yet within these five hours *Hastings* liv'd,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while; who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable device?

Yet who so bold, but says, he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealings must be seen in thought.

[Exit.]

SCENE VII. *Baynard's Castle*.

Enter *Gloucester* and *Buckingham* at several doors.

Glo. How now, how now, what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of *Edward's* children?

Buck. I did, with his contract with *Lady Lucy*,

* A house in *Thomas-street* belonging to the Duke of *Gloucester*.

And his contract by deputy in *France* ;
 Th' unsatiatè greediness of his desires,
 And his enforcement of the city wives ;
 His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,
 As being got, your father then in *France*,
 And his resemblance, being not like the Duke,
 Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
 Being the right idea of your father,
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind :
 Laid open all your victories in *Scotland*,
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility :
 Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse.
 And when my oratory grew tow'rd end,
 I bid them that did love their country's good,
 Cry, God save *Richard, England's* royal King !
 'Glo. And did they so ?

Butt. No, so God help me, they spake not a word,
 But like dumb statues or unbreathing stones,
 Star'd each en other, and look'd deadly pale :
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
 And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful silence ?
 His answer was, the people were not us'd
 To be spokè to except by the Recorder.
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again :
 Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke infer'd,
 But nothing spokè in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o' th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cry'd, God save King *Richard* !
 And thus I took the vantage of those few.
 Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I,
 This general applause and chearful shout
 Argues your wisdom, and your love to *Richard*.
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they, they would not speak ?

Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come ?

Butt. The Mayor is here at hand ; pretend some fear,
 Be

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit ;
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my Lord,
 For on that ground I'll build a holy descant :
 And be not easily won to our requests :
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go : and if you plead as well for them,
 As I can say nay to thee, for my self ;
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue. [*Exit Gloucester.*]

Buck. Go, go up to the leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord. I dance attendance here,
 I think the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Catesby, what says your Lord to my request ?

Catesby. He doth intreat your Grace, my noble Lord,
 To visit him to-morrow, or next day ;
 He is within, but with two reverend fathers,
 Divinely bent to meditation ;
 And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good *Catesby,* to the gracious Duke,
 Tell him, my self, the Mayor and aldermen,
 In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
 No less importing than our gen'ral good,
 Are come to have some conf'rence with his Grace.

Catesby. I'll signifie so much unto him strait. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward,*
 He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
 But on his knees at meditation :
 Not dallying with a brace of curtezans,
 But meditating with two deep divines :
 Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
 But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
 Happy were *England,* would this virtuous Prince
 Take on his Grace the Sov'reignty thereof,
 But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God shield, his Grace should say us nay.

Buck. I fear he will ; here *Catesby* comes again.

Enter Catefby.

Catefby, what fays his Grace ?

Catef. He wonders to what end you have affembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before :
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble coufin fhould
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
By heav'n, we come to him in perfect love,
And fo once more return, and tell his Grace. [*Exit Catefby.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Gloucefter above, between two Clergymen.

Catefby returns.

Mayor. See where his Grace ftands 'tween two Clergymen.

Buck. Two props of virtue, for a Christian Prince,
To ftay him from the fall of vanity :
And fee a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet ! moft gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal:

Glo. My Lord, there needs no fuch apology ;
I do befeech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earneft in the fervice of my God,
Deferr'd the vifitation of my friends.
But leaving this, what is your Grace's pleafure ?

Buck. Ev'n that, I hope, which pleafeth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd Ifle.

Glo. I do fufpect I have done fome offence,
That feems difgracious in the city's eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord : would it might pleafe your
On our entreaties to amend your fault. [*Grace,*

Glo. Elfe wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you refign
The fupream feat, the throne majeftical,

The

The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
 Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
 The lineal glory of your royal house,
 To the corruption of a blemish'd stock ;
 While in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
 Which here we waken to our country's good,
 The noble Isle doth want her proper limbs :
 Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
 And almost shoulder'd into th' swallowing gulph
 Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion:
 Which to recure, we heartily sollicit
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge
 And kingly government of this your land:
 Not as Protector, steward, substitute,
 Or, lowly factor for another's gain ;
 But as successively, from blood to blood,
 Your right of birth, your Empery, your own.
 For this, comforted with the citizens
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this just suit come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best sitteth my degree, or your condition.
 For not to answer, you might haply think
 Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yolk of Sov'reignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me.
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then on the other side I check'd my friends.
 Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
 And then in speaking, not incur the last,
 Definitely thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty and so many my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea ;
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
 And much I need to help you, were there need :
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make us, doubtless, happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,
 Which God defend that I should wring from him !

Buck. My Lord, this argues conscience in your Grace,
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say, that *Edward* is your brother's son ;
 So say we too, but not by *Edward's* wife :
 For first was he contract to Lady *Lucy*,
 Your mother lives a witness to that vow ;
 And afterward by substitute betroth'd
 To *Bona*, sister to the King of *France*.
 These both put off, a poor petitioner,
 A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
 A beauty-waning, and distressed widow,
 Ev'n in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
 This *Edward*, whom our manners call the Prince,
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that for reverence of some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my Lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity :
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry

From

From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a liſeal, true-derived courſe.

Mayor. Do, good my Lord, your citizens intreat you.

Buck. Refuſe not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.

Cateſ. O make them joyful, grant their lawful ſuit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap theſe cares on me ?

I am unfit for ſtate and majeſty.

I do beſeech you, take it not amiſs,

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you reſuſe it, as, in love and zeal,

Loth to depoſe the child your brother's ſon ;

(As well we know your tendereſs of heart,

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,

And equally indeed to all eſtates)

Yet know, whe'r you accept our ſuit or no,

Your brother's ſon ſhall never reign our King,

But we will plant ſome other in the throne,

To the diſgrace and down-fall of your houſe :

And in this reſolution here we leave you.

Come, citizens, we will intreat no more.

[*Exeunt.*

Cateſ. Call them again, ſweet Prince, accept their ſuit :

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you inforce me to a world of cares ?

Call them again ; I am not made of ſtone,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoul.

Re-enter Buckingham and the reſt.

Couſin of *Buckingham*, and ſage, grave men,

ſince you will buckle fortune on my back

To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,

I muſt have patience to endure the load.

But if black ſcandal, or foul-fac'd reproach

Attend the ſequel of your impoſition,

Your meer enforcement ſhall acquittance me

From all the impure blots and ſtains thereof.

For God doth know, and you may partly ſee,

How far I am from the deſire of this.

Mayor. God bleſs your Grace ! we ſee it, and will ſay it.

Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.

Buck.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,
Long live King *Richard*, *England's* worthy King!

All. Amen!

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Ev'n when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.

Farewel, my cousin; farewel, gentle friends! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

*Enter the Queen, Anne Dutches of Gloucester with the
Daughter of Clarence in her hand, the Dutches of York,
and Marquiss of Dorset.*

Dutch. WHO meets us here? my niece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of *Glo'ster*?

Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the *Tower*,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Queen. Sister, well met; whither away so fast?

Anne. No farther than the *Tower*, and as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Queen. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of *York*?

Lieu. Right well, dear Madam; by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The King? who's that?

Lieu. I mean the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne.

Anne. There aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their fights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Lies. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it so:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit Lieut.*
Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of *York* as mother
And reverend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come, Madam, you must strait to *Westminster*,
There to be crowned *Richard's* royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despightful tidings, O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your Grace!

Queen. O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels,
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt out-strip death, go cross the seas,
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of hell.
Go bye thee, bye thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Marg'ret's* curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor *England's* counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise cars is this your counsel, Madam;
Take all the swift advantage of the time;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O ill dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,

An'

And die, ere men can say, God save the Queen!

Queen. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour with thy self no harm.

Anne. No! why? when he that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry's* Coarse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:

O when, I say, I look'd on *Richard's* face,

This was my wish; *be thou*, quoth I, *accurs'd*,

For making me, so young, so old a widow;

And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;

And be thy wife, if any be so mad,

More miserable by the life of thee.

Than thou hast made me, by my dear Lord's death?

Loe, ere I can repeat this curse again,

Within so small a time, my woman's heart

Grossly grew captive to his honey words,

And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:

Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest,

For never yet one hour in his bed

Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,

But with his tim'rous dreams was still awak'd.

Besides, he hates me for my father *Warwick*,

And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than, with my soul, I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Dutch. Go thou to *Richmond*, and good fortune guide thee!

To Dorset.

Go thou to *Richard*, and good angels tend thee! [*To Anne.*

Go thou to Sanctuary, good thoughts possib's thee!

[*To the Queen.*

I to my Grave, where peace and rest lye with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Queen. Stay; yet look back, with me, unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Rough

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !
 Rude ragged nurse ! old sullen play-fellow,
 For tender Princes ; use my babies well !
 So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II. *The Court.*

Flourish of trumpets. Enter Gloucester as King, Buckingham, Catesby.

K. Ricb. Stand all apart — cousin of *Buckingham* —

Buck. My gracious Sovereign !

K. Ricb. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
 And thy assistance, is King *Richard* seated :
 But shall we wear these glories for a day ?
 Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last !

K. Ricb. Ah, *Buckingham*, now do I play the touch,
 To try if thou be currant gold indeed :

Young *Edward* lives — think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.

K. Ricb. Why, *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned Liege.

K. Ricb. Ha ! am I a King ? 'tis so — but *Edward* lives —

Buck. True, noble Prince.

K. Ricb. O bitter consequence !

That *Edward* still should live. True, noble Prince ?

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead,

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Ricb. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes ;
 Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear Lord,
 Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve your Grace immediately. [*Exit Buckingham,*

Catesby. The King is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip. [*Aside,*

K. Ricb. I will converse with iron-witted fools,

And unrespective boys ; none are for me,

That look into me with confid'rate eyes.

High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect,

Boy !

Page.

Page. My Lord.

K. Ricb. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit :
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Ricb. What is his name?

Page. His name, my Lord, is *Tyrrel*.

K. Ricb. I partly know the man ; go call him hither.

www.libtoll.c [Exit Boy.]

The deep-revolving witty *Buckingham*
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the news?

Stan. My Lord,

The Marquis *Dorset*, as I hear, is fled
To *Richmond*, in the parts where he abides.

K. Ricb. Come hither, *Catesby*; rumour it abroad,
That *Anne* my wife is sick, and like to die.
I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry strait to *Clarence*' daughter —
(The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.)

Look how thou dream'st — I say again, give out,
That *Anns* my Queen is sick, and like to die.
About it ; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass :
Murder her brothers, and then marry her !
Uncertain way of gain ! but I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy name *Tyrrel*?

Tyr. *James Tyrrel*, and your most obedient subject.

K. Ricb. Art thou indeed?

[He takes him aside.
Tyr.]

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

K. Ricb. Dar'ft thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you, I'd rather kill two enemies.

K. Ricb. Why then thou haft it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon;

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the *Tower*.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Ricb. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither,

Tyrrel,

Go by this token — rise, and lend thine ear — [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so — say it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it strait.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind
That late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Ricb. Well, let that rest; *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buck. I hear the news, my Lord.

K. Ricb. *Stanley*, he is your wife's son; well look to it.

Buck. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
Th' Earldom of *Hereford*, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Ricb. *Stanley*, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Ricb. I do remember me — *Henry* the Sixth
Did prophesie that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish boy.

A King perhaps —

Buck. My Lord, —

K. Ricb. How chance the Prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My Lord, your promise for the Earldom —

K. Ricb. *Richmond*? when I was last at *Exeter*,
The Mayor in courtesie shewed me the castle,
And call'd it *Rouge-mont*, at which name I started,
Because a bard of *Ireland* told me once,

I should not live long after I saw *Richmond*.

Buck. My Lord, ———

K. Ricb. I, what's o' clock ?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Ricb. But what's o' clock ?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Ricb. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike ?

K. Ricb. Because that like a Jack thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why then resolve me if you will or no.

K. Ricb. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein. [Ex.

Buck. Is it ev'n so ? repays he my deep service
With such contempt ? made I him King for this ?

O, let me think on *Hastings*, and be gone

To *Brecnock*, while my fearful head is on.

[Exit.

S C E N E III. Enter *Tyrrel*.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;

The most arch-deed of piteous massacre

That ever yet this land was guilty of !

Digbton and *Forrest*, whom I did suborn

To do this piece of ruthless butchery,

Albeit they were flesh't villains, bloody dogs,

Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,

Wept like two children, in their death's sad stories.

O thus, quoth *Digbton*, lay the gentle babes,

Thus, thus, quoth *Forrest*, girdling one another

Within their innocent alabaster arms :

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,

And in their summer-beauty kiss'd each other.

A book of prayers on their pillow lay,

Which once, quoth *Forrest*, almost chang'd my mind :

But, oh ! the Devil ——— there the villain stopt :

When *Digbton* thus told on — we smothered

The most replenished sweet work of nature,

That from the prime creation e'er she framed.

Hence both are gone ; with conscience and remorse

They could not speak, and so I left them both ;

To

To bear these tidings to the bloody King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign Lord!

K. Ricb. Kind *Tyrrel* — am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Ricb. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my Lord.

K. Ricb. And buried, gentle *Tyrrel*?

Tyr. The Chaplain of the *Tower* hath buried them,
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Ricb. Come to me, *Tyrrel*, soon, soon after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Mean time — but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewel 'till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

K. Ricb. The son of *Clarence* have I pent up close:
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage:
The sons of *Edward* sleep in *Abraham's* bosom:
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night,
Now, for I know the *Briton Richmond* aims
At young *Elizabeth* my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown;
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Lord!

K. Ricb. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my Lord; **Morton* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardy *Welshmen*,
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. Ricb. *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
Than *Buckingham* and his rash-levied army.

Come, I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a King!

* Bishop of *Ely*

Go muster men ; my council is my shield,
 We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death :
 Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd,
 To watch the waining of mine enemies.
 A dire induction am I witness to ;
 And will to France, hoping the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched *Marg'ra* ; who comes here ?

Enter Dutchess and Queen.

Queen. Ah my poor Princes ! ah my tender babes !
 My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets !
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
 And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy wings,
 And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her ; say, that right for right
 Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Q. Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward* pays a dying debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
 And throw them in the intrails of the wolf ?
 Why did'st thou sleep when such a deed was done ?

Q. Mar. When holy *Henry* dy'd, and my sweet son.

Queen. Ah that thou would'st as soon afford a grave
 [Throwing her self down upon the earth,

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat ;
 Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
 Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we ?

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
 * --- and my sweet son.

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
 Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due, by life usurp'd,
 Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
 Rest thy unrest on *England's* lawful earth,
 Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Queen. Ah that thou would'st, &c.

Give

Give mine the benefit of seniority ;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand,
If sorrow can admit society.

I had an *Edward* till a *Richard* kill'd him.

I had a husband 'till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Thou had'st an *Edward* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him :

Thou had'st a *Richard* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him :

I had a *Rutland* too, thou help'st to kill him :

Q. Mar. Thou had'st a *Clarence* too, and *Richard* kill'd

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept [him.

A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death :

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,

That foul defacer of God's handy-work,

Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.

O upright, just, and true disposing God,

How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body !

Dutch. Oh *Harry's* wife, triumph not in my woes

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me : I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy *Edward*, he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward* :

The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward* :

Young *York* he is but boot, because both they

Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy *Clarence* he is dead that stab'd my *Edward* ;

And the beholders of this tragic play,

Th'adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,

Only reserv'd the factor to buy souls,

And send them thither : but at hand, at hand

Insues his piteous and unpitied end.

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, for ven-

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray, [geance.

That I may live to say, the dog is dead !

Queen. Oh ! thou did'st prophesie the time would come,

That I should wish for thee to help me curse.

That bottell'd spider, that foul hunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune,
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted Queen,

The presentation of but what I was ;
The flatt'ring index of a direful pageant ;
One heav'd on high to be hurl'd down below :

A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;

A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag

To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot ;

A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;

A Queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?

Where be thy children ? wherein dost thou joy ?

Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the Queen ?

Where be the bending Peers that flatter'd thee ?

Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;

For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues ;

For Queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;

For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;

For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time ;

Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou now

Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?

Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke ;

From which, ev'n here I slip my wearied head,

And leave the burthen of it all on thee.

Farewel, *York's* wife, and Queen of sad mischance,

These *English* woes shall make me smile in *France*.

Queen. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days :

Compare dead happiness with living woe ;

Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,

And he that slew them fouler than he is :

Ret-

Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse,
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
like mine. [Exit Margaret.

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Windy attorneys to their client-woes,
Airy successors of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries,

Let them have scope, tho' what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum within.

I hear his drum, be copious in exclaims.

SCENE V. Enter King Richard and his Train.

K. Ricb. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she that might have intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother *Clarence*
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his son? [renewe

Queen. Where is kind *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?

K. Ricb. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say. [Flourish, Alarums.
Either be patient, and intreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

K. Ricb. Ay, I thank God, my father, and your self.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Ricb. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Ricb. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

K. Ricb. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me,

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild and furious;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly and bloody.

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Ricb. If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on and not offend your Grace.

Dutch. O hear me speak, for I shall never see thee.

K. Ricb. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dutch. Either thou'lt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;

Or I with grief and extream age shall perish,

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;

Which, in the day of battel, tire thee more,

Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'st;

My prayers on the adverse party fight,

And there the little souls of *Edward's* children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:

Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. *[Exit.]*

Queen. Tho' far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to her. *[Going.]*

K. Ricb. Stay, Madam, I must speak a word with you.

Queen. I have no more sons of the royal blood

For thee to slaughter; for my daughters, *Richard,*

They shall be praying Nuns, not weeping Queens;

* --- in thy company?

K. Ricb. Faith, none but *Humphrey Hours*, that call'd your Grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so, &c.

And

And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Ricb. You have a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And must she die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
Slander my self as false to *Edward's* bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy.

So she may live unscarr'd from bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not *Edward's* daughter.

K. Ricb. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood!

Queen. To save her life I'll say she is not so.

K. Ricb. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

K. Ricb. No, at their births good stars were opposite.

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Ricb. All unavoyd is the doom of destiny.

Queen. True; when avoyd grace makes destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Ricb. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins!

Queen. Whose hands forever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction,
No doubt the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt,
'Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the intrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
'Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I in such a desp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark of sails and tackling rest,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Ricb. Madam, do thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars;
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heav'n,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Ricb. Th' advancement of your children, gentle Lady.

Queen. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

K. Ricb. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,

The

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou devise to any child of mine ?

K. Rich. Ev'n all I have ; ay, and my self and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine :

So in the *Lethe* of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness do.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think ?

Queen. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul,
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers,
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning ;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her *Queen of England*.

Queen. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her King ?

K. Rich. Ev'n he that makes her *Queen*, who else should be ?

Queen. What, thou !

K. Rich. Even so ; how think you of it ?

Queen. How canst thou woo her ?

K. Rich. I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich. With all my heart.

Queen. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave
Edward and *York* ; then haply will she weep :
Therefore present to her, as sometime *Marg'ret*
Did to thy father steep in *Rutland's* blood,
A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain
The purple tide from her sweet brothers bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds ;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle *Clarence*,
Her uncle *Rivers* ; ay, and for her sake,

Mad'A

Mad'ft quick conveyance with her good aunt *Anns*.

K. Ricb. You mock me, Madam, this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There's no other way,
Unless thou could'ft put on fome other fhape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

K. Ricb. Say, that I did all this for love of her!

Queen. Nay then indeed ſhe cannot chuſe but hate thee,
Having bought love with ſuch a bloody ſpoil.

K. Ricb. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended;
Men ſhall deal unadviſedly ſometimes,
Which after-hours give leiſure to repent of.

If I did take the kingdom from your ſons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter :

If I have kill'd the iſſue of your womb,
To quicken your encrease I will beget
Mine iſſue of your blood, upon your daughter :

A grandam's name is little leſs in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother ;

They are as children but one ſtep below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood :
Of all one pain, ſave for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like ſorrow.

Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine ſhall be a comfort to your age.

The loſs you have is but a ſon being King,
And by that loſs your daughter is made *Queen*.

I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept ſuch kindneſs as I can.

Dorſet, your ſon, that with a fearful ſoul
Leads diſcontented ſteps in foreign ſoil,

This fair alliance quickly ſhall call home
To high promotions and great dignity.

The King that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly ſhall call thy *Dorſet* brother :

Again ſhall you be mother to a King ;
And all the ruins of diſtreſſful times,

Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to ſee.

The liquid drops of tears that you have ſhed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,

Ad-

Advantaging their loan with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go,
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience,
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale.
 Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
 Of golden Sov'reignty; acquaint the Princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage-joys.
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, *Cæsar's Cæsar*.

Queen. What were I best to say, her father's brother
 Would be her Lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
 Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Ricb. Infer fair *England's* peace by this alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Ricb. Tell her, the King, that may command, intreats—

Queen. That, at her hands, which the King's King forbids.

K. Ricb. Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen—

Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Ricb. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that title ever last?

K. Ricb. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last?

K. Ricb. As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.

Queen. As long as hell and *Richard* like of it.

K. Ricb. Say, I, her Sov'reign, am her subject now.

Queen. But she, your subject, loaths such Sov'reignty.

K. Ricb. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Ricb. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Queen. Plain and not honest is too harsh a stile.

K. Ricb. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.*

* --- too shallow, and too quick.

Queen. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Two

Now by my George, my garter, and my crown —

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Ricb. I swear.

Queen. By nothing, for this is no oath :

The George profan'd, hath lost his holy honour,
The garter blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue,
The crown usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Ricb. Now by the world —

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Ricb. My father's death —

Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Ricb. Then by my self.

Queen. Thy self thy self misuseth.

K. Ricb. Why then, by heav'n —

Queen. Heav'n's wrong is most of all :

If thou didst fear to break an oath with heav'n,
The unity the King my husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath with heav'n,
Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.

K. Ricb. By time to come.

Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past ;
For I my self have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it in their age.*
Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave,
Harp on it still shall I, 'till heart-strings break.

K. Ricb. Harp not on that string, Madam, that is past,
Now by my George, &c.

* --- to wail it in their age.

Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. Ricb. As I intend, &c.

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Y

K. Ricb.

K. Ricb. As I intend to prosper and repent ;
 So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
 Of hostile arms ! my self, my self confound ;
 Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours ;
 Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest ;
 Be opposite all planets of good luck
 To my proceeding ; if with pure heart's love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beautiful Princely daughter !
 In her consists my happiness and thine ;
 Without her, follows to my self and thee ;
 Her self, the land, and many a christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.
 It cannot be avoided but by this ;
 It will not be avoided but by this.
 Therefore, dear mother, I must call you so,
 Be the attorney of my love to her ;
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
 Urge the necessity and state of times ;
 And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Ricb. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good,

Queen. Shall I forget my self to be my self ?

K. Ricb. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong your self,

Queen. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Ricb. But in your daughter's womb I bury them ;
 Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. Ricb. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go, write to me shortly. [Exit Queen.]

K. Ricb. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell—
 Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

S C E N E VI. Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast
 Rides a puissant navy : to our shores
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
 Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
 'Tis thought that *Richmond* is their Admiral ;
 And these they hull, expecting but the aid

Of

Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Ric. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk, *Ratcliff*, thy self, or *Catesby*; where is he?

Cates. Here, my good Lord.

K. Ric. *Catesby*, fly to the Duke.

Cates. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Ric. *Ratcliff*, come hither, post to *Salisbury*,
When thou com'st thither — dull unmindful villain,

[To *Catesby*,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cates. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Ric. O true, good *Catesby*, — bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.

Cates. I go.

[Exit,

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at *Salisbury*?

K. Ric. Why, what would'st thou do there before I go?

Rat. Your Highness told me I should post before.

K. Ric. My mind is chang'd —

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my Liege, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Ric. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad:
Why dost thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the seas.

K. Ric. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd run-a-gate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sov'reign, but by guess.

K. Ric. Well, as you guess.

Stan. Sirr'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for *England*, here to claim the crown.

K. Ric. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of *York* is there alive, but we?
And who is *England's* King, but great *York's* heir?
Then tell me, what makes him upon the sea?

Y 2

Stan.

Stan. Unless for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.

K. Ricb. Unless for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the *Welf-man* comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Ricb. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore?
Conducting safe the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the north.

Ricb. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their Sov'reign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King;
Please it your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Ricb. Ay, thou would'st fain be gone, to join with *Ricb-*
But I'll not trust thee. [*sound*]

Stan. Mighty Sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor ever will be false.

K. Ricb. Go then, and muster men; but leave behind
Your son *George Stanley*: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you! [*Exit Stan.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Sov'reign, now in *Devonshire*,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edmund Courtney, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his elder brother,
With many more confed'rates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in arms,
And every hour still more complices
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*—

K. Ricb. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

[*He strikes him.*]

These take thou that, 'till thou bring better news.

Mes.

Mef. The news I have to tell your Majesty,
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Ricb. Oh! I cry thee mercy;
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine,
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Mef. Such proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mef. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and Lord *Marquis Dorset*,
'Tis said, my Liege, in *Yorkshire* are in arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The *Bretagne* navy is dispers'd, by tempest.
Richmond in *Dorsetshire* sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*
Upon his party; he mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for *Bretagne*.

K. Ricb. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the best news; that the Earl of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty pow'r landed at *Milford*,
Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

K. Ricb. Away tow'ards *Salisbury*; while we reason here,
A royal battel might be won and lost:
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*; the rest march on with me. [Exit.]

S C E N E VII. *Lord Stanley's House.*

Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urwick.

Stan. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me;
That in the Sty of this most bloody boar,
My son *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young *George's* head;
The fear of that holds off my present aid.

So get thee gone ; commend me to thy Lord.
 Say too, the Queen hath heartily consented
 He should espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter.
 But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now ?

Cbri. At *Pembroke*, or at *Haw'rford-West* in *Wales*.

Stan. What men of name resort to him ?

Cbri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned soldier,
 Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *James Blunt*,
 And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
 And many other of great name and worth :
 And towards *London* do they bend their power,
 If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy Lord : I kiss his hand,
 My letter will resolve him of my mind.
 Farewel !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SALISBURY. *Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham with
 balberds led to Execution.*

Buck. WILL not King *Richard* let me speak with him ?
Sber. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. *Hastings*, and *Edward's* children, *Gray* and *Rivers*,
 Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair son *Edward*,
Vaugban, and all that have miscarried
 By underhand, corrupted, foul injustice !
 If that your moody, discontented souls,
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
 Ev'n for revenge mock my destruction !
 This is *All-Souls* day, fellows, is it not ?

Sber. It is, my Lord.

Buck. Why then *All-Souls* day is my body's *Doomsday*.
 This is the day, which in King *Edward's* time
 I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
 False to his children, or his wife's allies.
 This is the day wherein I wisht to fall
 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted :
 This the determin'd respite * of my wrongs.
 That high *All-seer*, which I dallied with,
 Hath turn'd my feign'd prayer on my head,

* That is, the time to which the punishment for his wrongs was
 appointed. And

And giv'n in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms.
 Thus *Marg'ret's* curse falls heavy on my head :
 When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember *Marg'ret* was a prophetess.
 Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.*

S C E N E II. *The Camp, near Tamworth.*

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others,
 with Drum and Colours.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends
 Bruis'd underneath the yolk of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment ;
 And here receive we from our father *Stanley*
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer-fields, and fruitful vines,
 Swill'd your warm blood like wash, and made his trough
 In your embowell'd bosoms ; this foul swine
 Lyes now ev'n in the centre of this Isle,
 Near to the town of *Leicester*, as we learn :
 From *Tamworth* thither is but one day's march.
 In God's name cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,
 By this one bloody tryal of sharp war.

Oxf. Ev'ry man's conscience is a thousand swords,
 To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear,
 Which in his greatest need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage ; then in God's name march,
 True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
 Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings. [*Exe.*

S C E N E III. *Bosworth Field. Enter King Richard
 in arms, with Norfolk, Ratcliff, and Catesby.*

K. Ricb. Here pitch our tents, even here in *Bosworth* field.
 Why how now, *Catesby*, why look'st thou so sad ?

Catesb.

Cates. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Ricb. My Lord of *Norfolk*!

Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.

K. Ricb. *Norfolk*, we must have knocks: ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious Lord.

K. Ricb. Up with my tent, here will I lye to-night,
But where to-morrow?—well, all's one for that,
Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or sev'n thousand is their utmost power.

K. Ricb. Why, our battalion trebles that account:
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent: come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground.

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's want no discipline, make no delay,

For, Lords, to-morrow is a busie day.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

Ricbm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright tract of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard:

The Earl of *Pembroke* keep his regiment;

Good captain *Blunt*, bear my good night to him,

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the Earl to see me in my tent.

Yet one thing more, good *Blunt*, before thou goest;

Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done)

His regiment lies half a mile at least

South from the mighty power of the King.

Ricbm. If without peril it be possible,

Sweet *Blunt*, make some good means to speak with him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I'll undertake it.

Ricbm. Give me some ink and paper; in my tent

I'll draw the form and model of our battel,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small strength.

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;

In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

K. Ricb. What is't a clock?

Cates. It's supper time, my Lord,
It's nine a'clock.

K. Ricb. I will not sup to-night.
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cates. It is, my Liege, and all things are in readiness.

K. Ricb. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,
Use careful watch, chuse trusty centinels.

Nor. I go, my Lord.

K. Ricb. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my Lord. [Exit.

K. Ricb. Catesby!

Cates. My Lord?

K. Ricb. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal-night.

Fill me a bowl of wine — give me a watch — [To Rat,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow:
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff —

Rat. My Lord?

K. Ricb. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Ricb. I'm satisfy'd; give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of spirit

Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have —
There, set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my Lord.

K. Ricb. Bid my guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me now I say. [Exit Rat.

SCENE III. Richmond's Tent.

Enter Stanley to Richmond in his Tent.

Stan. Fortune and victory fit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares it with our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, blest thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for *Richmond's* good:
So much for that — The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the East.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battel early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms,
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest (being seen) thy brother tender *George*
Be executed in his father's fight.

Farewel! the leisure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so-long-sundred friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more adieu, be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good Lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber poise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind Lords and gentlemen!

[*Exeunt. Manet Richmond.*]

O thou! whose captain I account my self,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries.
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
E'er I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh defend us still!

[*Sleeps.*]

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

*Between the Tents of Richard and Richmond: They sleeping.
Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward Son to Henry the Sixth.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [To K. Rich.
Think how thou stab'd'st me in the prime of youth
At *Toukbury*; therefore despair and die!

Be cheerful, *Richmond*; for the wronged souls [To *Richm.*
Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:
King *Henry's* issue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.
Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body [To K. Rich.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
Think on the *Tower*, and me; despair, and die!
Henry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die.

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror. [To *Richm.*
Henry, that prophesied thou should'st be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleep; live thou and flourish!

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
I that was wash'd to death in fustian wine, [To K. Rich.
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death:
To-morrow in the battel think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; despair and die!

Thou off-spring of the house of *Lancaster*, [To *Richm.*
The wronged heirs of *York* do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battel! live and flourish!

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow, [To K. Rich.
Rivers, that dy'd at *Pomfret*; despair, and die!

Gray. Think upon *Gray*, and let thy soul despair. [To K. Rich.

Vaugb. Think upon *Vaugban*, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance! *Richard*, despair and die! [To K. Rich.

All. Awake, and think our wrongs in *Richard's* bosom
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day! [To *Richm.*

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake; [To K. Rich.
And in a bloody battel end thy days:
Think on *Lord Hastings*; and despair and die!

Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake. [To *Richm.*
Arm, fight, and conquer; for fair *England's* sake!

Enter

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, *Richard*, [To *K. Rich.*
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy Nephews souls bid thee despair and die.

Sleep; *Richmond*, sleep in peace, and wake in joy.
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy! [To *Richm.*
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings.
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne his wife.

Ghost. *Richard*, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee, [To *K. Rich.*
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battel think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair and die!
Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep: [To *Richm.*
Dream of success and happy victory,
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown:
The last was I that felt thy tyranny. [To *K. Rich.*
O, in the battel think on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting despair, despairing yield thy breath!

I dy'd forsoke, * ere I could lend thee aid; [To *Richm.*
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on *Richmond's* side,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride!

[The Ghosts vanish. *K. Rich.* starts out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse — bind up my wounds,
Have mercy, *Jesus* — soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience! how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue — is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What? do I fear my self? there's none else by;

* This, as appears from history, was the case of the Duke of *Buckingham*; that being stoppt with his army upon the banks of *Sewern* by great deluges of rain, he was deserted by his soldiers, who being in great distress, half famish'd for want of victuals, and destitute of Pay, disbanded themselves and fled.

Is there a murth'rer here? no; yes, I am. †
 My conscience hath a thousand sev'ral tongues,
 And ev'ry tongue brings in a sev'ral tale,
 And ev'ry tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury in high'st degree,
 Murther, stern murther in the dir'st degree,
 All several fins all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, all crying, guilty, guilty!
 I shall despair: there is no creature loves me:
 And if I die, no soul will pity me. *
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murther'd
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord!

K. Ricb. Who's there?

Rat. *Ratcliff*, my Lord. Thy early village-cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Ricb. *Ratcliff*, I fear, I fear —

Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Ricb. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terrors to the soul of *Richard*,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me,
 Under our tents; I'll play the eaves-dropper,
 To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. Richard and Ratcliff.*]

† --- No; yes, I am:

Then fly --- what, from my self? great reason; why?
 Left I revenge. What? my self on my self?
 I love my self. Wherefore? for any good
 That I my self have done unto my self?
 O no. Alas, I rather hate my self,
 For hateful deeds committed by my self.
 I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thy self speak well --- Fool do not flatter.
 My conscience hath, &c.

* ---- no soul will pity me.

Nay, wherefore should they? since that I my self
 Find in my self no pity to my self.
 Methought, the souls of, &c.

SCENE V.

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!

Richm. I cry your mercy, Lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my Lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep and fairest boading dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsie head,
Have I since your departure had, my Lords.

Methought their souls whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried out, Victory!
I promise you my heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, Lords?

Lords. Upon the stroak of four.

Richm. Why then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side,
The pray'rs of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him.
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set:
One that hath ever been God's enemy;
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers.
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You'll sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain:
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire:
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors.

If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit it in your age.
 Then in the name of God and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords,
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corps on the earth's cold face:
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt —
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums, and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;
 God, and Saint *George!* *Richmond*, and victory!

S C E N E VI.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, and Catesby.

K. Ricb. What said *Northumberland*, as touching *Rich-*
Rat. That he was never trained up in arms. [*mond?*]

K. Ricb. He said the truth; and what said *Surrey* then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Ricb. He was i' th' right, and so indeed it is.

Tell the clock there — give me a *Kalendar*. [*Clock strikes,*
 Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my Lord.

K. Ricb. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book,
 He should have brav'd the east an hour ago —
 A black day it will be to some body. *Ratcliff!*

Rat. My Lord?

K. Ricb. The sun will not be seen to-day;
 The sky doth frown and lowre upon our army —
 I would these dewy tears were from the ground —
 Not shine to-day? why, what is that to me
 More than to *Richmond?* for the self-same heav'n
 That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Ricb. Come, bustle, bustle — caparison my horse.
 Call up Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power;
 I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
 And thus my battel shall be ordered.
 My forward battel shall be drawn in length,
 Consisting equally of horse and foot:
 Our archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Z 2

Shall

Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
 They thus directed, we our self will follow
 In the main battel, which on either side
 Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse :
 This and St. *George* to boot. What think'st thou, *Norfolk* ?

Nor. A good direction, warlike Sovereign.

This paper found I on my tent this morning. [*Giving a scrowl.*
Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold, [*Reads.*
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

K. Ricb. A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen, go each man to his charge.
 Let not our babling dreams affright our souls ;
 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.
 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
 March on, join bravely, let us to't pell mell,
 If not to heav'n, then hand in hand to hell.
 What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?
 Remember whom you are to cope withal,
 A sort of vagabonds, rascals, run-aways,
 A scum of *Britons*, and base lackey-peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
 To desperate adventures and destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest :
 You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
 They would distraint the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in *Bretagne* at his mother's cost ?
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold, as over shoes in snow.
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
 Lash hence these over-weening rags of *France*,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not those bastard-*Britons*, whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobbed and thump'd,
 And on record left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands ? lye with our wives ?

Revised

Ravish our daughters? — hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of *England*; fight, bold yeomen!
 Draw, anchors, draw your arrows to the head:
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?

Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Ricb. Off instantly with his son *George's* head.

Nor. My Lord, the enemy is past the marsh;

After the battel let *George Stanley* die.

K. Ricb. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
 Our ancient word of courage, fair *Saint George*,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
 Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Alarm. Excursions. Enter Catesby.*

Cates. Rescue, my Lord of *Norfolk*, rescue, rescue!

The King enacts more wonders than a man,
 Daring, an opposite to every danger:
 His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
 Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death.
 Rescue, fair Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarm. Enter King Richard.

K. Ricb. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cates. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Ricb. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die:
 I think there be six *Richmonds* in the field,
 Five have I slain to-day instead of him.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarms. Enter King Richard and Richmond; they fight, Richard is slain.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the Crown; with divers other Lords.

Ricbm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends!
 The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous *Richmond*, well hast thou acquitted thee:
 Lo, here these long usurped royalties,

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, and make use of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!
But tell me first, is young *George Stanley* living?

Stan. He is, my Lord, and safe in *Leicester* town;
Whither, if you so please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of note are slain on either side?

Stan. *John Duke of Norfolk*, *Walter the Lord Ferris*,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, *Sir William Brandon*.

Richm. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us.

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose and the Red.

Smile heav'n upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!

What traitor hears me, and says not Amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd her self;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The sons, compell'd, been butchers to the fire: *

O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,

The true succeeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosp'rous days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloody days again,

And make poor *England* weep in streams of blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,

That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives agen:

That she may long live here, God say, Amen! [*Exeunt.*]

* --- butchers to the fire :

All this divided *York* and *Lancaster*,


Divided in their dire division.

O now let, &c.



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T H E
L I F E
O F
H E N R Y V I I I .



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P R O L O G U E.

I Come no more to make you laugh ; things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,
We shall present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, (and so agree,
The play may pass) if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their stalling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to bear a merry, bawdy play ;
A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow ;
Will be deceiv'd : for, gentle bearers, know
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, (beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend)
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, as you are known
The first and happiest bearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think before ye
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living : think you see them great,
And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends ; Then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery !
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY VIII.

Cardinal WOLSEY, his first Minister and Favourite.

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Sir THOMAS MORE, Lord Chancellor.

Duke of NORFOLK.

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

CHARLES BRANDON, Duke of Suffolk.

Earl of SURREY.

Lord Chamberlain.

Cardinal CAMPEIUS, the Pope's Legat.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Bishop of LINCOLN.

Lord SANDS.

Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

ANTHONY DENNY.

Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.

WALTER SANDS.

CROMWELL, Servant first to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.

Three Gentlemen.

Dr. BUTTS, Physician to the King.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

Porter and his Man.

QUEEN CATHARINE, first Wife to King Henry, afterwards Divorc'd.

ANNE BULLEN, belov'd by the King, and afterwards married to him.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, Woman of the Bed-chamber to Q. Catharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb Shows. Women attending upon the Queen. Spirits which appear to her Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in London, Once at Kimbolton.

THE

THE
L I F E
O F
H E N R Y V I I I.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door: at the other the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. **G**OOD morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw y' in France?
Nor. I thank your Grace;
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw 'em salute on horse-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: men might say
'Till this time pomp was single, but now marry'd
To one above it self. Each following day
Became the next day's master, 'till the last
Made former wonders, his. To-day the *French*,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods
Shone down the *English*; and to-morrow they
Made *Britain, India*: every man that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns,
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds, challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass, that old fabulous story
(Being now seen possible enough) got credit;
That * *Bevis* was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour, honesty; the tract of ev'ry thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

* The old romantic legend of *Bevis* of Southampton.

Nor.

Nor. One sure, that promises no * element
In such a business.

Buck. Pray you, who, my Lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder
That such a ketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' th' beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet surely, Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.
For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way ; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown ; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants ; but spider-like
Out of his self-drawn web ; this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that heaven gives, which for him buys
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heav'n hath giv'n him ; let some graver eye
Pierce into that : but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him ; whence has he that ?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has giv'n all before ; and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. But why the devil,
Upon this *French* going out, took he upon him,
Without the privy o' th' King, t' appoint
Who should attend him ? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry ; for the most part such
On whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay : And his own letter only
(The honourable board of council out)
Must fetch in him he † papers.

* No rudiment or beginning.

† He *papers*, a verb ; His own letter, by his own single authority
and without the concurrence of the Council, must fetch in Him
whom he papers down.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manners on 'em
For this great journey. What did this great vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the *French* and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and not consulting, broke
Into a gen'ral prophesie, that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out:
For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants goods at *Bourdeaux*.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like't your Grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his pow'r. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,

This

Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse born before him, certain of
the guard, and two Secretaries with papers; the Car-
dinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and
Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?

Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please

Your Grace.

Wol. It is well, we shall then know more,
And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and his train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a Noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temp'rance, that's th' appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks

Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object; at this instant
He bores me with some trick, he's gone to th' King:
I'll follow and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my Lord,

And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him: not a man in England
Can advise me, like you: be to your self
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King,

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich-fellow's insolence, or proclaim

There's diff'rence in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd ;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe your self. We may out-run
By violent swiftnes, that which we run at ;
And lose by over-running : know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? be
Advis'd I say again, there is no *English*
Soul stronger to direct you than your self,
If, with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,

I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription ; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in *July* when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock — attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal rav'nous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't) his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally ;
Only to shew his pomp, as well in *France*
As here at home, suggests the King our master
To this last costly treaty, th' enterview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' th' rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir, — this cunning Cardinal
The articles o' th' combination drew
As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratify'd
As he cry'd, *let it be* — to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead. But our Court-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well — for worthy *Wolsey*,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,

(Which,

(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
 To th' old dam, treason) *Charles* the Emperor,
 Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,
 (For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
 To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation :
 His fears were, that the enterview betwixt
England and *France* might through their amity
 Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
 Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
 Which I do well — for I am sure th' Emperor
 Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted
 Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold ; the Emp'ror thus desir'd,
 That he would please to alter the King's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know,
 (As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him ; and could wish you were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable :
 I do pronounce him in that very shape
 He shall appear in proof.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at arms before him, and two or
 three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, Serjeant ; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
 My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
 Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most Sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
 The net has fall'n upon me ; I shall perish
 Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
 The business present. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure

You shall to th' *Tower*.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ft part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my Lord *Aberga'nny*, fare ye well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' *Tower*, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t' attach Lord *Montague* and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor.

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' th' plot: no more, I hope?

Bran. A monk o' th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. *Nicolas Hopkins*?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. My Lord, farewell! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *The Council-Chamber.*

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoul-
der; the Nobles and Sir Thomas Lovell; the Cardinal
places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' th' level
Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of *Buckingham's* in person;
I'll hear him his confessions justifye,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

*A noise, with crying, Room for the Queen. Usber'd by the
Duke of Norfolk, Enter the Queen, Norfolk, and Suf-
folk;*

folk ; *she kneels.* The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us ; half your suit
Never name to us ; you have half our power :
The other moiety ere you ask is given ;
Repeat your will and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love your self, and in that love
Not unconfider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am sollicit'd, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties ; wherein although, [*To Wolsey.*
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master
(Whose honour heav'n shield from soil) escapes not
Language unmannerly ; yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion:

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear ; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desp'rate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. How ! taxation ?
Wherein ? and what taxation ? my Lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation ?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought

Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Sov'reign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to th' load; they say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind let's know
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too vent'rous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd your wars in *France*. This makes bold mouths;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; All their curses now
Live where their pray'rs did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incens'd will. I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not past me but
By learned approbation of the Judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear
 To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
 As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow
 That is new trimm'd ; but benefit no further
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
 Not ours, or not allow'd : what worst, as oft
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
 For our best act : if we stand still, in fear
 Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
 We should take root here where we sit : or fit
 State-statues only.

King. Things that are done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear :
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each !
 A trembling contribution ! — why, we take
 From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o' th' timber ;
 And though we leave it with a root, thus hackt
 The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry county
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
 The force of this commission ; pray look to't,
 I put it to your care.

Wal. A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to ev'ry shire
 Of the King's grace and pardon : The griev'd commons
 Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,
 That through our intercession this revokement
 And pardon comes ; I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding.

[*Exit Secretary.*

S C E N E V. *Enter Surveyor.*

Queen. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
 Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many ;
 The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
 To nature none more bound ; his training such,

That

That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself.
 Yet see, when noble benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so 'complish'd,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with list'ning ravish'd, could not find
 His hour of speech, a minute; he, my Lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit, you shall hear,
 This was his gentleman in trust, of him
 Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
 To-fore-recited practices, whereof
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate, what you,
 Most like a careful subject, have collected
 Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

King. Speak freely.

Suro. First, it was usual with him, ev'ry day
 It would infect his speech, that if the King
 Should without issue die, he'd carry't so
 To make the scepter his. These very words
 I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
 Lord *Aberga'ny*, to whom by oath he menac'd
 Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please you, note
 His dangerous conception in this point:
 Not friended by his wish, to your high person
 His will is most malignant, and it stretches
 Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
 Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on;
 How grounded he his title to the crown
 Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
 At any time speak ought?

Suro. He was brought to this,
 By a vain prophesie of *Nicolas Hopkins*.

King,

King. What was that *Hopkins*?

Serv. Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,
His confessor, who fed him ev'ry minute
With words of Sov'reignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Serv. Not long before your Highness sped to *France*,
The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the parish
St. Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd the *French* would prove perfidious
To the King's danger: presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment;
Who (after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter) with confidence demure
Thus pausingly ensu'd; Neither the King, nor's heirs
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper; bid him strive
To gain the love o' th' commonalty; the Duke
Shall govern *England*.—

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' th' tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul; I say take heed;
Yes, heartily I beseech you.

King. Let him on.
Go forward.

Serv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' devil's illusions
The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dang'rous
For him to ruminate on this, until
It forg'd him some design, (which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do) he answer'd, Tush,

It can do me no damage : adding further,
That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir *Thomas Lovell's* heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha ! what, so rank ? ah ha —
There's mischief in this man ; canst thou say further ?

Serv. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Serv. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blomer* —

King. I remember
Of such a time, he being my sworn servant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on ; what hence ?

Serv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
To the *Tower*, as I thought ; I would have plaid
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made suit to come in's presence ; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, he would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison ?

Queen. God mend all !

King. There's something more would out of thee ; what
say'st ?

Serv. After the Duke his father with the knife,
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil-us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us : he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryal ; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
Let him not seek't of us : by day and night,
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE VI. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of *France* should juggle
Men into such strange mimick'ries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our *English*
Have got by the last voyage, is but meerly
A fit or two o'th' face, but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To *Pépin* or *Clotharius*, they keep state so.

Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one would
(That never saw 'em pace before) the spavin [take it,
And string-halt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my Lord,
Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,
That sure they've worn out Christendom: how now?
What news, Sir *Thomas Lovell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. 'Faith, my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clap'd upon the Court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray our *Monsieurs*
To think an *English* Courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in *France*;
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign wisdom, clean renouncing
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short bolster'd breeches, and such types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,

Or pack to their old play-fellows ; there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cbam. What a loss our Ladies
Will have of these trim vanities ?

Lov. Ay marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords ; the fly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down Ladies :
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em ! I'm glad they're going ;
For sure there's no converting 'em : now, Sirs,
An honest country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,
Held currant musick too.

Cbam. Well said, Lord *Sands* ;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet ?

Sands. No, my Lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cbam. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither are you a-going ?

Lov. To the Cardinal's ;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

Cbam. O, 'tis true ;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed ;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls ev'ry where.

Cbam. No doubt, he's noble ;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may ; my Lord, h'as wherewithal ; in him
Springing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They're set here for examples.

Cbam. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones : my barge stays ;

Your

Your Lordship shall along : come, good Sir *Thomas*,
 We shall be late else, which I would not be,
 For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*,
 This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your Lordship's.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE VII. *York-House*.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter *Anne Bullen*, and divers other ladies and gentlemen, as guests, at one door ; at another door, enter Sir *Henry Guilford*.

Guil. Ladies, a gen'ral welcome from his Grace
 Salutes ye all : this night he dedicates
 To fair content and you : none here he hopes,
 In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
 One care abroad : he would have all as merry,
 As, first, good company, then good wine, good welcome,
 Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy ;
 The very thought of this fair company
 Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir *Harry Guilford*.

Sands. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinal
 But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
 Should find a running banquet ere they rested
 I think would better please 'em : by my life,
 They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O that your Lordship were but now confessor
 To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were,
 They should find easie penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easie ?

Sands. As easie as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet Ladies, will it please you sit ? Sir *Harry*,
 Place you that sits, I'll take the charge of this :
 His Grace is entring ; nay, you must not freeze :
 Two women plac'd together make cold weather ;
 My Lord *Sands*, you are one will to keep 'em waking ;
 Pray sit between these Ladies.

Sands. By my faith,

And thank your Lordship. By your leave, sweet Ladies ;
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me :
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir ?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too ;
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,
He'd kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said :

So now y'are fairly seated : gentlemen,
The penance lyes on you, if these fair Ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cue,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his seat.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests ; that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.

Sands. Your Grace is noble :
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you ; cheer your neighbour :
Ladies, you are not merry ; gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my Lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You're a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I may make my play :
Here's to your Ladyship, and pledge it, Madam :
For 'tis to such a thing —

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your Grace that they would talk soon.

{ *Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged.*

Wol. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this ? nay, Ladies, fear not ;

By

By all the laws of war you're privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't ?

Ser. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem, have left their berge, and landed,
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign Princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome ; you can speak the *French* tongue,
And pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[All arise, and tables removed.]

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all ; and once more
I showre a welcome on ye : welcome all.

Hautboys. *Enter King and others as masters, habited like
Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass
directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company ! what are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no *English*, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these Ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace : for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

Chuse Ladies, King takes Anne Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee. *[Musick. Dance.]*

Wol. Good my Lord, —

Cham. Your Grace ?

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much as from me :
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than my self, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty

I would surrender it.

[*Whisper.*]

Cham. I will, my Lord.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then:

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, Cardinal:

You hold a fair assembly: you do well, Lord.

You are a church-man, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge you unhappily.

Wol. I'm glad

Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,

Pr'ythee come hither, what fair Lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir *Thomas Bullen's* daughter
(*The Viscount Rochford*,) one of her Highness' women. [*ter*,

King. By heaven, she's a dainty one: sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To Anne Bullen*,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?

Low. Yes, my Lord.

Wol. Your Grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my Lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your Ladies every one: sweet partners,
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinal: I have a dozen healths
To drink to these fair Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again, and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the musick strike.

[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street. Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

1 *Gen.* **W**Hither away so fast ?

2 *Gen.* O Sir, God save ye :

Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become

Of the great Duke of *Buckingham*.

1 *Gen.* I'll save you

That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the ceremony

Of bringing back the pris'n^r. www.libtool.com.cn

2 *Gen.* Were you there ?

1 *Gen.* Yes indeed was I.

2 *Gen.* Pray speak, what has happen'd ?

1 *Gen.* You may guess quickly what,

2 *Gen.* Is he found guilty ?

1 *Gen.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

2 *Gen.* I'm sorry for't.

1 *Gen.* So are a number more.

2 *Gen.* But pray how past it ?

1 *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke

Came to the Bar ; where, to his Accusations

He pleaded still not guilty, and alledg'd

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The King's Attorney, on the contrary,

Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witness^s, which the Duke desir'd

To have brought *in voce* to his Face ;

At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,

Sir *Gilbert Peck* his chancellor, and *John Cox*

Confessor to him, with that devil monk

Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gen.* That was he

That fed' him with his prophecies.

1 *Gen.* The same.

All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain

Would have flung from him ; but indeed he could not ;

And so his Peers upon this evidence

Have found him guilty of high treason. Much

He spoke, and learnedly for life ; but all

Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gen.*

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to th'bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was firr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremly,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty ;
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure he does not,
He never was so womanish ; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures : first *Kildare's* attainder,
Then Deputy of *Ireland* ; who remov'd,
Earl *Surrey* was sent thither, and in haste too,
Left he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,
No doubt he will requite it ; this is noted,
And gen'rally, who ever the King favours,
The Cardinal will find employment for,
And far enough from Court too.

2 Gen. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience
Wish him ten fathom deep : this Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courtesie.

SCENE II.

*Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment. Tipstaves before
him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each
side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas
Vaux, Walter Sands, and common People, &c.*

1 Gen. Stay there, Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd Man you speak of.

2 Gen. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good People,
You that thus far have come to pity me,

Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
 I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
 And by that name must die ; yet heav'n bear witness,
 And if I have a conscience, let it sink me
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
 To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
 'T has done, upon the Premises, but Justice :
 But those that fought it, I could wish more Christians ;
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em ;
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
 For then, my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You saw that lov'd me,
 And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying ;
 Go with me like good Angels to my end,
 And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on o'God's name.

Low. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you
 As I would be forgiven : I forgive all.
 There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me, I can't take peace with : no black envy
 Shall mark my grave. — Commend me to his Grace ;
 And if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
 You met him half in heav'n : my vows and pray'rs
 Yet are the King's ; and 'till my soul forsake me,
 Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !
 Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be !
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Low. To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace,
 Then give my charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,

Whe

Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,

The Duke is coming : see the barge be ready,

And fit it with such furniture as suits

The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicolas*,

Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me :

When I came hither, I was Lord high Constable,

And Duke of *Buckingham* ; now, poor *Edward Boban*.

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,

That never knew what truth meant ; I now seal it ;

And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for'te

My noble father, *Henry of Buckingham*,

Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard* ;

Flying for succour to his servant *Banister*,

Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,

And without tryal fell ; God's peace be with him !

Henry the Sev'nth succeeding, truly pitying

My father's loss, like a most royal Prince

Restor'd to me my honours ; and from ruins,

Made my name once more noble. Now his son,

Henry the Eighth, name, honour, life and all

That made me happy, at one stroke has taken

For ever from the world. I had my tryal,

And must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me

A little happier than my wretched father :

Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both

Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd.

A most unnatural and faithless service !

Heav'n has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,

This from a dying man receive as certain :

Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,

Be sure you be not loose ; those you make friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away

Like water from ye, never found again,

But where they mean to sink ye. All good people

Pray for me ! I must leave ye ; the last hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me :

Farewel ; and when you would say something sad,

Speak

Speak how I fell — I've done ; and God forgive me !

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*

1 Gen. O, this is full of pity ; Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 Gen. If the Duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe ; yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 Gen. Good angels keep it from us !
What may it be ? you do not doubt my faith, Sir ?

2 Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gen. Let me have it ;
I do not talk much.

2 Gen. I am confident ;
You shall, Sir ; did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the King and Cath'rine ?

1 Gen. But it held not ;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor strait
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that slander, Sir,
Is found a truth now ; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have out of malice
To the good Queen possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : to confirm this too,
Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately ;
As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal ;
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
Th' Arch-bishoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think you've hit the mark ; but is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? the Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen.

1 Gen. 'Tis woful.

We are too open here to argue this :

Let's think in private more.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *An Antichamber in the Palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

My Lord, the horses your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and bandsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power took 'em from me, with this reason; his master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the King, which stopp'd our mouths, Sir. I fear he will indeed; well, let him have them; He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my good Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces?

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private, Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience Has crept too near another Lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal: That blind Priest, like the eldest son of fortune, Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do; he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business, And with what zeal! for now he has crackt the league 'Tween us and th' Emperour, the Queen's great nephew, He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience, Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage; And out of all these to restore the King, He counsels a divorce, a loss of her

That

That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King; and is not this course pious?

Cam. Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis most true,
These news are ev'ry where, ev'ry tongue speaks 'em,
And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The *French King's* sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deliv'rance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From Princes into Pages; all mens honours
Lye like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pinch he please.

Suf. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him;
My Lord, you'll best us company?

Cam. Excuse me,
The King hath sent me other-where: besides
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your Lordships! [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted.

King. Who is there? ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust your selfe
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way,
Is busines of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'll make you know your times of busines:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

*Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legate,
with a Commission.*

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for the King. You're welcome,
Most learned rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it; my good Lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conf'rence,

King. We are busie; go. [*To Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

Nor. This Priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

Wol. Your Grace has giv'n a precedent of wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The tryal just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. *Rome*, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,

This

This just and learned Priest, Cardinal *Campius*,
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers loves,
You are so noble : to your Highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
(The Court of *Rome* commanding) you, my Lord
Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men: the Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner* ?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my favour
To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand ; much joy and favour to you ;
You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, *Gardiner*. [*Walks and whispers.*]

Cam. My Lord of *York*, was not one doctor *Pace*
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Ev'n of your self, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envy'd him ;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still ; which so griev'd him
That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him !

C c a

That's

That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
 There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
 For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
 If I command him, follows my appointment;
 I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
 We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
 For such receipt of learning, is *Black-Fryars*:
 There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
 My *Wolsey*, see it furnish'd, O my Lord,
 Would it not grieve an able man to leave
 So sweet a bedfellow? but conscience, conscience —
 O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *An Antichamber of the Queen's Apartment.*
Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither — here's the pang that pinches
 His Highness liv'd so long with her, and she
 So good a Lady, that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
 She never knew harm-doing: oh, now, after
 So many courses of the sun, enthron'd,
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp,
 The which to leave's a thousand-fold more bitter
 Than sweet at first t' acquire, after this process,
 To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
 Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better
 She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,
 Yet if that quarr'ler fortune do divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging
 As soul and body's sev'ring.

Old L. Ah poor Lady,
 She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
 Must pity drop upon her; verily
 I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,

And

And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glift'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best Having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beshrew me I would,
And venture maidenhead for't ; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisie ;
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings ; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft * cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth —

Old L. Yes, troth and troth ; you would not be a Queen ?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

Old L. 'Tis strange ; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it ; but I pray you,
What think you of a Dutchess ? have you limbs
To bear that load of title ?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made : pluck off a little ;
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to : if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How do you talk !

I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith for little *England*
You'd venture an emballing : I my self
Would for *Carnarvonshire*, though there belong'd
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here ?

* Cheveril, kid-leather.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Ladies; what wer't worth to know
The secret of your conf'rence?

Anne. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair Lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note is
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of *Pembroke*; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all, is nothing: for my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you. — I've perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*
That they have caught the King: and who knows yet,
But from this Lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this Isle? I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you. [*Exit Cham.*

Anne. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why this it is: see, see,
I have been begging sixteen years in Court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could

Come

Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
 For any suit of pounds: And you, oh fate!
 A very fresh fish here, (fie, fie upon
 This compell'd fortune) have your mouth fill'd up
 Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no:
 There was a Lady once ('tis an old story)
 That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
 For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
 O'er-mount the lark. The Marchioness of *Pembroke*!
 A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
 No other obligation! By my life,
 That promises more thousands: honour's train
 Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time
 I know your back will bear a Dutchess. Say,
 Are you not stronger than you were?

Anns. Good Lady,
 Make your self mirth with your particular fancy,
 And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
 If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
 To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
 In our long absence; pray do not deliver
 What here y'ave heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Black-Fryars.*

Trumpets, and Cornets. Enter two *Vergers*, with short
silver wands; next them two *Scribes* in the habits of
Doctors: after them, the *Bishop* of *Canterbury* alone;
 after him, the *Bishops* of *Lincoln*, *Ely*, *Rochester*, and
St. Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows
 a *Gentleman* bearing the *purse*, with the great seal, and
 the *Cardinal's bat*; then two *Priests*, bearing each a *silver*
cross; then a *Gentleman-usher* bare headed, accompanied
 with a *Serjeant at arms*, bearing a *mace*; then two *Gen-*
tlemen, bearing two *silver pillars*; after them, side by side,
 the two *Cardinals*, two *Noblemen* with the sword and
mace.

lace. *The King takes place under the cloth of state ; the two Cardinals sit under him as Judges. The Queen takes lace some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory ; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Vol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read, silence be commanded.

King. What's the need ?

Vol. Hath already publickly been read, on all sides th' authority allow'd ; I may then spare that time.

Vol. Be't so ; proceed.

Scribe. Say, *Henry King of England*, come into the court.

Crier. *Henry King of England, &c.*

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, *Catharine Queen of England*, come into the court.

Crier. *Catharine Queen of England, &c.*

The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet ; then speaks ;]

I desire you do me right and justice,
 to bestow your pity on me ; for
 I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
 banish'd out of your dominions ; having here
 no judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance
 of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
 what have I offended you ? what cause
 hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,
 that thus you should proceed to put me off,
 and take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,
 conformable to all times to your will conformable :
 I have not in fear to kindle your dislike,
 been subject to your count'nance ; glad or sorry,
 I have follow'd it inclin'd : when was the hour
 that I contradicted your desire ?
 I have made it not mine too ? which of your friends

Have

Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you. If in the course
 And process of this time you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour ought,
 My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
 Against your sacred person; in God's name
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
 The King your father was reputed for
 A Prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatch'd wit and judgment. *Ferdinand*
 My father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
 The wisest Prince that there had reign'd, by many
 A year before. It is not to be question'd,
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
 Sir, I beseech you, spare me, 'till I may
 Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counsel
 I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, Lady,
 (And of your choice) these rev'rend fathers, men
 Of singular integrity and learning:
 Yea, the elect o'th' land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless
 That longer you defer the court, as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectifie
 What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace
 Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, Madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed,
 And that without delay their arguments

Be

Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,

To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.

Queen. Sir,

I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet —

Queen. I will, when you are humble; my before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge:
You shall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my Lord and me,
Which God's dew quench! therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess

You speak not like your self, who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consist'ry of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
The King is present; if't be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lyes to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you. The which before

His

His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And say no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord, I am
 A simple woman, much too weak t' oppose
 Your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd ;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility ; but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogance, with spleen and pride.
 You have by fortune and his Highness' favours
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
 Where pow'rs are your retainers ; and your words,
 Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
 Your self pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour, than
 Your high profession spiritual : that again
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*]

Caw. The Queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt t' accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be try'd by't ; 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. *Catbarine, Queen of England,* come into the court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it ? pray you, keep your way.
 When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience — pray pass on ;
 I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more
 Upon this business my appearance make
 In any of their courts. [*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*]

S C E N E VII.

King. Go thy ways, *Kate* ;
 That man i'th' world, who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,

Thy

Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
 The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born ;
 And like her true nobility, she has
 Carried her self tow'rd's me.

Wal. Most gracious Sir,
 In humblest manner I require your Highness
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
 Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
 There must I be unloos'd, although not there
 Atton'd, and fully satisfy'd) if I
 Did broach this business to your Highness, or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on't ; or ever
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
 A royal Lady, spoke one the least word,
 That might be prejudice of her present state,
 Or touch of her good person ?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
 I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from't : you are not to be taught,
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so ; but, like the village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
 The Queen is put in anger ; y'are excus'd :
 But will you be more justify'd ? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hindred
 The passages made tow'rd's it : on my honour,
 I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point ;
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
 I will be bold with time and your attention :
 Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came ; give heed to't.
 My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
 By th' Bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* ambassador,
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and
 Our daughter *Mary* : I'th' progress of this business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean the Bishop) did require a respite,
 Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise,
 Whether our daughter were legitimate ;
 Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
 Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power ; and made to tremble
 The region of my breast, which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerings did throug
 And prest in with this caution. First, methought
 I stood not in the smile of heav'n, which had
 Commanded nature, that my Lady's womb
 (If it conceiv'd a male-child by me) should
 Do no more offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead ; for her male-issus
 Or died where they were made ; or shortly after
 This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
 Well worthy the best heir o'th' world should not
 Be glad in one by me. Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail, and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe : thus hulling in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Towards this remedy, whereon we are
 Now present here together ; that's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience, (which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well)
 By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
 And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
 With you, my Lord of *Lincoln* ; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reel,
 When I first mov'd you :

Lin. Very well, my Liege.

King. I have spoke long ; be pleas'd your self to say
 How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. Please your Highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me,

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D d

Bearing

Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread; that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
 And did intreat your Highness to this course,
 Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
 My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
 To make this present summons: unsolicited
 I left no rev'rend person in this court,
 But by particular consent proceeded
 Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on;
 For no dislike i'th' world against the person
 Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alledged reasons drive this forward.
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
 (*Catharine* our Queen) before the plainest creature
 That's paragon o'th' world.

Cam. So please your Highness,
 The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this court to further day;
 Mean while must be an earnest motion
 Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
 Sh' intends to his Holiness.

King. I may perceive
 These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
 The dilatory sloth, and tricks of *Rome*.
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant *Cromwell*,
 Pr'ythee return; with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
 I say, set on. [Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartment,

Enter Queen and her Women, all at work.

Queen. TAKE thy lute, wench, my soul grows fat
 with troubles:
 Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst; leave working.

SONG.

S O N G.

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
 And the mountain-tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing
 To his musick, plants and flowers
 Ever rose, as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.
 Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
 Ev'n the billows of the sea,
 Hung their beads, and then lay by.
 In sweet musick is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or bearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
 Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come near; what can be their business
 With me; a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
 I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
 They should be good men, their affairs are righteous,
 But all boods make not monks.

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highness!

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a house-wife,
 (I would be all) against the worst may happen:
 What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend Lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble Madam, to withdraw
 Into your private chamber; we shall give you
 The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
 Deserves a censure; would all other women
 Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
 My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
 Above a number) if my actions
 Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye-saw 'em,

Envy and base opinion set against 'em ;
 I know my life so even. If your business
 Do seek me out, and that way I am wise in ;
 Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

Wal. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Sarcenissima, --

Queen. Good my Lord, no Latin ;

I am not such a truant since my coming,
 As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious :
 Pray speak in *English* ; here are some will thank you
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake.
 Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
 The willing'ft sin I ever yet committed
 May be absolv'd in *English*.

Wal. Noble Lady,

I'm sorry my integrity should breed
 (And service to his Majesty and you)
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant. . .
 We come not by the way of accusation,
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses ;
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
 You have too much, good Lady : but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference
 Between the King and you ? and to deliver,
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions
 And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd Madam,

My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
 Zeal, and obedience he still bore your Grace,
 Forgetting like a good man your late censure
 Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace
 His service and his counsel. —

Queen. To betray me.

My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
 Ye speak like honest men, pray God ye prove so.
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
 (More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,

In

In truth I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men, or such business.
 For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness) good your Graces,
 Let me have time and counsil for my cause:
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with those fears;
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
 But little for my profit; can you think, Lords,
 That any English man dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,
 Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest,
 And live a subject & may forsooth, my friends
 They, that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my comforts are, far hence
 In mine own country, Lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;
 He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much-
 Both for your honour better, and your cause:
 For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
 Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
 Heav'n is above all yet; there fits a Judge,
 That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
 Upon my soul, two rev'rend Cardinal virtues;
 But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
 Mend 'em for shame, my Lords: is this your comfort?
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched Lady?
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,



I have more charity. But say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, take heed for heav'n's sake, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a meer distraction,
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me
(If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing, but churchmens habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, h'as banish'd me his bed already,
His love too, long ago. I'm old, my Lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only by obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this?

Cam. Your fears are worse —

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak my self,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n, obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My Lord, I dare not make my self so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray bear me —

Queen. Would I had never trod this *English* earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
What shall become of me now! wretched Lady!

I am the most unhappy woman living.

Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her Women.*]

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almost no grave allow'd me! like the lilly,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your Grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good Lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake consider what you do,
How you may hurt your self, nay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of Princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so: you wrong your virtues
With these weak womens fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves you;
Beware you lose't not; for us (if you please
To trust us in your business) we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what you will, my Lords; and pray forgive me,
If I have us'd my self unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his Majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,
That little thought when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S E E N E II.

An Antichamber to the King's Apartment.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey,
and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sar. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peers
Have uncontentn'd gone by him, not at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of't himself?

Cham. My Lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not,
His spell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his most high displeasure.

Sar. I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish my enemy.

Sar. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sar.

Sur. How?

Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o'th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holiness
To stay the judgment o'th' divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady *Anne Bullen*.

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the King already
Hath married the fair Lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my Lord,
For I profess you have it.

Sur. Now all joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My Amen to't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my Lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature; I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no:

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
Campeius stoln to *Rome*, has ta'en no leave,
Hath left the cause o'th' King unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our Cardinal,

To

To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd ha! at this.

Cham. Now God incense him;
And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the King for his divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in Christendom; soon, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. *Catharine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princess dowager,
As widow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Cranmer*'s
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business,

Suf. He has, and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, *Cromwell*,
Gave it you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. And you he had
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while,
It shall be to the Dutchess of *Alençon*,
The French King's sister; he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! — no, 't'is no *Anne Bullen* for him,

[*Exit Cromwell.*
[*Aside.*

There's

There's more in it than a fair visage — *Bullen* ! —
 No, we'll no *Bullens* — speedily I wish
 To hear from *Rome* — The Marchioness of *Pembroke* !
Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he hears the King
 Does what his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
 Lord, for thy justice !

Wol. [*Aside.*] The late Queen's gentlewoman ! a Knight's
 daughter !

To be her mistress's mistress ! the Queen's Queen ! —
 This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,
 Then out it goes — what though I know her virtuous
 And well-deserving ? yet I know her for
 A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
 Our cause : — that she should lye i' th' bosom of
 Our hard-rul'd King ! — again, there is sprung up
 An heretick, an such one, *Crommer* ; one,
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
 And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

SCENE III.

Enter King reading a schedule, and Lovell.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string
 The master-cord of a heart !

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
 To his own portion ! what expence by th' hour
 Seems to flow from him ! how i' th' name of theft
 Does he rake this together ! Now, my Lords,
 Saw you the Cardinal ?

Nor. My Lord, we have
 Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
 Is in his brain ; he bites his lips and starts,
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
 Then lays his finger on his temple ; sweat
 Springs out into fast gate, then stops again,
 Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
 His eye against the moon ; in such strange postures
 We've seen him set himself,

King.

King. It may well be,
 There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
 As I requir'd ; and wot you what I found
 There, on my conscience put unwittingly ?
 Forsooth an inventory, thus importing ;
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
 Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
 I find at such a proud rate, it out-speaks
 Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heav'n's will,
 Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
 To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
 His contemplations were above the earth,
 And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
 Dwell in his musings ; but I am afraid
 His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
 His serious considering.

[*He take his seat, whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.*]

Wol. Heav'n forgive me —
 Ever God bless your Highness —

King. Good my Lord,
 You are full of heav'nly stuff, and bear the inventory
 Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
 You were now running o'er ; you have scarce-time
 To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
 To keep your earthly audit ; sure in that
 I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
 To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
 For holy offices I have a time ;
 A time to think upon the part of business
 I bear i' th' state ; and nature does require
 Her times of preservation, which perforce
 I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
 Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well

With my well saying !

King. 'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well,
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you,
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office
I've kept you next my heart, have not alone
Imploy'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean? [*Asks.*

Sar. The Lord increase this business! [*Asks.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true :
And if you may confess it, say withal
If you are bound to us, or no ? what say you ?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess your royal graces
Shower'd on me daily have been more than could
My studied purposes require ; they went
Beyond all man's ambition. My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fill'd with my abilities : mine own
Ends have been such that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state : For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heav'n for you ; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd :
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated ; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, o' th' contrary
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my pow'r rain'd honour, more
On you, than any ; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,

Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wal. I profess,

That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be;
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken;

Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,

[*Giving him papers.*]

And after this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you may.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey, the Nobles
strong after him whispering and smiling.*]

S C E N E IV.

Wal. What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:
I fear, the story of his anger — 'tis so —
This paper has undone me — 'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Poppedom,
And see my friends in *Rome*. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King? is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this — *To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell;
 I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
 And from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

SCENE V.

Enter to Wolsey, the Duke of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who commands
 To render up the great seal presently [you
 Into our hands, and to confine your self
 To *Alber-houfe*, my Lord of *Winchester's*,
 'Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay :

Where's your commission, Lords ? words cannot carry
 Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,

Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. Whilst I find more than his will, or words to it,

I mean your malice, know, officious Lords,

I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are molded—— Envy :

How eagerly ye follow my disgrace

As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton

Y' appear in every thing may bring my ruin.

Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;

You have a christian warrant for 'em, and

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal

You ask with such a violence, the King

(Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me ;

Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,

During my life ; and to confirm his goodness,

Ty'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it ?

Sar. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sar. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud Lord, thou liest :

Within these forty hours *Surrey* durst better

Have burnt that tongue, than said so,

Sur. Thy ambition, ..

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your polloy !
You sent me Deputy for *Ireland*,
Far from his succour ; from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav' st him :
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wal. This, and all else

This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour ;
That I i' th' sway of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than *Surrey* can be.
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,

Your long coat, print, protests you, thou should' st feel
My sword i' th' life-blood of thee else. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? if we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewel nobility, let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wal. All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness

Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortions
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to th' Pope, against the King : your goodness
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of *Norfolk*, as you're truly noble,

As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life. I'll startle you
 Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
 Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much methinks I could despise this man,
 But that I'm bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my Lord, are in th' King's hand:
 But thus much; they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
 And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
 When the King knows my truth.

Sar. This cannot save you:
 I thank my memory, I yet remember
 Some of these articles, and out they shall.
 Now, if you can, blush, and cry *Guilty*, Cardinal,
 You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir,
 I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
 It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

Sar. I'd rather want those than my head; have at you.
 First, that without the King's assent or knowledge
 You wrought to be a Legat, by which power
 You maim'd the jurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or else
 To foreign Princes, *Ego & Res meus*
 Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King
 To be your servant.

Suf. That without the knowledge
 Either of King or council, when you went
 Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold
 To carry into *Flanders* the great seal.

Sar. Item, You sent a large commission
 To *Gregory de Cassalis*, to conclude,
 Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
 A league between his Highness and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meer ambition, you have made
 Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.

Sur. That you have sent innumerable sums,
 (By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
 To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
 You have for dignities, to th' mear undoing
 Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
 Which since they are of you, and odious,
 I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,

Pres not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
 His faults lye open to the laws; let them,
 Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
 So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
 Because all those things you have done of late
 By your pow'r legateine within this kingdom,
 Fall in the compass of a *Præmunire*,
 That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
 To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
 And chattels whatsoever, and to be
 Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer
 About the giving back the great seal to us,
 The King shall know it, and no doubt shall thank you.
 So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

SCENE VI.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me!
 Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And when he thinks, good casie man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth! my high-blown pride

At

At length broke under me, and now has left me
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of the world! I hate ye,
 I feel my heart new open'd, Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on Princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of Princes, and his ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have:
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, standing amaz'd.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no pow'r to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline? nay, if You weep,
 I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know my self now, and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities;
 A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now methinks,
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 T' endure more miseries, and greater far
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
 Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden —

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans tears wept on him!
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to chappel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O *Crom-*
The King has gone beyond me: all my glories [well];
In that one woman I have lost for ever.

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, *Cromwell*,
I am a poor fall'n man; unworthy now
To be thy Lord and master. Seek the King,
(That sun I pray may never set) I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his Lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. *Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's

Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*,
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be heard: say then I taught thee;
 Say, *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in:
 A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.
 Mark but my fall and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
 (Tho' th' image of his maker) hope to win by't?
 Love thy self last, cherish ev'n th' hearts that hate thee.
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O *Cromwell*,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr: Serve the King;
 And pr'ythee lead me in -----
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to heav'n, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience!
Wal. So I have. Farewel
 The hopes of court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Gen. Yours well met once again.

2 Gen. And so are you.

1 Gen. You come to take your stand here, and behold
 The Lady *Anne* pass from her coronation.2 Gen. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
 The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his trial.

1 Gen.

1 Gen. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This, general joy.

2 Gen. 'Tis well ; the citizens
I'm sure have shewn at full their loyal minds,
And let 'em have their right, they're ever forward
In celebration of these days with shews,
Pageants, and fights of honour.

1 Gen. Never greater,
Nor I'll assure you better taken, Sir.

2 Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
The paper in your hands ? www.libtool.com.cn

1 Gen. Yes, 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims
To be High Steward ; next the Duke of *Norfolk*,
To be Earl Marshal ; you may read the rest.

2 Gen. I thank you, Sir ; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.

But I beseech you what's become of *Catbarine*,
The Princess Dowager ? how goes her business ?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too ; the Arch-bishop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at *Dunstable*, six miles
From *Amptbil*, where the Princess lay ; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not ;
And to be short, for not appearance and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect ;
Since which, she was removed to *Kimbolton*,
Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen. Alas good Lady ! —
The trumpets sound ; stand close, the Queen is coming.

[Hautboys.]

The ORDER of the CORONATION.

1. A lively flourish of trumpets.
2. Then two Judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.

4. Ch-

4. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.]
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquess of Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of S S.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of state, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of Marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of S S.*
8. *A canopy born by four of the Cinque-Ports, under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her the bishops of London and Winchester.*
9. *The old Dutcheffs of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They pass over the stage in order and state, and then Exeunt, with a great flourish of Trumpets.

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me; these I know;

Who's that who bears the scepter?

1 Gen. Marquess Dorset.

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. The next should be

The Duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the same: High Steward.

2 Gen. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heav'n bless thee!

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our King has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that Lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gen. They that bear

The cloth of state above her, are four Barons

Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Gen. Those men are happy, so are all are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble Lady, Dutchess of *Norfolk*.

1 *Gen.* It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 *Gen.* Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.

1 *Gen.* No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, Sir. Say where have you been broiling?

3 *Gen.* Among the crowd i' th' *Abby*, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled,
With the meer rankness of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You saw
The ceremony?

3 *Gen.* I did so.

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich streams
Of Lords and Ladies, having brought the *Queen*
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man; which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrowds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press
And make it reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there, all were woves
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But pray what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her Grace rose, and with modest pace
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and saint-like

Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly.
 Their rose again, and bow'd her to the people :
 When by the Arch-bishop of *Canterbury*
 Sh' ad all the royal makings of a Queen ;
 As holy oil, *Edward Confessor's* crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
 Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir
 With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
 And with the same full state pac'd back again
 To *York-Place*, where the feast is held.

1 *Gen.* You must no more call it *York-Place*, that's past,
 For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost,
 'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 *Gen.* I know it :
 But 'tis so lately alter'd, the old name
 Is fresh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend Bishops
 Were those; that went on each side of the Queen ?

3 *Gen.* *Stokeley* and *Gardiner*, the one of *Winchester*,
 Newly prefer'd from the King's Secretary :
 The other, *London*.

2 *Gen.* He of *Winchester*
 Is held no great good lover of th' Arch-bishop,
 The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that :
 However yet there's no great breach ; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gen.* *Thomas Cromwell*,
 A man in much esteem with th' King, and truly
 A worthy friend. The King has made him master
 O' th' jewel-house, and one o' th' privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
 Come, gentlemen, you shall both go my way,
 Which is to th' Court, and there shall be my guests :
 Something I can command ; as I walk thither
 I'll tell ye more.

Botb. You may command us, Sir.

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[*Exeunt.*
 SCENE

S C E N E II. *Changes to Kimbolton.**Enter Catharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her Gentleman Usber, and Patience her Woman.**Grif.* How does your Grace ?*Catb.* O *Griffith*, sick to death :My legs like loaded branches bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burthen : reach a chair ———So — now methinks I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*]Didst thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolsey*,
Was dead ?*Grif.* Yes, Madam ; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.*Catb.* Pr'ythee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he slept before me happily ;
For my example.*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the stout Earl *Northumberland*
Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward
(As a man forely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.*Catb.* Alas, poor man !*Grif.* At last, with easie roads he came to *Leicester*,
Lodg'd in the Abby ; where the rev'rend Abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words. O father Abbot,
An old man broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
*Give him a little earth for charity !*So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.*Catb.* So may he rest, his faults lie bury'd with him !
Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,

And

And yet with charity ; he was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with Princes : one that by suggestion
 Tyth'd all the kingdom ; simony was fair play ;
 His own opinion was his law. I' th' Presence
 He would say untruths, and be ever double
 Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
 But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your Highness
 To hear me speak his good now ?

Cath. Yes, good *Griffith*,
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
 Though from an humble flock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle ;
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;
 Lofly and sour to them that lov'd him not,
 But to those men that sought him sweet as summer,
 And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
 (Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
 He was most princely ; Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and *Oxford* ! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to out-live the good he did it ;
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
 For then, and not 'till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little ;
 And to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,

No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as *Griffith*.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower.
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell; whilst I fit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Musick.

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's fit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*:

The Vision. Enter solemnly one after another, six personages
 clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of
 bays, and golden vizards on their faces, branches of bays
 or palm in their hands. They first conge unto her, then
 dance; and at certain changes the first two hold a spare
 garland over her head; at which the other four make re-
 verend curtsies. Then the two that held the garland de-
 liver the same to the other next two, who observe the same
 order in their changes, and holding the garland over her
 Head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the
 last two, who likewise observe the same order. At which,
 as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of
 rejoycing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in
 their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them.
The musick continues.

Catb. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Catb. It is not you I call for,
 Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, Madam.

Catb. No? saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop
 Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
 Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
 They promis'd me eternal happiness,

And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Catb. Bid the musick leave,
'Tis harsh and heavy to me.

[*Musick ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale the looks,
And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.

Grif. She's going, wench. Pray, pray, —

Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your Grace—

Catb. You are a sawcy fellow,
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You're, to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do intreat your Highness' pardon:
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman sent from the King to see you.

Catb. Admit him entrance, *Griffith*. But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my fight fail not,
You should be Lord ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name *Capucius*.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Catb. O my Lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine own service to your Grace, the next
The King's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his Princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Cap. O my good heart, that comfort comes too late,
 'Tis like a pardon after execution;
 That gentle physick giv'n in time had cur'd me;
 But now I'm past all comforts here but prayers.
 How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cap. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
 When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name be
 Banish'd the Kingdom! *Patience*, is that letter
 I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Cap. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
 This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willingly, Madam.

Cap. In which I have commended to his goodness
 The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,
 (The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!)
 Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
 (She's young, and of a noble modest nature,
 I hope she will deserve well) and a little
 To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him
 Heav'n knows how dearly! my next poor petition
 Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
 Upon my wretched women, that so long
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
 (And now I should not lie) but well deserves,
 For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
 For honesty and decent carriage,
 A right good husband, let him be a noble;
 And sure those men are happy that shall have 'em,
 The last is for my men; they are the poorest,
 But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
 That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
 And something over to remember me.
 If heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life
 And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents. And, good my Lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,

Stand

Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heav'n I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man.

Cath. I thank you, honest Lord, Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness;

And tell him, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I best him;

For so I will — mine eyes grow dim, Farewel,
My Lord — *Griffith*, farewell — say, *Patience*,

You must not leave me yet. I must to bed —
Call in more women — When I'm dead, good wench,

Let me be us'd with honour, strew me over
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although un-queen'd, yet like

A Queen and daughter to a King, interr me.
I can no more —

[*Exeunt, leading Catharine.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch
before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.*

Gard. 'T's one a clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Come you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas, left him at *Prison*.
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell; what's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: And if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have

In

In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you :
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this word, the Queen's in labour,
They say in great extremity, 'tis fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live ; but for the stock, *Sir Thomas*,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and (sweet Lady) does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir —
Hear me, *Sir Thomas* — you're a gentleman
Of mine own way, I know you wise, religious,
And let me tell you it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, *Sir Thomas Lovell*, take't of me,
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' th' kingdom ; as for *Cromwell*,
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary. Further,
Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. The Arch-bishop
Is the King's hand, and tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him ?

Gard. Yes, *Sir Thomas*,
There are that dare ; and I my self have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him ; indeed this very day,
(Sir, I may tell it you,) I think I have
Incens'd the Lords o' th' council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch-heretick, a pestilence
That does infect the land ; with which they mov'd
Have broken with the King, who hath so far
Giv'n ear to our complaint, of his great grace

And

And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
 Our reasons laid before him, he hath commanded
 To-morrow morning to the council board
 He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
 And we must root him out. From your affairs
 I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas!

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord! I rest your servant,
 [Exit severally.]

SCENE II. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night,
 My mind's not out, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles,
 Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.

Enter Lovell.

Now, *Lovell*, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
 What you commanded me, but by her woman
 I sent your message, who return'd her thanks
 In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness
 Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou! ha!
 To pray for her! what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made
 Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good Lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
 With gentle travel, to the gladding of
 Your Highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
 Pr'ythee to bed, and in thy prayers remember
 Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,
 For I must think of that which company
 Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness
 A quiet night, and my good mistress will
 Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, a good night;
 Well, Sir, what follows?

[Exit Suffolk.]

Enter

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-bishop,
As you commanded me,

King. Ha! *Canterbury!*

Denny. Yea, my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true — where is he, *Denny?*

Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.

[*Exit Denny.*

Lov. This is about that which the Bishop spake,
I am happily come hither.

[*Aside.*

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery.

[*Lovell seemeth to stay.*

Ha! — I have said — be gone! [*Exit Lovell and Denny.*

SCENE III.

Cran. I am much fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my Lord? you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
'T attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you rise,
My good and gracious Lord of *Canterbury*:
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my Lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge your self,
But that 'till further tryal, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our *Tower*; you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion.

Most

Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
 And corn shall fly asunder. For I know
 There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
 Than I my self, poor man.

King. Stand up, good *Canterbury* ;
 Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
 In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up,
 Pr'ythee let's walk. Now, by my holy Dame,
 What manner of man are you ? my Lord, I look'd
 You would have giv'n me your petition, that
 I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
 Your self and your accusers, and have heard you
 Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
 The good I stand on is my truth and honesty ;
 If they shall fall, I with mine enemies
 Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,
 Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
 What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
 How your state stands i'th'world, with the whole world ?
 Your foes are many, and not small ; their practices
 Must bear the same proportion ; and not ever
 The justice and the truth o'th'question carries
 The due o'th' verdict with it. At what ease
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
 To swear against you ! such things have been done.
 You're potently oppos'd ; and with a malice
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
 I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
 Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd
 Upon this naughty earth ? go to, go to,
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
 And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
 Protect mine innocency ! or I fall into
 The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheer ;
 They shall no more prevail than we give way to ;
 Keep comfort to you, and this morning see

You

You do appear before them. If they chance,
 In charging you with matters, to commit you ;
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use ; and with what vehemency :
 Th'occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this Ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them. Look, the good man weeps !
 He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother !
 I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
 None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you. He has strangled [*Ex. Cromwell.*
 All language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. within. Come back ; what mean you ?

Lady. I'll not come back : the tidings that I bring
 Will make my boldness manners. New good angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head ; and shade thy person
 Under their blessed wings !

King. Now by thy looks
 I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd ?
 Say ay, and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege ;
 And of a lovely boy ; the God of heav'n
 Both now and ever bless her ! — 'tis a girl,
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
 Desires your visitation, and to be
 Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you,
 As cherry is to cherry.

King. *Lowell !*

Low. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.
 { *Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred marks ! by this light, I'll ha' more.
 An ordinary groom is for such payment,
 I will have more, or fold it out of him.
 Said I for this, the girl was like him ? I'll
 Have more, or else unfay't ; now, while 'tis hot,
 I'll put it to the issue. [*Exit Lady.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Before the Council-Chamber.**Enter Cranmer.*

Cran. I hope I'm not too late, and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? ho? ho?
Who waits there? sure you know me?

Enter Keeper,

Keeper. Yes, my Lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Keeper. Your Grace must wait 'till you be call'd for.

*Enter Doctor Butts.**Cran.* So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently.

[*Exit Butts.*]*Cran.* 'Tis *Butts*,

The King's physician; as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heav'n he found not my disgrace: for certain
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts; I never fought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door: a fellow-counsellor
'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest fight—

King. What's that, *Butts*?

Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me: where is it?*Butts.* There, my Lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his state at door 'mongst purservants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'tis he indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I thought
They'd parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners, as not thus to suffer

A man of his place and so near our favour
 To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.
 By holy *Mary, Butts*, there's knavery ;
 Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close.
 We shall hear more anon.—

SCENE V. *The Council.*

A council table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord-Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table, on the left hand: A seat being left void above him, as for the Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord-Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, Mr. Secretary :

Why are we met in council ?

Crom. Please your Honours,

The cause concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it ?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there ?

Keep. Without, my noble Lords ?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Arch-bishop ;

And has dotie half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer approaches the council table.*]

Chan. My good Lord Arch-bishop, I'm very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty : but we all are men

In our own natures frail, and capable

Of frailty, few are angels ; from which frailty

And want of wisdom, you that best should teach us,

Have misdemean'd your self, and not a little :

Tow'rd the King first, and then his laws, in filling

The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions

Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies,

And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble Lords ; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewel all physick : and what follows then ?
Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
Of the whole state : as of late days our neighbours
The upper *Germany* can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
(And with no little study) that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever to do well : nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my Lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against
(Both in his private conscience and his place)
Defacers of the publick peace, than I do.
Pray heav'n the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it ! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your Lordships,
That in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be ; you are a councillor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My Lord, because we've business of more moment,
We will be short wi'you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better tryal of you,
From hence you be committed to the *Tower* ;
Where being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good Lord of *Winchester*, I thank you,
 You're always my good friend; if your will pass,
 I shall both find your Lordship judge and juror,
 You are so merciful. I see your end,
 'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, Lord,
 Become a church-man better than ambition:
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear my self,
 (Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience)
 I make as little doubt; as you do conscience
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But rev'rence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a sectary,
 That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of *Winchester*, you are a little
 By your good favour too sharp; men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they have been: 'tis a crucky
 To load a falling man.

Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
 I cry your Honour mercy; you may, worst
 Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my Lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
 Of this new sect? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found?

Gard. Not found, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
 Mens prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Cbam. This is too much;
 Forbear for shame, my Lords.

Gard. I've done.

Crom. And I.

Cbam. Then thus for you, my Lord: it stands agreed,
 I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
 You be convey'd to th' *Tower* a prisoner;

There

There to remain 'till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' *Tower*, my Lords ?

Gard. What other,

Would you expect ; you're strangely troublesome :
Let some o' th' guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me ?

Must I go like a traitor then ?

Gard. Receive him,

And see him safe i' th' *Tower*.

Cran. Stay, good my Lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, Lords ;
By virtue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Cam. This is the King's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis his right ring, by heav'n. I told ye all,
When we first put this dang'rous stone a rowling,
'Twould fall upon our selves.

Nor. D'you think, my Lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd ?

Cam. 'Tis now too certain.

How much more is his life in value with him ?
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye ; now have at ye !

S C E N E VI.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his seat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to
In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince ; [heav'n
Not only good and wise, but most religious ?
One that in all obedience makes the Church

The chief aim of his honour, and to strengthen]
That holy duty of our dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You're ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of *Wincbester*. But know, I come not
To hear such flatt'ries now ; and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach ; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, sit down : now let me see the proudest [*To Cranmer.*
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Ser. May't please your Grace —

King. No, Sir, it does not please me.
I thought I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, Lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like a lowlie foot-boy
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are ?
Why, what a shame was this ! did my commission
Bid ye so far forget your selves ? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a councillor, to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means ;
Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Cham. My most dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his tryal,
And fair pargation to the world, than malice ;
I'm sure in me.

King. Well, well, my Lords, respect him :
Take him, and use him well ; he's worthy of it,
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince

May be beholden to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him ;
 Be friends for shame, my Lords. My Lord of *Canterbury*,
 I have a fuit which you must not deny me.
 There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Gran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory
 In such an honour ; how may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd spare your spoons
 you shall have

Two noble partners with you : the old Dutchess
 Of *Norfolk*, and the Lady Marquess *Dorset*.
 Once more, my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
 Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
 And brother's love I do it. /

Gran. And let heav'n
 Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart ;
 The common voice I see is verify'd
 Of thee, which says thus : do my Lord of *Canterbury*
 But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
 Come, Lords, we trifle time away : I long
 To have this young one made a Christian.
 As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain :
 So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exit.

S C E N E VII. *The Palace-Yard.*

Noise and tumult within : Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals ; do you
 take the Court for *Paris Garden* ? ye rude slaves, leave
 your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye rogue : is
 this a place to roar in ? fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves,
 and strong ones ; these are but switches to 'em : I'll scratch
 your heads ; you must be seeing christnings ? do you look
 for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

Man.

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we swept them from the door with cannons)
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On *May-day* morning, which will never be:
We may as well push against *Paul's* as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute
I made no spare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampson*, nor *Sir Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
to mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any that had
a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or
cuckold maker, let me never hope to see a chine again;
and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy,
Keep the door close, firrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the
dozens? is this *Morefields* to muster in? or have we some
strange *Indian* with the great tool come to Court, the wo-
men so besiege us? bless me! what a fry of fornication is
at the door! on my christian conscience, this one christning
will beget a thousand; here will be father, god-father, and
all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a
fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brafter by
his face, for o' my conscience twenty of the dog-days now
reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line,
they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three
times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged
against me; he stands there like a mortar-piece to blow us
up. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him,
that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her
head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I mist
the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out,
Clubs! when I might see some forty truncheons draw to her
succour,

faccour, which were the forlorn hope of the *Strand*, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I make good my place; at length they came to th' broom-staff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd such a shower of pibbles, loose shot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work; the devil was amongst 'em, I think surely.)

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of *Tower-bill* or the limbs of *Lime-house*, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two bedels that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me; what a multitude are here! They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair. Where are these porters? These lazy knaves? ye've made a fine hand, fellows? There's a trim rabble let in; are all these Your faithful friends o' th' suburbs? we shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the Ladies, When they pass back from th' christning?

Port. Please your Honour,
We are but men, and what so many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves,
And here ye lye baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound,
They're come already from the christning;
Go break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A *Marshalsea* shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the Princess!

Man.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i'th' camblet, get up o' th' rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [Exit.]

S C E N E VIII. *The Palace.*

Enter trumpets sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christning gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of Norfolk, god-mother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, on Train born by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other god-mother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endless goodness send long life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princess of England, fair *Elizabeth!*

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble partners and my self thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious Lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Arch-bishop:
What is her name?

Cran. *Elizabeth.*

King. Stand up, Lord.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand I give thy life!

Cran. *Amen!*

King. My noble gossips, you have been too prodigal,
I thank ye heartily: so shall this Lady,
When she has so much *English.*

Cran. Let me speak, Sir,
(For heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,
Let none think flatt'ry, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heav'n still move about her)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which

Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
 (But few now living can behold that goodness)
 A pattern to all Princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed. *Sheba* was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
 Than this blest soul shall be. All Princely graces
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her ;
 Holy and heav'nly thoughts fill counsel her :
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her ;
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten eorn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her.
 In her days every man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
 God shall be truly known, and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her ; but as, when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden *Phœnix*,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as her self ;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heav'n shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
 Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terrour,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
 Where-ever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
 And like a mountain cedar reach his branches
 To all the plains about him : children's children
 Shall see this, and bless heav'n.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

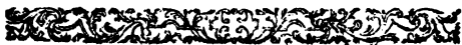
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of *England*,
 An aged Princess ; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

Would

Would I had known no more! but she must die,
 She must, the saints must have her yet a virgin;
 A most unspotted lilly shall she pass
 Unto the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O Lord Arch-bishop,
 Thou'st made me now a man; never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing.
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That when I am in heav'n, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
 I thank ye all — to you, my good Lord-mayor,
 And your good brethren, I am much beholden;
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, Lords;
 Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day no man think
 He'as business at his house, for all shall stay,
 This little one shall make it holy-day.

[Exeunt.]



EPILOGUE.

TIS ten to one this play can never please
 All that are here: some come to take their ease,
 And sleep an act or two; but those we fear
 We've frighted with our trumpets: so 'tis clear
 They'll say it's naught. Others, to bear the city
 Abus'd extremely, and to cry that's witty;
 Which we have not done neither; that I fear
 All the expected good w' are like to bear
 For this play at this time, is only in
 The merciful construction of good women;
 (For such a one we shew'd 'em) If they smile,
 And say 'twill do; I know within a while
 All the best men are purs; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they bold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

The End of the SIXTH VOLUME.



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