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*The Complete Works  
of William Shakespeare*

William Shakespeare, Israel  
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**RICHARD AND THE BISHOPS**

The Complete Works

of

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SHAKESPEARE

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SHAKESPEARE

With

Historical and Analytical Prefaces, Comments,  
Critical and Explanatory Notes,  
Glossaries, and a Life of  
Shakespeare



In Thirteen Volumes

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## Critical Comments.

### I.

#### Argument.

I. Margaret of Anjou is brought over to England and wedded to King Henry VI.; but—much to the consternation of the King's uncle, Gloucester, the lord protector—she comes dowerless, and the duchies for which Henry V. warred are suffered to remain in French hands. Though the upright Gloucester's grief is strongly uttered, he is not upheld when he unburdens it to the other nobles. Instead, they make a temporary truce of their own quarreling, which has proceeded continuously during the young King's reign, and unite against the lord protector. They find a ready ally in the Queen, who is eager to secure unlimited control over her weak husband. They make their first attack through Gloucester's ambitious wife. She is betrayed into harbouring sorcerers who raise a spirit that utters sayings against the heads of the realm. She and the conjurers are taken into custody.

II. The Duchess of Gloucester is brought to trial and banished. Gloucester is deprived of his post of lord protector, and is summoned before Parliament.

Meanwhile the strife between the houses of York and Lancaster gathers force. The Duke of York convinces the powerful earls of Warwick and Salisbury of his right to the crown.

III. Gloucester answers the summons and appears before Parliament. He is accused of high treason and committed to prison, and since his accusers can find no evidence to support their charge against his integrity,

he is foully assassinated by direction of the Duke of Suffolk. The populace, learning of the deed, are driven to desperation, and storm the palace, demanding the death or exile of Suffolk, who is forthwith banished, and afterwards is slain at sea by pirates.

The powerless monarch's sway is marked by continued losses. News comes of the loss of the last of the French territories. Other tidings tell of an uprising in Ireland. The lords, jealous of York's power, think to be rid of him by sending him against the Irish. York, however, is glad of the pretext to muster an army; and before he sets sail he incites a rebellion at home under Jack Cade, a Kentish labourer.

IV. After meeting with one or two small successes, seizing London Bridge, and entering the city, Cade's forces are dispersed by the royal troops. The populace renew allegiance to the King, and sue for pardon, which is granted. But a price is placed on the head of the fugitive Cade, and he is slain. York's connection with this rebellion has been hidden; but upon hearing of its outcome he returns to England at the head of his army, ostensibly to redress private wrongs, though really to assist his claim to the throne.

V. The King holds parley with York near Blackheath, but the conference ends in open defiance on the part of the subject. The two armies meet in conflict on the field of Saint Albans, where the King, who now represents the Lancastrians, is defeated and forced to fly towards London. The victorious York and Warwick resolve to march rapidly upon the capital.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

## II.

### King Henry.

There is something of irony in the scene with which the second part of *Henry VI.* opens. Suffolk, the Lance-



## KING HENRY VI.

## Comments

lot of this tragedy, has brought from France the Princess Margaret, and the joy of the blameless King, upon receiving, at the cost of two hard-won provinces, this terrible wife, who will "dandle him like a baby," has in it something pitiable, something pathetic, and something ludicrous. The relations of the King to Margaret throughout the play are delicately and profoundly conceived. He clings to her as to something stronger than himself; he dreads her as a boy might dread some formidable master:—

*Exeter.* Here comes the Queen, whose looks betray her anger:  
I'll steal away.

*Henry.* And so will I.

Yet through his own freedom from passion he derives a sense of superiority to his wife; and after she has dashed him all over with the spray of her violent anger and her scorn, Henry may be seen mildly wiping away the drops, insufferably placable, offering excuses for the vituperation and the insults which he has received:—

"Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son  
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!"

Among his "wolfish earls" Henry is in constant terror, not of being himself torn to pieces, but of their flying at one another's throats. Violent scenes, disturbing the cloistral peace which it would please him to see reign throughout the universe, are hateful and terrible to Henry. He rides out hawking with his Queen and Suffolk, the Cardinal and Gloucester; some of the riders hardly able for an hour to conceal their emulation and their hate. Henry takes a languid interest in the sport, but all occasions supply food for his contemplative piety; he suffers from a certain incontinence of devout feeling and now the falcons set him moralizing:—

"But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,  
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!  
To see how God in all his creatures works!"

A moment after and the peers, with Margaret among them, are bandying furious words. Henry's anguish is extreme, but he hopes that something may be done by a few moral reflections suitable to the occasion:—

I pr'ythee, peace,  
 Good Queen, and whet not on these furious peers,  
 For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.  
*Cardinal.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make  
 Against this proud Protector with my sword.

The angry colloquy is presently silenced by the cry, "A miracle! a miracle!" and the impostor Simcox and his wife appear. Henry, with his fatuous proclivity towards the edifying, rejoices in this manifestation of God's grace in the restoration to sight of a man born blind:—

"Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,  
 Although by his sight his sin be multiplied."

(That is to say, "If we had the good-fortune to be deprived of all our senses and appetites, we should have a fair chance of being quite spotless; yet let us thank God for his mysterious goodness to this man!") And once more, when the Protector, by a slight exercise of shrewdness and common sense, has unmasked the rogue and has had him whipped, extreme is the anguish of the King:—

*K. Henry.* O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?  
*Queen.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

But the feeble saint, who is cast down upon the occurrence of a piece of vulgar knavery, can himself abandon to butchers the noblest life in England. His conscience assures him that Gloucester is innocent; he hopes the Duke will be able to clear himself; but Gloucester's judges are Suffolk, "with his cloudy brow," sharp Buckingham,

"And dogged York, that reaches at the moon."

Henry is not equal to confronting such terrible faces as these; and so, trusting to God, who will do all things

well, he slinks out of the Parliament shedding tears, and leaves Gloucester to his fate:—

“My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,  
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.”

When Henry hears that his uncle is dead, he swoons; he suspects that the noble old man has been foully dealt with; but judgement belongs to God; possibly his suspicion may be a false one; how terrible if he should sully his purity of heart with a false suspicion! may God forgive him if he do so! And thus humouring his timorous, irritable conscience, Henry is incapable of action, and allows things to take their course.

DOWDEN: *Shakspeare.*

### III.

#### Margaret.

As regards the conception of the character of the Queen which is first revealed to us in this part, some commentators have blamed Shakspeare for having unnecessarily made her a hideous Megæra, and maintain it to be especially intolerable to see the pious, unfortunate King so openly represented as a deceived husband. It is certainly true that in Margaret's character we still have the echo of those gloomy sounds of the horrible which in *Titus Andronicus* we had in the fullest reverberations, and this again proves with tolerable certainty that the two last parts of *Henry VI.* likewise belong to Shakspeare's earlier works. It is also true that adultery did not require to be added to the other crimes of the Queen. And yet without it we should not have received such a perfect insight into her character, which is so important for the whole play. For it is self-evident that such an energetic, violent and thoroughly unfeminine nature, with such passionateness and heat of temper, could not have had any affection for the cold, unmanly

and effeminate King, or have remained faithful to him. Hence even though history has not expressly told us of it—however, if not mentioned by Holinshed (as Gervinus says) it is expressly stated in Grafton's (Hall's) Chronicle—the Poet at all events could not be silent on a subject, which, as a matter of consistency, was demanded by history. Moreover, this terrible energy and enormity, this shameless display of evil, such as is here exhibited in a woman, is no doubt more dramatic, nay the very representation of it is more moral than the secret sin which creeps along in darkness, and the unexpressed suspicion of which must be entertained by the spectators. In fact, the Poet required an embodiment of the prevailing vices and crimes, a character in which was concentrated the whole demoralisation of the age, in order to give a description of the times, and to unfold the meaning and significance of his drama in the fullest manner.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

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Among the arguments against the authenticity of these plays [the three parts of *Henry VI.*], the character of Margaret of Anjou has not been adduced, and yet to those who have studied Shakspeare in his own spirit, it will appear the most conclusive of all. When we compare her with his other female characters, we are struck at once by the want of family likeness; Shakspeare was not always equal, but he had not two *manners*, as they say of painters. I discern his hand in particular parts, but I cannot recognize his spirit in the conception of the whole: he may have laid on some of the colours, but the original design has a certain hardness and heaviness, very unlike his usual style. Margaret of Anjou, as exhibited in these tragedies, is a dramatic portrait of considerable truth, and vigour, and consistency—but she is not one of Shakspeare's women. He who knew so well in what true greatness of spirit consisted—who could excite our respect and sympathy even for a Lady

Macbeth, would never have given us a heroine without a touch of heroism; he would not have portrayed a high-hearted woman, struggling unsubdued against the strangest vicissitudes of fortune, meeting reverses and disasters, such as would have broken the most masculine spirit, with unshaken constancy, yet left her without a single personal quality which could excite our interest in her bravely endured misfortunes; and this too in the very face of history. He would not have given us, in lieu of the magnanimous queen, the subtle and accomplished French woman, a mere "Amazonian trull," with every coarser feature of depravity and ferocity; he would have redeemed her from unmingled detestation; he would have breathed into her some of his own sweet spirit—he would have given the woman a soul.

The old chronicler Hall informs us, that Queen Margaret "excelled all other as well in beauty and favour, as in wit and policy, and was in stomach and courage more like to a man than to a woman." He adds that, after the espousals of Henry and Margaret, "the King's friends fell from him; the lords of the realm fell in division among themselves; the Commons rebelled against their natural prince; fields were foughten; many thousands slain; and, finally, the king was deposed, and his son slain, and his queen sent home again with as much misery and sorrow as she was received with pomp and triumph."

This passage seems to have furnished the groundwork of the character as it is developed in these plays with no great depth or skill. Margaret is portrayed with all the exterior graces of her sex; as bold and artful, with spirit to dare, resolution to act, and fortitude to endure; but treacherous, haughty, dissembling, vindictive, and fierce. The bloody struggle for power in which she was engaged, and the companionship of the ruthless iron men around her, seem to have left her nothing of womanhood but the heart of a mother—that last stronghold of our feminine nature! So far the character

is consistently drawn: it has something of the power, but none of the flowing ease, of Shakspeare's manner. There are fine materials not well applied; there is poetry in some of the scenes and speeches; the situations are often exceedingly poetical; but in the character of Margaret herself there is not an atom of poetry. In her artificial dignity, her plausible wit, and her endless volubility, she would remind us of some of the most admired heroines of French tragedy, but for that unlucky box on the ear which she gives the Duchess of Gloucester—a violation of tragic decorum, which of course destroys all parallel.

Having said thus much, I shall point out some of the finest and most characteristic scenes in which Margaret appears. The speech in which she expresses her scorn of her meek husband, and her impatience of the power exercised by those fierce, overbearing barons, York, Salisbury, Warwick, Buckingham, is very fine, and conveys as faithful an idea of those feudal times as of the woman who speaks. The burst of female spite with which she concludes, is admirable:—

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

Her intriguing spirit, the facility with which she enters into the murderous confederacy against the good Duke Humphrey, the artful plausibility with which she endeavours to turn suspicion from herself—confounding

her gentle consort by mere dint of words—are exceedingly characteristic, but not the less revolting.

Her criminal love for Suffolk (which is a dramatic incident, not an historic fact) gives rise to the beautiful parting scene in the third act; a scene which it is impossible to read without a thrill of emotion, hurried away by that power and pathos which forces us to sympathize with the eloquence of grief, yet excites not a momentary interest either for Margaret or her lover. The ungoverned fury of Margaret in the first instance, the manner in which she calls on Suffolk to curse his enemies, and then shrinks back overcome by the violence of the spirit she had herself evoked, and terrified by the vehemence of his imprecations; the transition in her mind from the extremity of rage to tears and melting fondness, have been pronounced, and justly, to be in Shakspeare's own manner:—

Go, speak not to me—even now begone.  
 O go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd  
 Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,  
 Loather a hundred times to part than die:  
 Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

which is followed by that beautiful and intense burst of passion from Suffolk—

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;  
 A wilderness is populous enough,  
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:  
 For where thou art, there is the world itself,  
 With every several pleasure in the world,  
 And where thou art not, desolation.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

#### IV.

### The Cade Scenes.

That insurrection comes in aptly as the first outbreak of the great social schism, the elements of which had

been long working in secret, and growing to a head. The passages of humour, interspersed through the scenes of Cade and his followers, being mostly the same in the original form of the play, yield strong evidence in the question of authorship. It seems hard to believe that any one but Shakespeare could have written them, no instances in that line at all approaching these having been elsewhere given by any other writer of that time. For in poetry merely, Shakespeare, though immeasurably above any or all of his senior contemporaries, differs from them but in degree; but in the article of humour he shows a difference from them in kind. And it is remarkable that the instinct and impulse of humour seem in this case to have put him upon blending together the elements of two widely-separated passages of history: the persons and events being those of the insurrection known as Jack Cade's; while the sentiments and designs are the same, in part, which became matter of history some seventy years before in the rebellion of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. This curious fact was first pointed out by Mr. Courtenay, who cites the following from Holinshed's account of the earlier insurrection: "They began to show proof of those things which they had before conceived in their minds—beheading all such men of law as they might catch, alleging that the land could never enjoy her true liberty till all those sorts of people were despatched out of the way. This talk liked well the ears of the common people, and they purposed to burn and destroy all records, evidences, court-rolls, and other monuments, that their landlords might not have whereby to challenge any right at their hands. What wickedness was it, to compel teachers of children in grammar schools to swear never to instruct any in this art! For it was dangerous among them to be known for one that was learned; and more dangerous, if any one were found with a penner and ink-horn at his side. At Blackheath, when the greatest multitude was there



got together, John Ball made a sermon, taking this saying for his theme:—

‘When Adam delv’d and Eve span,  
Who was then a gentleman?’”

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

The forcible realism, the simple vigour and lifelike humour of these scenes, cannot, it is urged, be due to any other [than Shakespeare] so early at work in the field of comedy. A critic desirous to press this point might further insist on the likeness or identity of tone between these and all later scenes in which Shakespeare has taken on him to paint the action and passion of an insurgent populace. With him, it might too plausibly be argued, the people once risen in revolt for any just or unjust cause is always the mob, the unwashed rabble, the swinish multitude; full as he is of wise and gracious tenderness for individual character, of swift and ardent pity for personal suffering, he has no deeper or finer feeling than scorn for “the beast with many heads” that fawn and butt at bidding as they are swayed by the vain and violent breath of any worthless herdsman. For the drovers who guide and misguide at will the turbulent flocks of their mutinous cattle his store of bitter words is inexhaustible; it is a treasure-house of obloquy which can never be drained dry.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

I cannot persuade myself that these [Cade scenes] were not from the very first the work of Shakespeare. It is evident that they cannot proceed from the pen of Marlowe. An attempt has been made to attribute them to Greene, on the ground that there are other folk-scenes in his works which display a similar strain of humour. But the difference is enormous. It is true that the text here follows the chronicle with extraordinary fidelity; but it was precisely in this ingenious adaptation of mate-

rial that Shakespeare always showed his strength. And these scenes answer so completely to all the other folk-scenes in Shakespeare, and are so obviously the outcome of the habit of political thought which runs through his whole life, becoming ever more and more pronounced, that we cannot possibly accept them as showing only the trivial alterations and retouches which elsewhere distinguish his text from the older version.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

## V.

### The Enveloping Nemesis.

The subject of the second part of *Henry VI.* is the progress of disorder in the country consequent on the weak character of the King, his want of every spark of kingly, national or even manly spirit. Of a devout tendency, his religious feelings have not the energy to rise from a pious ejaculation to a fervent prayer, still less to stimulate a really conscientious action. Selfishly and imprudently he married Margaret to gratify a passion foolishly adopted at second hand, and makes no effort to control a wife whose vague animosities hurry him to destruction; he deserts Gloucester in base cravenheartedness, and when he is murdered almost under his eyes, banishes the murderer Suffolk only when compelled by the indignant outbreak of the commons, and then from no higher motive than apprehension of consequences to himself. Afterwards he is as ready to purchase his own tranquillity by the sacrifice of the rights of his son; and thus on the strength of harmlessness and freedom from active vice, he brings the country into civil war, and takes rank as a saint. The character of Gloucester is finely contrasted with that of the King: he has a reputation for goodness—the good Duke Humphrey, as the King for saintship; and his goodness, though of more genuine quality, is at the last as nugatory from like defect

of energy. He laments the base forfeiture of national honour, that never gives the King concern, yet does nothing worthy of his position to save it, is utterly incapable of coping with the ill-conditioned Cardinal, and descends to a useless and degrading brawl, and is at last his victim, and is as unable to rule, or guide, or protect his wife, as Henry himself. Such a pretence of government is entirely out of harmony with the genius of the country both in commonalty and nobility, and both classes become agitated sympathetically. The men of Kent are represented as rising in disgust and contempt for the ordinance of a bookish priestlike king and counsellors, who acquiesce in the loss of conquests of a bolder monarch; and a powerful confederacy of nobles lends aid to the claimant of the throne by the elder line, who certainly possesses many qualities that are more worthy of power, though as usual in history they can only command power through violence and fraud, that bring on a Nemesis behind them. The crown that came to the line of Lancaster, through the dissolute misgovernment of Richard II. falls from it again through the misgovernment of the factitious piety of an enervate devotee.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

## VI.

### A Great Advance.

The second part of *Henry VI.* is manifestly a great advance upon the first, and that in nearly all the particulars of dramatic excellence. The several members are well knit together; the characterization is bold, but, in the main, firm and steady; the action clear, free, and generally carried on in that consecutiveness that every later part seems the natural growth and issue of what had gone before. Much of this superiority, no doubt, was owing to the nature of the materials, which, besides yielding a greater variety of interest, were of themselves

more limber and pliant to the shaping of art, and presented less to distract and baffle the powers of dramatic assortment and composition. The losses in France having been despatched in the former play, nothing of them remained for the Poet's use, but the domestic irritations they had engendered; which irritations were as so many eggs of discord in the nest of English life, and Queen Margaret the hot-breasted fury that hatched them into effect. The hatching process is the main subject of this play, and to that end the representation is ordered with considerable skill.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

## VII.

### Shakespeare and Others.

In the earliest form known to us of this play it should seem that we have traces of Shakespeare's handiwork, in the latest that we find evidence of Marlowe's. But it would be something too extravagant for the veriest wind-sucker among commentators to start a theory that a revision was made of his original work by Marlowe after additions had been made to it by Shakespeare; yet . . . the most unmistakable signs of Marlowe's handiwork, the passages which show most plainly the personal and present seal of his genius, belong to the play only in its revised form.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

There is on the whole no difficulty in distinguishing the work of other hands in the old texts. We can enjoy, point by point, not only Shakespeare's superiority, but his peculiar style, as we here find it in the very process of development; and we can study his whole method of work in the text which he ultimately produces.

We have here an almost unique opportunity of observing him in the character of a critical artist. We see

what improvements he makes by a trivial retouch, or a mere rearrangement of words. Thus, when Gloucester says of his wife (II. iv.)—

“Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,  
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet,”

all his sympathy speaks in these words. In the old text it is she who says this of herself. In York's great soliloquy in the first act, beginning “Anjou and Maine are given to the French,” the first twenty-four lines are Shakespeare's; the rest belong to the old text. From the second “Anjou and Maine” onwards, the verse is conventional and monotonous; the meaning ends with the end of each line, and a pause, as it were, ensues; whereas the verse of the opening passage is full of dramatic movement, life, and fire.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

It is unwise to go beyond the extremely strong presumption that Marlowe, at one point or other in the development of the play, impressed his genius on the materials and helped to give them their present shape. The characters of Margaret, of Suffolk, of York, of Richard, perhaps owe as much in execution to Shakespeare's dramatic grip as to Marlowe's fiery rhetoric; but their first conception was almost certainly Marlowe's. The boldness with which the portentous figure of Richard is made to dominate the entire latter half of the action in defiance of chronology and of his traditional character is in keeping with the splendid lawlessness of Marlowe in his dealings with history. Above all, Marlowe must be credited with the powerful tragic motive of Suffolk's intrigue with the Queen, of which Holinshed says no word. To Shakespeare such a situation was at all times unattractive; but the recent painter of the guilty loves of Isabel the queen and young Mortimer was keenly alive to its tragic force.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Sixth.*

HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.*

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

EDWARD and RICHARD, *his sons.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

LORD CLIFFORD.

YOUNG CLIFFORD, *his son.*

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF WARWICK.

LORD SCALES.

LORD SAY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and WILLIAM STAFFORD, *his brother.*

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

VAUX.

MATTHEW GOFFE.

A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.

Two Gentlemen, *prisoners with Suffolk.*

JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, *priests.*

BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer.*

THOMAS HORNER, *an armourer.* PETER, *his man.*

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

SIMPCOX, *an impostor.*

ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman.*

JACK CADE, *a rebel.*

GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK *the butcher*, SMITH *the weaver*, MICHAEL, etc., *followers of Cade.*

Two Murderers.

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*

ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloucester.*

MARGARET JOURDAIN, *a witch.*

Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, 'Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, etc.

A Spirit.

SCENE: *England.*

The Second Part of  
KING HENRY VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

*London. The palace.*

*Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, the King, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort, on the one side; The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.*

*Suf.* As by your high imperial majesty  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As procurator to your excellence,  
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,  
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,  
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,  
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and  
Alençon,  
Seven earls, twelve barons. and twenty reverend  
bishops,  
I have perform'd my task and was espoused;  
And humbly now upon my bended knee,           10  
In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
Deliver up my title in the queen  
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance  
Of that great shadow I did represent;

The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
~~The fairest queen that~~ ever king received.

*King.* Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret:  
 I can express no kinder sign of love  
 Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,  
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! 20  
 For thou hast given me in this beauteous face  
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

*Queen.* Great King of England and my gracious lord,  
 The mutual conference that my mind hath had,  
 By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,  
 In courtly company or at my beads,  
 With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,  
 Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
 With ruder terms, such as my wit affords 30  
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

*King.* Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,  
 Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
 Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;  
 Such is the fulness of my heart's content.  
 Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

*All* [*kneeling*]. Long live Queen Margaret, England's  
 happiness!

*Queen.* We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

*Suf.* My lord protector, so it please your grace,  
 Here are the articles of contracted peace 40  
 Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,  
 For eighteen months concluded by consent.

*Glou.* [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the  
 French king Charles and William de la Pole,  
 Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King



KING HENRY VI.

Act I. Sc. i.

of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father—' 50

[Lets the paper fall.]

*King.* Uncle, how now!

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

*King.* Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

*Car.* [Reads] 'Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.' 60

*King.* They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down:  
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,  
And gird the with the sword. Cousin of York,  
We here discharge your grace from being regent  
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months  
Be full expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester,  
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, and Warwick; 70  
We thank you all for this great favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.  
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.]

*Glou.* Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,  
 Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
 What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
 His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?  
 Did he so often lodge in open field, 80  
 In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,  
 To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
 And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
 To keep by policy what Henry got?  
 Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,  
 Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,  
 Received deep scars in France and Normandy?  
 Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,  
 With all the learned council of the realm,  
 Studied so long, sat in the council-house 90  
 Early and late, debating to and fro  
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,  
 And had his highness in his infancy  
 Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?  
 And shall these labours and these honours die?  
 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, 100  
 Razing the characters of your renown,  
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,  
 Undoing all, as all had never been!

*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,  
 This peroration with such circumstance?  
 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 given the duchy of Anjou and Maine 110  
 Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style  
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

*Sal.* Now, by the death of Him that died for all,  
 These counties were the keys of Normandy.  
 But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

*War.* For grief that they are past recovery:  
 For, were there hope to conquer them again,  
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.  
 Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;  
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:  
 And are the cities, that I got with wounds, 121  
 Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?  
 Mort Dieu!

*York.* For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,  
 That dims the honour of this warlike isle!  
 France should have torn and rent my very heart,  
 Before I would have yielded to this league.  
 I never read but England's kings have had  
 Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;  
 And our King Henry gives away his own, 130  
 To match with her that brings no vantages.

*Glou.* A proper jest, and never heard before,  
 That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth  
 For costs and charges in transporting her!  
 She should have stay'd in France and starved in  
 France,  
 Before—

*Car.* My lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:  
 It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

- Glou.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind ;  
 'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike, 140  
 But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.  
 Rancour will out : proud prelate, in thy face  
 I see thy fury : if I longer stay,  
 We shall begin our ancient bickerings.  
 Lordings, farewell ; and say, when I am gone,  
 I prophesied 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. 150  
 Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,  
 And heir apparent to the English crown :  
 Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,  
 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,  
 There 's reason he should be displeas'd at it.  
 Look to it, lords ; let not his smoothing words  
 Bewitch your hearts ; be wise and circumspect.  
 What though the common people favour him,  
 Calling him ' Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,'  
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,  
 ' Jesu maintain your royal excellence !' 161  
 With ' God preserve the good Duke Humphrey !'  
 I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
 He will be found a dangerous protector.
- Buck.* Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,  
 He being of age to govern of himself ?  
 Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,  
 And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,  
 We 'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

KING HENRY VI.

Act I. Sc. i.

*Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay; 170  
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*]

*Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride  
And greatness of his place be grief to us,  
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:  
His insolence is more intolerable  
Than all the princes in the land beside:  
If Gloucester be displaced, he'll be protector.

*Buck.* Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,  
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*]

*Sal.* Pride went before, ambition follows him. 180

While these do labour for their own preferment,  
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester  
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,  
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,  
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,  
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself  
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age, 190

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,  
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,

Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil discipline,

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honoured of the people:

Join we together, for the public good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress 200

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,  
 With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ;  
 And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,  
 While they do tend the profit of the land.

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

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

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

*War.* Unto the main ! O father, Maine is lost ;  
 That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,  
 And would have kept so long as breath did last ! 211  
 Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant Maine,  
 Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*]

*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 pleased  
 To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.  
 I cannot blame them all : what is 't to them ? 220  
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.  
 Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,  
 And purchase friends and give to courtezans,  
 Still revelling like lords till all be gone ;  
 While as the silly owner of the goods  
 Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands,  
 And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,  
 While all is shared and all is borne away,  
 Ready to starve and dare not touch his own :

So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue, 230  
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 Althæa burn'd  
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,  
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.  
A day will come when York shall claim his own;  
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts 240  
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,  
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,  
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:  
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,  
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,  
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.  
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:  
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,  
To pry into the secrets of the state; 250  
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,  
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,  
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:  
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,  
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;  
And in my standard bear the arms of York,  
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;  
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,  
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.  
[Exit.]

## Scene II.

*The Duke of Gloucester's house.*

*Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Eleanor.*

*Duch.* Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,  
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
 Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,  
 As frowning at the favours of the world?  
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,  
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
 What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,  
 Enchased with all the honours of the world?  
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
 Until thy head be circled with the same. 10  
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.  
 What, is 't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;  
 And, having both together heaved it up,  
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,  
 And never more abase our sight so low  
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

*Glou.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,  
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.  
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry, 20  
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world!  
 My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

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

*Glou.* Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,  
 Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,  
 But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;  
 And on the pieces of the broken wand



Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,  
 And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk. 30  
 This was my dream : what it doth bode, God knows.

*Duch.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument,  
 That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove  
 Shall lose his head for his presumption.  
 But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke :  
 Methought I sat in seat of majesty,  
 In the cathedral church of Westminster,  
 And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd ;  
 Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,  
 And on my head did set the diadem. 40

*Glou.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright :  
 Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor,  
 Art thou not second woman in the realm,  
 And the protector's wife, beloved of him ?  
 Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
 Above the reach or compass of thy thought ?  
 And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,  
 To tumble down thy husband and thyself  
 From top of honour to disgrace's feet ?  
 Away from me, and let me hear no more ! 50

*Duch.* What, what, my lord ! are you so choleric  
 With Eleanor, for telling but her dream ?  
 Next time I 'll keep my dreams unto myself,  
 And not be check'd.

*Glou.* Nay, be not angry ; I am pleased again.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure  
 You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,  
 Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.

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

*Duch.* Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently. 60

*[Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.*

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

*Enter Hume.*

*Hume.* Jesus preserve your royal majesty! 70

*Duch.* What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

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

*Duch.* What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd  
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,  
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?  
And will they undertake to do me good?

*Hume.* This they have promised, to show your highness  
A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,  
That shall make answer to such questions 80  
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

*Duch.* It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:  
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,  
We'll see these things effected to the full.  
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,  
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. *[Exit.*

*Hume.* Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!  
 Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:  
 The business asketh silent secrecy. 90  
 Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:  
 Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.  
 Yet have I gold flies from another coast;  
 I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,  
 And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,  
 Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,  
 They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,  
 Have hired me to undermine the duchess,  
 And buz these conjurations in her brain.  
 They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker;' 101  
 Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.  
 Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near  
 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.  
 Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last  
 Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,  
 And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall:  
 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*]

### Scene III.

*The palace.*

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

*First Petit.* My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

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

*Enter Suffolk and Queen.*

*Peter.* Here a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

*Sec. Petit.* Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

*Suf.* How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me? 10

*First Petit.* I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

*Queen.* [*Reading*] 'To my Lord Protector!' Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

*First Petit.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

*Suf.* Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed. 20  
What's yours? what's here! [*Reads*] 'Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.' How now, sir knave!

*Sec. Petit.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

*Peter* [*giving his petition*]. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

*Queen.* What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown? 30

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

*Suf.* Who is there? [*Enter Servant.*] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant

presently: we'll hear more of your matter before  
the king. *www.libtool.com* [Exit Servant with Peter.]

*Queen.* And as for you, that love to be protected  
Under the wings of our protector's grace,  
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. 40

[Tears the supplications.]

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

*All.* Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt.]

*Queen.* My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,  
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 Gloucester's governance?  
Am I a queen in title and in style,  
And must be made a subject to a duke? 50  
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours  
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,  
And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France,  
I thought King Henry had resembled thee  
In courage, courtship and proportion:  
But all his mind is bent to holiness,  
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;  
His champions are the prophets and apostles,  
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,  
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves 60  
Are brazen images of canonized saints.  
I would the college of the cardinals  
Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome,  
And set the triple crown upon his head:  
That were a state fit for his holiness.

*Suf.* Madam, be patient: as I was cause

Your highness came to England, so will I  
 In England work your grace's full content.

*Queen.* Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,  
 The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,  
 And grumbling York; and not the least of these 71  
 But can do more in England than the king.

*Suf.* And he of these that can do most of all  
 Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:  
 Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

*Queen.* Not all these lords do vex me half so much  
 As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.  
 She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,  
 More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:  
 Strangers in court do take her for the queen: 80  
 She bears a duke's revenues on her back,  
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty:  
 Shall I not live to be avenged on her?  
 Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,  
 She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,  
 The very train of her worst wearing gown  
 Was better worth than all my father's lands,  
 Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

*Suf.* Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,  
 And placed a quire of such enticing birds, 90  
 That she will light to listen to the lays,  
 And never mount to trouble you again.  
 So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;  
 For I am bold to counsel you in this.  
 Although we fancy not the cardinal,  
 Yet must we join with him and with the lords,  
 Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.  
 As for the Duke of York, this late complaint

KING HENRY VI.

Act I. Sc. iii.

Will make but little for his benefit.  
 So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last, 100  
 And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Sound a Sennet. Enter the King, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, York, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duchess of Gloucester.*

*King.* For my part, noble lords, I care not which;  
 Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

*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. 110

*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 show some reason, Buckingham,  
 Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

*Queen.* Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

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

*Queen.* If he be old enough, what needs your grace  
 To be protector of his excellence? 120

*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 commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;  
 The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

And all the peers and nobles of the realm

~~Have been as bondmen~~ to thy sovereignty.

*Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags  
Are lank and lean with thy extortions. 130

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

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

*Queen.* Thy sale of offices and towns in France,  
If they were known, as the suspect is great,  
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit Gloucester. The Queen drops her fan.*]

Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?

[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*]

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you? 140

*Duch.* Was 't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:  
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
I 'ld set my ten commandments in your face.

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

*Duch.* Against her will! good king, look to 't in time;  
She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:  
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,  
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged. [*Exit.*]

*Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,  
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds: 150  
She 's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,  
She 'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Gloucester.*

*Glou.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown  
With walking once about the quadrangle,



I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.  
 As for your ~~spiteful false~~ objections,  
 Prove them, and I lie open to the law :  
 But God in mercy so deal with my soul,  
 As I in duty love my king and country !  
 But, to the matter that we have in hand : 160  
 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 show some reason, of no little force,  
 That York is most unmeet of any man.

*York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet :  
 First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride ;  
 Next, if I be appointed for the place,  
 My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,  
 Without discharge, money, or furniture, 170  
 Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands :  
 Last time, I danced attendance on his will  
 Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.

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

*Suf.* Peace, headstrong Warwick !

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

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

*Suf.* Because here is a man accused of treason :  
 Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself !

*York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor ? 180

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

*Suf.* Please it your majesty, this is the man  
 That doth accuse his master of high treason :  
 His words were these : that Richard Duke of York

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,  
 And that your majesty was an usurper.

*King.* Say, man, were these thy words?

*Hor.* An't shall please your majesty, I never said  
 nor thought any such matter : God is my witness,  
 I am falsely accused by the villain. 190

*Pet.* By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them  
 to me in the garret one night, as we were scour-  
 ing my Lord of York's armour.

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

*Hor.* Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the  
 words. My accuser is my 'prentice ; and when  
 I did correct him for his fault the other day, he 200  
 did vow upon his knees he would be even with  
 me : I have good witness of this ; therefore I  
 beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest  
 man for a villain's accusation.

*King.* 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, 210  
 For he hath witness of his servant's malice :  
 This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

*Som.* I humbly thank your royal majesty.

*Hor.* And I accept the combat willingly.

*Pet.* Alas, my lord, I cannot fight ; for God's sake,  
 pity my case. The spite 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. 220

*King.* Away with them to prison; and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

### Scene IV.

*Gloucester's garden.*

*Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, and Bolingbroke.*

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

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

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

*Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, 10  
in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*]  
Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

*Enter Duchess aloft, Hume following.*

*Duch.* Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear the sooner the better.

*Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:  
 Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,  
 The time of night when Troy was set on fire; 19  
 The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,  
 And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,  
 That time best fits the work we have in hand.  
 Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,  
 We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

*[Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.]*

*Spir.* Adsum.

*M. Jourd.* Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power  
 Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;  
 For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

*Spir.* Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done! 30

*Boling.* 'First of the king: what shall of him become?'

*[Reading out of a paper.]*

*Spir.* The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;  
 But him outlive, and die a violent death.

*[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.]*

*Boling.* 'What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?'

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

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

*Spir.* Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains  
 Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure. 40

KING HENRY VI.

Act I. Sc. iv.

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

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

*York.* Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.  
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.  
What, madam, are you there? the king and com-  
monweal  
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:  
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,  
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

*Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,  
Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause. 50

*Buck.* True, madam, none at all: what call you this?  
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,  
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.  
Stafford, take her to thee.

[*Exeunt above Duchess and Hume, guarded.*  
We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.  
All, away!

[*Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.*

*York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:  
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!  
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.  
What have we here? [Reads. 60  
'The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;  
But him outlive, and die a violent death.'  
Why this is just  
'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.'  
Well, to the rest:

· Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?  
By water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains 70  
Than where castles mounted stand.'

Come, come, my lords;

These oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The king, is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,

With him the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

*Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,  
To be the post, in hope of his reward. 80

*York.* At your pleasure, my good lord. Who's within  
there, ho!

*Enter a Serving-man.*

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT SECOND.

### Scene I.

*Saint Alban's.*

*Enter the King, Queen, Gloucester, Cardinal, and Suffolk,  
with Falconers halloing.*

*Queen.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,  
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:  
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

*King.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,  
 And what a pitch she flew above the rest!  
 To see how God in all His 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 tower so well;      10  
 They know their master loves to be aloft,  
 And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

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

*Car.* I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.

*Glou.* Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by that?  
 Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

*King.* The treasury of everlasting joy.

*Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts  
 Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;      20  
 Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,  
 That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

*Glou.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown per-  
 emptory?

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?  
 Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;  
 With such holiness can you do it?

*Suf.* No malice, sir; no more than well becomes  
 So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

*Glou.* As who, my lord?

*Suf.* Why, as you, my lord,  
 An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.      30

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

*Queen.* And thy ambition, Gloucester.

*King.* I prithee, peace, good queen,

And whet not on these furious peers;  
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

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

*Glou.* [*Aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come  
to that!

*Car.* [*Aside to Glou.*] Marry, when thou darest.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers for the  
matter; 40

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

*Car.* [*Aside to Glou.*] Ay, where thou darest not peep: an  
if thou darest,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.

*King.* How now, my lords!

*Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloucester,  
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,  
We had had more sport. [*Aside to Glou.*] Come  
with thy two-hand sword.

*Glou.* True, uncle.

*Car.* [*Aside to Glou.*] Are ye advised? the east side of  
the grove?

*Glou.* [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

*King.* Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

*Glou.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord. 50  
[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll  
shave your crown for this,  
Or all my fence shall fail.

*Car.* [*Aside to Glou.*] Medice, teipsum—  
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

*King.* The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,  
lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!



When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?  
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying 'A miracle!'*

*Glou.* What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim? 60

*Towns.* A miracle! a miracle!

*Suf.* Come to the king and tell him what miracle.

*Towns.* Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,  
Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;  
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

*King.* Now, God be praised, that to believing souls  
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his brethren,  
bearing Simpcox, between two in a chair,  
Simpcox's Wife following.*

*Car.* Here comes the townsmen on procession,  
To present your highness with the man.

*King.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale, 70  
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

*Glou.* Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king;  
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

*King.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,  
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.  
What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?

*Simp.* Born blind, an't please your grace.

*Wife.* Ay, indeed, was he.

*Suf.* What woman is this?

*Wife.* His wife, an't like your worship. 80

*Glou.* Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better  
told.

*King.* Where wert thou born?

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

*King.* Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee :

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

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

*Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion ; being call'd  
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep, 90  
By good Saint Alban ; who said, ' Simpcox, come,  
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

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

*Car.* What, art thou lame?

*Simp.* Ay, God Almighty help me !

*Suf.* How camest thou so?

*Simp.* A fall off of a tree.

*Wife.* A plum-tree, master.

*Glou.* How long hast thou been blind?

*Simp.* O, born so, master.

*Glou.* What, and wouldst climb a tree?

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

*Wife.* Too true ; and bought his climbing very dear. 100

*Glou.* Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst venture  
so.

*Simp.* Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,  
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

*Glou.* A subtle knave ! but yet it shall not serve.

Let me see thine eyes : wink now : now open them :  
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

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

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

KING HENRY VI.

Act II. Sc. i.

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

*Glou.* Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown  
of? 110

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

*King.* Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

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

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

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

*Glou.* Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

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

*Glou.* What's his name?

*Simp.* I know not.

*Glou.* Nor his? 120

*Simp.* No, indeed, master.

*Glou.* What's thine own name?

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

*Glou.* Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave  
in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,  
thou mightst as well have known all our names  
as thus to name the several colours we do wear.  
Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly  
to nominate them all, it is impossible. My  
lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; 130  
and would ye not think his cunning to be great,  
that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

*Simp.* O master, that you could!

*Glou.* My masters of Saint Albans, have you not  
beadles in your town, and things called whips?

*May.* Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

*Glou.* Then send for one presently.

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

[*Exit an attendant.*]

## Act II. Sc. i.

## THE SECOND PART OF

*Glou.* Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, ~~vsirrah, if you mean to~~ save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away. 140

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

*Enter a Beadle with whips.*

*Glou.* Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.  
Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that  
same stool.

*Bead.* I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with  
your doublet quickly.

*Simp.* Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not  
able to stand. 150

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

*King.* O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

*Queen.* 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 whipped through every market-  
town, till they come to Berwick, from whence  
they came. *[Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, etc.*

*Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

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

*Glou.* But you have done more miracles than I; 160  
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

*Enter Buckingham.*

*King.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,  
 Under the countenance and confederacy  
 Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,  
 The ringleader and head of all this rout,  
 Have practised dangerously against your state,  
 Dealing with witches and with conjurers :  
 Whom we have apprehended in the fact ; 170  
 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.* [*Aside to Glou.*] And so, my lord protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.  
 This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge ;  
 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

*Glou.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart :  
 Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers ; 180  
 And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,  
 Or to the meanest groom.

*King.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,  
 Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby !

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

*Glou.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,  
 How I have loved my king and commonweal :  
 And, for my wife, I know not how it stands ;  
 Sorry I am to hear what I have heard : 190  
 Noble she is, but if she have forgot  
 Honour and virtue and conversed 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 have dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.

*King.* 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, 200  
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

Whose beam standssure, whoserightful causeprevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

### Scene II.

*London. The Duke of York's garden.*

*Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.*

*York.* Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,  
Our simple supper ended, give me leave  
In this close walk to satisfy myself,  
In craving your opinion of my title,  
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

*Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.

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

*York.* Then thus:

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons: 10  
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;  
The second, William of Hatfield, and the third,  
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom  
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;  
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;  
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of  
Gloucester;

William of Windsor was the seventh and last.

Edward the Black Prince died before his father,  
 And left behind him Richard, his only son,  
 Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king ;  
 Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, 21  
 The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,  
 Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,  
 Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,  
 Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,  
 And him to Pomfret ; where, as all you know,  
 Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

*War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth ;

Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

*York.* Which now they hold by force and not by right ;  
 For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead, 31  
 The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

*Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

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

*Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,  
 As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ; 40  
 And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,  
 Who kept him in captivity till he died.  
 But to the rest.

*York.* His eldest sister, Anne,  
 My mother, being heir unto the crown,  
 Married Richard Earl of Cambridge ; who was son  
 To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.  
 By her I claim the kingdom : she was heir  
 To Roger Earl of March, who was the son

Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,  
 Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence: 50  
 So, if the issue of the elder son  
 Succeed before the younger, I am king.

*War.* What plain proceeding is more plain than this?  
 Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,  
 The fourth son; York claims it from the third.  
 Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:  
 It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee  
 And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.  
 Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;  
 And in this private plot be we the first 60  
 That shall salute our rightful sovereign  
 With honour of his birthright to the crown.

*Both.* Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

*York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not your king  
 Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd  
 With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;  
 And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,  
 But with advice and silent secrecy.  
 Do you as I do in these dangerous days:  
 Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence, 70  
 At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,  
 At Buckingham and all the crew of them,  
 Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,  
 That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:  
 'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that  
 Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

*Sal.* My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

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

*York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself 80



Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick  
The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene III.

*A hall of justice.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Duchess of Gloucester, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.*

*King.* Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife:

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:  
Receive the sentence of the law for sins  
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.  
You four, from hence to prison back again;  
From thence unto the place of execution:  
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,  
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.  
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,  
Despoiled of your honour in your life, 10  
Shall, after three days' open penance done,  
Live in your country here in banishment,  
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

*Duch.* Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

*Glou.* Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged thee:  
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

[*Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.  
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age  
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go; 20

Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

*King.* Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,  
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself  
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,  
My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet:  
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved  
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

*Queen.* I see no reason why a king of years  
Should be to be protected like a child.  
God and King Henry govern England's realm. 30  
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

*Glou.* My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:  
As willingly do I the same resign  
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;  
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it  
As others would ambitiously receive it.  
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,  
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*]

*Queen.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;  
And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,  
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;  
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off. 42  
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand  
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

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

*York.* Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,  
This is the day appointed for the combat;  
And ready are the appelland and defendant,  
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists, 50  
So please your highness to behold the fight.

*Queen.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore  
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

*King.* O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:  
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

*York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested,  
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,  
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter at one door, Horner, the Armourer, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door Peter, his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and 'Prentices drinking to him.*

*First Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you  
in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough. 60

*Sec. Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

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

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

*First 'Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be  
not afraid.

*Sec. 'Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: 70  
fight for credit of the 'prentices.

*Peter.* I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I  
pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught  
in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee  
my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:  
and here, Tom, take all the

money that I have. O Lord bless me! I pray  
 God! for I am never able to deal with my  
 master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

*Sal.* Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. 80  
 Sirrah, what's thy name?

*Peter.* Peter, forsooth.

*Sal.* Peter! what more?

*Peter.* Thump.

*Sal.* Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

*Hor.* Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon  
 my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and  
 myself an honest man: and touching the Duke  
 of York, I will take my death, I never meant  
 him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and 90  
 therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright  
 blow!

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

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

*Hor.* Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

*[Dies.]*

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

*Peter.* O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this  
 presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

*King.* Go, take hence that traitor from our sight; 100  
 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 have murder'd wrongfully.  
 Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

*[Sound a flourish. Exeunt.]*

## Scene IV.

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*Enter Gloucester and his Serving-men, in mourning cloaks.*

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

*Serv.* Ten, my lord.

*Glou.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me  
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:  
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,  
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.  
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abroad 10  
The abject people gazing on thy face,  
With envious looks laughing at thy shame,  
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,  
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.  
But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare  
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the Duchess of Gloucester in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand; with Sir John Stanley, the Sheriff, and Officers.*

*Serv.* So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

*Glou.* No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

*Duch.* Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?  
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!  
See how the giddy multitude do point, 21  
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!  
Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,  
 And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

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

*Duch.* Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!

For whilst I think I am thy married wife,  
 And thou a prince, protector of this land,  
 Methinks I should not thus be led along, 30  
 Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,  
 And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice  
 To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.  
 The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,  
 And when I start, the envious people laugh,  
 And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?  
 Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,  
 Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?  
 No; dark shall be my light and night my day; 40  
 To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.

Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,  
 And he a prince and ruler of the land:  
 Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,  
 As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,  
 Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock  
 To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,  
 Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death  
 Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will; 50  
 For Suffolk—he that can do all in all  
 With her that hateth thee and hates us all—  
 And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,  
 Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,  
 And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,  
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

*Glou.* Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;  
I must offend before I be attained;  
And had I twenty times so many foes, 60  
And each of them had twenty times their power,  
All these could not procure me any scathe,  
So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.  
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?  
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,  
But I in danger for the breach of law.  
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:  
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;  
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

*Enter a Herald.*

*Her.* I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,  
Holden at Bury the first of this next month. 71

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

*[Exit Herald.]*

My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff,  
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

*Sher.* An 't please your grace, here my commission stays,  
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now  
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

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

*Stan.* So am I given in charge, may 't please your grace.

*Glou.* Entreat her not the worse in that I pray 81  
You use her well: the world may laugh again;  
And I may live to do you kindness if  
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!

*Duch.* What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

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

*[Exeunt Gloucester and Serving-men.]*

*Duch.* Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!

For none abides with me: my joy is death,—

Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,

Because I wish'd this world's eternity.

90

Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;

I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

Only convey me where thou art commanded.

*Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;

There to be used according to your state.

*Duch.* That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach:

And shall I then be used reproachfully?

*Stan.* Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;

According to that state you shall be used.

*Duch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,

100

Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

*Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

*Duch.* Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

*Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

*Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

110

*[Exeunt.]*



## ACT THIRD.

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## Scene I.

*The Abbey at Bury Saint Edmund's.*

*Sound a Sennet. Enter King, Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick to the Parliament.*

*King.* I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come :

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,  
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

*Queen.* Can you not see? or will ye not observe  
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?  
With what a majesty he bears himself,  
How insolent of late he is become,  
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?  
We know the time since he was mild and affable,  
And if we did but glance a far-off look, 10

Immediately he was upon his knee,  
That all the court admired him for submission :  
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,  
When every one will give the time of day,  
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,  
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,  
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin ;  
But great men tremble when the lion roars ;  
And Humphrey is no little man in England. 20  
First note that he is near you in descent,  
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.  
Me seemeth then it is no policy,  
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,  
And his advantage following your decease,

That he should come about your royal person,  
 Or be admitted to your highness' council.  
 By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,  
 And when he please to make commotion,  
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him. 30  
 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted ;  
 Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,  
 And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.  
 The reverent care I bear unto my lord  
 Made me collect these dangers in the duke.  
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear ;  
 Which fear if better reasons can supplant,  
 I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.  
 My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,  
 Reprove my allegation, if you can ; 40  
 Or else conclude my words effectual.

*Suf.* Well hath your highness seen into this duke ;  
 And, had I first been put to speak my mind,  
 I think I should have told your grace's tale.  
 The duchess by his subornation,  
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices :  
 Or, if he were not privy to those faults,  
 Yet, by reputed of his high descent,  
 As next the king he was successive heir,  
 And such high vaunts of his nobility, 50  
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess  
 By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.  
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep ;  
 And in his simple show he harbours treason.  
 The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.  
 No, no, my sovereign ; Gloucester is a man  
 Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

- Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
Devise strange deaths for small offences done? 60
- 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  
Humphrey.
- King.* My lords, at once: the care you have of us,  
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,  
Is worthy praise: but, shall I speak my conscience,  
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent  
From meaning treason to our royal person, 70  
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:  
The duke is virtuous, mild and too well given  
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.
- Queen.* Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!  
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,  
For he's disposed as the hateful raven:  
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,  
For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.  
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?  
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all 80  
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter Somerset.*

- Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!
- King.* Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?
- Som.* That all your interest in those territories  
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.
- King.* Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

## Act III. Sc. i.

## THE SECOND PART OF

*York.* [*Aside*] Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France  
 As firmly as I hope for fertile England.  
 Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,  
 And caterpillars eat my leaves away ; 90  
 But I will remedy this gear ere long,  
 Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glou.* All happiness unto my lord the king!  
 Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

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

*Glou.* Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,  
 Nor change my countenance for this arrest :  
 A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 100  
 The purest spring is not so free from mud  
 As I am clear from treason to my sovereign :  
 Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

*York.* 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,  
 And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay ;  
 By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

*Glou.* Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?  
 I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,  
 Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.  
 So help me God, as I have watch'd the night, 110  
 Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!  
 That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,  
 Or any groat I hoarded to my use,  
 Be brought against me at my trial-day!  
 No ; many a pound of mine own proper store,  
 Because I would not tax the needy commons,

KING HENRY VI.

Act III. Sc. i.

Have I dispursed to the garrisons,  
And never ask'd for restitution.

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

*Glou.* I say no more than truth, so help me God! 120

*York.* In your protectorship you did devise  
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,  
That England was defamed by tyranny.

*Glou.* Why, '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 fleeced poor passengers,  
I never gave them condign punishment: 130  
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured  
Above the felon or what trespass else.

*Suf.* My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:  
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.  
I do arrest you in his highness' name;  
And here commit you to my lord cardinal  
To keep, until your further time of trial.

*King.* My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope  
That you will clear yourself from all suspect: 140  
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

*Glou.* Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:  
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,  
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;  
Foul subornation is predominant,  
And equity exiled your highness' land.  
I know their complot is to have my life;  
And if my death might make this island happy,

And prove the period of their tyranny,  
I would expend it with all willingness: 150

But mine is made the prologue to their play;  
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,  
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;

Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue  
The envious load that lies upon his heart;

And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,  
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,

By false accuse doth level at my life: 160

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,  
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,

And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up  
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—  
Myself had notice of your conventicles—

And all to make away my guiltless life.

I shall not want false witness to condemn me,

Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;

The ancient proverb will be well effected: 170

'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

*Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable:

If those that care to keep your royal person  
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage

Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,

And the offender granted scope of speech,

'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

*Suf.* Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here

With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,

As if she had suborned some to swear 180

False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

*Queen.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.

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

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

*Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

*Glou.* Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch,  
Before his legs be firm to bear his body. 190  
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.  
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!  
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[Exit, guarded.]

*King.* My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,  
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

*Queen.* What, will your highness leave the Parliament?

*King.* Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,  
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,  
My body round engirt with misery, 200  
For what's more miserable than discontent?  
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see  
The map of honour, truth and loyalty:  
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come  
That e'er I proved thee false or fear'd thy faith.  
What louring star now envies thy estate,  
That these great lords and Margaret our queen  
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?  
Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong;  
And as the butcher takes away the calf, 210  
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,  
 Even so remorseless have they borne him hence ;  
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,  
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,  
 And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,  
 Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case  
 With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes  
 Look after him and cannot do him good,  
 So mighty are his vowed enemies. 220

His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan  
 Say ' Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none.'

*[Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk,  
 and York. Somerset remains apart.]*

**Queen.** Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,  
 Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show  
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile  
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers,  
 Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,  
 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child  
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent. 230

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—  
 And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—  
 This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,  
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

**Car.** That he should die is worthy policy ;  
 But yet we want a colour for his death :  
 '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 ; 240  
 And yet we have but trivial argument,



More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

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

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

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

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk.

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls :

Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set

To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,

As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector ?

*Queen.* So the poor chicken should be sure of death. 251

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

To make the fox surveyor of the fold :

Who being accused a crafty murderer,

His guilt should be but idly posted over,

Because his purpose is not executed.

No ; let him die, in that he is a fox,

By nature proved an enemy to the flock,

Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,

As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege. 260

And do not stand on quillets how to slay him :

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,

Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,

So he be dead ; for that is good deceit

Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

*Queen.* Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

*Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were done ;

For things are often spoke and seldom meant :

But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,

Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270

And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,

Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

*Car.* But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest :  
 Say you consent and censure well the deed,  
 And I'll provide his executioner,  
 I tender so the safety of my liege.

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

*Queen.* And so say I.

*York.* And I: and now we three have spoke it, 280  
 It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

*Enter a Post.*

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

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

*York.* That Somerset be sent as regent thither: 290  
 'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;  
 Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

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

*York.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:  
 I rather would have lost my life betimes  
 Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,  
 By staying there so long till all were lost.  
 Show me one scar character'd on thy skin: 300  
 Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

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

No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:  
 Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,  
 Might happily have proved far worse than his.

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

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

*Car.* My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.  
 The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms, 310  
 And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:  
 To Ireland will you lead a band of men,  
 Collected choicely, from each county some,  
 And try your hap against the Irishmen?

*York.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

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

*York.* I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,  
 Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 320

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

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

*York.* My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days  
 At Bristol I expect my soldiers;  
 For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

*Suf.* I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York. 330  
 [*Exeunt all but York.*]

*York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,  
 And change misdoubt to resolution:  
 Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art

Resign to death ; it is not worth the enjoying :  
 Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,  
 And find no harbour in a royal heart.  
 Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on  
 thought,  
 And not a thought but thinks on dignity.  
 My brain more busy than the labouring spider  
 Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies. 340  
 Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,  
 To send me packing with an host of men :  
 I fear me you but warm the starved snake,  
 Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.  
 'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me :  
 I take it kindly ; yet be well assured  
 You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.  
 Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,  
 I will stir up in England some black storm  
 Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell ;  
 And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage 351  
 Until the golden circuit on my head,  
 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,  
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.  
 And, for a minister of my intent,  
 I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,  
 John Cade of Ashford,  
 To make commotion, as full well he can,  
 Under the title of John Mortimer.  
 In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 360  
 Oppose himself against a troop of kernes,  
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts  
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine ;  
 And, in the end being rescued, I have seen

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,  
 Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.  
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,  
 Hath he conversed with the enemy,  
 And undiscover'd come to me again,  
 And given me notice of their villanies. 370  
 This devil here shall be my substitute;  
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,  
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:  
 By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,  
 How they affect the house and claim of York.  
 Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,  
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him  
 Will make him say I moved him to those arms.  
 Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,  
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,  
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd; 381  
 For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

### Scene II.

*Bury St. Edmund's. A room of state.*

*Enter certain Murderers, hastily.*

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

*Sec. Mur.* O that it were to do! What have we done?  
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

*Enter Suffolk.*

*First Mur.* Here comes my lord.

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

*First Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.

*Suf.* Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my house;  
I will reward you for this venturous deed.  
The king and all the peers are here at hand. 10  
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,  
According as I gave directions?

*First Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.

*Suf.* Away! be gone. [Exeunt Murderers.]

*Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen,  
Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, with Attendants.*

*King.* Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;  
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,  
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

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

*King.* Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,  
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester 20  
Than from true evidence of good esteem  
He be approved in practice culpable.

*Queen.* God forbid any malice should prevail,  
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!  
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

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

*Re-enter Suffolk.*

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?  
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suffolk?

*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

*Queen.* Marry, God forfend! 30

*Car.* God's secret judgement: I did dream to-night  
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.

[The King swoons.]



**SURREL :** "Now, airs, have you despatch'd this thing :  
KING HENRY VI Part II Act III Scene 4

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*Queen.* How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king is  
dead. [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

*Som.* Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

*Queen.* Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine eyes!

*Suf.* He doth revive again: madam, be patient.

*King.* O heavenly God!

*Queen.* How fares my gracious lord?

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

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

Came he right now to sing a raven's note, 40

Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;

And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;

Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world. 60

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:

Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;

For in the shade of death I shall find joy;

In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.

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

Although the duke was enemy to him,

Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:

And for myself, foe as he was to me,

Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans, 60

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.  
 What know I how the world may deem of me?  
 For it is known we were but hollow friends:  
 It may be judged I made the duke away;  
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,  
 And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.  
 This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy! 70  
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

*King.* Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!

*Queen.* Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.  
 What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?  
 I am no loathsome leper; look on me.  
 What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?  
 Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.  
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?  
 Why, then, dame Eleanor was ne'er thy joy.  
 Erect his statuë and worship it, 80  
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.  
 Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,  
 And twice by awkward wind from England's bank  
 Drove back again unto my native clime?  
 What boded this, but well forewarning wind  
 Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore'?'  
 What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,  
 And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves;  
 And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,  
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock? 91  
 Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,  
 But left that hateful office unto thee:  
 The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,  
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on  
 shore,

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness :  
 The splitting rocks cover'd in the sinking sands,  
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,  
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
 Might in thy palace perish Eleanor. 100  
 As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,  
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,  
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm,  
 And when the dusky sky began to rob  
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,  
 I took a costly jewel from my neck—  
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—  
 And threw it towards thy land : the sea received it,  
 And so I wish'd thy body might my heart :  
 And even with this I lost fair England's view, 110  
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,  
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,  
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.  
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,  
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy,  
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,  
 When he to madding Dido would unfold  
 His father's acts commenced in burning Troy !  
 Am I not witch'd like her ? or thou not false like him ?  
 Ay me, I can no more ! die, Eleanor ! 120  
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

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

*War.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
 That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd  
 By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees  
 That want their leader, scatter up and down,  
 And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
 Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
 Until they hear the order of his death.

*King.* That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true; 130  
 But how he died God knows, not Henry :  
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
 And comment then upon his sudden death.

*War.* That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,  
 With the rude multitude till I return. [Exit.

*King.* O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,  
 My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul  
 Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!  
 If my suspect be false, forgive me, God ;  
 For judgement only doth belong to Thee. 140  
 Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips  
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain  
 Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,  
 To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
 And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :  
 But all in vain are these mean obsequies ;  
 And to survey his dead and earthly image,  
 What were it but to make my sorrow greater ?

*Re-enter Warwick and others, bearing  
 Gloucester's body on a bed.*

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

*King.* That is to see how deep my grave is made ; 150  
 For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,  
 For seeing him I see my life in death.

*War.* As surely as my soul intends to live

With that dread King, that took our state upon him  
 To free us from his father's wrathful curse,  
 I do believe that violent hands were laid  
 Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

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

*War.* See how the blood is settled in his face. 160

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,  
 Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless  
 Being all descended to the labouring heart;  
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;  
 Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth  
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But see, his face is black and full of blood,  
 His eye-balls further out than when he lived,  
 Staring full ghastly like a strangled man; 170  
 His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with  
 struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd  
 And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued:  
 Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;  
 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,  
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.  
 It cannot be but he was murder'd here;  
 The least of all these signs were probable.

*Suf.* Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?  
 Myself and Beaufort had him in protection; 180  
 And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

*War.* But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,  
 And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:  
 'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;  
 And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

*Queen.* Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen  
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

*War.* Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,  
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?  
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest, 191  
But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?  
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

*Queen.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's your  
knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?

*Suf.* I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;  
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,  
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart  
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge. 200  
Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*]

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

*Queen.* He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

*War.* Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;  
For every word you speak in his behalf  
Is slander to your royal dignity.

*Suf.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour! 210  
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art  
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

KING HENRY VI.

Act III. Sc. ii.

*War.* But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the deathsmān of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,  
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee 220  
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,  
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,  
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy ;  
And after all this fearful homage done,  
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,  
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men !

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

*War.* Away even now, or I will drag thee hence :  
Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee 230  
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*]

*King.* What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted !  
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

*Queen.* What noise is this ?

*Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their  
weapons drawn.*

*King.* Why, how now, lords ! your wrathful weapons  
drawn

Here in our presence ! dare you be so bold ?  
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here ?

*Suf.* The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury 240  
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

*Sal.* [*To the Commons, entering*] Sirs, stand apart; the  
king shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,  
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,  
Or banished fair England's territories,  
They will by violence tear him from your palace,  
And torture him with grievous lingering death.  
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;  
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;  
And mere instinct of love and loyalty, 250  
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,  
As being thought to contradict your liking,  
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.  
They say, in care of your most royal person,  
That if your highness should intend to sleep,  
And charge that no man should disturb your rest  
In pain of your dislike or pain of death,  
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,  
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,  
That slyly glided towards your majesty, 260  
It were but necessary you were waked,  
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,  
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;  
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,  
That they will guard you, whether you will or no,  
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,  
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,  
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,  
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

*Commons* [*within*]. An answer from the king, my Lord  
of Salisbury! 270

*Suf.* 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,



KING HENRY VI.

Act III. Sc. ii.

Could send such message to their sovereign :  
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,  
 To show how quaint an orator you are :  
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won  
 Is, that he was the lord ambassador  
 Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

*Commons* [*within*]. An answer from the king, or we will  
 all break in !

*King*. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,  
 I thank them for their tender loving care ; 280  
 And had I not been cited so by them,  
 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;  
 For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy  
 Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means :  
 And therefore, by His majesty I swear,  
 Whose far unworthy deputy I am,  
 He shall not breathe infection in this air  
 But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

*Queen*. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk !

*King*. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk ! 290  
 No more, I say : if thou dost plead for him,  
 Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.  
 Had I but said, I would have kept my word,  
 But when I swear, it is irrevocable.  
 If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found  
 On any ground that I am ruler of,  
 The world shall not be ransom for thy life.  
 Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me ;  
 I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*]

*Queen*. Mischance and sorrow go along with you ! 300

Heart's discontent and sour affliction  
 Be playfellows to keep you company!  
 There's two of you; the devil make a third!  
 And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

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

*Queen.* Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!  
 Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

*Suf.* A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?  
 Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan, 310  
 I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
 As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,  
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
 As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:  
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;  
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;  
 Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;  
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:  
 And even now my burthen'd heart would break, 320  
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!  
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!  
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!  
 Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!  
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!  
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,  
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full!  
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

*Queen.* Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;  
 And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,  
 Or like an overcharged gun, recoil, 331  
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

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

*Queen.* O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,  
 That I may dew it with my mournful tears; 340  
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
 To wash away my woful monuments.  
 O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,  
 That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,  
 Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for  
 thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;  
 'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,  
 As one that surfeits thinking on a want.  
 I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,  
 Adventure to be banished myself: 350  
 And banished I am, if but from thee.  
 Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.  
 O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd  
 Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,  
 Loather a hundred times to part than die.  
 Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

*Suf.* Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;  
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.  
 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;  
 A wilderness is populous enough, 360  
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:  
 For where thou art, there is the world itself,  
 With every several pleasure in the world,

And where thou art not, desolation.  
~~I can no more~~: ~~live~~ thou to joy thy life;  
 Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.

*Enter Vaux.*

*Queen.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

*Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty  
 That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;  
 For suddenly a grievous sickness took him, 370  
 That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,  
 Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.  
 Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost  
 Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,  
 And whispers to his pillow as to him  
 The secrets of his overcharged soul:  
 And I am sent to tell his majesty,  
 That even now he cries aloud for him.

*Queen.* Go tell this heavy message to the king.

*[Exit Vaux.]*

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!  
 But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss, 381  
 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? 390  
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,  
 Dying with mother's dug betw  
 Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,  
 And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,  
 To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;  
 So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,  
 Or I should breathe it so into thy body,  
 And then it lived in sweet Elysium.  
 To die by thee were but to die in jest;                   400  
 From thee to die were torture more than death:  
 O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

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

*Suf.* I go.

*Queen.* And take my heart with thee.

*Suf.* A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask  
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.                   410  
 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:  
 This way fall I to death.

*Queen.*   This way for me.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

### Scene III.

*A bedchamber.*

*Enter the King, Salisbury, Warwick, to the  
 Cardinal in bed.*

*King.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

*Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure  
 Enough to purchase such another island,

So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

*King.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,

Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

*War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

*Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whether they will or no? 10

O, torture me no more! I will confess.

Alive again? then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

*King.* O thou eternal mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch! 20

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

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

*Sal.* Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

*King.* Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

*War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life. 30

*King.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;

And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt.]

## ACT FOURTH.

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## Scene I.

*The coast of Kent.*

*Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and others; with them Suffolk, and others, prisoners.*

*Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day  
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea;  
 And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades  
 That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
 Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,  
 Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws  
 Breathe foul contagious 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, 10  
 Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore.  
 Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;  
 And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;  
 The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

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

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

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

*Cap.* What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,  
 And bear the name and port of gentlemen?  
 Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall: 20  
 The lives of those which we have lost in fight  
 Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

*First Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

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

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

*[To Suf.]*

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

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

*Suf.* Look on my George; I am a gentleman:  
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid. 30

*Whit.* And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.  
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death  
affright?

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

*Whit.* Gualtier or Walter, which it is, I care not:  
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,  
But with our sword we wiped away the blot; 40  
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,  
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,  
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

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

*Whit.* The Duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

*Suf.* Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:  
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

*Cap.* But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

*Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood, 50  
The honourable blood of Lancaster,  
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.  
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?  
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,



And thought thee happy when I shook my head?  
 How often hast thou waited at my cup,  
 Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,  
 When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?  
 Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n,  
 Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride; 60  
 How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood  
 And duly waited for my coming forth?  
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,  
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

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

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

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

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

*Suf.* Thou darest not, for thy own.

*Cap.* Yes, Pole.

*Suf.* Pole!

*Cap.* Pool! Sir Pool! lord! 70

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt  
 Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.  
 Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,  
 For swallowing the treasure of the realm:  
 Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;  
 And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's  
 death

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,  
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:  
 And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,  
 For daring to affy a mighty lord 80  
 Unto the daughter of a worthless king,  
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,  
 And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged  
 With gobbits of thy mother's bleeding heart.  
 By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,  
 The false revolting Normans thorough thee  
 Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy  
 Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,  
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home. 90  
 The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,  
 Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,  
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms:  
 And now the house of York, thrust from the crown  
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king,  
 And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,  
 Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours  
 Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,  
 Under the which is writ 'Invitis nubibus.'  
 The commons here in Kent are up in arms: 100  
 And, to conclude, reproach and beggary  
 Is crept into the palace of our king,  
 And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

*Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder  
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!  
 Small things make base men proud: this villain here,  
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more  
 Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.  
 Drones suck not eagles' blood but rob bee-hives:  
 It is impossible that I should die 110  
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.  
 Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:  
 I go of message from the queen to France;  
 I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

*Cap.* Walter,—

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

*Suf.* Gelidus timor occupat artus: it is thee I fear.

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

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

*First Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

*Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough, 121

Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any

Save to the God of heaven and to my king;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear:

More can I bear than you dare execute. 130

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

*Suf.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,

That this my death may never be forgot!

Great men oft die by vile bezonians:

A Roman sworder and banditto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders

Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*]

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

It is our pleasure one of them depart: 140

Therefore come you with us and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*]

*Re-enter Whitmore with Suffolk's body.*

*Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,

Until the queen his mistress bury it. [Exit.

*First Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

His body will I bear unto the king :

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends ;

So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit with the body.

### Scene II.

*Blackheath.*

*Enter George Bevis and John Holland.*

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

*Holl.* They have the more need to sleep now, then.

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

*Holl.* So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up. 10

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

*Holl.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

*Bevis.* Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

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

*Bevis.* Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of 20  
a brave mind than a hard hand.

KING HENRY VI.

Act IV. Sc. ii.

*Holl.* 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.

*Holl.* And Dick the butcher,—

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

*Holl.* And Smith the Weaver,—

*Bevis.* Argo, their thread of life is spun. 30

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

*Drum.* Enter Cade, Dick Butcher, Smith the Weaver,  
and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

*Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our supposed  
father,—

*Dick.* [*Aside*] 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.* [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good 40  
bricklayer.

*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

*Dick.* [*Aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

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

*Dick.* [*Aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter,  
and sold many laces.

*Smith.* [*Aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with  
her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

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

*Dick.* [*Aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honour- 50

able; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.

*Cade.* Valiant I am.

*Smith.* [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

*Cade.* I am able to endure much.

*Dick.* [*Aside*] Noquestion of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

*Cade.* I fear neither sword nor fire.

*Smith.* [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

60

*Dick.* [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire; being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

*Cade.* Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be,—

70

*All.* God save your majesty!

*Cade.* I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

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

*Cade.* Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some

80

say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax;  
for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never  
mine own man since. How now! who's there?

*Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.*

*Smith.* The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read  
and cast accompt.

*Cade.* O monstrous!

*Smith.* We took him setting of boys' copies.

*Cade.* Here's a villain!

90

*Smith.* Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

*Cade.* Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

*Dick.* Nay, he can make obligations, and write courthand.

*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, sirrah, I must examine  
thee: what is thy name?

*Clerk.* Emmanuel.

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

100

*Cade.* Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy  
name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an  
honest plain-dealing man?

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

*All.* He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain  
and a traitor.

*Cade.* Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen  
and ink-horn about his neck.

*[Exit one with the Clerk.]*

*Enter Michael.*

*Mich.* Where's our general?

110

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

*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

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

*Mich.* No.

*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer.  
[*Rises*] Now have at him!

120

*Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.*

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

*Bro.* But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,  
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

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

130

*Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plasterer;  
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

*Cade.* And Adam was a gardener.

*Bro.* And what of that?

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

*Staf.* Ay, sir.

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

*Bro.* That's false.



*Cade.* Ay, there 's the question ; but I say, 'tis true: 140

The elder of them, being put to nurse,  
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away ;  
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,  
Became a bricklayer when he came to age :  
His son am I ; deny it, if you can.

*Dick.* Nay, 'tis too true ; therefore he shall be king.

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

*Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words, 150  
That speaks he knows not what ?

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

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

*Cade.* [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself.

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 pro-  
tector over him.

*Dick.* And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's 160  
head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

*Cade.* And good reason : for thereby is England  
mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my  
puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you  
that that Lord Say hath gelded the 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 170  
our enemies ; go to, then, I ask but this : can

he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be  
a good counsellor, or no?

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

*Bro.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,  
Assail them with the army of the king.

*Staf.* Herald, away; and throughout every town  
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;  
That those which fly before the battle ends  
May, even in their wives' and children's sight, 180  
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:  
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.*]

*Cade.* And you that love the commons, follow me.  
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.  
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:  
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;  
For they are thrifty honest men, and such  
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

*Dick.* They are all in order and march toward us.

*Cade.* But then are we in order when we are most out 190  
of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt*]

### Scene III.

*Another part of Blackheath.*

*Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain  
Enter Cade and the rest.*

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

*Dick.* Here, sir.

*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and  
thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in  
thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will

I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

*Dick.* I desire no more.

*Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. 10

This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

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

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

#### Scene IV.

*London. The palace.*

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

*Queen.* Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,  
And makes it fearful and degenerate;  
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep,  
But who can cease to weep and look on this?  
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:  
But where's the body that I should embrace?

*Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

*King.* I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;  
For God forbid so many simple souls 10  
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,  
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,

Will parley with Jack Cade their general:  
 But stay, I'll read it over once again.

*Queen.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face  
 Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,  
 And could it not enforce them to relent,  
 That were unworthy to behold the same?

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

*Say.* Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his. 20

*King.* How now, madam!

Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?  
 I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,  
 Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

*Queen.* No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for  
 thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*King.* How now! what news? why comest thou in such  
 haste?

*Mess.* The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!  
 Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,  
 Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,  
 And calls your grace usurper openly, 30  
 And vows to crown himself in Westminster.  
 His army is a ragged multitude  
 Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:  
 Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death  
 Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:  
 All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,  
 They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

*King.* O graceless men! they know not what they do.

*Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,  
 Until a power be raised to put them down. 40

*Queen.* Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,  
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!

*King.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;  
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

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

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:  
The citizens fly and forsake their houses: 50  
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,  
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear  
To spoil the city and your royal court.

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

*King.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

*Queen.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

*King.* Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

*Buck.* Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

*Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.* 60

### Scene V.

*London. The Tower.*

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

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

*First Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for  
they have won the bridge, killing all those that  
withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of

your honour from the Tower to defend the city  
from the rebels.

*Scales.* Such aid as I can spare you shall command;  
But I am troubled here with them myself;  
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.  
But get you to Smithfield and gather head, 10  
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe;  
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;  
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene VI.

*London. 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 com-  
mand that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit  
run nothing but claret wine this first year of our  
reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason  
for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

*Enter a Soldier, running.*

*Sold.* Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

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

*Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye  
Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair 10  
warning.

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

*Cade.* Come, then, let's go fight with them: but  
first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if

you can, burn down the Tower too. Come,  
let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

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### Scene VII.

*London. Smithfield.*

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

*Cade.* So, sirs: now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

*Dick.* I have a suit unto your lordship.

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

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

*Holl.* [*Aside*] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. 10

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

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

*Holl.* [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes unless his teeth be pulled out.

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy. 20

*Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.*

*Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.

Al, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

30

40

*Say.* What of that?

50

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



*Dick.* And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

*Say.* You men of Kent,—

*Dick.* What say you of Kent?

*Say.* Nothing but this; 'tis 'bona terra, mala gens.'

*Cade.* Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

60

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

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,  
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:  
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;  
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;  
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.  
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,  
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.  
Justice with favour have I always done;  
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.  
When have I aught exacted at your hands, 71  
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?  
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,  
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,  
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,  
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,  
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,  
You cannot but forbear to murder me:  
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings  
For your behoof,— 80

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

*Say.* Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck  
Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

*Geo.* O monstrous coward! what, to come behind  
folks?

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

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

*Say.* Long sitting to determine poor men's causes  
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases. 90

*Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the  
help of hatchet.

*Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?

*Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

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

*Say.* Tell me wherein have I offended most?  
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak. 100  
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?  
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?  
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?  
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,  
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.  
O, let me live!

*Cade.* [*Aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his  
words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be  
but for pleading so well for his life. Away  
with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; 110  
he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him  
away, I say, and strike off his head presently;  
and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir  
James Cromer, and strike off his head, and  
bring them both upon two poles hither.

*All.* It shall be done.

*Say.* Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,

**KING HENRY VI.**

**Act IV. Sc. viii.**

God should be so obdurate as yourselves;  
How would it fare with your departed souls?  
And therefore yet relent, and save my life. 120

*Cade.* Away with him! and do as I command ye.

*[Exeunt some with Lord Say.]*

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her 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? 130

*Cade.* Marry, presently.

*All.* O, brave!

*Re-enter one with the heads.*

*Cade.* But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; 139 and at every corner have them kiss. Away! *[Exeunt.]*

**Scene VIII.**

*Southwark.*

*Alarum and retreat. Enter Cade and all his rabblement.*

*Cade.* Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner!  
kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!

[*Sound a parley.*] What noise is this I hear?  
 Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,  
 when I command them kill?

*Enter Buckingham and Clifford, attended.*

*Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:  
 Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king  
 Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;  
 And here pronounce free pardon to them all,  
 That will forsake thee and go home in peace. 10

*Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,  
 And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you;  
 Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?  
 Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,  
 Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!'  
 Who hateth him and honours not his father,  
 Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,  
 Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

*All.* God save the king! God save the king!

*Cade.* What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so 20  
 brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe  
 him? will you needs be hanged with your  
 pardons about your necks? Hath my sword  
 therefore broke through London gates, that you  
 should leave me at the White Hart in South-  
 wark? I thought ye would never have given out  
 these arms till you had recovered your ancient  
 freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards,  
 and delight to live in slavery to the nobility.  
 Let them break your backs with burthens, take 30  
 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; 40  
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 ' Villiago!' unto all they meet.  
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry, 49  
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 hailes them to an hundred mischiefs and  
makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay 60  
their heads together to surprise me. My sword  
make way for me, for here is no staying. In  
despite of the devils and hell, have through the

very midst of you! and heavens and honour  
 be witness that no want of resolution in me,  
 but only my followers' base and ignominious  
 treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [E

*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. 70

[*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean  
 To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

### Scene IX.

*Kenilworth Castle.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and Somerset,  
 on the terrace.*

*King.* Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,  
 And could command no more content than I?  
 No sooner was I crept out of my cradle  
 But I was made a king, at nine months old.  
 Was never subject long'd to be a king  
 As I do long and wish to be a subject.

*Enter Buckingham and Clifford.*

*Buck.* Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

*King.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?  
 Or is he but retired to make him strong?

*Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks.*

*Clif.* He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;  
 And humbly thus, with halters on their necks, II  
 Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

KING HENRY VI.

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*King.* Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,  
 To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!  
 Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,  
 And show'd how well you love your prince and  
 country:  
 Continue still in this so good a mind,  
 And Henry, though he be infortunate,  
 Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:  
 And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20  
 I do dismiss you to your several countries.

*All.* God save the king! God save the king!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Please it your grace to be advertised  
 The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,  
 And with a puissant and a mighty power  
 Of gallowglasses and stout kernes  
 Is marching hitherward in proud array,  
 And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,  
 His arms are only to remove from thee  
 The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor. 30

*King.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York dis-  
 tress'd;  
 Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,  
 Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:  
 But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;  
 And now is York in arms to second him.  
 I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,  
 And ask him what 's the reason of these arms.  
 Tell him I 'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;  
 And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,  
 Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 40

*Som.* My lord,

I'll yield myself to prison willingly,  
Or unto death, to do my country good.

*King.* In any case, be not too rough in terms;  
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

*Buck.* I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal  
As all things shall redound unto your good.

*King.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;  
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

### Scene X.

*Kent. Iden's garden.*

*Enter Cade.*

*Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on. 10



*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      20  
 Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.  
 I seek not to wax great by others' waning,  
 Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:  
 Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,  
 And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

*Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me  
 for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without  
 leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and  
 get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying  
 my head to him: but I'll make thee eat iron      30  
 like an ostrich, 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 saucy terms?

*Cade.* Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever  
 was broached, and beard thee too. Look on      40  
 me well: I have eat no meat these five days;  
 yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do  
 not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray  
 God I may never eat grass more.

*Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,  
 That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,  
 Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,  
 See if thou canst outface me with thy looks :  
 Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser ; 50  
 Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,  
 Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon ;  
 My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast ;  
 And if mine arm be heaved in the air,  
 Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.  
 As for words, whose greatness answers words,  
 Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

*Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion  
 that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge,  
 or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chine 60  
 of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech  
 God on my knees thou mayst be turned to hob-  
 nails.

*[Here they fight. Cade falls.]*

O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain  
 me: let ten thousand devils come against me,  
 and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and  
 I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be  
 henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell  
 in this house, because the unconquered soul of  
 Cade is fled. 70

*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 that thy master got

*Cade.* Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory.  
 Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man,  
 and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I,

# KING HENRY VI.

# Act V. Sc. i.

that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, 80  
not by valour. [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn) [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.

90  
[Exit.

## ACT FIFTH.

### Scene I.

*Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

*Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum  
and colours.*

*York.* From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,  
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:  
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,  
To entertain great England's lawful king.  
Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear?  
Let them obey that know not how to rule;  
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.  
I cannot give due action to my words,  
Except a sword or sceptre balance it:  
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul, 10  
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

*Enter Buckingham.*

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Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?  
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

*Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

*York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.  
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

*Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,  
To know the reason of these arms in peace;  
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,  
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,       20  
Should raise so great a power without his leave,  
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

*York.* [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:  
O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,  
I am so angry at these abject terms;  
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,  
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.  
I am far better born than is the king,  
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:  
But I must make fair weather yet a while,       30  
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—  
Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,  
That I have given no answer all this while;  
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.  
The cause why I have brought this army hither  
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,  
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

*Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part:  
But if thy arms be to no other end,  
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:       40  
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

KING HENRY VI.

Act V. Sc. i.

*York.* Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

*Buck.* Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

*York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;

Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,

You shall have pay and every thing you wish.

And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,

As pledges of my fealty and love;

I'll send them all as willing as I live:

Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,

Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

50

*Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission:

We twain will go into his highness' tent.

*Enter King and Attendants.*

*King.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

*York.* In all submission and humility

York doth present himself unto your highness.

*King.* Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?

*York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,

And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,

Who since I heard to be discomfited.

61

*Enter Iden, with Cade's head.*

*Iden.* If one so rude and of so mean condition

May pass into the presence of a king,

Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,

The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

*King.* The head of Cade! Great God, how just art Thou!

O, let me view his visage, being dead,

That living wrought me such exceeding trouble. 70  
 Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

*Iden.* I was, an 't like your majesty.

*King.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

*Iden.* Alexander Iden, that 's my name;  
 A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

*Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss  
 He were created knight for his good service.

*King.* Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.  
 We give thee for reward a thousand marks,  
 And will that thou henceforth attend on us. 80

*Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,  
 And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises.*]

*Enter Queen and Somerset.*

*King.* See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the queen:  
 Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Queen.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,  
 But boldly stand and front him to his face.

*York.* How now! is Somerset at liberty?  
 Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,  
 And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.  
 Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? 90  
 False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,  
 Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?  
 King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,  
 Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,  
 Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.  
 That head of thine doth not become a crown;  
 Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,  
 And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.  
 That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,

KING HENRY VI.

Act V. Sc. i.

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear, 100  
Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,  
And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more  
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

*Som.* O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,  
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:  
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

*York.* Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,  
If they can brook I bow a knee to man. 110  
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:

*[Exit Attendant.]*

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,  
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

*Queen.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,  
To say if that the bastard boys of York  
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

*[Exit Buckingham.]*

*York.* O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,  
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!  
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,  
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those 120  
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

*Enter Edward and Richard.*

See where they come: I 'll warrant they 'll make it  
good.

*Enter Clifford and his son.*

*Queen.* And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

*Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord the king!  
*[Kneels.]*

*York.* I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

*Clif.* This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

But thou mistakest me much to think I do: 130

To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

*King.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

*Clif.* He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,

And chop away that factious pate of his.

*Queen.* He is arrested, but will not obey;

His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

*York.* Will you not, sons?

*Edw.* Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

*Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

*Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here! 141

*York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so:

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

*Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.*

*Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

If thou darest bring them to the baiting-place. 150

*Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:



And such a piece of service will you do,  
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

*Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,  
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

*York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

*Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

*King.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow? 161  
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,  
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!  
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,  
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?  
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?  
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,  
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?  
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,  
And shame thine honourable age with blood? 170  
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?  
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?  
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,  
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

*Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself  
The title of this most renowned duke;  
And in my conscience do repute his grace  
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

*King.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

*Sal.* I have. 180

*King.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

*Sal.* It is great sin to swear unto a sin,  
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.  
Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,  
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave the orphan of his patrimony,  
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right,  
 And have no other reason for this wrong  
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath? 190

*Queen.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

*King.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

*York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,  
 I am resolved for death or dignity.

*Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

*War.* You were best to go to bed and dream again,  
 To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

*Clif.* I am resolved to bear a greater storm  
 Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;  
 And that I'll write upon thy burgonet, 200  
 Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

*War.* Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,  
 The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,  
 This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,  
 As on a mountain top the cedar shows  
 That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,  
 Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,  
 And tread it under foot with all contempt,  
 Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear. 210

*Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,  
 To quell the rebels and their complices.

*Rich.* Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,  
 For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

*Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

*Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## Scene II.

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Saint Alban's.

*Alarums to the battle. 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 alarum,  
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,  
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:  
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

*Enter York.*

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?  
*York.* The dead-handed Clifford slew my steed,  
But match to match I have encounter'd him,           10  
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

*Enter Clifford.*

*War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.  
*York.* Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,  
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.  
*War.* Then, nobly, York; '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.*]  
*Clif.* What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?  
*York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in love,           20  
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.  
*Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem  
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.  
*York.* So let it help me now against thy sword,

## Act V. Sc. ii.

## THE SECOND PART OF

As I in justice and true right express it.

*Clif.* My soul and body on the action both!

*York.* A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.

[*They fight, and Clifford falls.*]

*Clif.* La fin couronne les œuvres. [Dies.]

*York.* Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! 30

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Young Clifford.*

*Y. Clif.* Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds  
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.

He that is truly dedicate to war

Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself

Hath not essentially but by circumstance

The name of valour. [*Seeing his dead father*] O, let  
the vile world end, 40

And the promised flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds

To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised age,

And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus

To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight

My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine, 50

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;

No more will I their babes: tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,  
 And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims  
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.  
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:  
 Meet I an infant of the house of York,  
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it  
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:  
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame. 60  
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:  
 As did Æneas old Anchises bear,  
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;  
 But then Æneas bare a living load,  
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.  
[Exit, bearing off his father.]

*Enter Richard and Somerset to fight. Somerset is killed.*

*Rich.* So, lie thou there;  
 For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,  
 The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset  
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death.  
 Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:  
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit. 71]

*Fight. Excursions. Enter King, Queen, and others.*

*Queen.* Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!

*King.* Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

*Queen.* What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,

To give the enemy way, and to secure us

By what we can, which can no more but fly.

*[Alarum afar off.]*

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom

Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,  
 As well we may, if not through your neglect, 80  
 We shall to London get, where you are loved,  
 And where this breach now in our fortunes made  
 May readily be stopp'd.

*Re-enter Young Clifford.*

*Y. Clif.* But that my heart's on future mischief set,  
 I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:  
 But fly you must; uncurable discomfit  
 Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.  
 Away, for your relief! and we will live  
 To see their day and them our fortune give:  
 Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.* 90

### Scene III.

*Fields near Saint Alban's.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard, Warwick,  
 and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

*York.* Of Salisbury, who can report of him,  
 That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
 Aged contusions and all brush of time,  
 And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,  
 Repairs him with occasion? This happy day  
 Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,  
 If Salisbury be lost.

*Rich.* My noble father,  
 Three times to-day I help him to his horse,  
 Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off.  
 Persuaded him from any further act: 10  
 But still, where danger was, still there I met him:

KING HENRY VI.

Act V. Sc. iii.

And like rich hangings in a homely house,  
So was his will in his old feeble body.  
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

*Enter Salisbury.*

*Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;  
By the mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard:  
God knows how long it is I have to live;  
And it hath pleased him that three times to-day  
You have defended me from imminent death.  
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:  
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,      21  
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 faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:  
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York      30  
Shall be eternized in all age to come.  
Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all:  
And more such days as these to us befall!      [*Exeunt.*]

## THE SECOND PART OF

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### Glossary.

- A'*, he; I. iii. 6.  
*Abortive*, monstrous, unnatural; IV. i. 60.  
*Abrook*, brook, endure; II. iv. 10.  
*Absyrtus*, Medea's brother, killed and dismembered by her (Theobald's correction of Folios, "*Absirtis*"; Rowe, "*Absirtus*"); V. ii. 59.  
*Accompt*, accounts; IV. ii. 87.  
*Accuse*, accusation; III. i. 160.  
*Achilles' spear*, alluding to the story that Telephus was cured by the rust scraped from Achilles' spear by which he had been wounded; V. i. 100.  
*Act*, put in action (Capell, "*enact*"; Vaughan, "*co-act*"); V. i. 103.  
*Adder*, a venomous snake, supposed to stop its ears and render itself deaf (*cp.* Psalm lviii. 4, 5); III. ii. 76.  
*Address thee*, prepare thyself; V. ii. 27.  
*Adsum*, I am here (Folio 1, "*Ad sum*"); I. iv. 25.  
*Advance*, raise up; IV. i. 98.  
*Adventure*, run the risk; III. ii. 350.  
*Advertised*, informed; IV. ix. 23.  
*Advice*, deliberate consideration; II. ii. 68.  
*Advised*, careful, II. iv. 36; se-date, V. ii. 47.  
 —; "are ye a," did you hear? do you understand? (Capell, "*avis'd*"); II. i. 48.  
*Æolus*, the god of the winds; III. ii. 92.  
*Affected*, aimed at; IV. vii. 100.  
*Affiance*, confidence; III. i. 74.  
*Affy*, affiance; IV. i. 80.  
*Aidance*, assistance; III. ii. 165.  
*Ajax Telamonius*, Ajax the son of Telamon, the Greek hero, who slew a whole flock of sheep, which in his frenzy he took for the sons of Atreus; V. i. 26.  
*Alder-liefest*, dearest, very dearest of all; I. i. 28.  
*Althæa*, the mother of Meleager, the prince of Calydon, whose life was to last only as long as a certain firebrand was preserved; Althæa threw it into the fire, and he died in great torture; I. i. 234.  
*Amain*, in great haste, swiftly; III. i. 282.  
*Anchises*, the father of Æneas; V. ii. 62.  
*An't like*, if it please; V. i. 72.  
*Approved*, proved; III. ii. 22.  
*Argo*, a corruption of *ergo*; IV. ii. 30.



*Argues*, proves, shows; III. iii. 30.

*Argument*, a sign in proof; I. ii. 32; III. i. 241.

*Arms*, coat of arms; IV. i. 42.

*As*, that (Pope, "That"); II. iv. 45.

*Ascanius*, the son of Æneas; III. ii. 116.

*Asmath*, the name of an evil spirit; I. iv. 26.

*Assay'd*, attempted; IV. v. 9.

*At once*, in a word; III. i. 66.

*Attained*, convicted of capital treason; II. iv. 59.

*Avoid*, avaunt, be gone; I. iv. 42.

*Awful*, awe-inspiring; V. i. 98.

*Awkward*, adverse (Pope, "adverse"); III. ii. 83.

*Bait thy bears*; bear-baiting was a popular amusement of Shakespeare's day (Folio 1, "bate"; Folio 2, "baite"); V. i. 148.

*Banditto*, outlaw (Folios, "Bandetto"); IV. i. 135.

*Ban-dogs*, fierce dogs held in bands, or chained; I. iv. 20.

*Bane*, destruction, ruin (Theobald, "bale"); V. i. 120.

'*Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate*'; *The Contention* reads "*Abradas, the great Macedonian pirate*," to whom reference is made in Greene's *Penelope's Web*; Bargulus is mentioned in Cicero's *De Officiis*; his proper name was Bardylis; he was originally a collier, and ultimately became king of Illyria; he was

defeated and slain in battle by Philip of Macedon; IV. i. 108.

*Basilisk*, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; III. ii. 52.

*Basimecu*, a term of contempt for a Frenchman; IV. vii. 28.

*Beard*, defy; IV. x. 40.

*Bears*; alluding to the cognisance of the Nevils of Warwick, a bear and ragged staff; V. i. 144, 203. (The annexed engraving represents the silver badge still worn by the brethren of the old hospital at Warwick.)



'The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff.'

*Bear-ward*, bear-leader (Pope's correction of Folios 1, 2, "Berard," Folios 3, 4, "Bear-ard"); V. i. 149.

*Beat on*, hammer on, keep on thinking about; II. i. 20.

*Bedlam*, a hospital for lunatics; V. i. 131.

*Bedlam*, lunatic, III. i. 51; V. i. 132.

## Glossary

## THE SECOND PART OF

*Beldam*, term of contempt for an old woman; I. iv. 44.  
*Beshrew*, woe to; a mild form of imprecation; III. i. 184.  
*Bested*; "worse b.," in a worse plight; II. iii. 56.  
*Bestrid*, bestrode, stood over him in posture of defence; V. iii. 9.  
*Betime*, in good time; III. i. 285.  
*Besonians*, beggars; IV. i. 134.  
*Bills*; "take up bills," get goods on credit; with a quibble on (1) "bills" = halberds, (2) "bills" = promissory notes; IV. vii. 130.  
*Blabbing*, blurring out secrets; IV. i. 1.  
*Blood-consuming sighs*, referring to the old idea that each sigh drew a drop of blood from the heart; III. ii. 61.  
*Bona terra, mala gens*, i.e. "a good land, a bad people" (quoted by Lord Say, with reference to Kent); IV. vii. 58.  
*Bones*; "by these ten b.," i.e. by these ten fingers; an old form of oath; I. iii. 191.  
*Book*, learning (Anon. conj. "books"); IV. vii. 74.  
*Boot*, booty; IV. i. 13.  
*Brave*, defy; IV. x. 38.  
*Brazen*, strong, impregnable; III. ii. 89.  
*Break up*, break open (Collier MS., "break ope"); I. iv. 21.  
*Bristol* (Folios, "Bristow"); III. i. 328.

*Broker*, agent, negotiator; I. ii. 100.  
*Brook*; "flying at the b.," letting the falcon rise to pursue his game; II. i. 1.  
*Brook*, endure, bear; V. i. 92.  
*Brow*, aspect, appearance (Johnson, "blow"; Becket, "browse"; Collier (Collier MS.), "bloom"; Anon., "glow"; Cartwright, "prime"); V. iii. 4.  
*Brown bill*, a kind of halberd; IV. x. 14.  
*Brush*, hurt, injury (Warburton, "bruise"); V. iii. 3.  
*Bucklers*, shields, defends; III. ii. 216.  
*Buckram*, coarse linen stiffened with glue; IV. vii. 24.  
*Bucks*, linen for washing; IV. ii. 48.  
*Burgonet*, a close-fitting helmet; V. i. 200.



From a specimen in the Londesborough collection.

*But that*, only that one; II. i. 99.  
*Buzz*, whisper; I. ii. 99.  
*By*, according to; III. i. 243.

*By and by*, immediately; II. i. 139.

*By that*, about that, on that subject; II. i. 16.

*Cade*, small barrel; IV. ii. 34.

*Cage*; lock-up; IV. ii. 52.

*Callet*, a low woman (Dyce's emendation of Folios, "*Cal-lot*"); I. iii. 84.

*Calm'd*, becalmed; IV. ix. 33.

*Cask*, casket (Rowe, "*casket*"); III. ii. 409.

*Cease*, to cause to cease; V. ii. 45.

*Censure*, opinion; I. iii. 118.

*Censure well*, approve; III. i. 275.

*Chafe*, heat, warm; III. ii. 141.

*Chaps*, jaws, mouth; III. i. 259.

*Charm*, appease, make silent; IV. i. 64.

*Charneco*, a kind of sweet wine made at a village near Lisbon; II. iii. 63.

*Check'd*, reprov'd, rebuked; I. ii. 54.

*Circuit*, circlet, diadem; III. i. 352.

*Circumstance*, detailed phrases; I. i. 105.

*Cited*, invited, urged; III. ii. 281.

*Clapp'd up*, shut up; I. iv. 52.

*Clerkly*, scholarly; III. i. 179.

*Clime*, country; III. ii. 84.

*Clip*, embrace, surround (Theobald's correction of Folios, "*Cleape*"; Pope, "*Clap*"); IV. i. 6.

*Close*, retired, private; II. ii. 3; secret, II. iv. 73.

*Clouted shoon*, patched shoes; generally used for hobnailed boots; IV. ii. 186.

*Collect*, gather by observation; III. i. 35.

*Colour*, pretext; III. i. 236.

*Commandments*; "my ten c.," my ten fingers; a cant phrase of the time, still in use; I. iii. 143.

*Commodities*, goods, merchandise; IV. vii. 130.

*Companion*, fellow; used contemptuously; IV. x. 33.

*Complot*, plot; III. i. 147.

*Concert* (Folios, "*Consort*"), a company of musicians; III. ii. 327.

*Condition*, rank; V. i. 64.

*Conduct*, conductor, escort; II. iv. 101.

*Conduit*; IV. vi. 3. *Cp.* illustration.



From La Serre's view of Cheapside, 1639.

- Conjurations*, incantations; I. ii. 99.
- Controller*, censurer, detractor, perhaps "dictator"; III. ii. 205.
- Convenient*, proper, becoming; I. iv. 8.
- Conventicles*, secret assemblies; III. i. 166.
- Corrosive*, a pain-giving medication; III. ii. 403.
- Court-hand*, the manner of writing used in judicial proceedings; IV. ii. 93.
- Courtship*, courtliness; I. iii. 55.
- Crab-tree*, tree that bears crab-apples; III. ii. 214.
- Cullions*, base wretches; I. iii. 41.
- Curst*, shrewish, sharp; III. ii. 312.
- Custom'd*, customary; V. i. 188.
- Day*, time, space; II. i. 2.
- Dead as a door-nail*; a proverbial expression; "the door-nail is the nail on which, in ancient doors, the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*, that is, with abundant death, such as iteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce"; IV. x. 43.
- Deathful*, deadly; III. ii. 404.
- Deathsman*, executioner; III. ii. 217.
- Dedicate*, dedicated; V. ii. 37.
- Deep-fet*, deep-fetched; II. iv. 33.
- Demanding of*, questioning about; II. i. 172.
- Demean*, deport, behave; I. i. 188.
- Demean'd*, conducted; I. iii. 104.
- Denay'd*, denied (Folio 4 "deny'd"); I. iii. 105.
- Depart*, departure; I. i. 2.
- Discharge*, (?) payment (perhaps "giving up the troops and turning them over to my command"); I. iii. 170.
- Discomfit*, discouragement (Folios, "discomfite"; Capell, "discomfort"); V. ii. 86.
- Dispense with*, obtain dispensation from; V. i. 181.
- Dispursed*, disbursed (Folio 4 "disbursed"); III. i. 117.
- Distract*, distracted; III. ii. 318.
- Doit*, the smallest piece of money; the twelfth part of a penny; III. i. 112.
- Drain*, drop (Rann, Capell, "rain"); III. ii. 142.
- Earnest-gaping*, earnestly riveted (Anon conj. "earnest-gazing"); III. ii. 105.
- Effected*, effectively proved; III. i. 170.
- Emblaze*, emblazon, glorify before the world; IV. x. 76.
- Emmanuel*; an allusion to the fact that documents were frequently headed with the name (cp. Kelly's "Notices of Leicester," pp. 119, 207, 227); IV. ii. 98.
- Empty*, hungry, famished; III. i. 248.

## KING HENRY VI.

## Glossary

*Entreat*, treat; II. iv. 81.  
*Envious*, spiteful; II. iv. 12;  
 II. iv. 35; "e. load," load of  
 malice; III. i. 157.  
*Exorcisms*, charms for raising  
 spirits; I. iv. 5.  
*Expedient*, expeditious; III. i.  
 288.

*Fact*, deed; I. iii. 174.  
*Fain of*, glad to, fond of; II.  
 i. 8.  
*False-heart*, false-hearted; V. i.  
 143.  
*Familiar*, familiar spirit; IV.  
 vii. 110.  
*Favour*, lenity; IV. vii. 69.  
*Fearful*, full of fear, III. i. 331;  
 timorous, IV. iv. 2; cowardly,  
 IV. viii. 44.  
*Fee-simple*, lands held in fee-  
 simple; IV. x. 27.  
*Fell-lurking*, lurking to do mis-  
 chief; V. i. 146.  
*Felon* (?) felony; III. i. 132.  
*Fence*, skill in fencing; II. i.  
 53.  
*Fifteens*, fifteenths; IV. vii. 21.  
*Fifteenth*, the fifteenth part of  
 all the personal property of  
 a subject; I. i. 133.  
*Flaw*, sudden burst of wind,  
 gust; III. i. 354.  
*Flower-de-luce*, the emblem of  
 France (Folios 1, 2, "Fleure-  
 de-Luce"; Folios 3, 4,  
 "Floure-de Luce"); V. i. 11.  
*Fond*, foolish; III. i. 36.  
*Foot-cloth*, a kind of housing  
 for a horse, so long that it  
 nearly swept the ground; IV.  
 i. 54.

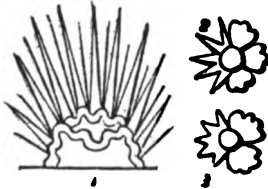


From a XVth century illumination in  
 the National Library, Paris.

*For*, because; II. iii. 9; on ac-  
 count of (Folios 2, 3, 4,  
 "with"); IV. vii. 86.  
*Force perforce*, by very force;  
 I. i. 258.  
*Forsooth*, certainly, in truth;  
 used contemptuously; III. ii.  
 183.  
*Forth*, forth from (Folios 3, 4,  
 "from"); III. ii. 89.  
*Forthcoming*, in custody; II. i.  
 176.  
*Fretful*, gnawing; III. ii. 403.  
*From*, away from; III. ii. 401.  
*Furniture*, equipment; I. iii.  
 170.  
*Furred pack*, a kind of knap-  
 sack or wallet made of skin  
 with the hair outwards; IV.  
 ii. 48.  
*Gait*, walking (Folios "gate");  
 III. i. 373.  
*Gallowglasses*, heavy - armed  
 foot soldiers of Ireland and  
 the Western Isles; IV. iv.  
 26.

*Gather head*, assemble forces; IV. v. 10.  
*Gear*, affair, business (Folios, "geer"), I. iv. 16; matter, III. i. 91.  
*George*, badge of the Order of the Garter; IV. i. 20.  
*Ghost*, corpse; III. ii. 161.  
*Gird*, invest (Folios and Quartos "girt"); I. i. 65.  
*Gnarling*, snarling; III. i. 192.  
*Go*; "let him g.," i.e. let him pass from your thoughts; II. iii. 47.  
*Go about*, attempt; II. i. 143.  
*Gobbets*, mouthfuls; IV. i. 85.  
*Gone out*; "had not gone out," i.e. "would not have taken flight at the game"; II. i. 4.  
*Got*, secured; V. iii. 20.  
*Graceless*, impious; IV. iv. 38.  
*Graft*, grafted; III. ii. 214.  
*Groat*, a small piece of money worth four pence; III. i. 113.

*Hale*, drag forcibly; IV. i. 131.  
*Half-faced sun*, the device on the standard of Edward III.; (Vaughan, "pale-faced"); IV. i. 98.



From badges of the House of York worn by (1) Richard II., (2) Edward IV., (3) Richard III. Figs. (2) and (3) show the conjunction of a half-faced sun and a white rose.

*Hammering*, pondering; I. ii. 47.  
*Hamper*, fetter, entangle; I. iii. 148.  
*Hap*, fortune; III. i. 314.  
*Haply*, perchance, perhaps; III. i. 240.  
*Happily*, haply, perhaps (Folios 2, 3, 4, "haply"); III. i. 306.  
*Hardly*, with difficulty; with play upon *hardly*, scarcely, l. 74 (Theobald, "hardily"); I. iv. 73.  
*Have*, possess; V. iii. 20.  
*Have at him*, I shall hit at him; IV. ii. 120.  
*Heavy*, sad, sorrowful; III. ii. 306.  
*Hempen caudle*, a slang phrase for hanging ("caudle," a comforting drink); IV. vii. 91.  
*Henry*, trisyllabic; III. ii. 131.  
*Here*, at this point, IV. iv. 76 (Heath, "hence"; Hudson, Walker, "there"); II. iv. 79.  
*Hinds*, boors, peasants; III. ii. 271; IV. ii. 121.  
*Hoise*, hoist, heave away (Folios, "hoise"; Quartos, "heave"; Theobald, "hoist"); I. i. 169.  
*Horse*, horse's (Folios 3, 4, "horses"; Rowe reads "horse's"; Capell, "horse'"); IV. iii. 14.  
*Hose and doublets*; "in their h. and d.," i.e. without a cloak; IV. vii. 53.

- Household*, family (Malone's correction (from Quartos) of Folio 1, "housed"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "houses"); V. i. 201.
- Housekeeping*, keeping open house, hospitality; I. i. 191.
- Ill-nurtured*, ill-bred (Folio 4, "ill-natur'd"); I. ii. 42.
- Images* (?) dissyllabic (Walker, "image"); I. iii. 61.
- Imprimis*, firstly, in the first place; I. i. 43.
- Impugns*, opposes; III. i. 281.
- In*, into; III. ii. 287.
- In capite*, a law term, signifying a tenure of the sovereign immediately as feudal lord; used quibblingly; IV. vii. 126.
- Inch*, "at an i," in the nick of time; I. iv. 44.
- Indigested*, formless, shapeless; V. i. 157.
- Unfortunate*, unfortunate (Folios 3, 4, "unfortunate"); IV. ix. 18.
- Injurious*, insolent; I. iv. 50.
- Instance*, proof; III. ii. 159.
- Invitis nubibus*, in spite of the clouds (*vide* "half-faced sun"); IV. i. 99.
- Iris*, goddess of the rainbow and messenger of Juno; here, messenger; III. ii. 407.
- Item*, originally = *like wise*, used in enumerating; I. i. 50.
- Jaded*, no better than a jade (Capell, from Quartos, "jady"); IV. i. 52.
- Jades*, term of contempt or pity for a maltreated or worthless horse; applied to the dragons of Night's chariot; IV. i. 3.
- Jar*, discord; IV. viii. 43.
- Joy*, enjoy; III. ii. 365.
- Ken*, descry, discern; III. ii. 101.
- Kennel*, gutter; IV. i. 71.
- Kernes*, Irish soldiers; III. i. 310.
- Killingworth*, an old form of Kenilworth; IV. iv. 39.
- Laid*, beset, laid with traps; IV. x. 4.
- Laugh*, smile; "the world may l. again," *i.e.* fortune may smile on me again; II. iv. 82.
- Lay*, stake, wager (Folios 3, 4, "day"); V. ii. 27.
- Leave*, leave off, desist; II. i. 179; III. ii. 333.
- Lesser*, smaller; IV. x. 50.
- Lewdly*, wickedly; II. i. 164.
- Liefest*, dearest; III. i. 164.
- Light*, alight, descend; I. iii. 91.
- Like*; "an it l.," if it please; II. i. 9.
- Limed*, smeared with bird-lime; I. iii. 89.
- Lime-twigs*, twigs smeared with lime for catching birds; III. iii. 16.
- Listen after*, gain information about; I. iii. 150.
- Lived*, would live; II. ii. 399.
- Lizards' stings*, alluding to the old belief that lizards have stings, which they have not; III. ii. 325.

*Loather*, more unwilling; III. ii. 355.

*Lodged*, beat down; technical term for the beating down of grain by violent weather; III. ii. 176.

*London-stone*, an ancient landmark, still carefully preserved in Cannon Street, London; IV. vi. 2.



From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

*Lordings*, lords; I. i. 145.

*Madding*, growing mad with love; III. ii. 117.

*Mail'd up in shame*, "wrapped up in disgrace"; alluding to the "sheet of penance" (Johnson); II. iv. 31.

*Main*, chief point; used with play upon "Maine" and "main force"; I. i. 209.

*Mained*, maimed (Folio 4, "maim'd"); IV. ii. 163.

*Make*, draw up; IV. ii. 93.

*Make shift*, contrive; IV. viii. 33.

*Mandrake*, "a plant the root of which was supposed to resemble the human figure; it was said to cause madness

and even death when torn from the ground"; III. ii. 310. (Illustration in *2 Henry IV.*)

*Mass*, by the mass; an asseveration; II. i. 101.

*Mates*, checkmates, confounds, disables; III. i. 265.

*Mechanical*, mechanic; I. iii. 194.

*Meetest*, most suitable; I. iii. 161.

*Mercy*; "I cry you m.," I beg your pardon; I. iii. 140.

*Mickle*, much, great (Folio 2, "milckie"; Folios 3, 4, "milky"); V. i. 174.

*Middest*, midst (Folio 4, "midst"); IV. viii. 64.

*Minion*, pert, saucy person; I. iii. 139.

*Minister*, instrument; III. i. 355.

*Miscarry*, perish; IV. viii. 49.

*Misdoubt*, diffidence; III. i. 332.

*Monuments*, memorials, mementos; III. ii. 342.

*Morisco*, morris-dancer; III. i. 365.

*Mortal*, deadly, fatal; III. ii. 263.

*Monsieur*, Monsieur; IV. vii. 28.

*Mournful*, mourning, expressing sorrow; III. i. 226.

*Muse*, wonder; III. i. 1.

*Naughty*, bad, wicked; II. 1. 164.

*Next*; "the n.," what follows; III. i. 383.



*Nigh*, well-nigh, nearly; III. ii. 82.

*Nominate*, name; II. i. 129.

*Notice*, information. III. i. 166. (con).

"note"; III. i. 166.

*Numbers*; "factious n.," bands of factious retainers; II. i. 40.

*Obligations*, contracts; IV. ii. 93.

*Obsequies*, shows of love; III. ii. 146.

*O'erweening*, overbearing, presumptuous; V. i. 151.

*Omitting*, leaving unregarded; III. ii. 382.

*Opposites*, adversaries; V. iii. 22.

*Order*; "take o.," make arrangements, III. i. 320; manner, III. ii. 129.

*Out*, given out, *i.e.* given up (Walker, "over"; Cartwright, "up"); IV. viii. 27.

*Over-blown*, blown over, dispelled; I. iii. 153.

*Packing*, "send me p.," send me away; III. i. 342.

*Pageant* (trisyllabic); I. ii. 67.

*Palmer's*, pilgrim's; V. i. 97.

*Palsy*, paralysis; IV. vii. 98.

*Paly*, pale; III. ii. 141.

*Part*, party; V. ii. 35.

*Particularities*, single or private respects (opposed to "general" in previous line); V. ii. 44.

*Pass*, care, regard; IV. ii. 136.

*Pen and ink horn*; IV. ii. 108.

*Cp.* illustration.



From an effigy in Ellesmere Church, Salop.

*Period*, end, stop; III. i. 149.

*Perish*, cause to perish; III. ii. 100.

*Pinnacle*, a small two-masted vessel; IV. i. 9.

*Pitch*, the height to which a falcon soars; II. i. 6.

*Plainness*, frankness, sincerity; I. i. 101.

*Plot*, plot of ground, spot; II. ii. 60.

*Pointing-stock*, object to be pointed at, butt; II. iv. 46.

*Pole*, pronounced *Poole*; IV. i. 70.

*Porpentine*, porcupine (Rowe, "porcupine"); III. i. 363.

*Port*, deportment, carriage; IV. i. 19.

*Posted over*, slurred over; III. i. 255.

*Pot*; "three-hooped p.," a wooden drinking-vessel bound with hoops; IV. ii. 66.

*Power*, armed force; IV. iv. 40.

*Practice*, plotting; III. ii. 22.

*Practised*, plotted; II. i. 168.

- Premised*, sent before the time; (Delius, "promised"); V. ii. 41.
- Prentice*, apprentice; I. iii. 199.
- Presence*, Cade's blunder for "presents"; IV. vii. 29.
- Present*, immediate; V. iii. 25.
- Presently*, immediately; I. i. 171; III. ii. 18.
- Pretty-vaulting*, bounding in a pleasant manner (Folios, "pretty vaulting"); III. ii. 94.
- Priest*, father-confessor; III. i. 272.
- Private*, retired; II. ii. 60.
- Procurator*, substitute, proxy; I. i. 3.
- Proof*; "his coat is of p." used with a quibble on the two senses of "proof," (1) able to resist, (2) well-worn, long worn; IV. ii. 60.
- Proper*, handsome; IV. ii. 94.
- Proportion*, shape, form; I. iii. 55.
- Puissant* (dissyllabic); IV. ix. 25.
- Pursuivant*, a lower rank of herald, a state messenger; I. iii. 35.
- Puttock's*, kite's; III. ii. 191.
- Quaint*, fine; III. ii. 274.
- Quill*; "in the q.," *vide* Note; I. iii. 3.
- Quillets*, subtleties, sly tricks in argument; III. i. 261.
- Quire*, choir; I. iii. 90.
- Quitting*, freeing; III. ii. 218.
- Rack'd*, harassed by exactions; I. iii. 129.
- Ragged*, rugged, rough; III. ii. 98.
- Rascal*, rascally; II. iv. 47.
- Raught*, having been gained (lit. "reached"; Capell, "wrenched"; others = "reft"); II. iii. 43.
- Rasing*, erasing, blotting out; I. i. 101.
- Rear*, raise; III. ii. 34.
- Reave*, deprive; V. i. 187.
- Relent*, yield, comply (Collier MS., "repent"); IV. viii. 11.
- Remorse*, pity, compassion; IV. vii. 107.
- Remorseful*, compassionate; IV. i. 1.
- Repairing*; "of such r. nature," i.e. so able to recover from defeat; V. iii. 22.
- Repeal*, recall from banishment; III. ii. 349.
- Reprove*, disprove, refute; III. i. 40.
- Reputing of*, boasting of (Rowe, "by repeating"); III. i. 48.
- Respecting*, considering; III. i. 24.
- Revénues*; I. iii. 81.
- Reverent*, humble; III. i. 34.
- Revolt*, turn back (Anon. conj. "repent"); IV. ii. 124.
- Right now*, just now; III. ii. 40.
- Roast*; "rule the r.," Pope's emendation of Folios "rost," Quartos, "roast"; Grant White, "roost"; according to some the phrase originally meant "to rule the roost." i.e. the "hen-roost"; I. i. 109.
- Rude*, rough, ill-mannered; III. ii. 135.

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*Ruder*, more unrefined; I. i. 30.

*Sack*, generic name for Spanish and Canary wine; II. iii. 60.

*Saint Magnus' corner*; IV. viii. 1.



From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

*Sallet*, salad, IV. x. 9; a kind of helmet, with a play upon the two senses of the word; IV. x. 11.



From an illumination of the XVth century.

*Sancta Majestas*, sacred majesty (Pope, "*majesty*"; Capell, from Quartos, "*santa maestá*"); V. i. 5.

## Glossary

*Savoy*, the Palace of the Duke of Lancaster; destroyed by the rebels under Wat Tyler, and not rebuilt till the reign of Henry VII.; IV. vii. 2.



From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

*Saws*, maxims, moral sayings; I. iii. 59.

*Say*, a kind of satin; IV. vii. 24.

*Scathe*, injury; II. iv. 62.

*Score*, a notch made on a tally; IV. vii. 35.

*Seemeth*; "me s.," it seems to me; III. i. 23.

*Shearman*, one who uses the tailor's shears; IV. ii. 132.

*Shrewd*, bad, evil; II. iii. 41.

*Sicil*, Sicily; I. i. 6.

*Silent*; "the s. of the night" (Collier MS., from Quartos, "*silence*"); I. iv. 18.

*Silly*, poor (used as a term of pity, not of contempt); I. i. 225.

*Since*, when; III. i. 9.

*Sir*, a common title of priests; I. ii. 68.

*Skills*, matters; III. i. 281.

*Slough*, the skin of a snake; III. i. 229.

*Smart*, painful; III. ii. 325.

- Smooth*, bland, insinuating; III. i. 65.
- Smoothing*, flattering; III. i. 156.
- Smooth'st*, flatterest; II. i. 22.
- So*, if only; V. i. 53.
- Soft*, hush, stop; II. iv. 15.
- Sometime*, sometimes; II. iv. 42.
- Sophister*, captious reasoner; V. i. 191.
- Sort*, company, set, II. i. 164; III. ii. 277.
- Sort*, adapt, make conformable, II. iv. 68; let it fall out, I. ii. 107.
- Sour*, bitter; III. ii. 301.
- Span-counter*, a game "in which one player throws a counter, which the other wins, if he can throw another to hit it, or lie within a span of it" (Nares); IV. ii. 157.
- Spleenful*, hot, eager; III. ii. 128.
- Splitting*, wont to split the sides of vessels; III. ii. 97.
- Spoil*, despoil, plunder; IV. iv. 53.
- Sprays*, shoots, twigs; II. iii. 45.
- Starved*, benumbed with cold; III. i. 343.
- State*, estate; IV. x. 24.
- Stays*, ceases, ends; II. iv. 76.
- Stigmatic*, one branded by nature with deformity; V. i. 215.
- Still*, continually; III. i. 239.
- Stomachs*, angry tempers; II. i. 56.
- Strait*, strict (Folio 4, "strange"); III. ii. 258.
- Straiter*, more severely; III. ii. 20.
- Stray*, vagrant; IV. x. 27.
- Strength*, army; III. i. 380.
- Style*; "large style"; high-sounding list of titles; I. i. 111.
- Subornation*, abetting, inciting; III. i. 45.
- Subscribe*, yield the point; III. i. 38.
- Suddenly*, immediately, at once; II. ii. 67.
- Suffer'd*, allowed to have his way; V. i. 153.
- Sufficeth*, it sufficeth; IV. x. 24.
- Suffocate*, suffocated (with a quibble upon "Suffolk"); I. i. 124.
- Suspect*, suspicion (Folios, "suspence"; Rowe, "suspicion"; Malone (Steevens), "suspects"); III. i. 40.
- Swallowing*; "for s.," that it may not swallow (Folios 3, 4, "swallowing up"); IV. i. 74.
- Sworder*, gladiator; IV. i. 135.
- Sylla*; Sulla, the rival of Marius; IV. i. 84.
- Tainture*, defilement; II. i. 185.
- Take my death*, take it upon my death; an oath; II. iii. 89.
- Tally*, a stick on which notches or scores were cut to keep accounts by; IV. vii. 35.
- Temper*, moisten, wet; III. i. 311.
- Tend*, attend, wait on; III. ii. 304.
- Tender*, have care for; III. i. 277.

- That*, would that; I. iv. 30; so that, III. i. 12.
- Thorough*, through; IV. i. 87.
- Threatest*, threatenest (Folios 3, 4, "threaten'st"); I. iv. 50.
- Tickle*, ticklish, unstable; I. i. 216.
- Tickled*, vexed, irritated; I. iii. 151.
- Timeless*, untimely; III. ii. 187.
- Timely-parted*, having died a natural death; III. ii. 161.
- To*, compared to; III. i. 64.
- Towards*, monosyllabic; III. ii. 90.
- Tower*, soar, fly high; II. i. 10.
- Treasury*, treasure; I. iii. 132.
- Trencher*, plate; IV. i. 57.
- Trow'st*, thinkest; II. iv. 38.
- Tully*, Cicero; IV. i. 136.
- Tumble down*, make to fall; I. ii. 48.
- Twit*, twitted; III. i. 178.
- Two-hand sword*, sword wielded with two hands; II. i. 46.
- Uncivil*, ill-mannered, rude; III. i. 310.
- Uncurable*, incurable (Folios 3, 4, "incurable"); III. i. 286.
- Uneath*, not easily; II. iv. 8.
- Unmeet*, unsuitable; I. iii. 167.
- Untutor'd*, untaught, rude; III. ii. 213.
- Vantages*, advantages; I. i. 131.
- Verge*, compass, circle; I. iv. 24.
- Villago*, base coward (Theobald reads "Villageois"; Capell, "Viliaco"; a corruption of Italian *Vigliacco*, rascal; IV. viii. 48.
- Void*, devoid; IV. vii. 66.
- Voiding lobby*, ante-room, waiting room; IV. i. 61.
- Waft*, carry, bear; IV. i. 114.
- Walter*, pronounced "water"; IV. i. 31.
- Waning*, decline, loss (Rowe, "waining"; Folios, "warn-ing"); IV. x. 22.
- Ward*, custody, confinement; V. i. 112.
- Well given*, well-disposed; III. i. 72.
- What*, who; III. i. 107; whatever, III. i. 132.
- Where*, whereas; III. ii. 394.
- Whether*, monosyllabic (Folios, "where"); III. ii. 265.
- White Hart*, probably a tavern in Southwark; used with a quibble on white-heart = cowardly (Folios 1, 2, 3, "white-heart"); IV. viii. 25.
- Who*, whom; III. ii. 127; he who; IV. viii. 14.
- Whom*, which; III. ii. 345.
- Wink*, shut your eyes; II. i. 105.
- Witch*, bewitch (Theobald's correction of Folios, "watch"); III. ii. 116.
- With*; "I am with you," I'll be there, I understand; II. i. 49.
- Woe*, woful; "be w. for me," be sorrowful, feel sorrow, for me; III. ii. 73.
- Worm*, snake, serpent; III. ii. 263.
- Worn*, effaced from memory; II. iv. 69.

## Glossary

## THE SECOND PART OF

*Worthy*, worthy of; III. i. 68.

*Would*, requires, desires; II.  
iii. 21.

*Wreck*, ruin (Folios,  
"wrack"); I. iii. 125.

*Wrest*, misinterpret; III. i. 186.

*Wrested*, took wrongfully;  
III. i. 112.

*Y-clad*, clad; I. i. 33.

*Yet*, still, even then; II. iv.  
65.

# KING HENRY VI.

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## Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 1. '*As by your high,*' etc.; '*The Contention*' reads:—'*As by your high imperial majesty's command.*'

I. i. 7. '*and*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 omit it.

I. i. 19. '*lends*'; Rowe, '*lend'st.*'

I. i. 50. '*duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine*'; changed by Capell from Quartos to '*dutchies of Anjou and Maine.*'

I. i. 63. '*kneel down*'; Pope reads '*kneel you down*'; Keightley, Collier MS., '*kneel thee down.*' Perhaps '*kneel*' is to be read as a dissyllable.

I. i. 88. '*Beaufort*'; Folios read '*Beauford*'; Rowe, '*Bedford.*'

I. i. 93. '*And had his highness in his infancy Crowned*'; Grant White's emendation of Folios, '*And hath . . . Crowned*'; Rowe reads, '*And was . . . Crowned*'; Capell, '*Or hath . . . Been crown'd*'; Malone, '*And hath . . . Been crown'd.*'

I. i. 102. '*Defacing*'; Capell reads, '*Reversing,*' following '*The Contention.*'

I. i. 247. '*humours fits*'; so Folios, Quartos; Rowe reads '*humour fits*'; Malone, '*humours fit.*'

I. ii. 22. '*My troublous dream this night doth make me sad*'; Capell's emendation of Folios, '*My troublous dreames . . . doth,*' etc.

I. ii. 38. '*And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd*'; '*are*', Hanmer's correction from Quartos; Folios 1, 2, read, '*wer*'; Folios 3, 4, '*were.*'

I. ii. 59. '*thou wilt ride with us*'; Dyce, from Quartos, '*thou'll ride with us, I'm sure*'; Hanmer, '*thou too wilt ride with us*'; Vaughan, '*thou; thou wilt ride with us.*'

I. ii. 71. '*What say'st thou? majesty!*'; Capell reads from Quartos, '*My majesty! why man*'; Vaughan, '*What say'st thou, "Majesty"?*' etc.

I. ii. 100. '*A crafty knave does need no broker*'; an old proverb given in Ray's collection.

## Notes

## THE SECOND PART OF

I. iii. 3. 'In the quill'; Hanmer, 'in quill'; Jackson, 'in quiet'; Singer, 'in the coil'; Collier MS., 'in sequel,' etc. In Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, 1761, the phrase is rendered, '*ex compacto agunt.*' Halliwell and others explain it also as 'all together in a body.' This interpretation is borne out by a passage in '*The Devonshire Damsel's Frolic,*' one of the 'Songs and Sonnets in the collection called 'Choyce Drollery,' etc. (1656) :—

*" Thus those females were all in a quill  
And following on their pastimes still."*

No satisfactory explanation has yet been given of the origin of the phrase. The following solution is suggested:—'*the quill*' I take to be a popular elaboration of the more correct phrase '*a quill,*' which occurs in the ballad quoted; the latter seems to be a corruption of French *accueil*, O.F. *acueil*, *acoil*, *akel*, *achoil*, etc., 'a gathering together.' It is noteworthy that a verb '*aquyle*' occurs in one passage in Middle English, where in all probability, it is the English form of the verb '*accuellir.*' (*Cp. Pearl*, ed. Gollancz, p. 122.)

I. iii. 31. '*master was*'; Warburton's emendation of Folios, '*mistress was.*'

I. iii. 69. '*haughty*'; probably an error for '*haught,*' the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Pope, '*proud.*'

I. iii. 91. '*to the lays*'; Rowe, '*their lays.*'

I. iii. 147. '*most master wear*'; '*master,*' Halliwell, '*masters*'; '*wear,*' so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*wears,*' '*most master*' = 'the one who is most master,' i.e. 'the queen.'

I. iii. 151. '*fume needs*'; Grant White (Dyce and Walker conj.) '*fury,*' which seems a most plausible emendation; '*needs,*' the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*can need*'; Keightley, '*needs now.*'

I. iii. 152. '*far*'; Pope reads '*fast,*' adopted by many editors.

I. iii. 206. '*This doom, my lord, if I may judge*'; Capell reads '*This do, my lord, if I may be the judge*'; Dyce from Quartos, '*This is my doom, my lord, if I may judge*'; Vaughan conjectured '*This doom, my lord, if I may judge, is law*'; Collier MS., '*This doom, my gracious lord, if I may judge.*'

I. iii. 216. '*the spite of man*'; Capell reads '*the sight of my master*'; Folios 2, 3, read '*the spite of my man*'; Folio 4, '*the spite of my master*'; Collier MS., '*the spite of this man*'; Steevens, '*the spite of a man*'; Vaughan conj. '*the spite of many.*'



I. iv. 34. 'What fates await'; so Folios; Pope reads, 'Tell me what fates await'; Capell, 'What fate awaits'; Vaughan, 'What fates awaiteth them'; Wordsworth, 'Tell me what fate awaits.'

I. iv. 44. 'we watch'd you at an inch'; Daniel, 'we've catch'd in the nick,' or 'at the nick.'

I. iv. 64. 'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse'; the ambiguous answer which Pyrrhus received from the oracle at Delphi before his war against the Romans; meaning either 'I say that thou, the descendant of Æacus, mayest conquer the Romans,' or, 'I say that the Romans may conquer thee, descendant of Æacus'; 'be' inserted by Warburton; Folios 1, 2, read, 'Æacida'; Folios, 3, 4, 'Æacide'; Rowe, 'te Æacidem.'

II. i. 24. 'Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?' 'Is such resentment found in heavenly minds?' (*Æneid*, i. 15.) Omitted by Pope.

II. i. 26. 'With such holiness can you do it'; omitted by Pope. Warburton, 'With such holiness can you not do it?'; Johnson, 'A churchman, with such,' etc.; Collier MS., 'And with such holiness you well can do it'; the old play 'dote' for 'do it.' Many emendations have been proposed. If the original reading is retained, it must be considered ironical.

II. i. 29. 'you'; Pope, 'yourself.'

II. i. 34. 'furious'; Folio 2, 'too-too furious.'

II. i. 47. ll. 47 to 49, given in Folios to Gloster; corrected by Theobald.

II. i. 54. 'Medice, teipsum—'; "Physician, heal thyself"; from the Vulgate (Luke iv. 23). Folios read 'Medice teipsum'; Rowe, 'Medice cura teipsum' etc.; omitted by Pope.

II. i. 69. 'To present your highness with the man'; Pope reads, 'Before your highness to present the man'; Capell, 'Come to present your highness with the man,' etc.

II. i. 91. 'Simpcox'; Pope's emendation (Theobald conj.) of Folios 'Symon'; Capell, 'Saunder.'

II. i. 135. 'things called whips'; Halliwell and others quote from Armin's *Nest of Ninnies* (1608); 'There are, as Hamlet saies, things cald whips in store'; this cannot refer, as has been supposed, to Hamlet's 'whips and scorns of time,' but may well have occurred in the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet*. The actual words are to be found in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*:—

"Well heaven is heaven still!  
And there is Nemesis, and furies,  
And things call'd whips."

## Notes

## THE SECOND PART OF

Perhaps Armin wrote 'Hamlet' when he meant 'Jeronomy.'

II. i. 180. 'vanquish'd'; Walker, 'languish'd'; Vaughan, 'banish'd'; [www.ibibtool.com.cn](http://www.ibibtool.com.cn)

II. ii. 6. 'at full'; Folios 3, 4, 'thus at full'; Capell, 'at the full'; Keightley, 'at full length'; Marshall, 'told at full.'

II. ii. 15. 'Edmund'; Folio 1 reads, 'Edmond'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Edward.'

II. ii. 27. 'Richard was murder'd traitorously'; Folio 1 reads 'Richard . . . traitorously'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'King Richard . . . traitorously'; Pope, 'King Richard trait'rously was murther'd'; Dyce, 'was harmless Richard murder'd traitorously.'

II. ii. 28. 'told the truth'; Hanmer reads 'told the very truth:': Capell, 'surely told the truth'; Keightley, 'told the truth in this'; Marshall, 'the Duke of York hath told the truth.'

II. ii. 35. 'Philippe', Hanmer's correction; Folio 1, 'Philip'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Philip'; Collier MS., 'Philippa.'

II. ii. 42. 'Who kept him in captivity till he died'; "it was really his son-in-law, Lord Grey of Ruthvyn, and not Edmund Mortimer, whom, according to Hall, Owen Glendower kept in captivity till he died" (Malone).

II. ii. 55. 'York claims'; Pope, 'York here claims'; Capell, 'but York claims'; Dyce, 'while York claims'; Hudson, 'York doth claim.'

II. iii. 3. 'sins'; Theobald's emendation of 'sinne,' Folios 1, 2; 'sin' Folio 3.

II. iii. 14. 'Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death'; Pope reads 'Welcome is exile,' etc.; Anon. conjecture, 'Welcome is banishment; welcomer my death'; Wordsworth, 'Welcome is banishment; welcome were death'; 'banishment' is probably to be considered a dissyllable.

II. iii. 20. 'I beseech'; Hanmer, 'Beseech.'

II. iii. 21. 'ease,' the reading of Folios 1, 4; Folios 2, 3, 'cease.'

II. iii. 29. 'Should be to be protected like a child'; Collier MS. reads 'Should be protected like a child by peers.' 'Should be to be' = 'should need to be.'

II. iii. 30. 'God and King Henry govern England's realm'; omitted by Capell; 'Realm,' the reading of Folios; Steevens (Johnson conj.), 'helm'; Dyce and Staunton, 'helm!' In the next line Keightley proposed 'helm' for 'realm.'

II. iii. 32. Collier MS. inserts after l. 32, 'To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh.'

- II. iii. 35. 'willingly'; Pope, 'willing' (from Quartos).  
 II. iii. 46. 'youngest,' so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, 'younger'; Singer (Anon conj. MS.); 'strongest'; Collier MS., 'proudest'; Staunton, 'haughtiest'; Kinnear, 'highest.' Perhaps 'her' may be taken to refer to 'pride.'  
 II. iii. 55. 'defend'; Pope, 'guard'; Vaughan, 'fend.'  
 II. iii. 92. 'blow'; Warburton adds, from Quartos, 'as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.'  
 II. iii. 100. 'Go, take hence that traitor from our sight'; Hammer, 'Go, and take hence,' etc.; perhaps 'traitor' should be read as a trisyllable.  
 II. iv. 3. 'Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold'; Pope, 'The barren winter, with his nipping cold'; Capell, 'Bare winter with his wrathful nipping cold'; Mitford, 'The barren winter with his wrathful cold.'  
 II. iv. 5. 'ten'; Steevens, "'Tis ten o'clock'; Lettsom, from Quartos, "'Tis almost ten.'  
 II. iv. 12. 'laughing'; so Folios 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'still laughing'; Hudson (Lettsom conj.) 'and laughing.'  
 II. iv. 25. 'thine enemies'; Folio 4, 'their enemies'; Rowe, 'our enemies.'  
 II. iv. 31. 'with papers on my back'; "criminals undergoing punishment usually wore papers on their backs containing their offence."  
 II. iv. 87. 'gone too?'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, 'gone to?' Collier MS., 'gone so?'  
 III. I. 78. 'as is the ravenous wolf'; Rowe's correction of Folios, 'as is . . . Wolves'; Malone, 'as are . . . wolves'; Vaughan, 'as the ravenous wolves.'  
 III. i. 98. 'Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush'; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Well, Suffolk, yet thou,' etc.; Malone, from Quartos, 'Well, Suffolk's duke, thou,' etc.; Dyce (Walker conj.), 'Well, Suffolk, well, thou,' etc.  
 III. i. 133. 'easy'; Collier MS., 'easily'; Walker, 'very'; omitted by Wordsworth.  
 III. i. 151. 'But mine is,' etc.; Hudson (Lettsom conj.), from Quartos, reads 'But I am,' etc.; 'mine' = 'my death.'  
 III. i. 211. 'strays'; Theobald (adopting the conj. Thirlby), 'strives'; Vaughan 'strains.'  
 III. i. 223. 'Free loras'; Hammer, 'See, lords'; Dyce (Collier MS.), 'Fair lords'; Cambridge editors suggest 'My lords.'  
 III. i. 280. 'spoke'; so Folios; Hammer, 'spoken.'

III. i. 348. '*nourish*' (monosyllabic) = 'nurse' (verb); (Collier MS. reads '*nourish*').

III. i. 357. '*John Cade of Ashford*'; Seymour adds, '*with a headlong crew.*'

III. ii. 26. '*Nell*'; Theobald, '*Well*'; Capell, '*Meg*'; Malone, '*Margaret*'; Clark MS., '*well*.' The playwright here, as in other places (*cp.* below, lines 79, 100, 120), seems, by some strange error, to have thought of Eleanor instead of Margaret.

III. ii. 70. '*ay me*'; Pope reads '*ah me.*'

III. ii. 78. Lines 78 to 121 struck out in Collier MS.

III. ii. 79. '*Eleanor*'; *cp. supra*, Note, III. ii. 26.

III. ii. 80. '*Statuë and worship it*'; Keightley correction of Folios, '*Statue, and worship it*'; Rowe reads '*statue, and do worship to it*'; Capell, '*statue then, and worship it*'; Dyce, '*statua and worship it.*'

III. ii. 88. '*gentle*'; Singer (Anon. MS. conj. and Collier MS.) reads '*ungentle*,' destroying the whole point of the passage.

III. ii. 89. '*he*,' *i.e.* Æolus, the God of the winds.

III. ii. 100, 120. '*Eleanor*,' *cp. supra*, Note, III. ii. 26.

III. ii. 147. '*earthy*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*earthly.*'

III. ii. 152. '*For seeing him I see my life in death*'; Folio 4 reads '*For . . . life is Death*'; Johnson, '*For . . . death in life*'; Capell, '*And . . . death in life*'; Rann, '*And . . . life in death*'; Vaughan, '*So . . . myself in death.*'

III. ii. 163. '*being all descended*,' *i.e.* "the blood being."

III. ii. 182. '*And both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folio 2, '*were . . . death*'; Folios 3, 4, '*have . . . death*'; Capell first suggested true reading.

III. ii. 192. '*was dead*'; Vaughan, '*is dead*,' or '*was deaded*,' or '*was ended.*'

III. ii. 244. '*Lord Suffolk*'; the reading of Folios; Malone reads, from Quartos, '*false Suffolk.*'

III. ii. 262. '*harmful*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, read '*harmless.*'

III. ii. 308. '*enemy*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*enemies.*'

III. ii. 322. '*daintiest that*'; Theobald, '*daintiest meat*'; Hamner (from Quartos), '*daintiest thing*'; Vaughan, '*daintiest cate.*'

III. ii. 344-5. '*That thou mightest think*,' etc. "That by the impression of my kiss forever remaining on thy hand, thou mightest think of those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee" (Johnson).

III. ii. 359. 'thence,' away from the land; Folios 2, 3, 4. 'hence.'

III. ii. 366. 'no joy'; Singer (Collier MS.), 'to joy'; 'nought,' Folios 3, 4, 'ought.'

III. iii. 4. 'and feel no pain'; Theobald reads, from Quartos, 'but one whole year.'

III. iii. 21-2.

'O beat away the busy meddling fiend  
That lays strong siege unto this  
wretch's soul.'

The annexed cut, from Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, depicts the angels of good and evil contending for a departing soul.

IV. i. 21, 22. 'The lives of those,' etc., so Folios, with the exception of the note of exclamation, added by Grant White; Knight prints a note of interrogation; Nicholson, 'Shall the lives . . . sum?' Marshall, 'The lives . . . shall they Be conterpoised,' etc.

IV. i. 48. Omitted in Folios; restored by Pope (from Quartos).

IV. i. 50. In Folios this line is made part of preceding speech, with 'lowsie' for 'lowly,' restored by Pope (from Quartos).

IV. i. 70. 'Cap. Yes, Pole. Suf. Pole!' added by Capell from Quartos.

IV. i. 85. 'mother's bleeding,' Rowe's correction of Folios, 'Mother-bleeding.'

IV. i. 117. 'Gelidus timor occupat artus,' i.e. "chill fear seizes my limbs"; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads, 'Pine gelidus'; Theobald, 'Pæne gelidus,' etc (*cp. Æneid*, vii. 446).

IV. i. 129. Lloyd, 'Exempt from fear is true nobility.'

IV. i. 136. 'Brutus' bastard hand'; Theobald proposed 'dastard,' but afterwards withdrew his suggestion; Servilia, the mother of Brutus, became, it is true, the mistress of Julius Cæsar, but not until after the birth of Brutus.

IV. i. 137, 138. 'savage islanders Pompey the Great'; the story of Pompey's death is given in Plutarch; the murderers were Achilles, an Egyptian, and Septimius, who had served under him; perhaps they are described as 'islanders,' because the mur-



der was committed at Pelusium, an island-like spot in the midst of morasses at the easternmost mouth of the Nile.

IV. vii. 86. *Chatham*; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1, '*Char-tam*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Chattam*,' etc.

IV. ii. 133. '*Adam was a gardener.*' Cp. illustration.

IV. iii. 9. '*a hundred lacking one*'; Malone, '*a hundred lacking one a week*,' from Quartos. In the reign of Elizabeth butchers were not allowed to sell flesh-meat in Lent; by special licenses, however, a limited number of beasts might be killed each week.

IV. iv. 22. Pope, '*Lamenting still and mourning Suffolk's death!*'

IV. iv. 43. '*Lord Say, the traitors hate thee*'; Folio 1, '*hateth*'; Capell, '*traitor rebel hateth*'; Marshall, '*the traitor Jack Cade hateth thee.*'

IV. vii. 36. '*thou hast caused printing to be used*'; printing was not really introduced into England until twenty years later.

IV. vii. 62, 63. Cæsar says in Book V. of the "Commentaries," '*Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt*,' which Golding rendered (1590), '*Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the civilest are the Kentish folke.*'

IV. vii. 64. '*because full*'; Hanmer reads '*beauteous, full*'; Vaughan, '*bounteous, full*,' etc.

IV. vii. 72. '*But to maintain*' (Johnson; Rann); '*Kent to m.*,' the reading of Folios; Steevens, '*Bent to m.*'; Malone, '*Kent to m.*,' etc.

IV. vii. 92. '*The help of hatchet*,' so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*the help of a hatchet*'; Farmer, '*pap with a hatchet*,' a singularly happy emendation.

IV. vii. 113. '*Sir James Cromer*'; it was Sir William Cromer whom Cade beheaded.

IV. viii. 13. '*rebel*'; Singer's emendation (Collier MS. and Anon MS.) of Folios, '*rabble*'; Vaughan, '*ribald.*'

IV. ix. 26. '*Of gallowglasses and stout kernes*'; Hanmer



From a XIVth century sculpture at Rouen.

reads, 'Of desp'rate gallowglasses,' etc.; Capell, 'Of nimble g.,' etc.; Dyce, 'Of savage g.,' etc.; 'stout'; Mitford, 'stout Irish'; 'kernes'; Keightley, 'kernes, he'; Vaughan, 'kernes supplied.'

IV. ix. 29. 'arms'; Folio 1, 'Armes'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Armies.'

IV. ix. 33. 'calm'd,' the reading of Folio 4; Folio 1, 'calme'; Folio 2, 'claim'd'; Folio 3, 'claim'd'; Beckett, 'cramp'd'; Walker, 'chased.'

IV. ix. 36. 'I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him'; Staunton, 'Go, I pray thee, B.' etc.; Rowe reads, 'go and meet with him'; Malone, 'to go and meet him'; Steevens (1793), 'go forth and meet him'; Collier (Collier MS.), 'then go and meet him'; Dyce, 'go thou and meet him.'

IV. x. 1. 'Fie on ambition'; so the later Folios; Folio 1, 'Ambitions.'

IV. x. 30. 'eat iron like an ostrich.' Cp. illustration.



From a XVth century illumination.

IV. x. 46. 'That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent'; Capell, 'squir'; Marshall omits 'an,' following Hall.

IV. x. 56. 'As for words whose greatness answers words'; Rowe reads, 'As for more words,' etc.; Mason, 'As for mere words,' etc.; Dyce (Anon. conj.), 'But as for words,' etc., etc.

IV. x. 62. 'God'; Malone's correction (from Quartos) of 'Ioue' of the Folios.

IV. x. 84. 'And as I thrust thy body in with my sword'; Dyce (Lloyd conj.), omits 'in.'

V. i. 74. 'Alexander Iden, that's my name'; Capell, 'My name is Alexander Iden, sir'; Hanmer, 'Ev'n Alexander,' etc.; Edd., 'Iden, Alexander Iden,' etc.; Keightley, 'Alexander Iden, that's my name, my liege,' etc.

V. i. 78. 'Iden, kneel down. Rise up a knight'; Hanmer reads, 'Iden kneel down; and rise thou up a knight'; Dyce

## Notes

## THE SECOND PART OF

(Lettsom conj.) '*I den, kneel down. I den, rise up a knight*'; Vaughan, '*I den, kneel down; and now rise up Sir Alexander*'.

V. i. 95. '*darest*'; monosyllabic; Folio 1, '*dar'st*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*durst*'.

V. i. 109. '*these*'; Theobald's correction of '*thee*' of the Folios.

V. i. 130. '*mistakest*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*mistakes*'.

V. i. 146. '*fell-lurking*'; Roderick, '*fell-barking*'; Hudson (Heath conj.), '*fell-lurching*'; Collier (Collier MS.), '*fell-looking*'; Capell, '*fell lurking*'.

V. i. 170. '*shame*'; Dyce (Walker conj.), '*stain*'.

V. i. 211. '*victorious*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, read '*victorious noble*'.

V. ii. 28. '*La fin couronne les œuvres*'; i.e. '*the end crowns the work*.' Folio 1 reads, '*Corronne les eumenes*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Corronne les oeuvres*'.

V. ii. 42. '*Knit earth and heaven together*'; Vaughan adds '*in one blase*'.

V. ii. 66. '*So, lie thou there*'; Malone supposes that a line has been omitted here, equivalent to '*Behold the prophecy is come to pass*'; Vaughan conj. adds '*fulfilling prophecy*'.

V. ii. 87. '*parts*'; Hanmer reads '*pow'rs*'; Warburton, '*party*'; Collier MS., '*frends*'; Dyce (Walker conj.), '*part*'.

V. iii. 1. '*of*'; Collier MS. (from Quartos), '*Old*' adopted by Dyce.

V. iii. 29. '*faith*'; Malone's correction (from Quartos); Folios, '*hand*'.



London Bridge.

From an illumination in the poems of the Duke of Orleans (Royal MS., 16F2).



# KING HENRY VI.

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**The Battle of Tewksbury.**  
**From a contemporary MS. preserved in the Public Library at Ghent.**

## THE SECOND PART OF

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### Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

## ACT FIRST.

### Scene I.

58. *Anjou and Maine*:—The reader will observe that this *item* does not run the same as it did in the hands of Gloucester. Malone thinks that the words of the instrument could not thus vary while it was passing from the hands of Gloucester to those of the Cardinal. Some have supposed that Gloucester had caught the drift and substance of the document, but the dimness of his eyes prevented his reading with literal exactness. But others regard the discrepancy as due to an oversight on the part of the dramatist.

75-103. Every line of this speech, except the first, is marked by Malone, as being altered from the Quarto. That the reader may have a specimen of the changes in the Folio, we subjoin the whole speech as it stands in the Quarto:—

“ Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,  
To you Duke Humphrey must unfold his grief.  
What! did my brother Henry toil himself,  
And waste his subjects, for to conquer France?  
And did my brother Bedford spend his time,  
To keep in awe that stout unruly realm?  
And have not I and mine uncle Beaufort here  
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?  
And are all our labours, then, spent quite in vain?  
For Suffolk he, the new-made duke that rules the roost,  
Hath given away, for our King Henry's queen,  
The duchies of Anjou and Maine unto her father.

Ah lords! fatal is this marriage, cancelling our states,  
Reversing monuments of conquer'd France,  
Undoing all, as none had ne'er been done."

It will be seen upon comparison, that of twenty-eight lines fifteen were original in the Folio, though the new lines are little more than an amplification of the old thoughts.

105. *This peroration*, etc.:—This speech crowded with so many circumstances of aggravation.

115. *But wherefore weeps*, etc.:—The Salisbury of this play was Richard Neville, second son to Ralph Neville, whom we have met with in *Henry IV.* as Earl of Westmoreland. Richard was married to Alice, the only child and heir of Thomas Montacute, the Earl of Salisbury who was killed at the siege of Orleans in 1428; and thus brought that earldom into the Neville family. His oldest son, Richard, again, was married to Anne, the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and so succeeded to that earldom in 1449. The dramatist, though he rightly makes Warwick the son of Salisbury, attributes to him the acts of Richard Beauchamp, the Earl of Warwick who figures in the preceding play.

134. *costs and charges*:—Thus Holinshed: "First, the King had not one penie with hir; and for the fetching of hir the Marquesse of Suffolk demanded a whole fifteenth in open parlement. And also there was delivered for hir the duchie of Anjou, the cite of Mans, and the whole countie of Maine, which countries were the verie staies and backstands to the duchie of Normandie."

194. *York*:—This Duke of York married Cicely, daughter to Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan, his first wife, who again, was daughter to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford. Salisbury was the son of Westmoreland by a second wife. Of course therefore York's wife was *half-sister* to the Earl of Salisbury. The dramatist here anticipates. York, having been appointed to the regency of France a second time, was forced to give up that place to his rival, Somerset, and accept the government of Ireland instead; from which latter country he did not return till 1450, more than three years after the death of Cardinal Beaufort.

216. *tickle*:—So in Spenser's fragment, *Of Mutabilitie*, vii. 22:—

"O weake life! that does leane  
On thing so *tickle* as th' unsteady Ayre,  
Which every howre is chang'd, and altred cleane  
With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire."

234, 235. *the fatal brand . . . Calydon*:—According to Ovid, the life of Meleager, Prince of Calydon, was made to depend on a certain firebrand; which being thrown into the fire by his mother Althea, he expired in great torments.

### Scene II.

[*Duchess.*] This Duchess of Gloucester was Eleanor, daughter to Reginald Lord Cobham. The duke had formerly lived on such terms with Jacqueline of Bavaria, that she was commonly supposed to be his wife; but, as she already had a husband, John Duke of Brabant, from whose claim she could not get a legal release, her union with Gloucester was necessarily broken off. Meanwhile, the duke had been openly living with Eleanor Cobham as his mistress, insomuch that in 1423 the principal matrons of London went to the House of Lords with a petition against him for having neglected his lawful wife.

### Scene III.

51 *et seq.* In the Quarto this passage reads thus:—

“I tell thee, Poole, when thou didst run at tilt,  
And stol’st away our ladies’ hearts in France,  
I thought King Henry had been like to thee,  
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.”

As Marlowe has been thought to have written this play as printed in the Quarto, it seems but fair to quote a similar passage from his *Edward II.*:—

“Tell Isabel, the queen, I look’d not thus,  
When for her sake *I ran at tilt in France,*  
And there unhors’d the Duke of Cleremont.”

133-135. *Thy cruelty*, etc.:—The groundwork of these charges on the duke is thus stated in Holinshed: “The queene, a ladie of great wit, and no lesse courage, desirous of honour, and furnished with the gifts of reason, policie, and wisdome, disdainning that hir husband should be ruled rather than rule, first of all excluded the Duke of Gloucester from all rule and governance.

not prohibiting such as she knew to be his mortal foes to invent and imagine causes and greifs against him and his, insomuch that diverse noblemen conspired against him. Diverse articles were laid against him in open councell, and especiallie one—That he had caused men, adjudged to die, to be put to other execution than the law of the land assigned."

143. *ten commandments*:—This appears to have been a popular phrase for *the ten fingers*. So in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594: "I would set a tap abroach and not live in fear of my wife's *ten commandments*." Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607: "Your harpy has set his *ten commandments* on my back." And in Udal's version of Erasmus's *Apothegms*: "When Xantippe had pulled away her husbandes cope from his backe, even in the open streete, and his familiar compaignons gave him a by warning to avenge suche a naughtie touche or pranke with his *tenne commandments*."

166-173. *I'll tell thee*, etc.:—The issue of this deadly feud between York and Somerset is thus related by Holinshed: "But the Duke of Summerset, still maligning the Duke of Yorke's advancement, as he had sought to hinder his dispatch at the first when he was sent over to the regent, likewise now wrought so, that the King revoked the grant made to the Duke of Yorke for enioieng of that office the terme of other five yeeres, and with helpe of William Marquesse of Suffolke obtained that grant for himselfe. Which malicious deling the Duke of Yorke might so evill beare, that in the end the heate of displeasure burst out into such a flame, as consumed at length not onelie both those two noble personages, but also manie thousands of others."

191. *By these ten bones*:—We have just heard a duchess threaten to set her *ten commandments* in the face of a queen. We have here again a similar vulgar expression. It is, however, a very ancient popular adjuration, and may be found in many old dramatic pieces. So in *Jacke Jugler*:—

*Jack.* Ye, mary, I tell thee Careawaye is my name.  
*Car.* And by these *tenne bones* myne is the same.

### Scene IV.

30. It was believed that spirits raised by incantations remained above ground and answered questions with reluctance.

## ACT SECOND.

## www.libtool.com. Scene I.

97-129. *How long hast thou been blind?* etc.—This passage between Gloucester and Simpcox is founded on a story told by Sir Thomas More, substantially as follows: One time, as King Henry VI. rode in progress, there came to the town of Saint Alban's a certain beggar, with his wife, and there was walking about the town, begging, saying that he was born blind, and was warned in a dream that he should come out of Berwick, where he had ever dwelt, to seek Saint Alban. When the King was come, and the town full of people, suddenly this blind man, at Saint Alban's shrine, had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, so that nothing else was talked of in all the town. It so happened that Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than well-learned, called the poor man to him, and looked well upon his eyes, and asked whether he could never see anything in all his life before. When both himself and his wife affirmed fastly "no," then he looked advisedly upon his eyes again, and said, "I believe you say well, for methinketh ye cannot see well yet." "Yes, sir," quoth he; "I thank God and his holy martyr, I can see now as well as any man." "Ye can?" quoth the duke; "what colour is this gown?" Then anon the beggar told him. "What colour," quoth he, "is this man's gown?" He told him this also, without staying or stumbling, and so of all the colours that could be showed him. And when the duke saw that, he had him set openly in the stocks.

## Scene II.

[*York.*] Herford says: "Margaret's chief opponent in the Second Part, the Duke of York, also has assigned to him a somewhat more commanding role than in the chronicle. Till near the close he plays a waiting game; but he plays it with more far-reaching and more unscrupulous policy than his historic prototype. Holinshed's York watches the two great obstacles in his path, Gloucester and Suffolk, successively ruined without his stir; the dramatic York is not prevented by Gloucester's warm advocacy of his claims to the French regency from actively 'levelling at his life.' Holinshed attributes Cade's revolt to incitements of 'those that favoured

the Duke of York.' In the play it is York himself who conceives the plan of stirring up in England this 'black storm.' At the very moment when he finally threw off his disguise and claimed the crown, the York of Holinshed and history was all but checkmated by a resolute move of the party in power. Rashly disbanding his troops on the King's compliance with his demand for Somerset's arrest, he was himself arrested and sent to the Tower; and his fate hung in the balance when the news of Edward's armed advance caused his sudden release. The York of the drama suffers a briefer anxiety. His arrest is no sooner proposed than Richard and Edward rush in to bail him, and his 'two brave bears,' Warwick and Salisbury, compel the appeal to arms which issues in the victory of Saint Albans."

### Scene III.

11-13. This sentence fell upon the duchess in November, 1441. Holinshed gives the following account of the matter: "This yeare dame Eleanor Cobham, wife to the said duke, was accused of treason; for that she by sorcerie and enchantment intended to destroie the King, to the intent to advance hir husband unto the crowne. Upon this she was examined in saint Stephans chappell before the Bishop of Canterburie, and there convict and judged to doo penance in three open places within the cite of London; and after that to perpetuall imprisonment in the Ile of Man, under the keeping of sir John Stanlie knight." As this crime and punishment of the duchess had much to do in bringing about her husband's fall, there was good dramatic reason for setting it in close connection with the latter event, though in fact the two were over five years apart.

95. *I confess treason*:—This odd affair of Peter and Horner is founded on an incident told by Holinshed. It will be seen that the dramatist innovated upon the story, in making Horner "confess treason." "In the same yeare also," (1446) "a certaine armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his owne. For prooffe whereof a daie was given them to fight in Smithfield, inso-much that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slaine; but yet by misgoverning of himselfe. For on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slaine without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived

not long unpunished; for being convict of felonie in court of assise, he was judged to be hanged, and so was, at Tiburne."

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### Scene IV.

27-57. The thirty-one lines of this speech are an expansion, but scarcely an improvement, as comparison will show, of twenty-three in the Quarto.

## ACT THIRD.

### Scene I.

[*Queen . . . Suffolk.*] In this Act the criminal passion of Margaret and Suffolk blossoms and goes to seed, setting Suffolk near the throne, and thereby at once feeding his pride and chafing the pride of his enemies; while the losses in France, before represented, are ever and anon recurring as matter of continual twittings and jerks, the rust of former miscarriages thus at the same time keeping the old wounds from healing, and causing the new ones to fester and rankle. As the amiable imbecility of the King invites and smooths the way for the arrogance and overweening of the Queen and her favourites, this naturally sets the aspiring and far-reaching York upon the policy of hewing away one after another the main supports of the rival house, that so at last he may heave it to the ground, and out of its ruins build up his own. "The character of the King," says Ulrici, "which had become effeminate and unmanly, required, as an organic contrast, a woman who had become masculine and depraved in character. For Henry's disgrace as a deceived husband was the consequence of his own fault in having allowed himself, with the disposition he possessed, to be persuaded to take such a wife. This his first and only active sin—all his later sins are but errors of omission—had accordingly to be more prominently brought forward in order to show how even the smallest germ of evil shoots up like rank weeds and becomes incalculable in the mischief it produces. The Queen reigns in the King's place, and turns bad into its very worst. He, thrust back by her love of dominion, sinks more and more into the mere semblance of a king; even the open infidelity of his wife no longer rouses him, and thus his peaceful, pious, humble nature—otherwise worthy of the highest praise—acquires



more and more the appearance of the most sinful weakness of character and want of energy. Accordingly, in Henry's relation to Margaret, we again have, in a new modification, the reflection of the fundamental idea of this Second Part."

83. *What news from France?*—Here, again, the dramatist anticipates. The parliament at Bury was opened February 10, 1447. On the 28th of the same month Gloucester was found dead. Somerset's return from France was not till September, 1450; in fact, he did not enter upon the regency till after this Parliament.

189 *et seq.* This was most likely suggested by the following from Holinshed: "Ofttimes it hapneth that a man, in quenching of smoke, burneth his fingers in the fire: so the Queene, in casting how to keepe hir husband in honour, and hirselfe in authoritie, in making awaie of this noble man brought that to passe which she had most cause to have feared; which was the deposing of hir husband, and the decaie of the house of Lancaster, which of likelihood had not chanced, if this duke had lived."

245. *'Tis York*, etc.:—York had more reason for desiring Humphrey's death, because he stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself in his ambitious views. Thus in the closing lines of this Scene he says:—

"For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
And Henry put apart, the next for me."

355-359. *for a minister*, etc.:—There is no proof that York was any way privy to the insurrection of Cade, save that it fell out very opportunely for his purpose, and those engaged in it were generally favourable to his claim: for which cause he was naturally suspected to have set it on foot; and that suspicion, ripened into belief, was no doubt handed down to the dramatist's time in the bundle of "Lancastrian prejudices." This speech of York's, however, makes a capital point in the drama, as it represents him to have been the conscious designer, as in fact he was to a great extent the real occasion of the following events; and it was plainly more dramatic to set him forth as the maker of circumstances than as merely the user of them. In the Quarto this speech has but twenty-five lines, which are here rather consolidated than expanded into fifty-three.

365. *a wild Morisco*:—A dancer in a morris-dance, originally, perhaps, meant to imitate a Moorish dance, and thence named. The bells sufficiently indicate that the English morris-dancer is intended. It appears from Blount's *Glossography*, and some of

our old writers, that the dance itself was called a *morisco*. Florio, in the first edition of his *Italian Dictionary*, defines "Moresca, a kind of morice or antique dance, after the *Moorish* or Ethiopian fashion."

## Scene II.

14. *Away! be gone*:—The common belief of the people, and the no less common report of the chroniclers was, that the Duke of Gloucester was murdered, by procurement of the Queen, Suffolk, and Somerset: which would doubtless have justified the dramatist's representation, even if he had known the truth to be otherwise; for the very fact of such a belief proves, in some sort, that the thing believed was consonant to the spirit of the time. The strongest argument in the question is derived from Whethamstede, Abbot of Saint Alban's, and is strongly stated by Lingard, thus: "That writer, who had received many benefits from the duke, was much attached to his memory, which he vindicates on all occasions, and equally prejudiced against his enemies, whom he calls *canes*, *scorpiones*, *impii susurrone*s. And yet, though he wrote when the royal party was humbled in the dust, and he had of course nothing to fear from their resentment, he repeatedly asserts that the duke fell ill immediately after his arrest, and died of his illness." The duke was arrested on the second day of the Parliament at Bury, and seventeen days after was found dead in his bed. Holinshed gives him the noblest character.

83. *awkward wind*:—The same uncommon epithet is applied to the wind by Marlowe in his *Edward II.*: "With *awkward winds*, and with sore tempests driven." And by Drayton, Epistle from *Richard II. to Queen Isabell*:—

"And undertook to travaile dangerous waies,  
Driven by *awkward winds* and boisterous seas."

161. *Ghost* was often used thus for *corpse* by the old writers. In a later passage of the original play the word *ghost* is again used as in the present instance. Young Clifford, addressing himself to his father's dead body, says:—

"A dismal sight! see where he breathless lies,  
All smear'd and welter'd in his lukewarm blood!  
Sweet father, to thy *murder'd ghost* I swear."

297. *The world*, etc.:—The storm of the commons against Suffolk did not burst forth till January, 1450, and was immediately

occasioned by the disasters in France under Somerset's regency. As usual in such cases, many terrible crimes were charged upon Suffolk, but none of them were proved; and he fell at last by violence, not by law. Holinshed has the following account of his fall: "The Queene, which intirely loved the duke, doubting some commotion and trouble to arise, if he were let go unpunished, caused him for a colour to be committed to the Tower; where he remained not past a moneth, but was againe delivered and restored to the Kings favour, as much as ever he was before. This dooing so much displeased the people, that if politike provision had not beene, great mischeefe had immediately insued. When the King perceived that there was no remedy to appease the peoples furie by anie colourable waies, shortlie to pacifie so long an hatred he banished the Duke of Suffolke for tearme of five yeares, meaning by this exile to appease the malice of the people for the time, and after to revoke him home againe."

310. The old superstition touching the *mandrake* is thus exposed by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar and Common Errors*, ii. 6: "The third affirmeth the roots of mandrakes do make a noise, or give a shriek, upon eradication; which is indeed ridiculous, and false below confute; arising, perhaps, from a small and stridulous noise, which, being firmly rooted, it maketh upon divulsion of parts. The last concerneth the danger ensuing; that there follows an hazard of life to them that pull it up; that some evil fate pursues them, and they live not long after."

333. *You bade me ban*:—This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves; but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.

375. *whispers to his pillow*:—So in *Macbeth*, V. i.: "Infected minds to their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets." The passage stands thus in the Quarto:—

"Sometimes he calls upon Duke Humphrey's ghost,  
And whispers to his pillow as to him."

The Cardinal died at his palace of Wolvesey, April 11, 1447, which was six weeks after the death of Gloucester. He was eighty years of age. The chroniclers give him a very bad character, but it is remarkable that they do not specify facts to bear out their charges. Lingard vindicates him: "That he expired in the agonies of despair, is a fiction which we owe to the imagination of Shake-

speare: from an eye-witness we learn that during a lingering illness he devoted most of his time to religious exercises. According to the provisions of his will, his wealth was chiefly distributed in charitable donations."

381 *et seq.* "Why do I lament a circumstance of which the impression will pass away in an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?"

### Scene III.

1-4. This scene was evidently founded, in part, on a passage in Hall: "Doctor John Baker, his privy counsellor and his chaplain, wrote that he, lying on his death bed, said these words: 'Why should I die, having so many riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it. Fie! will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myself half up the wheel; but when I saw my other nephew of Gloucester deceased, I thought myself able to be equal with kings, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worn a triple crown. But I see now the world faileth me, and so I am deceived; praying you all to pray for me!'" Lingard discredits this story.

33. This Scene may be compared with the following from *The First Part of the Contention*, Scene xi.:—

*Enter King and Salsbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were madde.*

*Car.* Oh death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole yeare,  
Ile give thee as much gold as will purchase such another  
iland.

*King.* Oh see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled.  
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must save thy soule.

*Car.* Why died he not in his bed?  
What would you have me to do then?  
Can I make men live whether they will or no?  
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary  
sent me.

Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,  
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire.  
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

*Sal.* See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.

*King.* Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heavenly blisse,  
Hold up thy hand and make some signe to us.

[*The Cardinall dies.*]

Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.

Oh God forgive his soule.

*Sal.* So bad an ende did never none behold,

But as his death, so was his life in all.

*King.* Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,

For God will iudge us all.

Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.

[*Exet omnes.*]

## ACT FOURTH.

### Scene I.

50-52. Suffolk's boast of his own blood was hardly warranted by his origin. On his mother's side he was distantly related to Henry VI., but not through the Lancastrian race. If the dramatist had known his pedigree, which was humble, he would not have failed to make some of his adversaries reproach him with it.

117. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*:—The source of this quotation has not been discovered. It may be a corruption of Virgil's "*Subitus tremor occupat artus*" (*Æn.*, vii. 446), or possibly a modification of Ovid, (*Met.*, iii. 40).

142. *his head and lifeless body*:—The fate of Suffolk is despatched in few words by the chroniclers. Thus Holinshed, following Hall: "But Gods justice would not that so ungracious a person should so escape: for when he shipped in Suffolke, intending to transport himselfe over into France, he was encountered with a ship of warre, appertaining to the Duke of Excester, constable of the Tower of London, called the Nicholas of the Tower. The capteine of that barke with small fight entered into the dukes ship, and, perceiving his person present, brought him to Dover road, and there on the one side of a cocke bote caused his head to be striken off, and left his bodie with the head lieng there on the sands. Which corps, being there found by a chapleine of his, was conveyed to Wingfield college in Suffolke, and there buried." His death occurred in May, 1450.

## Scene II.

34. *va cade of herrings*.—Tom Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against a *cade of herrings*, and ludicrously says, "That the rebel Jack Cade was the first that devised to put red herrings in *ca des*, and from him they have their name." *Cade*, however, is derived from *cadus*, Latin, a cask. A *cade* was a cask for containing probably six hundred herring. Cade, with more learning than should naturally belong to his character, alludes to his name as from *cado*, to fall.

66. *three-hooped pot*, etc.:—These drinking vessels of our ancestors were of wood. Nash, in his *Pierce Pennilesse*, says: "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more."

72, 73. *there shall be no money*:—"To mend the world by banishing money," says Johnson, "is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the signs or tickets of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man were contented with his own share of the goods of life."

99. *on the top of letters*:—That is, on the top of Letters Missive and such like public acts. So in the old anonymous play of *King Henry V.*, the Archbishop of Bruges says: "I beseech your grace to dellver me your safe conduct, under your broad seal *Emanuel*." The king answers: "Deliver him safe conduct under our broad seal *Emanuel*."

## Scene III.

12. [*brigandine*.] So Holinshed: "Jack Cade, upon his victorie against the Staffords, apparelled himselfe in sir Humfries brigandine, set full of gilt nailes, and so in some glorie returned againe toward London."

## Scene IV.

28. *Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer*:—Knight observes that "the following curious entry is found in the Issue Roll, 29th Henry VI.: 'To *Alexander EDEN, Sheriff of Kent*, and to divers other persons of the same county. In money paid to them, viz., by the hands of *Gervase Clifton, 100l.*, and by *John Seynder, 166l. 13s. 4d.*, in part payment of 1000 marks, which the

Lord the King commanded to be paid to the *same Alexander* and others, as well for taking JOHN CADE, *an Irishman, calling himself John Mortymer; a great rebel, enemy,* and traitor to the King, as also for conducting the person of *John Cade* to the Council of the King, after proclamation thereof made in London, to be had of his gift for their pains in the matter aforesaid. By writ of privy seal amongst the mandates of this term (Easter), 266l. 13s. 4d."

### Scene VI.

[*Jack Cade and the rest.*] In Holinshed, Jack Cade and his followers do not appear at all as the crazy Calibans whom the dramatist depicts. The chief of their grievances, in fact, was that the King alienated the crown revenues and lived on the taxes; and, moreover, they complained of abuses of all sorts in the execution of the laws and the raising of revenue. The third article of their memorial stands in striking contrast to their action in the play; for it points out that nobles of royal blood (probably meaning York) are excluded from the King's "dailie presence," while he gives advancement to "other meane persons of lower nature," who close the King's ears to the complaints of the country, and distribute favours, not according to law, but for gifts and bribes. Moreover, they complain of interferences with freedom of election, and, in short, express themselves quite temperately and constitutionally. Finally, in more than one passage of the complaint, they give utterance to a thoroughly English and patriotic resentment of the loss of Normandy, Gascony, Aquitaine, Anjou, and Maine.

5, 6. *treason* . . . *Mortimer*:—Holinshed says: "He also put to execution in Southwarke diverse persons, some for breaking this ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewray his base lineage, disparaging him for his usurped name of Mortimer."

15. *set London bridge on fire*:—At that time London bridge was of wood, and the houses upon it were actually burnt in this rebellion. Hall says "he entered London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge."

### Scene VII.

23-49. A comparison of this speech as it is in the Quarto will show that it gained nothing in humour by the revival: "Come

hither, thou Say, thou George [serge], thou buckram lord. what answer canst thou make unto my mightiness, for delivering up the towns in France to monsieur Bus-mine-cue, the dolphin of France? And, more than so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar-school, to infect the youth of the realm; and against the King's crown and dignity thou hast built up a paper-mill: nay, it will be said to thy face, that thou keep'st men in thy house that daily read of books with red letters, and talk of a noun and verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear is able to endure it. And, besides all this, thou hast appointed certain justices of the peace in every shire, to hang honest men that steal for their living; and because they could not read, thou hast hung them up, only for which cause they were most worthy to live."

107-115. The following is Holinshed's account of these doings: "After that, he entered into London, cut the ropes of the draw-bridge, and strooke his sword on London stone, saieng, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this citie.' And, after a glosing declaration made to the maior touching the cause of his thither coming, he departed againe into Southwarke, and upon the third daie of Julie he caused sir James Fines, Lord Saie, and treasurer of England, to be brought to the Guildhall, and there to be araigned; who, being before the Kings justices put to answer, desired to be tried by his peeres, for the longer delaie of his life. The capteine, perceiving his dilatorie plea, by force tooke him from the officers, and brought him to the standard in Cheape, and there caused his head to be striken off, and pitched it upon an high pole, which was openlie borne before him through the streets. And, not content herewith, he went to Mile-end, and there apprehended sir James Cromer, then sheriffe of Kent, and sonne-in-law to the said Lord Saie, causing him likewise to be beheaded, and his head to be fixed on a pole. And with these two heads this bloudie wretch entred into the citie againe, and as it were in spite caused them in everie street to kisse together, to the great detestation of all the beholders."

### Scene IX.

26. *gallowglasses* . . . *kernes*:—"The *Galloglasse*," as stated in Stanihurst's *Description of Ireland*, "useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered.



The *kerne* is an ordinary foot-soldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his piece, being commonly good mark-men."

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### Scene X.

90. The dramatist in this passage has wandered from the line of historical fact, with a view, no doubt, to relieve his scenes of strife and hatred with a passage of rural quiet and unambitious comfort. Iden had in fact just been appointed sheriff of Kent, and was in pursuit of Cade, having left home for that very purpose. The matter, however, is thus given by Holinshed: "A gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in Sussex; so that there he was slain at Hothfield, and brought to London in a cart, where he was quartered, his head set on London bridge, and his quarters sent to diverse places to be set up in the shire of Kent." Cade's flight occurred on the 9th of July, 1450, and his death but two days after.

## ACT FIFTH.

### Scene I.

41. York's arrival from Ireland was in September, a few weeks after Cade's death. Proceeding to London with a retinue of four thousand men, he wrung from the King a promise that he would call a Parliament, and then retired to one of his castles. Upon the return of Somerset from France a few days later, the old enmity between them revived with greater fierceness than ever. The next year York withdrew into Wales, and there gathered an army of ten thousand men; and when the King went against him with a much larger force, he turned aside and passed on into Kent, and encamped himself near Dartford. From thence he sent word to the King that his coming was but to remove certain evil counselors, especially Somerset, and promising to dissolve his army, if that nobleman were committed to prison, and held to answer in open Parliament whatever charges might be laid against him. The issue of the negotiation thereupon is thus stated by Holinshed: "After all this adoo, it was agreed upon by advise, for the avoiding of bloudshed, and pacifieng of the duke and his people, that the Duke of Summerset was committed to ward, as some

say, or else commanded to keep himsefe privie in his owne house for a time."

122. [*Enter Edward and Richard.*] At this time, 1455, Edward, York's oldest son, was but ten years old. However, Holinshed relates, that "whilest the counsell treated of saving or despatching the Duke of Yorke, a rumour sprang through London, that Edward Earle of March, sonne and heire-apparent to the said duke, with a great armie of Marchmen was comming toward London; which tidings sore appalled the Queene and the whole counsell." The issue of this trouble was, that "the counsell set the Duke of Yorke at libertie, and permitted him to go to his castell of Wigmore, in the marches of Wales, by whose absence the Duke of Summerset rose in such high favour, both with the King and Queene, that his voice onelie ruled, and his voice alone was heard."

131. *Bedlam*:—This "hospitall for distracted people," was founded, according to Stowe, by Simon Fitz-Mary, one of the sherits of London, in the year 1246. It was called "The Hospital of St. Mary of *Bethlehem*"; which latter term was corrupted into *Bedlam*. In this part of the Scene, the dramatist, in order to come at once upon the battle of Saint Alban's, overleaps a period of three years, from March, 1452, to the spring of 1455, during which time the Queen gave birth to a son, who was named Edward, and, the King having fallen into a state of bodily and mental imbecility, York regained the ascendancy and became protector, and Somerset was committed to the Tower, but, upon the King's recovery not long after, was released; whereupon York withdrew into Wales, and gathered the army which fought on his side in the ensuing battle.

134, 135. *let him to the Tower, etc.*:—It was Somerset, not Clifford, that gave this advice.

157, 158. *Hence, heap of wrath, etc.*:—In the stage direction of the Quarto we have, "Enter the Duke of York's sons, Edward the Earl of March and *crook-back Richard*, at the one door, with Drum and Soldiers." The dramatist here anticipates by many years; for as York's oldest son was at this time but thirteen, and as there were two others, Edmund and George, between him and Richard, of course the latter could have had no part in these transactions. A similar anticipation touching Prince Henry occurs near the close of *Richard II.* "This thing," says Hudson, "is so in keeping with Shakespeare's method of art, that it may go far towards inferring his authorship of the original play."

## Scene II.

28. [*Clifford falls.*] The author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland. At the beginning of Part III. the dramatist represents Clifford's death as it really happened:—

“ Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,  
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.”

69. *Hath made the wizard famous*:—Referring to the prediction of the Spirit in I. iv. 37-39, Holinshed says: “ There died under the signe of the castell, Edmund Duke of Summerset, who, as hath been reported, was warned long before to avoid all castels.” This Edmund was brother to John Beaufort, the Somerset of the preceding play, and succeeded to the title at his death in 1432. He was the King's nearest surviving relative, being grandson to John of Ghent, and, after the fall of Suffolk, was looked to and trusted by his royal kinsman as a counterpoise to the ambition of York. He left three sons, Henry, Edmund, and John, who, says the chronicler, “ to the extremitie of death tooke part with the line of King Henrie.”

## Scene III.

9. *Three times bestrid him*:—That is, three times I saw him fallen, and striding over him defended him till he recovered. This act of friendship Shakespeare has frequently mentioned.

## THE SECOND PART OF

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### Questions on 2 Henry VI.

#### ACT FIRST.

1. At the opening of the play, what commission does Suffolk surrender as completed?
2. How does this episode resemble that of Guinevere and Lancelot? How is the parallel more strongly suggested in a speech of Margaret in a subsequent scene?
3. What were the formal conditions of Margaret's marriage? How did these terms affect the nobles? Was their apparent cause for disaffection more than a subterfuge?
4. What was York's special grievance, and what purposes for the future does he form?
5. What was Gloucester's dream as told by him in Sc. ii.? What does it foreshadow?
6. What did the Duchess Eleanor dream? How is it shown that her dream has no vital relation to forthcoming events?
7. Why is the mystery of Eleanor's machination so soon uncovered?
8. What is effected by the first two speeches of Sc. iii.?
9. Show how far-reaching was the effect of Peter's petition. Compare this dramatic expedient with one in a later play—*Much Ado About Nothing*—where an apparently irrelevant act of the stupid lower classes has an important bearing upon the lives of the people of the upper world. Suggest the implication here contained.
10. Account for the feelings back of Queen Margaret's speech beginning line 43.
11. What is foreshadowed in Warwick's speech, line 113?
12. How does Gloucester decide the dispute as to the regency? What does it portend to himself?
13. Explain the prophecies of the Spirit in Sc. iv.

## KING HENRY VI.

## Questions

### ACT SECOND.

14. What things are done in the King's presence in Sc. i.?
15. How does he comment on hawking; on the barons' quarrel; on the sight of the impostor Simpcox and his detection by Gloucester?
16. What manner of mind does the King display here?
17. How does Simpcox's wife show herself and her husband to be impostors before Gloucester undertakes to unmask them?
18. What is the purpose of this episode as it relates to the King? As it relates to Gloucester?
19. If, as concerns Gloucester, the dramatist's purpose is to point the irony of the situation—that is, the triumph over Simpcox, the sarcastic applause of the peers, and the news of Duchess Eleanor's arrest—are not the elements of the situation rather incongruous, partaking on the one hand of farce and on the other of tragedy?
20. What historical blunders does Sc. ii. contain? What is the assumption contained in York's reply (line 64) *We thank you, lords*?
21. Why does Margaret taunt Gloucester after he is deprived of his office?
22. What was decided according to ancient custom by the trial by combat? To what classes of society was this custom relegated?
23. What penance was imposed upon Eleanor? Why does she long for her prison? Why does she end her dramatic life at this point?
24. Compare her character with that of Margaret. Wherein were there resemblances? Which was the stronger individuality?
25. Does either of the women accomplish on the other the revenge that she threatens?

### ACT THIRD.

26. What actuates Margaret to her denunciation of Gloucester?
27. Did Henry fear or love him?
28. Upon what plea does Henry leave the Parliament after the arrest of Gloucester?
29. Show the reasons why each of the enemies of Gloucester desires his death. Who assumes the office of executioner?

## Questions

## THE SECOND PART OF

30. What motives had the council for sending York into Ireland?
31. How are his own purposes served by this act?
32. How is John Cade introduced? How does York describe his personal qualities? What chance resemblance is made use of?
33. What dramatic effect is secured by informing the spectators of Gloucester's death before Suffolk comes in to inform the King?
34. Whom does Henry suspect of being the murderer? Why does Margaret try to turn the King's mind to herself by imputing to him neglect?
35. Indicate the dramatic purpose of the scene of inquisition over the dead body of Gloucester.
36. To what does the clamour of the commons urge the King? Was Henry's oath deliberate, or the resort of a distracted weakling?
37. What motive holds him to his decree banishing Suffolk?
38. Which are the more terrible, the imprecations of Suffolk, or those of the Queen?
39. The love-passages between Suffolk, though unhistorical, yet seem dramatically warranted as a completion of the Queen's character. Comment upon this.
40. Comment on the Queen's speech in Sc. ii. beginning line 9. Does she show traces of a conscience?
41. What is the purpose in exhibiting the death of the cardinal?
42. What has been effected dramatically by the long quarrel, begun in Part I., between Gloucester and the Cardinal?
43. Does the end of Act III. mark the climax of the trilogy?

## ACT FOURTH.

44. Do you judge that Shakespeare wrote Sc. i.? Comment upon the undramatic character of the Captain's speeches. Compare them with the speeches of the Captain in *Twelfth Night*.
45. Remark upon the following aspects of the Cade scenes in this Act: the logic of mobs; their humour; the mutual distrust of their members; their servile aping of the aristocracy; their suspicion of all the attributes of culture; their cruelty and brutality.
46. How did the King propose to deal with the insurrectionists?
47. How are some of the historic facts of the Wat Tyler rebellion mingled with this later uprising?

## KING HENRY VI.

## Questions

48. Is it possible to deduce from these scenes somewhat of Shakespeare's political beliefs? What would he think of universal suffrage?

49. What quality does Cade show in line 107 of Sc. vii.?

50. What fundamental characteristic of mobs does Sc. viii. exhibit?

51. How are the arrested multitude treated by the King? What premonition does this afford of his attitude towards the impending greater menace of York?

52. How is Cade finally subdued? Does Shakespeare allow him any traits that enlist the sympathies?

53. Considering *2 Henry VI.* as a unit, how does Act IV. contribute to the resolution?

## ACT FIFTH.

54. With what pretext does York appear with his armed force? What leads him to declare his real purposes?

55. How does young Richard Plantagenet declare himself in Sc. i.? What does he afterwards become?

56. Who go over to the cause of York?

57. What is the result of the battle of Saint Alban's as concerns the cause of York?

58. To what action is Henry stirred?

For general questions see end of *3 Henry VI.*

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## Critical Comments.

### I.

#### Argument.

I. The Duke of York reaches London in advance of the King, and is seated by Warwick upon the throne. There the weak-kneed monarch shortly afterwards finds him; nor can he move him from his seat till York is promised the kingly succession after Henry's death. Neither of the rival houses long abides by the treaty. The haughty Queen Margaret becomes enraged at the prospect of her son's deposition, and herself musters an army against York, who is defeated and slain.

II. York's sons, Edward and Richard, though much depressed by these tidings, take heart again upon being joined by the powerful Warwick. The royal forces are engaged once more near Towton. The battle is fiercely fought, but at length the King's—or, more properly, the Queen's—forces are routed. Edward proceeds to London to mount the throne as Edward IV.

III. Having witnessed Edward's coronation, Warwick crosses over to France to obtain for the new sovereign the hand of the Princess Bona. At the French court he encounters Queen Margaret and her son, who had come to implore the French King's aid in their cause. This is almost granted when the arrival of Warwick changes the aspect of affairs, and Edward's overtures are successful. Just at this moment, however, letters from England bear intelligence that Edward has married Lady Elizabeth Grey. Naturally both the King of

France and Warwick are incensed at the broken faith. Warwick then and there becomes reconciled with Queen Margaret, who is also promised French forces to renew the struggle.

IV. Warwick hurries back to England, surprises Edward by forced marches, takes the crown from his head, and gives it back to Henry, who has been languishing in the Tower. But Edward in turn escapes from Warwick's surveillance, and takes refuge in Burgundy, where he recruits fresh troops. Upon returning to England he proceeds to his dukedom of York, and soon gathers strength enough to march on London. The impotent Henry is again seized and consigned to the Tower.

V. Edward meets Warwick in an engagement near Barnet, and the great earl, whose deeds have given him the title of "King-maker," is slain. A still more decisive battle is fought and won against Queen Margaret and the remnants of the Lancastrian forces, supported by the French, on the plains of Tewksbury. Queen Margaret is taken prisoner, and her son is stabbed to the heart by the three brothers of York. Henry's weak, troubled reign is ended by a dagger-thrust at the hands of Edward's brother, Richard of Gloucester; while Edward assumes the crown so bloodily striven for, amid every prospect of peace for himself and security for his infant son. Destiny has not yet revealed the sinister intentions of the ambitious Gloucester.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

## II.

### King Henry.

The Poet, with his instinctive judgement, has given the King a much higher character than the chroniclers assign to him. Their relations leave little doubt upon our minds that his imbecility was very nearly allied to

utter incapacity; and that the thin partition between weakness and idiocy was sometimes wholly removed. But Shakspeare has never painted Henry under this aspect: he has shown us a king with virtues unsuited to the age in which he lived; with talents unfitted for the station in which he moved; contemplative amidst friends and foes hurried along by a distempered energy; peaceful under circumstances that could have no issue but in appeals to arms; just in thought, but powerless to assert even his own sense of right amidst the contests of injustice which hemmed him in. The entire conception of the character of Henry, in connection with the circumstances to which it was subjected, is to be found in the Parliament-scene of the *Third Part of Henry VI.* This scene is copied from the *Contention*, with scarcely the addition or alteration of a word. We may boldly affirm that none but Shakspeare could have depicted with such marvellous truth the weakness, based upon a hatred of strife—the vacillation, not of imbecile cunning, but of clear-sighted candour—the assertion of power through the influence of habit, but of a power trembling even at its own authority—the glimmerings of courage utterly extinguished by the threats of “armed men,” and proposing compromise even worse than war. We request our readers to peruse this scene in the *Second Part of the Contention*, and endeavour to recollect if any poet besides Shakspeare ever presented such a reality in the exhibition of a mind whose principles have no coherency and no self-reliance; one moment threatening and exhorting his followers to revenge, the next imploring them to be patient; now urging his rival to peace, and now threatening war; turning from the assertion of his title to acknowledge its weakness; and terminating his display of “words, frowns, and threats” with

“Let me but reign in quiet while I live.”

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspeare.*

## III.

**The Characters of Richard II. and Henry VI.**

The characters and situations of both these persons are so nearly alike that they would have been completely confounded by a commonplace poet. Yet they are kept quite distinct in Shakespear. Both were kings, and both unfortunate. Both lost their crowns owing to their mismanagement and imbecility; the one from a thoughtless, wilful abuse of power, the other from an indifference to it. The manner in which they bear their misfortunes corresponds exactly to the causes which led to them. The one is always lamenting the loss of his power which he has not the spirit to regain; the other seems only to regret that he had ever been King, and is glad to be rid of the power, with the trouble; the effeminacy of the one is that of a voluptuary, proud, revengeful, impatient of contradiction, and inconsolable in his misfortunes; the effeminacy of the other is that of an indolent, good-natured mind, naturally averse to the turmoils of ambition and the cares of greatness, and who wishes to pass his time in monkish indolence and contemplation. Richard bewails the loss of the kingly power only as it was the means of gratifying his pride and luxury; Henry regards it only as a means of doing right, and is less desirous of the advantages to be derived from possessing it than afraid of exercising it wrong. In knight-ing a young soldier, he gives him ghostly advice:—

“Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,  
And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in right.”

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

## IV.

**Queen Margaret.**

In the third part of *Henry VI.*, Margaret, engaged in the terrible struggle for her husband's throne, appears

to rather more advantage. The indignation against Henry, who had pitifully yielded his son's birthright for the privilege of reigning unmolested during his own life, is worthy of her, and gives rise to a beautiful speech. We are here inclined to sympathize with her; but soon after follows the murder of the Duke of York; and the base, revengeful spirit and atrocious cruelty with which she insults over him, unarmed and a prisoner—the bitterness of her mockery, and the unwomanly malignity with which she presents him with the napkin stained with the blood of his youngest son, and “bids the father wipe his eyes withal,” turn all our sympathy into aversion and horror. York replies in the celebrated speech beginning—

She-wolf of France, and worse than wolves of France,  
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth—

and taunts her with the poverty of her father, the most irritating topic he could have chosen.

By such a woman as Margaret is here depicted such a speech could be answered only in one way—with her dagger's point—and thus she answers it.

It is some comfort to reflect that this trait of ferocity is not historical; the body of the Duke of York was found, after the battle, among the heaps of slain, and his head struck off; but even this was not done by the command of Margaret.

In another passage, the truth and consistency of the character of Margaret are sacrificed to the march of the dramatic action, with a very ill effect. When her fortunes were at the very lowest ebb, and she had sought refuge in the court of the French king, Warwick, her most formidable enemy, upon some disgust he had taken against Edward IV., offered to espouse her cause, and proposed a match between the prince her son and his daughter Anne of Warwick—the “gentle Lady Anne” who figures in *Richard III.* In the play, Margaret embraces the offer without a moment's hesitation: we are disgusted by her versatile policy, and a meanness of spirit

in no way allied to the magnanimous forgiveness of her terrible adversary. The Margaret of history sternly resisted this degrading expedient. She should not, she said, pardon from her heart the man who had been the primary cause of all her misfortunes. She mistrusted Warwick, despised him for the motives of his revolt from Edward, and considered that to match her son into the family of her enemy from mere policy was a species of degradation. It took Louis XI., with all his art and eloquence, fifteen days to wring a reluctant consent, accompanied with tears, from this high-hearted woman.

The speech of Margaret to her council of generals before the battle of Tewksbury (V. iv. 1 *et seq.*) is as remarkable a specimen of false rhetoric as her address to the soldiers, on the eve of the fight, is of true and passionate eloquence.

She witnesses the final defeat of her army, the massacre of her adherents, and the murder of her son; and though the savage Richard would willingly have put an end to her misery, and exclaims very pertinently—

Why should she live to fill the world with words?

she is dragged forth unharmed, a woful spectacle of extremest wretchedness, to which death would have been an undeserved relief.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

## V.

### Richard.

The dire and ominous shadow of the historic Richard is thrown nearly a generation backward. It is also deepened and darkened by the aid of the blacker interpretation of Richard left by Sir Thomas More. Holinshed's Richard is the ruthless champion of his House, who slays Henry only "to the intent that his brother Edward might reign with more surety"; the dramatic Richard is "himself" and for himself alone. But even the dramatic



Richard does nothing, in the present play, which the champion of his House might not do; and thus the two sublime monologues (III. ii. V. vi.) in which he lays bare, with the terrific candour of Tamburlane, the policy of his egoism, are only intelligible as preludes to the wonderful drama in which Shakespeare, now at length escaping from the traces of Greene and from the Marlowe alliance if not as yet altogether from his spell, worked out the destiny of the great avenger of the crimes of Lancaster.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

## VI.

### Warwick and Clifford.

Warwick and Clifford are appropriate specimens of the old English feudal baronage in the height of its power and splendour; a class of men brave, haughty, turbulent, and rough, accustomed to wield the most despotic authority on their estates, and therefore spurning at legal restraint in their public capacity; and individually able, sometimes, to overawe and browbeat both king and Parliament. In the play, however, we see little of their personal traits, these being, for the most part, lost in the common habits and sentiments of their order; not to mention that, in the collision of such steel-clad champions, individual features are apt to be kept out of sight, and all distinctive tones are naturally drowned in the clash of arms. It is mainly what they stand for in the public action, that the drama concerns itself about, not those characteristic issues which are the proper elements of a personal acquaintance. Yet they are somewhat discriminated: Clifford is more fierce and special in his revenge, because more tender and warm in his affections; while Warwick is more free from particular hate, because his mind is more at ease in the magnitude of his power, and the feeling of his consequence. It is said that not

less than thirty thousand persons lived daily at the tables of his different castles and manors. Add to this, that his hospitality was boundless, his dispositions magnificent, his manners captivating, his spirit frank, forthright, and undesigning, and it may well be conceived why his "housekeeping won the greatest favour of the commons," insomuch that, though but an earl in style, he could in effect force kings to reign as viceroys under him. Holinshed speaks of him thus: "Full fraught was this nobleman with good qualities right excellent and many, all which a certain natural grace did so far forth recommend, that with high and low he was in singular favour and good liking, so as, unsought-for it seemed, he grew able to command all alone." And his bearing in the play is answerable to the character that history assigns him; though it were to be wished, that in the doings of the king-maker the Poet had given us more taste of the individual man.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

## VII.

### Battling of the Base.

The play commences with abject meanness on his [King Henry's] part in bartering the hopes of his heir for his personal immunity and ease during life, and the hollow compromise he relies on is presently broken through by his own party, as well as that of York, and with equal guilt of perjury on either side. Instability and faithlessness are active also between members of the same party, and Exeter, the fleeting Clarence and Warwick desert and return under the influence of the merest personal whims and piques and self-interest. All the other virtues but valour in its lowest dogged form appear to have taken leave of society; in no direction that we can turn is an effort apparent that claims our confidence and deserves our sympathy, and the state of affairs is

represented that has occurred more than once among the civil convulsions nearer to our own time, though happily not in our own country—high motive and good faith utterly wanting, or if found together unsupported by even ordinary sagacity, application and courage. In such a case the strongest right, much more its merest shadow, forfeits the vantage-ground of natural strength to the very basest ambition guided by first-rate talents, energy and courage; and when the battle at last turns between contenders who are all destitute of right and virtue, the victory will surely fall to him who with the best or an equal capacity is the most treacherous, prompt and pitilessly unsparing. The better and indeed the greater strength of the consistency of right is lost, and the consistency of wrong has the reversion of supremacy and bears down all before it, though only in its onward and downward course to its own destruction. It is by title of such steady and overruling consistency that the house of York triumphs at last, and that within that house the last prize is destined inevitably for Richard, the most able, steadfast, daring and unscrupulous of all. This destiny is distinctly indicated in the present play, and the hint is given too in the prediction about Richmond, that, if wickedness is rising to a head and ripening, the sickle is also preparing that is to raze it to the ground. For the rest the progress of the contest decimates a turbulent nobility and leads us to anticipate a quieter world in days to come.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

## VIII.

### The Henry VI. Trilogy.

Let us again take a survey of the whole trilogy. . . . We have history represented in its degeneration into civil war, which is the consequence of the original disturbance of its course and of the general demor-

alisation which increases with it. This is the theme upon which the *whole trilogy* is based, and which exhibits the two sides of life according to Shakspeare's conception. The three *parts* then show the principal stages in the development of such a state of things. History, when so degenerate, first of all casts out those that are good and noble but who are nevertheless not wholly unaffected by the spirit of their age, and at the same time shows that the great and pure are not understood and that they cannot keep themselves entirely pure. This is exhibited in the *First Part* by the events belonging to it (and hence, because appropriate here only, Shakspeare introduces Talbot's death into this *First Part* in violation of the laws of chronology). History then continues falling into a wild state of chaos, where right and wrong flow into one another and can no longer be distinguished, and consequently where the bad and the good, or, to speak more correctly, the bad and those that are less bad, are drawn into the general vortex. This is the second stage, of which we have a representation in the *Second Part*. Having arrived at this climax, history demands that man shall not interfere with its course, and refrain from having any determination of his own, and that he shall leave all action to that man whom it has itself chosen to restore order. It therefore punishes every uncalled-for interference as unauthorised presumption, whereas the submissive spirit is inwardly exalted and glorified through suffering and death. This is the thought which connects the events of the *Third Part* into an organic unity.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

## IX.

### The Poet and the Plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgement will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will

be the best, and one will be the worst. . . . Dissimilitude of style, and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakspeare's Plays.*

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Never attracting or affecting me quite as the other works of Shakespeare, nor indeed ever seeming to me to be his works, they had never been so perused as to engage me in spontaneous interpretation or restoration. Even up to the present hour too, of Shakespeare's close, bold, and subtle reasoning; his epigrammatic play of words and ideas; his grace and dignity of dialogue; his psychological curiosity; his metaphorical prodigality; his disclosed fruits of pensive experience; his encased kernels of consolidated thought; his touches of human nature, here finely caught, there mysteriously inspired; his world-wide illustration; his magical imagery of outward things reflected from the innermost sense of them; all involved in a stream of melody whose onflow becomes in itself pathetic;—of these from the three parts of *Henry VI*. I still miss some sensible measure.

VAUGHAN: *New Readings and New Renderings of Shakespeare's Tragedies.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the sixth.*  
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his son.*  
LEWIS XI., *King of France.*  
DUKE OF SOMERSET.  
DUKE OF EXETER.  
EARL OF OXFORD.  
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.  
LORD CLIFFORD.  
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*  
EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards*  
*King Edward IV.,*  
EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*  
GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*  
RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloucester,*  
DUKE OF NORFOLK. } *his sons.*  
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.  
EARL OF WARWICK.  
EARL OF PEMBROKE.  
LORD HASTINGS.  
LORD STAFFORD.  
SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } *uncles to the Duke of York.*  
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, }  
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a youth.*  
LORD RIVERS, *brother to Lady Grey.*  
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.  
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.  
SIR JOHN SOMERVILE.  
Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.  
Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.  
Two Keepers. A Huntsman.  
A Son that has killed his father.  
A Father that has killed his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.  
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*  
BONA, *sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, etc.

SCENE: *England and France.*

The Third Part of

KING HENRY VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

*London. The Parliament-house.*

*Alarum. Enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard  
Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.*

*War.* I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

*York.* While we pursued the horsemen of the north,  
He slyly stole away and left his men :  
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,  
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,  
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,  
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,  
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

*Edw.* Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham, 10  
Is either slain or wounded dangerously ;  
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow :  
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

*Mont.* And, brother, here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood.  
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

*Rich.* Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.

*[Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.]*

*York.* Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.  
But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset ?

*Norf.* Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

*Rich.* Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head. 20

*War.* And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,  
 Before I see thee seated in that throne  
 Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,  
 I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.  
 This is the palace of the fearful king,  
 And this the regal seat: possess it, York;  
 For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

*York.* Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;  
 For hither we have broken in by force.

*Norf.* We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die. 30

*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 perforce.

*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, 40  
 And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice  
 Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

*York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute:  
 I mean to take possession of my right.

*War.* Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,  
 The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,  
 Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.  
 I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:  
 Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.



KING HENRY VI.

Act I. Sc. i.

*Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and the rest.*

*K. Hen.* My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, 50  
 Even in the chair of state: belike he means,  
 Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer  
 To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.  
 Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,  
 And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd  
 revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites and his friends.

*North.* If I be not, heavens be revenged 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. 60

*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

*Clif.* Patience is for poltroons, such as he:  
 He durst not sit there, had your father lived.  
 My gracious lord, here in the parliament  
 Let us assail the family of York.

*North.* Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

*K. Hen.* 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. Hen.* Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,  
 To make a shambles of the parliament-house! 71  
 Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats  
 Shall be the war that Henry means to use.  
 Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,  
 And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;  
 I am thy sovereign.

*York.* 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, 80  
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. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

*York.* It must and shall be so : content thyself.

*War.* Be Duke of Lancaster ; let him be king.

*West.* He is both king and Duke of Lancaster ;  
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

*War.* And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget  
That we are those which chased you from the field,  
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread 91  
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. 100

*War.* Poor Clifford ! how I scorn his worthless threats !

*York.* Will you we show our title to the crown ?  
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

*K. Hen.* 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,

KING HENRY VI.

Act I. Sc. i.

And seized upon their towns and provinces.

*War.* Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all. 110

*K. Hen.* The lord protector lost it, and not I :

When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

*Rich.* You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

*Edw.* Sweet father, do so ; set it on your head.

*Mont.* Good brother, as thou lovest and honour'est 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. Hen.* Peace, thou ! and give King Henry leave to speak.

*War.* Plantagenet shall speak first : hear him, lords ; 121

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

*K. Hen.* Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat ?

No : first shall war unpeople this my realm ;

Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,

Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords ?

My title's good, and better far than his. 130

*War.* Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

*K. Hen.* Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

*York.* 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

*K. Hen.* [*Aside*] I know not what to say ; my title's weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir ?

*York.* What then ?

*K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king ;

For Richard, in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,

Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140

*York.* He rose against him, being his sovereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

*War.* Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,

Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

*Exe.* No; for he could not so resign his crown

But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

*K. Hen.* Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

*Exe.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

*York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

*Exe.* My conscience tells me he is lawful king. 150

*K. Hen.* [*Aside*] 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 deposed.

*War.* Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

*North.* Thou art deceived: '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; 160

May that ground gape and swallow me alive,

Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

*K. Hen.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

*York.* Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.

What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

*War.* Do right unto this princely Duke of York,

Or I will fill the house with armed men,

And over the chair of state, where now he sits,

Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the  
Soldiers show themselves.*]

*K. Hen.* My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:

KING HENRY VI.

Act I. Sc. i.

- Let me for this my life-time reign as king. 171
- York.* Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,  
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.
- K. Hen.* 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 injured both thyself and us!
- West.* I cannot stay to hear these articles. 180
- North.* Nor I.
- Clif.* Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
- West.* Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,  
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
- North.* Be thou a prey unto the house of York,  
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
- Clif.* In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,  
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!
- [*Exeunt North., Clif., and West.*]
- War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
- Exe.* They seek revenge and therefore will not yield. 190
- K. Hen.* Ah, Exeter!
- War.* Why should you sigh, my lord?
- K. Hen.* Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,  
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.  
But be it as it may: I here entail  
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;  
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath  
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,  
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,  
And neither by treason nor hostility  
To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 200

*York.* This oath I willingly take and will perform.

*War.* Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.

*K. Hen.* And long live thou and these thy forward sons!

*York.* Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

*Exe.* Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sennet. Here they come down.*]

*York.* Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

*War.* And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

*Norf.* And I to Norfolk with my followers.

*Mont.* And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their Soldiers and Attendants.*]

*K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court. 210

*Enter Queen Margaret and the Prince of Wales.*

*Exe.* Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

*K. Hen.* Exeter, so will I.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

*Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!

Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?

Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I, 220

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 have 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. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son :  
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

*Q. Mar.* Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?  
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!  
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me; 232  
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 Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;  
The duke is made protector of the realm; 240  
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds  
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.  
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,  
Before I would have granted to that act.  
But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour:  
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself  
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,  
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,  
Whereby my son is disinherited. 250  
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 is ready; come, we'll after them.

*K. Hen.* Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

*K. Hen.* Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

*Q. Mar.* Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies. 260

*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 Queen Margaret and the Prince.*]

*K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me and to her son

Hath made her break out into terms of rage!

Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle

Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!

The loss of those three lords torments my heart: 270

I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

*Exe.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene II.

### *Sandal Castle.*

*Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.*

*Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

*Edw.* No, I can better play the orator.

*Mont.* But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter the Duke of York.*

*York.* Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

*Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.

*York.* About what?

*Rich.* About that which concerns your grace and us;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.



KING HENRY VI.

Act I. Sc. ii.

*York.* Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead. 10

*Rich.* Your right depends not on his life or death.

*Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,  
It will outrun 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 would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

*Rich.* No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

*York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.

*Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

*York.* Thou canst not, son; it is impossible. 21

*Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate,  
That hath authority over him that swears :  
Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;  
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,  
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think  
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;

Within whose circuit is Elysium, 30

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 dyed

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 enterprise.

Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,

And tell him privily of our intent.

You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham, 40

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,  
 Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,  
 But that I seek occasion how to rise,  
 And yet the king not privy to my drift,  
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a Messenger.*

But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such  
 post?

*Mess.* The queen with all the northern earls and lords  
 Intend here to besiege you in your castle: 50  
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men;  
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

*York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we  
 fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;  
 My brother Montague shall post to London:  
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,  
 Whom we have left protectors of the king,  
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,  
 And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

*Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not: 60  
 And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*]

*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 mean to besiege us.

*Sir John.* She shall not need; we'll meet her in the field.

*York.* What, with five thousand men?

*Rich.* Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:

A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

*Edw.* I hear their drums: let's set our men in order, 70  
And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

*York.* Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,  
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,  
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

### Scene III.

*Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.*

*Alarums. 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.

*Tut.* And I, my lord, will bear him company.

*Clif.* Soldiers, away with him!

*Tut.* Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,  
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[*Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.*

*Clif.* How now! is he dead already? or is it fear 10  
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 threatening look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath :

Be thou revenged on men, and let me live. 20

*Clif.* In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my father's blood  
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy wounds should  
enter.

*Rut.* Then let my father's blood open it again :  
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine  
Were not revenge sufficient for me ;  
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,  
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.  
The sight of any of the house of York 30  
Is as a fury to torment my soul ;  
And till I root out their accursed line  
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.  
Therefore— [Lifting his hand.]

*Rut.* O, let me pray before I take my death !  
To thee I pray ; sweet Clifford, pity me !

*Clif.* Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

*Rut.* I never did thee harm : why wilt thou slay me ?

*Clif.* Thy father hath.

*Rut.* But 'twas ere I was born.  
Thou hast one son ; for his sake pity me, 40  
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,  
He be as miserably slain as I.  
Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;  
And when I give occasion of offence,  
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

*Clif.* No cause!

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[*Stabs him.*

*Rut.* Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ!

[*Dies.*

*Clif.* Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade 50

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,

Congea'l'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*

### Scene IV.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of York.*

*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;

And all my followers to the eager foe

Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,

Or lambs pursued 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 cried 'Courage, father! fight it out!'

And full as oft came Edward to my side,

II

With purple falchion, painted to the hilt

• In blood of those that had encounter'd him:

And when the hardiest warriors did retire,

Richard cried, 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'

And cried, 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!

A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'

With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!

We boded again; as I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide      20  
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;  
 And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:  
 And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:  
 The sands are number'd that make up my life;  
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, the  
 young Prince, 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.      30

*Clif.* Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,  
 With downright payment, show'd unto my father.  
 Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,  
 And made an evening at the noontide prick.

*York.* My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth  
 A bird that will revenge upon you all:  
 And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,  
 Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.  
 Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

*Clif.* So cowards fight when they can fly no further;      40  
 So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
 So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

*York.* O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,  
 And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;  
 And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,  
 And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

*Clif.* I will not ~~bandy with thee~~ word for word,  
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. 50

*Q. Mar.* Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes  
I would prolong awhile 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. 60  
*[They lay hands on York, who struggles.]*

*Clif.* Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

*North.* So doth the cony struggle in the net.

*York.* So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;  
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

*North.* What would your grace have done unto him now?

*Q. Mar.* Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,  
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,  
That raught at mountains with outstretched 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, 71  
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 Rutland?

Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood  
 That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point, 80

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 prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.  
 What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails  
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?  
 Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;  
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus. 90  
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:  
 York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.  
 A crown for York! and, lords bow low to him:  
 Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

*[Putting a paper crown on his head.]*

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!  
 Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;  
 And this is he was his adopted heir.  
 But how is it that great Plantagenet  
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath? 100

As I bethink me, you should not be king  
 Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.  
 And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,  
 And rob his temples of the diadem,  
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
 O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!  
 Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;  
 And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

*Clif.* That is my office, for my father's sake.



KING HENRY VI.

Act I. Sc. iv.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes. 110

*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, visard-like, unchanging,

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.

To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not  
shameless. 120

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,

Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,

Unless the adage must be verified,

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 admired; 130

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.

O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!

How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? 140  
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;  
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
 Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:  
 Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:  
 For raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.  
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:  
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,  
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-  
 woman.

*North.* Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so 150  
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears

*York.* That face of his the hungry cannibals  
 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with  
 blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
 O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.  
 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, 160  
 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 soul to heaven, 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, 170  
 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,  
 And 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.  
 [Stabbing him.]

*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. 180  
 [Flourish. Exeunt.]

## ACT SECOND.

## Scene I.

*A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

*A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.*

*Edw.* I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,  
 Or whether he be 'scaped 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 'scaped, 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 resolved  
 Where our right valiant father is become. 10

I saw him in the battle range about ;  
 And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.  
 Methought he bore him in the thickest troop  
 As doth a lion in a herd of neat ;  
 Or as a bear, encompassed round with dogs,  
 Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,  
 The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.  
 So fared our father with his enemies ;  
 So fled his enemies my warlike father :  
 Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son. 20  
 See how the morning opes her golden gates,  
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !  
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
 Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love !

*Edw.* Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

*Rich.* Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun ;  
 Not separated with the racking clouds,  
 But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.  
 See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,  
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable : 30  
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.  
 In this the heaven figures some event.

*Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.  
 I think it cites us, brother, to the field,  
 That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
 Each one already 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. 40

*Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters : by your leave I speak it,  
 You love the breeder better than the male.

KING HENRY VI.

Act II. Sc. i.

*Enter a Messenger.*

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell  
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

*Mess.* 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.* O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.

*Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

*Mess.* Environed he was with many foes, 50

And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;  
And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.

By many hands your father was subdued;  
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm  
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,  
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,  
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,  
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks 61

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.  
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain 70  
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;  
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,

For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.  
 Now my soul's palace is become a prison :  
 Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body  
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest !  
 For never henceforth shall I joy again,  
 Never, O never, shall I see more joy !

*Rich.* I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture  
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart : 80  
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen ;  
 For selfsame wind that I should speak withal  
 Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,  
 And burns 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. 90

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
 Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :  
 For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;  
 Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March.* Enter Warwick, Marquess of Montague,  
 and their army.

*War.* How now, fair lords ! What fare ? what news  
 abroad ?

*Rich.* Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount  
 Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance  
 Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,  
 The words would add more anguish than the wounds.  
 O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain ! 100

*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 breathed his latest gasp,  
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,  
Were brought me of your loss and his depart. 110  
I, then in London, keeper of the king,  
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,  
And very well appointed, as I thought,  
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,  
Bearing the king in my behalf along;  
For by my scouts I was advertised,  
That she was coming with a full intent  
To dash our late decree in parliament,  
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.  
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met, 120  
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, 130  
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,  
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,  
 With promise of high pay and great rewards:  
 But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,  
 And we in them no hope to win the day;  
 So that we fled; the king unto the queen;  
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,  
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;  
 For in the marches here we heard you were, 140  
 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, Duchess of Burgundy,  
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

*Rich.* 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:  
 Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,  
 But ne'er till now his scandal of retire. 150

*War.* Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;  
 For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine  
 Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,  
 And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,  
 Were he as famous and as bold in war,  
 As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

*Rich.* I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:  
 'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.  
 But in this troublous time what's to be done?  
 Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160  
 And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
 Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?  
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes  
 Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?



If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

*War.* Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;  
 And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
 Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,  
 With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,  
 And of their feather many moe proud birds, 170  
 Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.  
 He swore consent to your succession,  
 His oath enrolled in the parliament;  
 And now to London all the crew are gone,  
 To frustrate both his oath and what beside  
 May make against the house of Lancaster.  
 Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:  
 Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,  
 With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,  
 Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure, 180  
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,  
 Why, Via! to London will we march amain,  
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
 And once again cry 'Charge upon 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 sunshine day,  
 That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

*Edw.* Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;  
 And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!—  
 Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend! 191

*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. 200

*Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,

I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

*Edw.* Then strike up drums : God and Saint George for us !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*War.* How now ! what news ?

*Mess.* 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.*]

## Scene II.

*Before York.*

*Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with drum and trumpets.*

*Q. Mar.* Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy

That sought to be encompass'd with your crown :

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord ?

*K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck :

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.

Withhold revenge, dear God ! 'tis not my fault,

Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

*Clif.* My gracious liege, this too much lenity

And harmful pity must be laid aside. 10

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
 Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
 Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
 Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
 Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
 Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
 The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,  
 And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
 Ambitious York did level at thy crown,  
 Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:      20  
 He, but a duke, would have his son a king,  
 And raise his issue, like a loving sire;  
 Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,  
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him,  
 Which argued thee a most unloving father.  
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
 Who hath not seen them, even with those wings  
 Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,  
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,      31  
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence?  
 For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!  
 Were it not pity that this goodly boy  
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,  
 And long hereafter say unto his child,  
 'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got  
 My careless father fondly gave away'?  
 Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;  
 And let his manly face, which promiseth      40  
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

- K. Hen.* Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,  
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.  
 But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear  
 That things ill-got had ever bad success?  
 And happy always was it for that son  
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?  
 I'll leave my sons my virtuous deeds behind;  
 And would my father had left me no more! 50  
 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 promised knighthood to our forward son:  
 Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently. 60  
 Edward, kneel down.
- K. Hen.* 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.*

- Mess.* 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, 70  
 Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:  
 Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

**KING HENRY VI.**

**Act II. Sc. ii.**

*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. Hen.* Why, that 's my fortune too ; therefore I 'll stay.

*North.* Be it with resolution then to fight.

*Prince.* My royal father, cheer these noble lords,  
And hearten those that fight in your defence :  
Unsheathe your sword, good father ; cry ' Saint  
George ! ' 80

*March.* Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick,  
Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

*Edw.* Now, perjured 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 caused him, by new act of parliament, 91  
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 satisfied.

*Rich.* For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. 100

*War.* What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

*Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's 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; for scarce I can refrain 110  
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 sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

*K. Hen.* Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

*Q. Mar.* Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

*K. Hen.* I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:  
I am a king, and privileged to speak. 120

*Clif.* My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here  
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

*Rich.* Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:  
By Him that made us all, I am resolved  
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

*Edw.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?  
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,  
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

*War.* If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;  
For York in justice puts his armour on. 130

*Prince.* If that be right which Warwick says is right,  
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

*Rich.* Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands ;  
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

*Q. Mar.* But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam ;  
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,  
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

*Rich.* Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,  
Whose father bears the title of a king,— 140  
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—  
Shamest 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 callet know herself.  
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,  
Although thy husband may be Menelaus ;  
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd  
By that false woman, as this king by thee.  
His father revell'd in the heart of France, 150  
And tamed 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 graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,  
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,  
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,  
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.  
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride ?  
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept ; 160  
And we, in pity of the gentle king,  
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

*Geo.* But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,  
 And that thy summer bred us no increase,  
 We set the axe to thy usurping root ;  
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,  
 Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,  
 We 'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,  
 Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

*Edw.* And, in this resolution, I defy thee ; 170  
 Not willing any longer conference,  
 Since thou deniest 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.*]

### Scene III.

*A field of battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.*

*War.* Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,  
 I lay me down a little while to breathe ;  
 For strokes received, and many blows repaid,  
 Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,  
 And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

*Enter Edward, running.*

*Edw.* Smile, gentle heaven ! 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 George.*

*Geo.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair ;



KING HENRY VI.

Act II. Sc. iii.

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us: 10  
 What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

*Edw.* Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;  
 And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

*Enter Richard.*

*Rich.* Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?  
 Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
 Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;  
 And in the very pangs of death he cried,  
 Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,  
 'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'  
 So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20  
 That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
 The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:  
 I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.  
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;  
 And look upon, as if the tragedy  
 Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?  
 Here on my knee I vow to God above,  
 I'll never pause again, never stand still, 30  
 Till either death hath closed 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 heaven may ope, 40  
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!  
 Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
 Where'er it be, in heaven or in 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.

*Geo.* Yet let us all together to our troops,  
 And give them leave to fly that will not stay; 50  
 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.  
 Forslow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene IV.

*Another part of the field.*

*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

KING HENRY VI.

Act II. Sc. v.

To execute the like upon thyself; 10  
And so, have at thee!

*[They fight. Warwick comes; Clifford flies.]*

*Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;  
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene V.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.*

*King.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing light,  
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea  
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;  
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea  
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:  
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;  
Now one the better, then another best; 10  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:  
So is the equal poise of this fell war.  
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.  
To whom God will, there be the victory!  
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,  
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both  
They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;  
For what is in this world but grief and woe? 20  
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 complete;  
 How many hours bring about the day;  
 How many days will finish up the year;  
 How many years a mortal man may live.  
 When this is known, then to divide the times:     30  
 So many hours must I tend my flock;  
 So many hours must I take my rest;  
 So many hours must I contemplate;  
 So many hours must I sport myself;  
 So many days my ewes have been with young;  
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;  
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:  
 So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,  
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.     40  
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!  
 Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade  
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?  
 O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.  
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,     50  
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched in a curious bed,  
 When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his father,  
dragging in the body.*

*Son.* Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.  
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
May be possessed with some store of crowns;  
And I, that haply take them from him now,  
May yet ere night yield both my life and them  
To some man else, as this dead man doth me. 60  
Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,  
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.  
O heavy times, begetting such events!  
From London by the king was I press'd forth;  
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,  
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;  
And I, who at his hands received 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! 70  
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;  
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

*K. Hen.* 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'ercharged with grief.

*Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing  
in the body.*

*Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,  
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold; 80  
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.  
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?

Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!  
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,  
 Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,  
 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, 90  
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!  
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,  
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

*K. Hen.* Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!  
 O that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!  
 O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!  
 The red rose and the white are on his face,  
 The fatal colours of our striving houses:  
 The one his purple blood right well resembles;  
 The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:  
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish; 101  
 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 satisfied!

*Fath.* How will my wife for slaughter of my son  
 Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

*K. Hen.* How will the country for these woful chances  
 Misthink the king and not be satisfied!

*Son.* Was ever son so rued a father's death?

*Fath.* Was ever father so bemoan'd his son? 110

*K. Hen.* Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?  
 Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

*Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

*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,  
 Even for the loss of thee, having no more,  
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120  
 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,  
 For I have murdered where I should not kill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

*K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,  
 Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret,  
 the Prince, 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  
 again:

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds  
 Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130  
 With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,  
 And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,  
 Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

*Exe.* Away! for vengeance comes along with them:  
 Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;  
 Or else come after: I'll away before.

*K. Hen.* 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.*]

## Scene VI.

*Another part of the field.*

*A loud alarm. Enter Clifford, wounded.*

*Clif.* Here burns my candle out ; ay, here it dies,  
 Which, whiles 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 glued many friends to thee ;  
 And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.  
 Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud 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 ? 10  
 O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent  
 That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,  
 Thy burning car never had 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. 20  
 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 deserved no pity.  
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.



Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest ;  
 I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast. 30  
 www.libtool.com.cn [He faints.]

*Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard,  
 Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.*

*Edw.* Now breathe we, lords : good fortune bids us pause,  
 And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.  
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,  
 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,  
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
 Command an argosy to stem the waves.  
 But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them ?

*War.* No, 'tis impossible he should escape ;  
 For, though before his face I speak the words,  
 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave : 40  
 And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.

[Clifford groans and dies.]

*Edw.* Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave ?

*Rich.* A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

*Edw.* See who it is : and, now the battle 's ended,  
 If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford ;  
 Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch  
 In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
 But set his murdering knife unto the root  
 From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,  
 I mean our princely father, Duke of York. 51

*War.* From off the gates of York fetch down the head,  
 Your father's head, which Clifford placed there ;  
 Instead whereof let this supply the room :  
 Measure for measure must be answered.

- Edw.* Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,  
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:  
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,  
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
- War.* I think his understanding is bereft. 60  
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?  
Dark cloudy death o'ershades 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  
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
- Geo.* If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
- Rich.* Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.
- Edw.* Clifford, repent in bootless penitence. 70
- War.* Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
- Geo.* 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.
- Geo.* 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 two hours' life, 80  
That I in all despite might rail at him,  
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing  
blood  
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst  
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
- War.* Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,  
And rear it in the place your father's stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,  
 There to be crowned England's royal king:  
 From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,  
 And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen: 90  
 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 buzz to offend thine ears.  
 First will I see the coronation;  
 And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,  
 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

*Edw.* Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;  
 For in thy shoulder do I build my seat, 100  
 And never will I undertake the thing  
 Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.  
 Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,  
 And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself,  
 Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

*Rich.* Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester;  
 For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

*War.* Tut, that's a foolish observation:  
 Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,  
 To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.* 110

## ACT THIRD.

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## Scene I.

*A forest in the north of England.**Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.**First Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves ;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.*Sec. Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.*First Keep.* That cannot be ; the noise of thy cross-bow  
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.Here stand we both, and aim we at the best :  
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,  
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day 10  
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.*Sec. Keep.* Here comes a man ; let's stay till he be past.*Enter King Henry, disguised, with a prayer-book.**K. Hen.* From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,  
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.  
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine ;  
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,  
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed :  
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
No humble suitors press to speak for right,  
No, not a man comes for redress of thee ; 20  
For how can I help them, and not myself ?*First Keep.* Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee :

KING HENRY VI.

Act III. Sc. i.

This is the quondam king; let 's seize upon him.

*K. Hen.* Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,  
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

*Sec. Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

*First Keep.* Forbear awhile; we 'll hear a little more.

*K. Hen.* 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 30  
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,  
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost; .  
For Warwick is a subtle orator,  
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.  
By this account then Margaret may win him;  
For she 's a woman to be pitied much:  
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;  
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;  
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;  
And Nero will be tainted with remorse, 40  
To hear and see her complaints, 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 deposed;  
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;  
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;  
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,  
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,  
And in conclusion wins the king from her, 50  
With promise of his sister, and what else,  
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.  
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,  
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

*Sec. Keep.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens? [www.tool.com.cn](http://www.tool.com.cn)

*K. Hen.* 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?

*Sec. Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

*K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough. 60

*Sec. Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

*K. Hen.* My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content:  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

*Sec. Keep.* 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 deposed;  
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance 70  
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

*K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath?

*Sec. Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

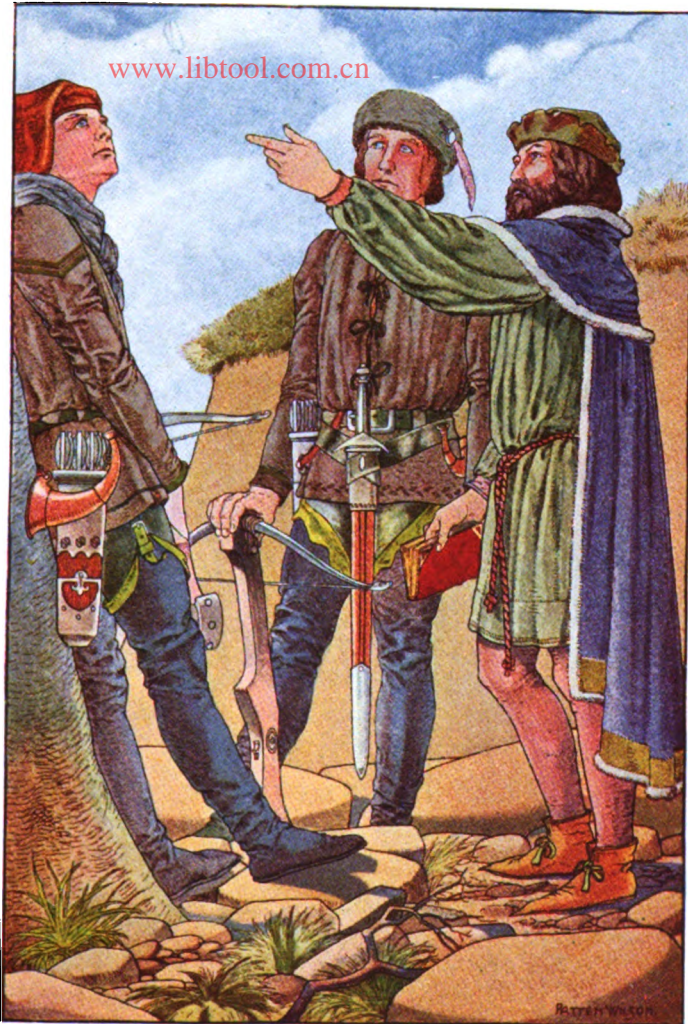
*K. Hen.* Where did you dwell when I was King of  
England?

*Sec. Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

*K. Hen.* 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?

*First Keep.* No; 80  
For we were subjects but while you were king.

*K. Hen.* 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,



**KING HENRY :** "Look, as I blow this feather from my face"  
*KING HENRY VI Part III Act III Scene 1*

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And as the air blows it to me again,  
 Obeying with my wind when I do blow,  
 And yielding to another when it blows,  
 Commanded always by the greater gust;  
 Such is the lightness of you common men.  
 But do not break your oaths; for of that sin 90  
 My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.  
 Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;  
 And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

*First Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

*K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,  
 If he were seated as King Edward is.

*First Keep.* We charge you in God's name, and the king's,  
 To go with us unto the officers.

*K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's name be  
 obey'd:

And what God will, that let your king perform; 100  
 And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene II.

*London. The palace.*

*Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and  
 Lady Grey.*

*K. Edw.* Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field  
 This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,  
 His lands then seized 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.

*Glou.* Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;  
 It were dishonour to deny it her.

## Act III. Sc. ii.

## THE THIRD PART OF

*K. Edw.* It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause. 10  
*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,  
 Before the king will grant her humble suit.

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] He knows the game: how true he  
 keeps the wind!

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence!

*K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit;

And come some other time to know our mind.

*L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:

May it please your highness to resolve me now;

And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me. 20

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you  
 all your lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] I fear her not, unless she chance  
 to fall.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that! for he'll take  
 vantages.

*K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] I think he means to beg a child of  
 her.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay, whip me then: he'll rather  
 give her two.

*L. Grey.* Three, my most gracious lord.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] You shall have four, if you'll be  
 ruled by him. 30

*K. Edw.* 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

*L. Grey.* Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you  
 will have leave,

KING HENRY VI.

Act III. Sc. II.

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

*www.libtool.com.cn* [*Glou. and Clar. retire.*]

*K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

*L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

*K. Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?

*L. Grey.* To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

*K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

*L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty. 41

*K. Edw.* I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

*L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

*K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

*L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.

*K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

*L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

*L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. 50

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

*L. Grey.* Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

*K. Edw.* An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

*L. Grey.* That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

*K. Edw.* Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

*L. Grey.* I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

*K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

*L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. 60

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

- L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;  
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.
- K. Edw.* No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
- L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
- K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.
- L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive  
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
- K. Edw.* To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
- L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison. 70
- K. Edw.* Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
- L. Grey.* Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;  
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
- K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
- L. Grey.* Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.  
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination  
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:  
Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay' or 'no.'
- K. Edw.* Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;  
No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand. 80
- L. Grey.* Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
- Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits  
her brows.
- Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] He is the bluntest wooer in  
Christendom.
- K. Edw.* [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with  
modesty;  
Her words do show her wit incomparable;  
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:  
One way or other, she is for a king;  
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—  
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?
- L. Grey.* 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord: 90

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.

*L. Grey.* And that is more than I will yield unto :  
I know I am too mean to be your queen,  
And yet too good to be your concubine.

*K. Edw.* You caviel, widow : I did mean, my queen.

*L. Grey.* 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you  
father. 100

*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 bachelor,  
Have other some : why, 'tis a happy thing  
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath done  
his shrift.

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] When he was made a shriver, 'twas  
for shift.

*K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

*Glou.* The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad. 110

*K. Edw.* You 'ld think it strange if I should marry her.

*Clar.* To whom, my lord ?

*K. Edw.* Why, Clarence, to myself.

*Glou.* That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

*Clar.* That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

*Glou.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

*K. Edw.* Well, jest on, brothers : I can tell you both,  
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a Nobleman.*

*Nob.* My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

*K. Edw.* See that he be convey'd unto the Tower: 120  
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
To question of his apprehension.  
Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.

*[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]*

*Glou.* 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, 130  
And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,  
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
A cold premeditation for my purpose!  
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;  
Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way:  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off; 140  
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;  
And so I say, I 'll cut the causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities.  
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;

What other pleasure can the world afford?  
 I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
 O miserable thought! and more unlikely 151  
 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!  
 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:  
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,  
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;  
 To make an envious mountain on my back,  
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
 To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
 To disproportion me in every part, 160  
 Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp  
 That carries no impression like the dam.  
 And am I then a man to be beloved?  
 O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!  
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,  
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
 As are of better person than myself,  
 I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,  
 And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,  
 Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head 170  
 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 desperately to find it out,—

Torment myself to catch the English crown :  
 And from that torment I will free myself,                   180  
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
 Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,  
 And cry ' Content ' to that which grieves my heart,  
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
 And frame my face to all occasions.  
 I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;  
 I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;  
 I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.                   190  
 I can add colours to the chameleon,  
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
 And set the murderous Machiavel to school.  
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?  
 Tut, were it further off, I 'll pluck it down.           [Exit.

## Scene III.

*France. The King's palace.*

*Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, his sister Bona, his Admiral, called Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.*

*K. Lew.* Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
 Sit down with us : it ill befits thy state  
 And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth  
 sit.

*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, 10  
 And to my humble seat conform myself.

*K. Lew.* 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 heart is drown'd in cares.

*K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
 And sit thee by our side : [*Seats her by him*] yield not  
 thy neck

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
 Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
 Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief ;  
 It shall be eased, if France can yield relief. 20

*Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my drooping  
 thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied 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 forced 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, 30  
 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 misled,

Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,  
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

*K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,  
While we bethink a means to break it off. 39

*Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

*K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

*Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.  
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

*Enter Warwick.*

*K. Lew.* What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

*Q. Mar.* Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

*K. Lew.* Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee  
to France? [*He descends. She ariseth.*]

*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 sovereign, and thy vowed friend, 50  
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.* [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

*War.* [*To Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's  
behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour, 60  
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue  
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;  
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,

Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

*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? 70  
 To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,  
 That Henry liveth still ; but were he dead,  
 Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.  
 Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and mar-  
 riage  
 Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour ;  
 For though usurpers sway the rule a while,  
 Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

*War.* Injurious Margaret!

*Prince.* And why not queen?

*War.* Because thy father Henry did usurp ;  
 And thou no more art prince than she is queen. 80

*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? 90  
 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. 100

*Oxf.* Call him my king by whose injurious doom  
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,  
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,  
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,  
When nature brought him to the door of death?  
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,  
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

*War.* And I the house of York.

*K. Lew.* Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,  
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside, 110  
While I use further conference with Warwick.

[*They stand aloof.*]

*Q. Mar.* Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch  
him not!

*K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,  
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath  
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

*War.* Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

*K. Lew.* But is he gracious in the people's eye?

*War.* The more that Henry was unfortunate.

*K. Lew.* Then further, all dissembling set aside,  
Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120  
Unto our sister Bona.

*War.* Such it seems  
As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear  
 That this his love was an eternal plant,  
 Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
 The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,  
 Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,  
 Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

*K. Lew.* Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

*Bona.* Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine: 130

[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,  
 When I have heard your king's desert recounted,  
 Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

*K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus: 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 counterpoised.  
 Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness  
 That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

*Prince.* To Edward, but not to the English king. 140

*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. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret:  
 But if your title to the crown be weak,  
 As may appear by Edward's good success,  
 Then 'tis but reason that I be released  
 From giving aid which late I promised.  
 Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand  
 That your estate requires and mine can yield. 150

*War.* Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,  
 Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.  
 And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,

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## THE THIRD PART OF

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 ; 160  
 For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[*Post blows a horn within.*]

*K. Lew.* Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

*Enter a Post.*

*Post.* [*To War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters are  
 for you,

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague :

[*To Lewis*] These from our king unto your majesty :

[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you ; from  
 whom I know not. [*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. 170

*K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news ? and yours, fair  
 queen ?

*Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

*War.* Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

*K. Lew.* What ! has your king married the Lady Grey ?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience ?

Is this the alliance that he seeks with France ?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner ?

*Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much before : 179

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

*War.* King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,  
 And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,  
 That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,  
 No more my king, for he dishonours me,  
 But most himself, if he could see his shame.  
 Did I forget that by the house of York  
 My father came untimely to his death?  
 Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?  
 Did I impale him with the regal crown?  
 Did I put Henry from his native right? 190  
 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, 200  
 And joy that thou becomest 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, 210

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

*Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged  
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. Lew.* And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.  
Therefore at last I firmly am resolved  
You shall have aid. 220

*Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

*K. Lew.* Then, England's messenger, return in post,  
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,  
To revel it with him and his new bride:  
Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.

*Bona.* Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

*Q. Mar.* Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,  
And I am ready to put armour on. 230

*War.* Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.  
There's thy reward: be gone. [Exit Post.]

*K. Lew.* But, Warwick,  
Thou 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, 240  
That if our queen and this young prince agree,



I'll join mine eldest 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. 250  
[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*]

*K. Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,  
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 all but 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? 260  
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.  
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,  
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:  
Not that I pity Henry's misery,  
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.]

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## Scene I.

*London. The palace.*

*Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.*

*Glou.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you  
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?  
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

*Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;  
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

*Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

*Glou.* And his well-chosen bride.

*Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey, as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings, and others.*

*K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our  
choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent? 10

*Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,  
Which are so weak of courage and in judgement  
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.

*Glou.* And shall have your will, because our king:  
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

*Glou.* Not I:

No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd 20

Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity  
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

*K. Edw.* Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,  
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey  
Should not become my wife and England's queen.  
And you too, Somerset and Montague,  
Speak freely what you think.

*Clar.* Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis  
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him 30  
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

*Glou.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,  
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

*K. Edw.* What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd  
By such invention as I can devise?

*Mont.* Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance  
Would more have strengthen'd this our common-  
wealth  
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

*Hast.* Why, knows not Montague that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself? 40

*Mont.* 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 given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only defend ourselves;  
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

*Clar.* For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves  
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

*K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;  
And for this once my will shall stand for law. 50

*Glou.* 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.

*Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir  
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,  
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

*K. Edw.* Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife  
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee. 60

*Clar.* In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judge-  
ment,

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 tied unto his brother's will.

*Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleased 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; 70  
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.  
But as this title honours me and mine,  
So your dislike, to whom I would be pleasing,  
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

*K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:  
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,  
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,  
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?  
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,  
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands; 80  
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,  
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

*Glou.* I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

[*Aside.*

*Enter a Post.*

*K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters or what news  
From France?

*Post.* My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,  
But such as I, without your special pardon,  
Dare not relate.

*K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,  
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.  
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters? 91

*Post.* At my depart, these were his very words:  
'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers  
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.' 100

*K. Edw.* I blame not her, she could say little less;  
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?  
For I have heard that she was there in place.

*Post.* 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,  
And I am ready to put armour on.'

*K. Edw.* Belike she minds to play the Amazon.  
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

*Post.* He, more incensed against your majesty  
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:  
'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong, 110  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

*K. Edw.* Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud  
words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:  
 They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.  
 But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

*Post.* Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,  
 That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

*Clar.* Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.  
 Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,  
 For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter; 120  
 That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage  
 I may not prove inferior to yourself.  
 You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*]

*Glou.* [*Aside*] Not I:

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I  
 Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

*K. Edw.* Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!  
 Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;  
 And haste is needful in this desperate case.  
 Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf 130  
 Go levy men, and make prepare for war;  
 They are already, or quickly will be landed:  
 Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*]

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,  
 Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,  
 Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:  
 Tell me if you love Warwick more than me;  
 If it be so, then both depart to him;  
 I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:  
 But if you mind to hold your true obedience, 140

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?

*Glou.* 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 II.

*A plain in Warwickshire.*

*Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French soldiers.*

*War.* Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;  
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

*Enter Clarence and Somerset.*

But see where Somerset and Clarence come!  
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

*Clar.* Fear not that, my lord.

*War.* Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;  
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice  
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;  
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,  
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings: 11  
But welcome, sweet Clarence; 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 surprise and take him at our pleasure?  
 Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:  
 That as Ulysses and stout Diomede  
 With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents, 20  
 And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,  
 So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,  
 At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,  
 And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,  
 For I intend but only to surprise him.  
 You that will follow me to this attempt,  
 Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.  
[They all cry, 'Henry!']
 Why then, let's on our way in silent sort:  
 For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!  
[Exeunt.]

## Scene III.

*Edward's camp, near Warwick.*

*Enter three watchmen, to guard the King's tent.*

*First Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:  
 The king by this is set him down to sleep.

*Second Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

*First Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,  
 Never to lie and take his natural rest,  
 Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

*Second Watch.* To-morrow then belike shall be the day,  
 If Warwick be so near as men report.

*Third Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,  
 That with the king here resteth in his tent? 10

*First Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest  
 friend.



*Third Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king  
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

*Second Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

*Third Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;  
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him. 19

*First Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

*Second Watch.* Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,  
But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and  
French soldiers, silent all.*

*War.* This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never!

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

*First Watch.* Who goes there?

*Second Watch.* Stay, or thou diest!

*[Warwick and the rest cry all, 'Warwick!  
Warwick!' and set upon the Guard, who  
fly, crying, 'Arm! arm!' Warwick and  
the rest following them.]*

*The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair. Richard and Hastings fly 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: 31

When you disgraced me in my embassy,  
 Then I degraded you from being king,  
 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 shroud yourself from enemies? 40

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?  
 Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.  
 Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,  
 Of thee thyself and all thy complices,  
 Edward will always bear himself as king:  
 Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
 My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*War.* Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:

[*Takes off his crown.*]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,  
 And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow. 50  
 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 what answer  
 Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.  
 Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

[*They lead him out forcibly.*]

*K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs abide;  
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

*Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us to do,           60  
But march to London with our soldiers?

*War.* Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;  
To free King Henry from imprisonment,  
And see him seated in the regal throne.           [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene IV.

*London. The palace.*

*Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.*

*Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

*Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn  
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

*Riv.* What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

*Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.

*Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain?

*Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,  
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,  
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:           10  
And, as I further have to understand,  
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,  
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe,

*Riv.* These news I must confess are full of grief;  
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:  
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

*Q. Eliz.* Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.  
And I the rather wean me from despair  
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:  
This is it that makes me bridle passion,  
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;   20  
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear  
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown  
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

*Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

*Q. Eliz.* 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 hath once broken faith,— 30  
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,  
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:  
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.  
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:  
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene V.

*A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

*Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, Sir William Stanley,  
and others.*

*Glou.* 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 prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands  
He hath good usage and great liberty,  
And, often but attended with weak guard,  
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.  
I have advertised him by secret means,  
That if about this hour he make this way 10  
Under the colour of his usual game,  
He shall here find his friends with horse and men  
To set him free from his captivity.

KING HENRY VI.

Act IV. Sc. vi.

*Enter King Edward and a Huntsman with him.*

*Hunt.* This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

*Glou.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste:

Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

*K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?

*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord,  
And ship from thence to Flanders. 21

*Glou.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

*Glou.* 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.

*Glou.* Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

*K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

*London. The Tower.*

*Flourish.* *Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.*

*Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends  
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,  
 My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,  
 At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

*Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;  
 But if an humble prayer may prevail,  
 I then crave pardon of your majesty.

*K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using me?  
 Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness, 10  
 For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;  
 Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds  
 Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,  
 At last, by notes of household harmony,  
 They quite forget their loss of liberty.  
 But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,  
 And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;  
 He was the author, thou the instrument.  
 Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite  
 By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me, 20  
 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 famed 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, 30  
 For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

*Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,  
 To whom the heavens in thy nativity  
 Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,

As likely to be blest in peace and war ;  
 And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

*War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.

*K. Hen.* Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands :  
 Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,  
 That no dissension hinder government : 40  
 I make you both protectors of this land,  
 While I myself will lead a private life,  
 And in devotion spend my latter days,  
 To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

*War.* What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

*Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent,  
 For on thy fortune I repose myself.

*War.* Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content :  
 We'll yoke together, like a double shadow  
 To Henry's body, and supply his place ; 50  
 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 pronounced a traitor,  
 And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

*Clar.* What else? and that succession be determined.

*War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

*K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,  
 Let me entreat, for I command no more,  
 That Margaret your queen and my son Edward 60  
 Be sent for, to return from France with speed ;  
 For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
 My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

*Clar.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

*K. Hen.* 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. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his hand on his head*] If secret powers

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
 This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss. 70  
 His looks are full of peaceful majesty,  
 His head by nature framed to wear a crown,  
 His hand to wield a sceptre, 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.* Unsavoury news! but how made he escape? 80

*Post.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloucester  
 And the Lord Hastings, who attended him  
 In secret ambush on the forest side,  
 And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;  
 For hunting was his daily exercise.

*War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.  
 But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
 A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.*]

*Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;  
 For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help, 90  
 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 misgive me, in these conflicts



What may befall him, to his harm and ours:  
 Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
 Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,  
 Till storms be past of civil enmity.

*Oxf.* Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,  
 'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

*Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Brittany. 101  
 Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.]

### Scene VII.

*Before York.*

*Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester,  
 Hastings, and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the  
 rest,

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
 And says that once more I shall interchange  
 My waned 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 arrived  
 From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,  
 But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

*Glou.* The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this;  
 For many men that stumble at the threshold 111  
 Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

*K. Edw.* Tush, man, abodements must not now affright  
 us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
 For hither will our friends repair to us.

*Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

*Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren.*

*May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,  
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;  
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

*K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king, 20  
Yet Edward at least is Duke of York.

*May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,  
As being well content with that alone.

*Glou.* [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,  
He 'll soon find means to make the body follow.

*Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?  
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

*May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.

[*They descend.*]

*Glou.* A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded! 30

*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, below.*

*K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut  
But in the night or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[*Takes his keys.*]

For Edward will defend the town and thee,  
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*March. Enter Montgomery, with drum and soldiers.*

*Glou.* Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, 40  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

KING HENRY VI.

Act IV. Sc. vii.

*K. Edw.* Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

*Montg.* To help King Edward in his time of storm,  
As every loyal subject ought to do.

*K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget  
Our title to the crown, and only claim  
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

*Montg.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again:  
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. 50

[*The drum begins to march.*]

*K. Edw.* Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and we'll debate  
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

*Montg.* What talk you of debating? in few words,  
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,  
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone  
To keep them back that come to succour you:  
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

*Glou.* 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. 60

*Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

*Glou.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.  
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;  
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

*K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,  
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

*Montg.* Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;  
And now will I be Edward's champion.

*Hast.* Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:  
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. 70

[*Flourish.*]

Act IV. Sc. viii.

THE THIRD PART OF

*Sold.* Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king  
of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

*Montg.* And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,  
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

*All.* Long live Edward the Fourth!

*K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks unto  
you all:

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;

And when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;

For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.

80

Ah, forward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,

To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day,

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VIII.

*London. The palace.*

*Flourish. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague,  
Clarence, Exeter, and Oxford.*

*War.* What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,  
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,  
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,  
And with his troops doth march amain to London;  
And many giddy people flock to him.

*K. Hen.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

*Clar.* A little fire is quickly trodden out;

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

*War.* In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,  
 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war ; 10  
 Those will I muster up : and thou, son Clarence,  
 Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,  
 The knights and gentlemen to come with thee :  
 Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,  
 Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find  
 Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st :  
 And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,  
 In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.  
 My sovereign, with the loving citizens,  
 Like to his island girt in with the ocean, 20  
 Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,  
 Shall rest in London till we come to him.  
 Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.  
 Farewell, my sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

*Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

*K. Hen.* 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. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, 30  
 And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

*War.* Farewell, sweet lords : let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.*]

*K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship ?

Methinks the power that Edward hath in field

Should not be able to encounter mine.

*Exe.* The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

*K. Hen.* That's not my fear ; my meed hath got me fame :

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,  
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays; 40  
 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,  
 My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;  
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,  
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,  
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:  
 Then why should they love Edward more than me?  
 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:  
 And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
 The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50

[*Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'*]

*Exe.* Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

*Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Seize upon the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence;  
 And once again proclaim us king of England.  
 You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:  
 Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,  
 And swell so much the higher by their ebb.  
 Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,  
 Where peremptory Warwick now remains:  
 The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay, 60  
 Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

*Glou.* Away betimes, before his forces join,  
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares:  
 Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.  
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Scene I.

*Coventry.*

*Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others upon the walls.*

*War.* Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?  
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

*First Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

*War.* How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

*Second Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

*Enter Sir John Somerville.*

*War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?  
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

*Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces,  
And do expect him here some two hours hence. 10

*[Drum heard.]*

*War.* Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

*Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:  
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

*War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

*Som.* 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.

*Glou.* See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

*War.* O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?  
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,

That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

*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.

*Glou.* I thought, at least, he would have said the king;  
Or did he make the jest against his will? 30

*War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

*Glou.* 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: 40  
What is the body when the head is off?

*Glou.* Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,  
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!  
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace.  
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

*Glou.* Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel  
down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

*War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, 50



KING HENRY VI.

Act V. Sc. i.

And with the other fling it at thy face,  
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

*K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,  
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,  
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,  
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

*Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.*

*War.* O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

*Oxf.* Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

*[He and his forces enter the city.]*

*Glou.* The gates are open, let us enter too. 60

*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 but 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!

*[He and his forces enter the city.]*

*Glou.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

*K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory: 70

My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

*Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.*

*Som.* Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

*[He and his forces enter the city.]*

*Glou.* 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 than the nature of a brother's love! 79  
 Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

*Clar.* Father of Warwick, know you what this means?  
 [*Taking his red rose out of his hat.*  
 Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:  
 I will not ruinate my father's house,  
 Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,  
 And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,  
 That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,  
 To bend the fatal instruments of war  
 Against his brother and his lawful king?  
 Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:  
 To keep that oath were more impiety 90  
 Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.  
 I am so sorry for my trespass made  
 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,  
 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,  
 With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—  
 As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad—  
 To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.  
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,  
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.  
 Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends: 100  
 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 beloved,  
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

*Glou.* Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

*War.* O passing traitor, perjured 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, 110

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dares.

*K. Edw.* Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.

Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

[*Exeunt King Edward and his company. March.*

*Warwick and his company follow.*

## Scene II.

*A field of battle near Barnet.*

*Alarum and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing  
forth Warwick wounded.*

*K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.

Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,

That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*

*War.* Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth

And by my fall, the conquest to my foe. 10

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,  
 Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,  
 And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.  
 These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black  
 veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun.  
 To search the secret treasons of the world:  
 The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,  
 Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; 20  
 For who lived 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,  
 Even now forsake me, and of all my lands  
 Is nothing left me but my body's length.  
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?  
 And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Enter Oxford and Somerset.*

*Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,  
 We might recover all our loss again: 30  
 The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:  
 Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

*War.* Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,  
 If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,  
 And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!  
 Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,  
 Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,  
 That glues my lips and will not let me speak.  
 Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

*Som.* Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last;

And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick, 41  
 And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'  
 And more he would have said, and more he spoke,  
 Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,  
 That might not be distinguish'd; but at last  
 I well might hear, delivered with a groan,  
 'O, farewell, Warwick!'

*War.* Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves;  
 For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.  
 [*Dies.*]

*Oxf.* Away, away, to meet the queen's great power! 50  
 [*Here they bear away his body. Exeunt.*]

### Scene III.

*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 graced 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 raised in Gallia have arrived our coast,  
 And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

*Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that cloud, 10  
 And blow it to the source from whence it came:  
 The very beams will dry those vapours up,  
 For every cloud engenders not a storm.

*Glou.* The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her :  
 If she have time to breathe, be well assured  
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

*K. Edw.* We are advertised by our loving friends  
 That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury :  
 We, having now the best at Barnet field, 20  
 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 IV.

*Plains near Tewksbury.*

*March.* Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward,  
 Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

*Q. Mar.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their  
 loss,  
 But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.  
 What though the mast be now blown overboard,  
 The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,  
 And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?  
 Yet lives our pilot still. Is 't meet that he  
 Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad  
 With tearful eyes add water to the sea,  
 And give more strength to that which hath too much,  
 Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock, 10  
 Which industry and courage might have saved ?  
 Ah, what a shame ! ah, what a fault were this !  
 Say Warwick was our anchor ; what of that ?  
 And Montague our topmast ; what of him ?  
 Our slaughter'd friends the tackles ; what of these ?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?  
 And Somerset another goodly mast?  
 The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?  
 And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I  
 For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?      20  
 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 quicksand 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:    30  
 Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,  
 Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.  
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,  
 If case some one of you would fly from us,  
 That there's no hoped-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,    40  
 Infuse his breast with magnanimity,  
 And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.  
 I speak not this as doubting any here;  
 For did I but suspect a fearful man,  
 He should have leave to go away betimes,  
 Lest in our need he might infect another,  
 And make him of like spirit to himself.

If any such be here—as God forbid!—

Let him depart before we need his help.

*Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage, 59  
 And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.  
 O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather  
 Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live  
 To hear 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 Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.

*Prince.* And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand, 60  
 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 deceived; we are in readiness.

*Q. Mar.* This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

*Oxf.* Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

*Flourish and March. Enter King Edward, Gloucester,  
 Clarence, and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,  
 Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,  
 Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.  
 I need not add more fuel to your fire, 70  
 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 say  
 My tears gainsay; for every word I speak.



Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.  
 Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,  
 Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,  
 His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,  
 His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;  
 And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil. 80  
 You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,  
 Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

*[Alarum: Retreat: Excursions. Exeunt.]*

### Scene V.

*Another part of the field.*

*Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Soldiers; with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.*

*K. Edw.* Now here a period of tumultuous broils.  
 Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:  
 For Somerset, off with his guilty head.  
 Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

*Oxf.* For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

*Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

*[Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.]*

*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? 10

*Glou.* It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

*Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.*

*K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?  
 Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make  
 For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,  
 And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

*Prince.* Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!  
 Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;  
 Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,  
 Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee, 20  
 Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

*Q. Mar.* Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

*Glou.* 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 currish riddles sort not with this place.

*Glou.* By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

*Glou.* For God's sake, take away this captive scold. 29

*Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

*K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

*Clar.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

*Prince.* I know my duty; you are all undutiful:  
 Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured 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.

*K. Edw.* Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*]

*Glou.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[*Stabs him.*]

*Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury. 40

[*Stabs him.*]

*Q. Mar.* O, kill me too!

KING HENRY VI.

Act V. Sc. v.

*Glou.* Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.

*K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

*Glou.* Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

*K. Edw.* What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

*Glou.* 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.

*Clar.* What? what?

*Glou.* The Tower, the Tower. [Exit. 50

*Q. Mar.* O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!  
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!  
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,  
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,  
If this foul deed were by to equal it:  
He was a man; this, in respect, a child:  
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.  
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?  
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:  
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. 60  
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!  
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!  
You have no children, butchers! if you had,  
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:  
But if you ever chance to have a child,  
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,  
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

*K. Edw.* Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;  
Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:  
What, wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou. 71

*Clar.* By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

*Q. Mar.* Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

*Clar.* Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

*Q. Mar.* Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back. 80

*K. Edw.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

*Q. Mar.* So come to you and yours, as to this prince!

*[Exit, led out forcibly.]*

*K. Edw.* Where's Richard gone?

*Clar.* To London, all in post; and, as I guess,

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle queen how well she fares: 80

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. *[Exeunt.]*

## Scene VI.

*London. The Tower.*

*Enter King Henry and Gloucester, with the  
Lieutenant, on the walls.*

*Glou.* Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

*K. Hen.* Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather,

'Tis sin to flatter; 'good' was little better:

'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,

And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord.'

*Glou.* Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

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*K. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;  
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,  
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.  
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act? 10

*Glou.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;  
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*K. Hen.* The bird that hath been limed in a bush,  
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;  
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,  
Have now the fatal object in my eye,  
Where my poor young was limed, was caught and  
kill'd.

*Glou.* 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. 20

*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;  
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;  
The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy  
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea  
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.  
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!  
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,  
Than can my ears that tragic history.  
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

*Glou.* Think'st thou I am an executioner? 30

*K. Hen.* A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:  
If murdering innocents be executing,  
Why, then thou art an executioner.

*Glou.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

*K. Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst  
presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.  
 And thus I prophesy, 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— 40  
 Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,  
 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 cried, aboding luckless time;  
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;  
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.  
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope, 50  
 To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,  
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,  
 To signify thou camest to bite the world:  
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
 Thou camest—

*Glou.* I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech:

[*Stabs him.*]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

*K. Hen.* Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.* 60]

*Glou.* What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
 Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.  
 See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!  
 O, may such purple tears be always shed  
 From those that wish the downfall of our house!  
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither :  
 I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. [Stabs him again.  
 Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of ;  
 For I have often heard my mother say 70  
 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 cried  
 ' O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth !'  
 And so I was ; which plainly signified  
 That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.  
 Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,  
 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.  
 I have no brother, I am like no brother ; 80  
 And this word ' love,' which greybeards call divine,  
 Be resident in men like one another,  
 And not in me : I am myself alone.  
 Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the light :  
 But I will sort a pitchy day for thee ;  
 For I will buz 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, 90  
 Counting myself but bad till I be best.  
 I'll throw thy body in another room,  
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.  
[Exit, with the body.

## Scene VII.

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London. The palace.

*Flourish.* Enter King Edward, Queen Elisabeth, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, a Nurse with the young Prince, and Attendants.

*K. Edw.* Once more we sit in England's royal throne,  
 Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.  
 What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,  
 Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!  
 Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd  
 For hardy and undoubted champions;  
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;  
 And two Northumberland; two braver men  
 Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;  
 With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and  
 Montague, 10  
 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 myself  
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,  
 Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,  
 That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:  
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain. 20

*Glou.* [*Aside*] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid  
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.  
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;  
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:



Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.

*K. Edw.* Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen;  
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

*Clar.* The duty that I owe unto your majesty  
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe. 29

*Q. Eliz.* Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

*Glou.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,  
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,  
And cried, '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.

*Clar.* What will your grace have done with Margaret?  
Reignier, her father, to the King of France  
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,  
And hither have they sent it for her ransom. 40

*K. Edw.* Away with her, and waft her hence to France.  
And now what rests but that we spend the time  
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,  
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?  
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*]

## THE THIRD PART OF

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### Glossary.

*Abodements*, bad omens; IV. vii. 13.  
*Aboding*, boding; V. vi. 45.  
*Adventure*, enterprise; IV. ii. 18.  
*Advertised*, informed; II. i. 116.  
*Æsop*; an allusion to the belief that he was humpbacked (hence the application of the name to Richard Crookback); V. v. 25.  
*Aims at*, (1) endeavours to obtain, III. ii. 68; (2) aim, guess, III. ii. 68.  
*Alms-deed*, act of charity; V. v. 79.  
*Apparent*, heir-apparent; II. ii. 64.  
*Appointed*; "well a.," well equipped; II. i. 113.  
*Argosy*, merchant ship; II. vi. 36.  
*Arrived*, reached, arrived at; V. iii. 8.  
*As*, that; I. i. 234.  
*Assay*, try, essay (Collier, "essay"); I. iv. 118.  
*Attended*, waited for; IV. vi. 82.  
*Awful*, awe-inspiring; II. i. 154.  
*Balm*, consecrated oil; III. i. 17.  
*Bands*, bonds; I. i. 186.

*Bandy*, beat to and fro; I. iv. 49.  
*Basilisk*, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; III. ii. 187.



From an illuminated MS. of XIVth century.

*Battle*, army, body of troops; I. i. 8, 15.  
*Beaver*, helmet; I. i. 12.  
*Belgia*, Belgium; IV. viii. 1.  
*Belike*, I suppose; I. i. 51.  
*Bells*, "shake his bells," an allusion to the small bells attached to hawks, to frighten the birds hawked at; I. i. 47.  
*Betimes*, in good time, before it is too late; V. iv. 45.  
*Bewray*, betray; I. i. 211.  
*Bishop's Palace*, the Palace of the Bishop of London; V. i. 45.

## KING HENRY VI.

## Glossary

*Blase*, burn; V. iv. 71.  
*Blood-sucking sighs*, referring to the old belief that with each sigh the heart lost a drop of blood; IV. iv. 22.  
*Bloody*, blood-thirsty, cruel; I. iii. 2.  
*Blunt*, rough; IV. viii. 2.  
*Bodged*, yielded, gave way, budged (Johnson conj. "budged," Collier conj. "botch'd"); I. iv. 19.  
*Bootless*, useless; I. iv. 20.  
*Boots*, avails; I. iv. 125.  
*Broach'd*, begun; II. ii. 159.  
*Bruit*, rumour, report; IV. vii. 64.  
*Buckle*, join in close fight (Theobald's correction [from Quartos] of Folios, "buckler"); I. iv. 50.  
*Buckler*, shield; III. iii. 99.  
*Bug*, bugbear; V. ii. 2.  
*But*, except; IV. vii. 36.  
*Buy*, aby, pay for (Grant White, "by," from "abie" Quarto 1); V. i. 68.  
*Callet*, a woman of bad character; II. ii. 145.  
*Captivates*, makes captive; I. iv. 115.  
*Case*; "if c.," if it be the case, if it happen (Folio 4, "In case"); V. iv. 34.  
*Chafed*, infuriated; II. v. 126.  
*Challenge*, claim; IV. vi. 6.  
*Chameleon*, a kind of lizard whose colour changes; III. ii. 191.  
*Channel*, gutter (Roderick conj. "kennel"); II. ii. 141.

*Charm*, silence, as by a charm; V. v. 31.  
*Chase*, pursuit, game; II. iv. 12.  
*Cheerly*, cheerfully; V. iv. 2.  
*Chid*, driven by scolding; II. v. 17.  
*Close*, secret; IV. v. 17.  
*Colours*, standards, ensigns; I. i. 91.  
*Conveyance*, trickery; III. iii. 160.  
*Convey'd*, carried off; IV. vi. 81.  
*Cony*, rabbit (Folio 1, "Connie," Folio 2, "Conny"); I. iv. 62.  
*Coverture*, covert, shelter (Warburton, "overture"); IV. ii. 13.  
*Darraign*, range; II. ii. 72.  
*Dassle*, "d. mine eyes," are my eyes dazzled?; II. i. 25.  
*Dearest*, best, most precious; V. i. 69.  
*Deck*, pack of cards; V. i. 44.  
*Delicates*, delicacies; II. v. 51.  
*Demean'd*, behaved; I. iv. 7.  
*Depart*, death, II. i. 110; departure, going away, IV. i. 92.  
*Departing*, parting; II. vi. 43.  
*Despite*, spite, malice; II. i. 59.  
*Detect*, betray; II. ii. 143.  
*Disannuals*, annuls, cancels; III. iii. 81.  
*Done*, done with, finished with; IV. i. 104.  
*Done his shrift*, heard the confession and granted absolution; III. ii. 107.  
*Doubt*, fear; IV. viii. 37.

## Glossary

*Doubted*, feared; IV. iii. 19.  
*Downright*, straight dawn; I. i. 12. [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)  
*Eager*, bitter; II. vi. 68.  
*Ean*, bring forth young (Folios 1, 2, "Eane"; Theobald, "yea"); II. v. 36.  
*Effuse*, effusion; II. vi. 28.  
*Embassade*, embassy (Capell, from Quartos, "embassage"); IV. iii. 32.  
*Empty*, hungry; I. i. 268.  
*Encounter*, fight, combat; V. iii. 5.  
*Enlargement*, release from confinement; IV. vi. 5.  
*Extraught*, extracted, derived; II. ii. 142.  
*Falchion*, scimitar, sword; I. iv. 12.  
*Fear*, affright, terrify; III. iii. 226.  
*Fear'd*, affrighted, frightened (Rowe, "scar'd"); V. ii. 2.  
*Fearful*, timorous, I. i. 25; II. ii. 30; terrible, dreadful, II. ii. 27.  
*Fence*, defend, guard; II. vi. 75.  
*Figures*, reveals; II. i. 32.  
*Fires*, dissyllabic; II. i. 83.  
*Foil*, defeat; V. iv. 42.  
*Fondly*, foolishly; II. ii. 38.  
*For*, as regards; IV. iii. 48.  
*Forfend*, forbid; II. i. 191.  
*Forgery*, lie, deception; III. iii. 175.  
*Forlorn*; "a f." an outcast (Collier MS., "all forlorn"); III. iii. 26.

## THE THIRD PART OF

*Forslow*, delay (Folios 1, 2, "Foreslow"; Folios 3, 4, "Fore-slow"); II. iii. 56.  
*Forspent*, exhausted (Folios, "Forespent"; Rann (from Quartos), "Sore spent"); II. iii. 1.  
*Forward of*, eager for; IV. viii. 46.  
*Fretting*, violently agitating; II. vi. 35.  
*Gallant*, spruce fellow, used ironically; V. v. 12.  
*Gallia*, Gaul; V. iii. 8.  
*Ghostly*, spiritual; III. ii. 107.  
*Gin*, snare; I. iv. 61.  
*Government*, self-control; I. iv. 132.  
*Grant*, granting, bestowing; III. iii. 130.  
*Hand*; "out of h.," at once; IV. vii. 63.  
*Haply*, fortunately; II. v. 58.  
*Hard-favour'd*, hard-featured, ugly; V. v. 78.  
*Hasty*, rash, passionate (Walker conj. "lusty"; Cartwright conj. "hardy"); IV. viii. 2.  
*Haught*, haughty; II. i. 169.  
*Have at thee*, take care, be warned; II. iv. 11.  
*He*, man; I. i. 46.  
*Head*, making, raising an army; II. i. 141.  
*Heir*, heiress; IV. i. 48.  
*Henry*, trisyllabic; I. i. 107.  
*Hold*, stronghold; I. ii. 52.  
*Homely*, humble; II. v. 22.  
*Honesty*, chastity; III. ii. 72.

# KING HENRY VI.

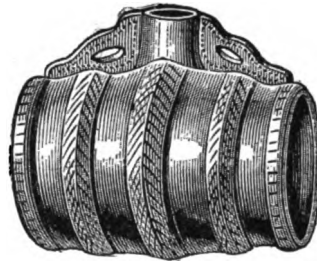
# Glossary

*Hour* (dissyllabic); II. v. 26, 31, 32, 33, etc.  
*Hyrcania*, a country on the Caspian Sea; I. iv. 155.  
*Icarus*, the son of Dædalus, who, attempting to imitate the example of his father and fly on wings, was drowned (Ovid, *Meta.* viii.); V. vi. 21.  
*Impale*, encircle; III. iii. 189.  
*Impeach*, reproach; I. iv. 60.  
*Indigested*, shapeless; V. vi. 51.  
*Inferring*, bringing forward; II. ii. 44.  
*Injurious*, insulting, III. iii. 78; unjust, III. iii. 101.  
*Inly*, inward; I. iv. 171.  
*Inviolable*, not to be broken; II. i. 30.  
*Irks*; "it i.," it pains; II. ii. 6.  
*Keeper with cross-bow*; III. i. Cp. illustration.



From an illuminated MS. of the XVth century, in the National Library, Paris.

*Lade*, ladle, bale out; III. ii. 139.  
*Lane*, passage; I. iv. 9.  
*Lawn*, lawn, glade (Capell, "lawn."); III. i. 2.  
*Level*, aim; II. ii. 19.  
*Leather bottle*; II. v. 48. (Cp. annexed illustration, from a specimen in the Roach-Smith collection.)



Leather bottle.

*Lime*, join, cement; V. i. 84.  
*Limed*, caught by bird-lime; V. vi. 13.  
*'Long*, along of, owing to; (Folios, "long"); IV. vii. 32.  
*Machiavel*, used proverbially for a crafty politician; III. ii. 193.  
*Magnanimity*, heroic bravery; V. iv. 41.  
*Malapert*, pert, saucy; V. v. 32.  
*Male*, male-parent; V. vi. 15.  
*Man at arms*, armed knight; V. iv. 42.  
*Manhood*, bravery, courage; IV. ii. 20.  
*Marches*, country-borders; II. i. 140.

## Glossary

## THE THIRD PART OF

*Masquers*; III. iii. 224. Cp. illustration.



*Meeds, deserts*, merits; II. i. 36.  
*Mermaid*, siren; III. ii. 186.  
*Mess*, set of four, "as at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours" (Nares); I. iv. 73.

*Mind*, mean, have from an illumination in the Harl. MS. of *Misdoubteth*, distrusts; V. vi. 14.

*Misthink*, misjudge; II. v. 108.

*Moe*, more; II. i. 170.

*Motion*, proposal; III. iii. 244.

*Mought*, the reading of the Folios; might, could (Capell [Quartos], "could"; Pope, "might"); V. ii. 45.

*Muse*, marvel, wonder; III. ii. 109.

*Naked*, unarmed; V. iv. 42.

*Napkin*, handkerchief; I. iv. 79.

*Narrow seas*, English Channel; IV. viii. 3.

*Neat*, horned cattle; II. i. 14.

*Nestor*, the oldest and wisest hero before Troy; III. ii. 188.

*Nice*, subtle, sophistical; IV. vii. 58.

*Obsequious*, lavish of obsequies; II. v. 118.

*Of*, instead of, from being; III. iii. 25.

*Only*, alone (Pope, "alone"); IV. i. 45.

*Overgone*, overcome; II. v. 123.

*Overpeer'd*, looked down upon, towered above; V. ii. 14.

*Pale*, enclose, encompass; I. iv. 103.

*Parcel*, part; V. vi. 38.

*Passing*, surpassing; V. i. 106.

*Passion*, violent sorrow; I. iv. 150.

*Period*, end, finish; V. v. 1.

*Pies*, magpies; V. vi. 48.

*Pinch'd*, bitten; II. i. 16.

*Pitiful*, merciful; III. ii. 32.

*Place*; "in p.," present; IV. i. 103.

*Pleaseth*; "him p.," it pleases him; II. vi. 105.

*Pleasure*, give pleasure (Folios 2, 3, 4, "please"; Collier MS., "please you too"); III. ii. 22.

*Poltroons*, cowards (Folios, "Poultroones"); I. i. 62.

*Post*, messenger; V. i. 1.



From a tract entitled *A speedy Post, with a Packet of Letters and Compliments*, n.d.

- Post*, haste; I. ii. 48.  
*Post*, hasten; I. ii. 55.  
*Posted off*, put off carelessly; IV. viii. 40.  
*Power*, force, army; II. i. 177.  
*Prancing*, bounding; II. i. 24.  
*Preachment*, high-flown discourse; I. iv. 72.  
*Prepare*, preparation; IV. i. 131.  
*Prescription*, right derived from immemorial custom; III. iii. 94.  
*Presenteth*, represents (Steevens, "present"); II. v. 100.  
*Presently*, immediately; I. ii. 36.  
*Pretend*, assert; IV. vii. 57.  
*Prick*, mark, dial-point; I. iv. 34.  
*Prize*, privilege (Warburton [from Quartos], "pride"; Walker conj. "praise"); II. i. 20.  
*Proteus*, the marine god, who had the faculty of assuming whatever shape he pleased; III. ii. 192.  
*Quaintly*, pleasantly; II. v. 24.  
*Quit*, requite, reward; III. iii. 128.  
*Racking*, moving as clouds; II. i. 27.  
*Ragged*, rugged (Folios, "raged"); V. iv. 27.  
*Ramping*, rampant; V. ii. 13.  
*Raught*, reached (Folios 3, 4, "caught"); I. iv. 68.  
*Remorse*, pity, compassion; III. i. 40.  
*Rends*, tears asunder (Folios, "rents"); III. ii. 175.  
*Repair*, repairing hither (Folios 1, 2, "repayre"; Folios 3, 4, "repair"); V. i. 20.  
*Resolve*, come to a determination; I. i. 49.  
*Respect*; "in r.," in comparison; V. v. 56.  
*Rest*, remain; V. ii. 8.  
*Resteth*, remaineth; I. ii. 44.  
*Retire*, retreat flight; II. i. 150.  
*Revolt*, fall off; I. i. 151.  
*Rhesus*, the Thracian King, who came to the assistance of Troy, but was slaughtered at night by Ulysses and Diomedes; IV. ii. 20.  
*Rids*; "r. way," i.e. gets rid of distance; V. iii. 21.  
*Rook'd*, squatted; V. vi. 47.  
*Roscius*, the most celebrated actor of ancient Rome (Pope's emendation; Folios, "Rossius"; Hanmer [Warburton], "Richard"); V. vi. 10.  
*Ruin*, ruin; V. i. 83.  
*Ruthful*, piteous (Folios 3, 4, "rueful"); II. v. 95.  
*Sadness*, seriousness; III. ii. 77.  
*Sanctuary*, the sanctuary at Westminster, which afforded protection from any persecution; IV. iv. 31.  
*Scrupulous*, "too nice in determinations of conscience"; IV. vii. 61.  
*Self-place*, self-same place, very place; III. i. 11.

## Glossary

## THE THIRD PART OF

- Selfsame*, the selfsame (Hammer, "th' self-same"); II. i. 82. [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)
- Sennet*, a particular set of notes on the cornet or trumpet; I. i. 206.
- Septentrion*, the North; I. iv. 136.
- Service*; "do thee s.," become thy servitor; V. i. 33.
- Shame-faced*, bashful; IV. viii. 52.
- Ship*, take ship (Folio 1, "shipt"; Vaughan conj. "shipp'd"); IV. v. 21.
- Shoot*, shot; III. i. 7.
- Shriever*, confessor; III. ii. 108.
- Shrouds*, sail-ropes; V. iv. 18.
- Sicils*, Sicilies; I. iv. 122.
- Silly*, innocent, helpless, II. v. 43; petty, poor; used contemptuously, III. iii. 93.
- Sinew together*, knit in strength (Folios 1, 2, 3, "sinow t."); II. vi. 91.
- Sinon*, the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to carry the wooden horse into Troy; III. ii. 190.
- Sith*, since; I. i. 110.
- Slaughter-man*, slayer, butcher; I. iv. 169.
- Sleight*, artifice, trickery (Rowe, "slight"); IV. ii. 20.
- Sometime*, sometimes; II. ii. 30.
- Soothe*, to assent to as being true, to humour (Folios, "sooth"; Rann, Heath conj. "smooth"); III. iii. 175.
- Sort*, crew, set; II. ii. 97.
- Sorts*, turns out well; II. i. 209.
- Spite*, vexation, mortification; V. i. 18.
- Spite of spite*, come the worst that may; II. iii. 5.
- Spleen*; "heated s.," fiery impetuosity, heat (Warburton, "hated spleen"); II. i. 124.
- Sport*, disport, amuse; II. v. 34.
- Stale*, laughing-stock, dupe; III. iii. 260.
- State*, station, rank; III. ii. 93.
- Stay*, linger; III. iii. 40.
- Stigmatic*, one branded by nature with deformity; II. ii. 136.
- Stout*, brave; IV. ii. 19.
- Strategems*, dreadful deeds (Folios 1, 2, "stragem"); II. v. 89.
- Strike*; "to s.," to lower sail; V. i. 52.
- Strike sail*, lower, let down sail; III. iii. 5.
- Success*, result, issue; II. ii. 46.
- Suddenly*, quickly; IV. ii. 4.
- Suffer'd*, allowed to have way; IV. viii. 8.
- Suspect*, suspicion; IV. i. 142.
- Tacklings*, cordage, rigging (trisyllabic); V. iv. 18.
- Tainted*, touched, moved; III. i. 40.
- Take on*, be furious; II. v. 104.
- Temper with the stars*, act and think in conformity with fate; IV. vi. 29.
- Time*; "take the t.," improve the opportunity; V. i. 48.
- Tire on*, seize and feed on ravenously; I. i. 269.



*Title*, claim, right (Grey conj. "tale"); III. i. 48.

*Toward*, bold; II. ii. 66.

*Trow'st*, thinkest (Folios, "trowest"); V. i. 85.

*Troy*; "the hope of T.," i.e. Hector; II. i. 51.

*Trull*, harlot; I. iv. 114.

*Trumpet*, trumpeter; V. i. 16.

*Type*, sign, badge (i.e. the crown), (Lloyd conj. "style"); I. iv. 121.

*Ulysses*, the famous king of Ithaca; III. ii. 189.

*Unbid*, unbidden, unwelcome; V. i. 18.

*Unconstant*, inconstant; V. i. 102.

*Undoubted*, fearless (Capell conj. "redoubted"); V. vii. 6.

*Unreasonable*, not endowed with reason; II. ii. 26.

*Untutor'd*, uninstructed, raw; V. v. 32.

*Unwares*, unawares; (Folio 4, "unawares"; Hammer, "un'wares"; Vaughan conj. "unware"); II. v. 62.

*Usest*, art accustomed; V. v. 75.

*Valued*, rated, estimated; V. iii. 14.

*Vantages*, advantages; III. ii. 25.

*Venom*, venomous, poisonous

(Capell [from Quarto 3], "venom'd"); II. ii. 138.

*Via*, away! : u interjection of encouragement; II. i. 182.

*Visard-like*, like a mask; I. v. 116.

*Vowed*, sworn; III. iii. 50.

*Waft over*, carry over the sea III. iii. 253.

*Waned*, declined (Folios, "wained"); IV. vii. 4.

*Water-flowing*, flowing like water, copious; IV. viii. 43.

*Wean me*, alienate myself (Folios 1, 2, "waine"; Folios 3, 4, "wain"); IV. iv. 17.

*Weeping-ripe*, ready to weep; Folios, "weeping ripe"; I. iv. 172.

*When?* an exclamation of impatience; V. i. 49.

*Willow garland*, the emblem of unhappy love; III. iii. 228.

*Wind*, scent; III. ii. 14.

*Wisp of straw*, a mark of disgrace placed on the heads of scolds; II. ii. 144.

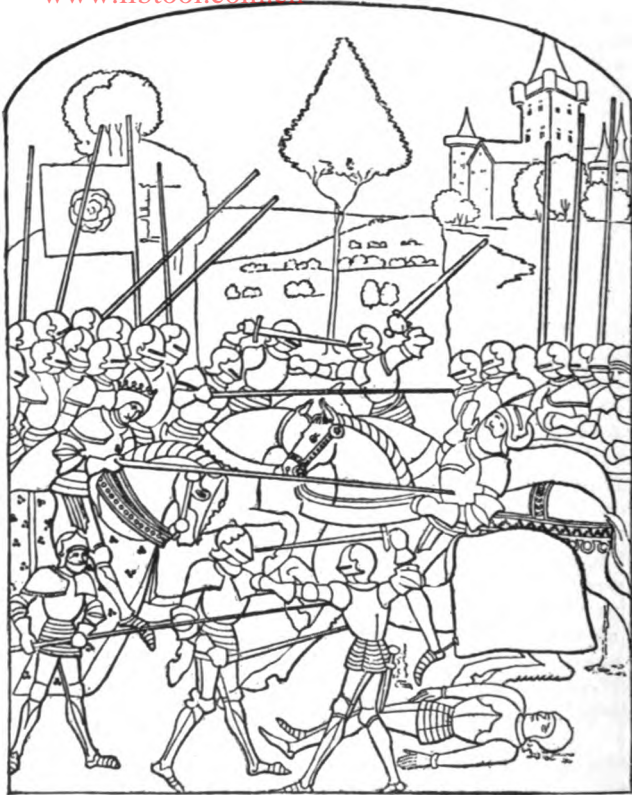
*Wit*, wisdom; IV. vii. 61.

*Witch*, bewitch; (Folios, "witch"); III. ii. 150.

*Withal*, with; III. ii. 91.

*Witty*, full of wit, intelligent; I. ii. 43.

*Younker*, stripling; II. i. 24.



**The Battle of Barnet.**  
**From a contemporary MS. preserved in the Public Library at Ghent.**

## KING HENRY VI.

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### Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 11. '*dangerously*,' Theobald's correction (from Quartos); Folios, '*dangerous*.'

I. i. 18. '*But is your grace*'; Pope, '*Is his grace*'; Capell, '*Is your grace*'; Malone (from Quartos), '*What, is your grace*'; Steevens, '*What, 's your grace*'; Lettsom, '*What, Is your grace*.'

I. i. 19. '*hope*'; Capell, '*end*'; Dyce (Anon. conj.), '*hap*.'

I. i. 34. '*thrust you out perforce*'; Rowe, '*thrust you out by force*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*put us out by force*.'

I. i. 36. '*council*'; Pope's emendation of Folios 1, 2, '*counsaile*'; Folio 3, '*counsell*'; Folio 4, '*counsel*.'

I. i. 41. '*And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice*'; Quartos, '*be deposde*'; as the line stands in the Folios 'Henry' must be either dissyllabic or monosyllabic.

I. i. 55. '*You both have vow'd*'; Folio 4, '*you have both vow'd*'; Pope, '*you vow'd*'; Collier MS., '*you have vow'd*'; Collier conj. '*both have vow'd*'; Vaughan conj. '*you both vow'd*.'

I. i. 56. '*favourites*'; Capell, '*favourers*.'

I. i. 62. '*poltroons, such as he*'; Folio 1, '*Poultroones, such as he*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Poultroones, and such is he*'; Folio 4, '*Poltroons, and such is he*'; Capell, '*poltroons, and such as he*.'

I. i. 70. '*Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*Far be it from the thoughts of Henry's heart*.'

I. i. 76. '*I am thine*'; Rowe, '*Henry, I am thine*'; Theobald (from Quartos), '*Thou 'rt deceiv'd, I'm thine*.'

I. i. 78. '*The earldom was*,' i.e. the earldom of March, by which he claimed the throne; Theobald (from Quartos), '*The kingdom is*.'

I. i. 83. '*and that's*'; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*that's*'; Quartos, '*and that is*'; Collier, '*that is*.'

I. i. 105. '*Thy father*'; '*Thy*,' Rowe's correction (from Quartos) of Folios, '*My*'; '*father*'; Capell conj. '*uncle*.'

I. i. 144. 'his crown'; Johnson, 'his son'; Dr. Percy pointed out that Richard II. had no son; Capell (from Quartos), 'the crown'; Vaughan, 'his line'; Wordsworth, 'the throne.'

I. i. 171. *for this my life-time reign as king*, the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'for this time', etc.; Theobald (from Quartos), 'but reign in quiet, while I live.'

I. i. 261. 'from,' the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4, and Quartos; Folio 1, 'to.'

I. i. 268. 'cost,' so Folios; Hanmer, 'truss'; Warburton, 'coast,' i.e. 'watch and follow, or hover round'; Steevens, 'cote'; Jackson, 'court'; Dyce, 'souse.' Warburton's emendation is generally adopted by modern editors.

I. ii. 16. 'any'; Dyce, 'an.' (?) 'But for a kingdom may an oath be broken.'

I. ii. 38. 'shalt to the Duke of Norfolk'; the reading of Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, 'shalt be D. of N.'; Rowe, 'shall go to the D. of N.'; Pope, 'shalt to th' D. of N. go'; Steevens, 'shalt unto the D. of N.'; Vaughan, 'shalt straight to the D. of N.'

I. ii. 40. 'Lord Cobham'; Hanmer, 'Lord of Cobham.'

I. iii. 48. 'Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ'; i.e. 'The gods grant that this be the sum of thy glory' (Ovid, *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon*).

I. iv. 109. 'sake'; Capell (from Quartos), 'death.'

I. iv. 150. 'passion moves'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'passions move'; Folio 1, 'passions moues.'

I. iv. 152, 153. 'That face of his the hungry cannibals Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood'; Warburton's arrangement (from Quartos); printed as three lines in Folios, ending his . . . toucht . . . blood. For 'with blood' Folios 2, 3, 4 read 'the roses just with blood'; Theobald, 'the roses juic'd with blood'; Hanmer, 'the roses just i' th' bud'; Collier MS., 'the rose's hues with blood.'

I. iv. 169. 'to all'; Capell (from Quartos), 'of all.'

II. i. 20. 'Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son'; so Folios; Warburton (from Quartos), 'pride.'

II. i. 113. Omitted in Folios, added by Steevens (from Quartos).

II. i. 131. 'idle,' Capell's emendation (from Quartos) of Folios, 'lazy.'

II. i. 146. 'Your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,' i.e. Isabel, daughter of John I. King of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt; she was, therefore, really third cousin to Edward, and not aunt.

II. i. 182. 'to London will we march amain'; Theobald's emendation (from Quartos); Folios read 'to London will we march'; Hanmer, 'straight to London will we march.'

II. i. 190. 'fail'st'; Steevens, 'fall'st'; Quartos, 'faints.'

II. ii. 47-48. *cp.* Greene's *Royal Exchange*:—"It hath been an old proverb, that happy is that son whose father goes to the devil," etc.

II. ii. 147. 'Although thy husband may be Menelaus,' *cp.* *Troilus and Cressida*, V. i. 61, where Thersites calls Menelaus "the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds."

II. ii. 172. 'deniest,' Warburton's correction (from Quartos); Folios 1, 2, 'denied'st'; Folios 3, 4, 'deni'dst.'

II. ii. 177. 'these'; Capell (from Quartos), 'thy.'

II. iii. 37. 'Thou setter up and plucker down of kings; *cp.* *Daniel* ii. 21, "He removeth kings and setteth up kings."

II. iii. 43. 'in earth'; the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, 'in the earth'; Pope, 'on earth.'

II. iii. 49. 'all together,' Rowe's emendation of Folios, 'altogether.'

II. iii. 53. 'wear'; Collier MS., 'wore'; Collier (ed. 2), 'ware.'

II. v. 26. 'make'; Folios, 'makes.'

II. v. 38. 'months'; Rowe, 'wecks, months.'

II. v. 44. 'rich embroidered canopy'; embroidery was a favourite occupation in this period, as is illustrated by the accompanying drawing from the MS. *Bibl. Reg.* 2 B. vii.

II. v. 60. 'as this dead man doth me'; Hanmer, 'as this dead man to me'; Wordsworth, 'as this dead doth to me.'

II. v. 80. 'hast,' the reading of Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, 'hath.'

II. v. 87. 'kill,' Rowe's correction of Folios, 'kills.'

II. v. 92, 93. 'O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon, And hath bereft thee of thy life too late'; much has been written on these lines, the difficulty being in the words 'too late'; the simplest meaning of the phrase seems to be 'when too late'; others explain 'too late' = 'too recently.' The Quartos read 'too late' in the first line, and 'too soon' in the second.



Embroidery (see note on II. v. 44).

The force of the crude couplet seems to be:—O boy, too soon thy father gave thee life (better thou had'st never been born!); too late he discovers that the fatal blow was aimed at *thee*.

II. v. 119. 'Even,' Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, 3, 'Men'; Folio 4, 'Man'; Rowe, 'Sad'; Mitford, 'Mere'; Delius (Mitford conj.) 'Son'; Collier MS., 'E'en'; Keightley conj. 'Fore men' or 'To men'; Anon. conj., 'Main,' etc.

II. vi. 6. 'And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts,' Rowe's reading; Folios, 'fall. Thy'; Rann, 'fall, that'; Johnson conjectured 'fall, the'; 'commixture melts,' Steevens' correction (from Quartos); Folio 1, 'Commixtures melts'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Commixtures melt.'

II. vi. 8. Omitted in Folios. Restored by Theobald (from Quartos).

II. vi. 17. Omitted by Capell, following Quartos.

II. vi. 42-45. The assignment to the speakers is due to Capell, following Quartos, which here are more correct than Folios.

II. vi. 80. 'If this right hand would buy two hours' life'; Capell (from Quartos), 'would this right hand buy but an hour's life'; Folio 1, 'two hours'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'but two hours.'

II. vi. 82. 'This hand should'; Capell (from Quartos), 'I'd.'

II. vi. 100. 'in thy shoulder'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'on thy s.'

III. i. 'Enter two keepers'; Folios, 'Enter Sinklo and Humfrey'; "as Sinklo is certainly the name of an Actor who is mentioned in the stage directions in *The Taming of the Shrew* (Ind. i. 86), and in *Henry IV.*, Part II. (Act v. Sc. 4), there is a great probability that Humphrey is the name of another Actor; perhaps, as Malone suggests, Humfrey Jeaffes. Neither of these is mentioned in the list of 'Principall Actors' prefixed to the first Folio" (Camb. Editors).

III. i. 13. 'Enter King Henry, disguised, with a Prayer-book,' Malone's emendation; Folios, 'Enter the King with a Prayer booke'; Collier MS., adds, 'disguised as a Churchman'; Capell (from Quartos), 'Enter King Henrie disguise.'

III. i. 14. 'To greet mine own land with my wishful sight'; Rann (from Quartos), 'and thus disguis'd to greet my native land.'

III. i. 17. 'wast,' the reading of Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, 'was.'

III. i. 24. 'thee, sour adversity'; Dyce's emendation; Folios, 'the sower Adversaries'; Pope, 'these sour adversities'; Clarke's Concordance, 'these sour adversaries'; Delius, 'the sour adversities.'

III. i. 55. '*thou that talk'st*,' etc.; Rowe's emendation; Quartos, '*thou that talkest*,' etc.; Folios, '*thou talk'st*,' etc.; Collier, '*thou talkest*,' etc.

III. i. 60. '*and that's enough*'; Rann (from Quartos), '*though not in shew*.'

III. i. 97. '*We charge you, in God's name, and the king's*'; 'You'; Anon. conj., '*you now*' or '*you then*'; '*and the king's*'; Rowe, '*and in the king's*.'

III. ii. 2. '*Richard*'; the reading of Folios and Quartos; Pope (from Hall), '*John*.'

III. ii. 3. '*lands*'; Capell's correction (from Quartos); Folios, '*land*.'

III. ii. 6-7. '*In quarrel of the House of York*,' etc.; but in reality Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of King Henry.

III. ii. 32. '*then*'; Quartos, '*them*.'

III. ii. 108. '*'twas for shift*'; so Folios 1, 2; Folio 3 reads, '*'twas for a shift*'; Folio 4, '*it was for a shift*.'

III. ii. 110. '*very sad*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*sad*.'

III. ii. 119. '*your prisoner*'; the reading of Folios; Capell (from Quartos), '*as prisoner*'; Id. conj., '*a prisoner*.'

III. ii. 143. '*Flattering me with impossibilities*'; Pope, '*Flattering my mind with things impossible*'; ('*me*' = '*myself*').

III. ii. 156. '*shrub*'; Quartos, '*shrimpe*.'

III. ii. 170. '*Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head*'; the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, '*Until this . . . head*'; Pope, '*Until the . . . head*'; Thirlby, '*Until the head of this mis-shapen trunk*'; Hanmer, '*Until the head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear*,' etc.

III. ii. 193. '*the murderous Machiavel*'; Warburton (from Quartos), '*th' aspiring Catiline*'; Folios 1, 2, '*Macheuill*'; Folio 4, '*Matchevil*.'

III. iii. 3. '*while Lewis doth sit*'; Rowe, '*whiles Lewis sits*'; Pope, '*while Lewis sits*.'

III. iii. 11. '*seat*'; Walker conj. '*state*.'

III. iii. 42. '*waiteth on true sorrow*'; Warburton, '*waiting rues to-morrow*.'

III. iii. 45. '*Our*'; Collier MS., '*The*'; Vaughan conj. '*Proud*.'

III. iii. 75. '*thy*'; Johnson, '*thee*.'

III. iii. 96. '*thirty and six years*'; Quartos, '*thirtie and eight*'; the correct number, according to Malone.

III. iii. 124. '*an eternal plant*'; Warburton's emendation (from

Quartos); Folios read 'an externall p.'; Hanmer, 'a perennial p.'

III. iii. 127. 'Exempt from envy, but not from disdain'; i.e. not liable to malice or hatred, altho' not secured from female disdain.

III. iii. 133. 'tempted'; Vaughan, 'temper'd.'

III. iii. 156. 'Warwick, peace'; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, 'Warwick.'

III. iii. 228. 'I'll,' Capell (from Quartos); Folios read 'I.'

III. iii. 233, 234. 'But, Warwick, Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men'; Theobald, 'But, Warwick, Thyself and . . . men'; Hanmer, 'But Warwick, thou Thyself and . . . men'; Steevens, 'But Warwick, thou And . . . men'; Collier MS., 'But, Warwick, thou And . . . warlike men'; Keightley, 'But, Warwick, Thou and Lord . . . men'; Anon. conj., 'But, Warwick, thou And . . . men of mine.' Perhaps, as an anonymous scholar has suggested, the line should be read as an Alexandrine.

III. iii. 242. 'Mine eldest daughter'; the reading of Folios (following Quartos); Theobald (from Holinshed), 'my younger d.' It was, however, Anne, Warwick's second daughter, whom Edward married.

III. iii. 253. 'Shalt,' the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, 'Shall.'

IV. i. 13. 'our'; Capell, 'your.'

IV. i. 17. 'And shall'; Rowe, 'And you shall'; Walker, 'Ay and shall,' or 'Marry, and shall.'

IV. i. 41. 'But the safer'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Yes, but the safer'; S. Walker conj. 'But then the safer'; Keightley, 'Ay, but the safer'; Anon. conj., 'But yet the safer'; Vaughan, 'But all the safer'; Folio 2, 'safter.'

IV. i. 42. 'using'; Vaughan, 'losing.'

IV. i. 66. 'brother's'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, 'Brothers'; Anon. conj., 'brothers.'

IV. i. 73, 74. 'dislike . . . Doth'; Folios, 'dislikes . . . Doth'; Rowe, 'dislikes . . . Do.'

IV. i. 89, 90. 'therefore, in brief, Tell me'; Folio 1, 'Therefore, in briefe, tell me'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Therefore, in briefe, tell'; Pope, 'So tell.'

IV. i. 93. 'thy'; Rowe (from Quartos); Folios, 'the.'

IV. i. 118. 'elder . . . younger'; Folios (from Quartos); Theobald, 'younger . . . elder.'

IV. i. 126. 'the love'; Pope, 'love.'

IV. i. 128. 'Yet am I arm'd'; Vaughan, 'Yet am I warn'd.'



IV. ii. 12. 'Sweet Clarence'; Pope, 'friend'; Capell, 'Clarence.' Many modern editions omit 'but.'

IV. ii. 15. 'towns'; Theobald (Thirlby conj.); Folios, 'town.'

IV. ii. 21. It had been prophesied that if the horses of the Thracian Rhesus drank of the Xanthus and grazed on the Trojan plains, the Greeks would never take Troy. Wherefore Diomedes and Ulysses killed him at night, and carried off his horses. *Vide* Iliad, x.; Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xiii. 98-108, 249-252; Virgil, *Æneid*, i. 469-473.

IV. iii. 14. 'keeps'; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, 'keeps'; Theobald, 'keepeth'; Hanmer, 'keeps here'; Vaughan, 'keeps out'; Keightley, 'field here.'

IV. iii. 15. 'more dangerous'; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, 'the more d.'; Hanmer, 'dangerous.'

IV. iii. 41. 'Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?'; Pope, 'Brother of C., and art thou here too?'; Capell, 'Yea, brother of C., and art thou here too?'

IV. iii. 55. 'tell what answer'; Pope, 'tell you what reply'; Capell, 'tell his grace what answer'; Keightley, 'tell him what answer'; Anon. conj., 'tell the duke what answer'; Dyce, 'tell him there what answer.'

IV. iv. 11. 'new committed'; Rowe, 'now committed.'

IV. iv. 19. 'is it that makes me bridle passion'; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 'is it . . . my passion'; Folio 4, 'is . . . my passion'; Rowe, 'is it . . . in my passion'; Pope, 'is't . . . in my passion'; Vaughan, 'is it, makes . . . passion.'

IV. v. 16. 'brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings'; Pope, 'brother Glo'ster, Hastings'; Collier MS., 'brother of Gloster, Hastings.'

IV. v. 21. 'Flanders'; Vaughan suggests the addition of the words, 'as I guess.'

IV. vi. 55. 'be confiscate'; Malone's emendation; Folio 1, 'confiscate'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'confiscated.'

IV. vii. 8. *Ravenspurgh*, the name of a sea-port in Yorkshire; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, 'Rauenspurre'; Quartos 1, 3, 'Raunspur'; 'Ravenspurgh haven before'; Pope omits 'haven'; Stevens conj. 'fore.'

IV. vii. 30. 'A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded'; 'captain' probably trisyllabic; Keightley, 'I' faith, a wise'; Collier MS., 'captain he'; Delius (Lettsom conj.), 'captain'; Cartwright, 'captain, faith'; Pope, 'persuaded soon.'

IV. vii. 57. 'shall'; Capell (from Quartos), 'should.'

IV. viii. In the Folios, Somerset is named in the stage direction, though he had gone with young Richmond into Brittany. The mistake arose, as the Cambridge Eds. point out, from the Quartos, in which Scenes vi. and viii. form but one.

IV. viii. 2. '*hasty Germans*'; S. Walker, '*lusty*'; Cartwright, '*hardy*.'

IV. viii. 43. '*water-flowing tears*'; Capell, '*water-flowing eyes*'; Collier MS., '*bitter-flowing tears*'; Vaughan, '*wet o'er-flowing tears*.'

IV. viii. 61. '*hoped-for hay*'; Quartos, '*hope for haie*'; Malone proposed, altogether unnecessarily, to change the words to '*hope for aye*.'

V. i. 6. '*Daintry*,' popular pronunciation of Daventry.

V. i. 50. '*I had*'; Pope, '*I'd*.'

V. i. 73. '*Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset*'; "Edmund, slain at the battle of St. Alban's, 1455; and Henry, his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463" (Ritson).

V. i. 78. '*whom an*'; Rowe's emendation; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*whom, an*'; Folio 1, '*whom, in*.'

V. i. 86. '*That Clarence is*'; Steevens conj. '*Clarence, so harsh, so blunt*'; Quartos, '*so harsh*' (*so blunt* omitted); Collier conj. '*so harsh, so blind*'; Mitford, '*so harsh*' or '*so blunt*'; S. Walker, '*blunt-unnatural*'; Anon. conj., '*brute-unnatural*.'

V. i. 91. '*Jephthah's*'; Rowe, '*Jepthah's*'; Folios 1, 2, '*Jephah*'; Folios 3, 4, '*Jepthah*.'

V. ii. 44. '*clamour*,' Warburton's reading from Quartos; Folios, '*cannon*.'

V. ii. 47-49. The arrangement of the lines in the Quartos; they form three lines in Folios, and have been variously arranged by editors.

V. iii. 5. '*our glorious sun*,' alluding to the cognizance of Edward.

V. iv. 18. '*The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings*'; S. Walker, '*Our . . . our*,' or '*These . . . our*,' etc.; Cartwright, '*Our . . . the*,' etc.; Pope, '*tacklings still*'; Johnson, '*tackling still*'; '*tacklings*' is evidently trisyllabic in this passage.

V. iv. 75. '*mine eyes*'; Capell (from Quartos); Folios, '*my eye*.'

V. v. 1. '*Now here*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Now here's*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*Lo, here*.'

V. v. 2. '*Hames*'; the reading of Quartos and Folios; '*Ham*' in Picardy; Rowe reads '*Hammes*'; Hanmer, '*Holmes*'; Capell, '*Hammes*'; Delius, '*Ham's*.'

## KING HENRY VI.

## Notes

V. v. 38. 'thou'; Rowe (from Quarto 3); Folios (Quartos 1, 2), 'the.'

V. v. 50. *The Tower, the Tower*; Capell's reading; Folios, 'Tower, the Tower'; Theobald (from Quartos), 'The Tower, man, the Tower!—I'll root 'em out'; Steevens, 'The Tower, man, Tower!'

V. v. 77, 78. Steevens' reading, which is nearest to Quartos; Folio 1, 'Where is that devil's butcher, Richard? Hard favor'd Richard,' etc.

V. vi. 20. 'fool'; Seymour conj. (from Quartos) 'fowl.'

V. vi. 41. 'Men for their sons, wives for their husbands'; Anon. conj. (from Quartos), 'Wives for their husbands, fathers for their sons'; Folio 1, 'sonnes, . . . husbands'; Folio 2, 'sonnes, . . . husbands fate'; Folios 3, 4, 'sons . . . husbands fate'; Warburton, 'sons . . . husbands' fate'; Knight, 'sons' . . . husbands,' etc.

V. vi. 45. 'aboding luckless time'; Quartos, 'aboding . . . tune'; Theobald, 'a boding . . . tune.'

V. vi. 48. 'discords'; Grant White (from Quartos), 'discord.'

V. vi. 51. 'To wit, an indigested and deformed lump'; Capell (from Quartos), 'to wit an indigest deformed lump'; Dyce (Capell conj.) omits 'to wit.'

V. vi. 79. After this line, Theobald inserts from Quartos, "I had no father, I am like no father."

V. vii. 30. The Camb. editor quotes from Steevens:—"In my copy of the second Folio, which had belonged to King Charles the First, his Majesty has erased *Cla.* and written *King* in its stead. Shakespeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, may boast a Royal name."

## THE THIRD PART OF

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### Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

#### ACT FIRST.

##### Scene I.

9. The circumstances of old Clifford's death are here stated as they really were. The historical discrepancies in these plays have already been frequently pointed out. Of course the personal fight of York and Clifford in the former play was for dramatic effect; and here the author probably fell back upon the historical facts without thinking of his preceding fiction.

14. *brother*:—In this play York and Montague are made to address each other several times as *brothers*. Perhaps the dramatist thought that John Neville, Marquess of Montague, was brother to York's wife, whereas he was her nephew. Montague was brother to the Earl of Warwick; and the Duchess of York was half-sister to their father, the Earl of Salisbury.

105. *Thy father was . . . Duke of York*:—His father was *not* Duke of York, but Earl of Cambridge, and even that title was forfeited, leaving this duke plain Richard Plantagenet, until he was advanced by the King. Accordingly, Exeter has said, a few lines before, "He *made* thee Duke of York." So that here we have another discrepancy, and that in the same Scene.

190. They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion.

204. *reconciled*:—The terms of this compromise are thus given in Hall and Holinshed: "After long debating of the matter

amongst the peeres, prelates, and commons, upon the vigill of All-saints it was condescended, for so much as King Henrie had beneene taken as king by the space of thirtie and eight yeares and more, that he should enjoy the name and title of king, and have possession of the realme during his naturall life. And if he either died, or resigned, or forfeited the same by breaking or going against anie point of this concord, then the said crowne and authoritie roiall should immediately be devoluted and come to the Duke of Yorke, if he then lived; or else to the next heire of his linage. And that the Duke of Yorke from thense foorth should be protectour and regent of the land."

239. *Falconbridge*:—This was Thomas, natural son of William Neville Lord Falconbridge, who was uncle to Warwick and Montague. He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned.

272. *cousin*:—Henry Holland, this Duke of Exeter, was cousin german to the King, his grandfather, John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon and Duke of Exeter in the time of Richard II., having married Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter to John of Ghent by his first wife. The earldom of Huntingdon was his inheritance, and he was created Duke of Exeter in 1444.

## Scene II.

22, 23. "The obligation of an oath is here avoided," says Johnson, "by a very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain a usurper (taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself), in the foregoing play, was rational and just."

59. From the hollow reconciliation signified in the foregoing Scene, both parties went directly to preparing for war. The battle of Wakefield followed soon after.

## Scene III.

39. *ere I was born*:—Edmund, Earl of Rutland, was born May 17, 1443; the battle of Saint Alban's, where Clifford's father was killed, took place May 22, 1455. At that time, therefore, Rutland

was in his thirteenth year, and in his eighteenth at the time of his death, December 30, 1460. However, Hall and Holinshed make him to have been seven at the former time and twelve at the latter. The *one son* of the Lord Clifford here was named Henry, and, says Holinshed, "was brought up with a shepheard in poore habit, ever in feare to be knowne, till King Henrie the seventh obtained the crowne, by whom he was restored to his name and possessions." He is the subject of Wordsworth's *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*. This grand lyric closes thus:—

"Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;  
The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;  
And, ages after he was laid in earth,  
'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

47. *therefore, die*:—This savage slaughter of Rutland is thus related by Hall: "Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspoll, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young Earl of Rutland, perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for himself and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field, by the Lord Clifford's band, towards the town: but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance; for his speech was gone for fear. Save him, said his chaplain, for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the Lord Clifford marked him, and said, By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so I will do thee and all thy kin: and with that word he struck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had said and done."

### Scene IV.

1 *et seq.* The story of the battle here described by York is thus told by the chronicler: "The Duke of Summerset and the Queenes part appointed the Lord Clifford to lie in one stale, and the Earle of Wiltshire in another, and the duke with the other to keepe the maine battell. The Duke of Yorke descended downe the hill in good order and arraie; but when he was in the plaine betweene his castell and the towne of Wakefield, he was in-

vironed on everie side, like fish in a net, so that, though he fought manfullie, yet was he within halfe an houre slaine, and his whole armie discomfited." [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

108. *do him dead*:—The piece of exquisite inhumanity, which furnished the basis of this scene, is thus narrated by the chroniclers: "The same Lord Clifford came to the place where the dead corpse of the Duke of Yorke laie, caused his head to be striken off, and set on it a crowne of paper, fixed it on a pole, and presented it to the Queene, not lieng farre from the field, in great despite; at which great rejoising was showed: but they laughed then that shortlie after lamented, and were glad then of other mens deaths, that knew not their owne to be so neere at hand." Thus far Holinshed copies Hall, and then adds the following: "Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill; on whose head they put a garland in steed of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of serges or bulrushes; and, having so crowned him, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jewes did unto Christ, in scorne, saieng to him, 'Haile, king without rule, haile, king without heritage, haile, duke and prince without people or possessions.' And at length, having thus scorned him with these and diverse other the like despiteful words, they stroke off his head, which they presented to the Queene."

180. "After this victorie," says Holinshed, "the Earle of Salisburie and all the prisoners were sent to Pomfret, and there beheaded; whose heads, together with the Duke of Yorkes head, were conveyed to Yorke, and there set on poles over the gate of the city."

## ACT SECOND.

### Scene I.

25. *three suns*:—The battle of Mortimer's Cross took place February 2. 1461, and the event of the text is spoken of by the chroniclers as having happened on the morning of that day: "At which time the sunne, as some write, appeared to the Earle of March like three sunnes, and suddenlie joined altogether in one. Upon which sight he tooke such courage, that he fiercelie setting on his enemies put them to flight: and for this cause men imagined, that he gave the sunne in his full brightnesse for his badge or cognizance."

27. *racking*:—The original of this word is *reek*. *Rack*, noun, however, formerly meant the highest and therefore lightest clouds; and perhaps the verb is here used in the sense of the noun. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xiv. 9. 10: "That which is now a horse, even with a thought the *rack* dislimns and makes it indistinct."

48, 49. *O, speak no more*, etc.:—The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death.

141. The second battle of Saint Alban's, of which Warwick here tells the story, took place February 17, 1461. The account is for the most part historically true. Of course it will be understood that the king was at that time in the keeping of those who were really fighting against him, though nominally with his sanction; and the effect of the battle was to release him from their hands, and restore him to his friends, who under the leading of the Queen were seeking to break up the compromise that had been forced through in the late Parliament.

142 *et seq.* This is slightly at variance with fact. The dramatist anticipates. York's sons, George and Richard, the one being then in his twelfth year, the other in his ninth, were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return till Edward had taken the crown. And the Duchess of Burgundy was not their *aunt*, but their third cousin.

## Scene II.

73, 74. *I would your highness*, etc.:—Hall tells us that the Queen was "fortunate in hir two battels, but unfortunate was the King in all his enterprises; for where his person was present the victorie fled ever from him to the other part."

## Scene III.

[*A field of battle*, etc.] Soon after the second battle of Saint Alban's, Edward, coming fresh from his victory at Mortimer's Cross, united his forces with those under Warwick and Montague, and marched straight to London, which he knew was altogether of his faction. A few days later, a great council being held, it was resolved that Henry, by joining the Queen's forces, had broken the late compact, and forfeited the crown to Edward, the heir to



Richard late Duke of York. Edward then made harangues to the people, who with shouts and acclamations, ratified the sentence of the council; whereupon he was proclaimed King. This was done March 4, 1461. The 12th of the same month he started northward with a large army, intending to finish the war at one stroke. "King Henrie," says Holinshed, "having his armie in readinesse, committed the governance thereof to the Duke of Summerset, the Earle of Northumberland, and the Lord Clifford, as men desiring to revenge the death of their parents, slaine at the first battell at saint Albons."

15. *Thy brother's blood*:—"The Lord Clifford," according to Holinshed, "determined to make a charge upon them that kept the passage of Ferrybridge; and so he departed with his light horsemen, and earlie, yer his enemies were aware, slue the keepers, and wan the bridge. The lord Fitz Walter, hearing the noise, suddenlie rose out of his bed, and, thinking it had been a fraie amongst his men, came downe to appease the same; but yer he knew what the matter meant was slaine, and with him *the bastard of Salisburie, brother to the Earle of Warwicke*."

24. *I'll kill my horse*, etc.:—Holinshed says that "when the Earle of Warwicke was informed" of the affair treated in the preceding note, "like a man desperat, he mounted on his hacknie, and hasted puffing and blowing to King Edward, saieng, 'Sir, I prae God have mercie of their soules, which in the beginning of your enterprise have lost their lives.' With that he lighted downe, and slue his horse with his sword, saieng, 'Let him flee that will, for surelie I will tarrie with him that will tarrie with me.'"

## Scene V.

3. *blowing of his nails*:—This seems to have been a mode of whiling away one's time, when one could do nothing else or had nothing else to do.

5 *et seq.* So in Holinshed: "This deadlie conflict continued ten houres in doubtfull state of victorie, uncertainlie heaving and setting on both sides."

21 *et seq.* "This speech," says Johnson, "is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the King, and makes a pleasing interchange by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity." There are preserved some verses attributed to King

## Notes

## THE THIRD PART OF

Henry VI. which are in a strain of the same pensive moralizing character. They are here subjoined, that the reader may compare them with the congenial thoughts the dramatist has attributed to him:—

“ Kingdoms are but cares ;  
State is devoid of stay ;  
Riches are ready snares,  
And hasten to decay.

Pleasure is a privy game,  
Which vice doth still provoke ;  
Pomp unprompt ; and fame a flame ;  
Power a smouldering smoke.

Who meaneth to remove the rock  
Out of his slimy mud,  
Shall mire himself, and hardly scape  
The swelling of the flood.”

77, 78. *let our hearts*, etc. :—Johnson’s interpretation of this is probably right : “ The state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a civil war ; all shall be destroyed by a power formed within themselves.” Of course these instances of unwitting parricide and filicide are meant to illustrate generally the horrors of this civil war. They were suggested, no doubt, by a passage in Hall concerning the battle of Towton : “ This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord.”

139. The great battle of Towton was fought March 29, 1461, the day after the action at Ferrybridge. Its effect was to fix the crown on the brow of Edward. Holinshed’s account of it is mainly copied from Hall : “ This battell was sore foughten, for hope of life was set aside on either part, and taking of prisoners proclaimed a great offense ; so everie man determined to vanquish or die in the field. But in the end King Edward so couragiously comforted his men, that the other part was discomfitted and overcome ; who, like men amazed, fled toward Tadcaster bridge to save themselves, where in the mid waie is a little brooke called Cocke, not verie broad, but of great deepnesse, in which, what for hast to escape, and what for feare of their followers, a great number was drowned. It was reported that men alive passed the river upon dead carcasses, and that the great river of Wharfe whereinto

that brooke dooth run, and all the water comming from Towton, was coloured with blood. The chase continued all night and the most part of the next daie, and ever the northerne men, as they saw anie advantage, returned againe, and fought with their enemies, to the great losse of both parts. For in these two daies were slaine, as they that knew it wrote, on both parts six and thirtie thousand seven hundred threescore and sixteene persons, all Englishmen and of one nation."

## Scene VI.

[*Enter Clifford, wounded.*] In the old play the stage direction adds, *with an arrow in his neck*. It is thought that Beaumont and Fletcher ridiculed this by introducing Ralph, the grocer's prentice, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, with a *forked arrow through his head*. The circumstance is related by Holinshed: "The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget, suddenlie with an arrow (as some saie) without a head, was striken into the *throate*, and immediatly rendered his spirit."

56-59. *Bring forth . . . speak*:—In the Quarto this speech stands thus:—

"Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,  
That nothing sung to us but blood and death:  
Now his evil-boding tongue no more shall speak."

So in *Richard III.*, IV. iv. 509: "Out on you, owls! *nothing but songs of death!*"

77-84. *What, not an oath*, etc.:—This most characteristic speech is but slightly altered from the Quarto: "Could such a union of sarcastic humour and bloody-thoughtedness," asks Hudson, "have sprung from any but the author of Richard's character as developed in the play which bears his name?"

85, 86. *off with the traitor's head*, etc.:—So the chroniclers: "After this great victorie, King Edward rode to Yorke; and first he caused the heads of his father, the Earle of Salisburie, and other his freends, to be taken from the gates, and to be buried with their bodies, and there he caused the Earle of Devonshire and three other to be beheaded, and set their heads in the same place."

107. *Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous*:—Holinshed, after

Hall, winds up the story of "the good Duke Humphrey's" death with the following: "Some thinke that the name and title of Gloucester hath bene unluckie to diverse, as Hugh Spenser, Thomas of Woodstoke, and this Duke Humfrie; which three persons by miserable death finished their daies, and after them King Richard the Third also. So that this name is taken for an unhappie stile, as the proverb speaketh of Sejans horsse, whose rider was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie."

## ACT THIRD.

### Scene I.

9. *for the time . . . tedious*:—That—or in order that—the time may not seem tedious: a mode of expression often found in the old writers.

13. [*Enter King Henry, etc.*] The dramatist here leaps over something more than four years of military and parliamentary slaughter. After the battle of Towton the King fled into Scotland, and from thence sent the Queen and the Prince to France. In October, 1463, the Queen returned to Scotland with a small power of men, and soon after, having obtained a great company of Scots, she entered England with the King. At first the Lancastrian cause had a gleam of success, but was again crushed at the battle of Hexham, in April, 1464. After this overthrow the King escaped a second time into Scotland; and it was upon his second return in June, 1465, that he was taken, somewhat as is represented in this Scene. Such, at least, is the account given by Hall and Holinshed.

23. *let's seize upon him*:—We have already mentioned the taking of King Henry. Lingard probably has the truth of the matter. His account differs from that of the chroniclers. He tells us that after the battle of Hexham the King "sought an asylum among the natives of Lancashire and Westmoreland, a people sincerely devoted to his interests. Their fidelity enabled him for more than a year to elude the vigilance and researches of the government; but he was at last betrayed by the perfidy of a monk of Abingdon, and taken by the servants of Sir James Harrington, as he sat at dinner in Waddington hall in Yorkshire. At Islington he was met by Warwick, who ordered that no one should show him any respect, tied his feet to the stirrups as a

prisoner, led him thrice round the pillory, and conducted him to the Tower. There he was treated with humanity, but kept in the most rigorous confinement for some years."

53, 54. *O Margaret*, etc.:—"The piety of Henry," observes Steevens, "scarce interests us more for his misfortunes than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful Queen."

## Scene II.

1-7. This seems a very needless departure from fact. Grey's lands were not seized by the Queen, who conquered in the second battle of Saint Alban's, where he fell, but by King Edward after the victory at Towton. Shakespeare has the matter correctly in *Richard III.*, I. iii. :—

"In all which time you and your husband Grey  
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;  
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband  
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?"

117. *Her suit is granted*:—The first meeting of Edward with the lady Elizabeth is thus noted in the *Chronicles*: "The King, being on hunting in the forest of Wichwood beside Stonistratford, came for his recreation to the manor of Grafton, where the Duchesse of Bedford then sojourned, wife to Sir Richard Woodvile Lord Rivers, on whome was then attendant a daughter of hers, called the Ladie Elizabeth Graie, widow of Sir John Graie knight, slaine at the last battell of saint Albons. This widow, having a sute to the King for such lands as hir husband had given hir in jointure, so kindled the Kings affections, that he not onelie favoured hir sute, but more hir person. For she was a woman of a more formall countenance, than of excellent beautie; and yet both of such beautie and favour, that with hir sober demeanour, sweete looks, and comelie smiling, neither too wanton nor too bashfull, besides hir pleasant toong and trim wit, she so alured and made subject unto hir the heart of that great prince, that, after she had denied him to be his paramour, with so good maner, and words so well set as better could not be devised, he finallie resolved with himselfe to marrie hir, not asking counsell of anie man, till they might perceive it was no bootie to advise him to the contrarie of that his purpose."

124 *et seq.* This speech of Gloucester's is a great enlargement

and improvement upon the Quarto. Nevertheless, the most characteristic parts are found there, insomuch that no one, it should seem, can well avoid the conclusion, that the original form of the speech could have come from none other than the delineator of the full-grown Richard. But the reader may judge for himself:—

Ay, Edward will use women honourably.  
 Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,  
 That from his loins no issue might succeed,  
 To hinder me from the golden time I look for:  
 For I am not yet look'd on in the world.  
 First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry,  
 And his son, and all they look for issue  
 Of their loins, ere I can plant myself:  
 A cold premeditation for my purpose!  
 What other pleasure is there in the world beside?  
 I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,  
 And lull myself within a lady's lap,  
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
 O, monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!  
 Why, love did scorn me in my mother's womb;  
 And, for I should not deal in her affairs,  
 She did corrupt frail nature in the flesh,  
 And plac'd an envious mountain on my back,  
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
 To dry mine arm up like a wither'd shrimp;  
 To make my legs of an unequal size.  
 And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?  
 Easier for me to compass twenty crowns.  
 But! I can smile, and murder when I smile;  
 I cry, content, to that which grieves me most,  
 I can add colours to the chameleon;  
 And for a need change shapes with Proteus,  
 And set the aspiring Catiline to school.  
 Can I do this, and cannot get the crown?  
 Tush! were it ten times higher, I'll pull it down."

161. *an unlick'd bear-whelp*:—Johnson tells us that "it was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of flesh, which she licks into the form of bears."

166, 167. *to o'erbear*, etc.:—"Richard," says Johnson, "speaks here the language of nature. . . . The truth is, that the de-

formed, like all other men, are displeas'd with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt."

193. *Machiavel*:—The anachronism is repeated here which occurs in *1 Henry VI.*, V. iv. 74. The writers of Shakespeare's time frequently had this allusion.

### Scene III.

44. [*Enter Warwick.*] The part which Warwick is made to act in this Scene, though amply justified by the *Chronicles*, seems to have little or no foundation in fact. The king was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Grey, May 1, 1464, and there was no open rupture between him and Warwick till the fall of 1468, though the elements had long been secretly preparing for a storm. The causes that finally set the earl so fiercely against his royal creature are clouded in mystery; perhaps, as has been said, "we need seek no further than that jealousy and ingratitude which is too often experienced in those who are under obligations too great to be discharged."

103. *done to death*:—This was during Edward's first Parliament, in 1461, and is thus mentioned in the *Chronicles*: "The Earle of Oxford, far striken in age, and his sonne and heire, the Lord Awbreie Veer, either through malice of their enimies, or for that they had offended the King, were both, with diverse of their counsellors, attainted and put to execution; which caused John Earle of Oxford ever after to rebell."

105. *door of death*:—This passage brings to mind that fine image of old age in Sackville's *Mirror for Magistrates*: "His withered fist still knocking at death's door."

187. *his death*:—This is erroneous. Salisbury was wounded and taken prisoner by the Lancastrians in the battle of Wakefield; was soon after beheaded, and his head, along with York's, set upon the gates of York.

188. *the abuse done to my niece*:—"King Edward," says Holinshed, "did attempt a thing once in the earles house, which was much against the earles honestie, (whether he would have deflowred his daughter or his *necce*, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed,) for surely such a thing was attempted by King Edward."

## ACT FOURTH.

## www.libtool.com Scene I.

56, 57. *you would not have bestowed the heir*, etc.:—Formerly minors coming into possession of great estates were in the wardship of the King, who often *bestowed* them on his favourites, or in other words gave them up to plunder, and afterwards disposed of them in marriage as he pleased.

58. *your brothers*:—The King's advancement of his wife's family is thus mentioned by Holinshed: "Hir father was created earle Rivers, and made high constable of England: hir brother, Lord Anthonie, was married to the sole heire of Thomas Lord Scales: Sir Thomas Graie, sonne to Sir John Graie, the Queens first husband, was created Marquesse of Dorset, and married to Cicelie, heire to the Lord Bonville." In *fact*, however, the Queen's son Thomas was married to Anne, the King's niece, daughter and heiress to the Duke of Exeter. These things were done in the spring of 1465, the King's marriage having been publicly acknowledged a short time before, and the Queen having been introduced at court and crowned.

70. *not ignoble*:—Her father was Sir Richard Woodville, afterwards Earl of Rivers; her mother Jaquetta, Duchess Dowager of Bedford, who was daughter of Peter of Luxemburg, earl of St. Paul, and widow of John Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V.

118-123. *Belike the elder*, etc.:—Johnson has remarked upon the actual improbability of Clarence making this speech in the King's hearing. When the Earl of Essex attempted to raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the Queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, "They that love me follow me."

## Scene III.

51 *et seq.* This capture of Edward is related by the chroniclers as having taken place in the latter part of 1469. Thus Holinshed: "After the battell at Hedgecote, commonlie called Banberie field, the northerne men resorted toward Warwike, where the earle had gathered a great multitude of people. The King in this meane time had assembled his power, and was comming toward the earle, who, being advertised thereof, sent to the Duke of Clarence, requiring him to come and joine with him. The duke being not



farre off, with all speed repaired to the earle, and so they joined their powers together, upon secret knowledge had, that the King tooke small heed to himselfe, nothing doubting anie outward attempt of his enemies. The earle, intending not to leese such opportunitie, in the dead of the night, with an elect companie of men, set on the Kings field, killing them that kept the watch, and yer the King was ware, at a place called Wolnie, he was taken prisoner and brought to the castell of Warwike. And, to the intent his friends should not know what was become of him, the earle caused him by secret journies in the night to be conveyed to Middleham castell in Yorkeshire, and there to be kept under the custodie of the Archbishop of Yorke, and other his freends in those parties."

### Scene V.

13. *set him free*:—So in Holinshed: "King Edward, being thus in captivitie, spake ever faire to the archbishop, and to his other keepers, so that he had leave diverse daies to go hunt. Now on a daie, when he was thus abrode, there met with him Sir William Stanlie and diverse other of his friends, with such a great band of men, that neither his keepers would nor once durst move him to returne unto prison againe. After that he was once at libertie, he came to Yorke, where he was joifullie received, and taried there two daies; but when he perceived he could get no armie together in that countrie, he turned to Lancaster, where he found his chamberlaine the Lord Hastings well accompanied, by whose aid he came safelie to London." "By modern writers," says Lingard, "the captivity of Edward has been scornfully rejected. But they should have accounted for the mention which is made of it by almost every writer of the age, whether foreigner or native. There is a record which places the imprisonment beyond a doubt, the attainder of Clarence, in which the King enumerates it among his offences: 'as in jupartying the King's royall estate, persone and life *in straitte warde*, putting him thereby from all his libertie, afre procuring grete commocions.'"

### Scene VI.

67. *young Henry*:—This "young Henry," then in his tenth year, was son to Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter and heir to John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset. The groundwork of the present representation was furnished by the chroniclers.

## Scene VII.

[*King Edward.*] In October, 1470, about a year after his escape from York, Edward, having failed in several schemes for recovering his power, embarked from Lynn, and sought refuge with the Duke of Burgundy, who had lately been married to his sister. Being there fitted out with a fleet and fifteen hundred men, he returned to England, and landed at Ravenspurgh, the same place where Bolingbroke had come on a similar errand in 1399. In less than two months after his landing, Edward was again on the throne: but his course was one of inexpressible perfidy; "still bruiting that his coming was not to challenge the crowne, but onelie the duchie of Yorke"; and when at last, on this ground, he was let into the city of York, he "received the sacrament, and there solemnlie sware to keepe and observe two speciall articles—the one, that he should use the citzens after a gentle and courteous maner, the other, that he should be faithfull and obedient unto King Henries commandments."

## Scene VIII.

52. *Henry*:—On this occasion Henry was betrayed into the hands of Edward by the Archbishop of York, in whose care he had been left by Warwick. On the morning of April 11th, 1471, the archbishop, who was brother to Warwick, had Henry out to an official ride through the streets of London, and in the evening he gave orders for Edward to be admitted by a postern. The excuse which he alleged was, that he found the city bent on having Edward for their king. Henry, however, was not remanded to the Tower till after his cause was again crushed in the battle of Barnet.

60, 61. *The sun shines hot*, etc.:—The allusion is to the proverb "Make hay while the sun shines."

## ACT FIFTH.

## Scene I.

28. *Duke of York*:—Hudson says that in this play and in the one preceding "the character of Richard is set forth in the processes of development and formation; whereas in *Richard III.* he

have little else than the working-out of his character as already formed. In Shakespeare's time the prevailing idea of Richard was derived from the history of his life and reign, put forth by Sir Thomas More, but supposed to have been partly written by Dr. John Morton, himself a part of the subject. More's *History*, as it is commonly called, was adopted by both Hall and Holinshed."

### Scene II.

11-13. *cedar . . . slept*:—These lines bring to mind the well-known words of Ezekiel, xxxi. 6: "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young."

28. *die we must*:—The great Earl of Warwick fell in the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471. The chroniclers relate that "the Earle of Warwike, when his souldiers were all wearied with long fight, and sore weakened with woundes and hurts, rushed into the middest of his enimies, whereas he, adventuring so farre from his company to slea his adversaries, that he could not be rescued, was amongst the preasse of his enimies striken downe and slaine."

44. *clamour in a vault*:—Steevens remarks that the indistinct gabble of undertakers, while they adjust a coffin in a family vault, will abundantly illustrate this simile; and he adds that such a peculiar hubbub of inarticulate sounds might have attracted the author's notice.

### Scene IV.

9. *to that which hath too much*:—So Jaques moralizing upon the weeping stag, as told in *As You Like It*, II. i.:—

"Thou makest a testament  
As worldlings do, *giving thy sum of more*  
*To that which had too much.*"

### Scene V.

3. *Somerset*:—The battle of Tewksbury was fought May 4, 1471. Two days after, the Duke of Somerset, with other fugitives, was dragged from sanctuary and beheaded. The Queen and the Prince had been in France for some time, seeking aid, and landed in England the very day of the battle of Barnet. We are

told that when the Queen got news of that disaster, "all her hopes were instantly broken: she sank to the ground in despair; and, as soon as she came to herself, hastened with her son to the sanctuary of Beaulieu. But the Lancastrian lords who still remained faithful to her cause induced her to quit her asylum, and raised a considerable body of troops to fight under her banner." While these were on the march to join another army in Wales, they were intercepted by Edward at Tewksbury, and there finished.

25. *Æsop*:—He calls Richard *Æsop* on account of his crookedness; and Richard here betrays the same morbid sensitiveness touching his person which afterwards makes him "descant on his own deformity." This passage, being the same in the Quarto, is aptly cited as inferring an identity of authorship running through the whole delineation of Richard.

40. Prince Edward was born October 13, 1453; so that he was in his eighteenth year when killed. The *Chronicles* give the following account of his death: "After the field was ended, proclamation was made, that whosoever could bring foorth Prince Edward, alive or dead, should have an annuitie of a hundred pounds during his life, and the Princes life to be saved, if he were brought foorth alive. Sir Richard Crofts, nothing mistrusting the Kings promise, brought foorth his prisoner Prince Edward, being a faire and well proportioned yoong gentleman; whom when King Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuouslie enter into his realme with banner displayed. Whereunto the Prince boldlie answered, saieing, 'To recover my fathers kingdome and heritage, from his father and grandfather to him, and from him after him to me lineallie descended.' At which words King Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him, or, as some saie, stroke him with his gauntlet; whome, incontinentlie, George Duke of Clarence, Richard Duke of Gloucester, Thomas Greie Marquesse Dorcet, and William Lord Hastings, that stood by, suddenlie murthered; for the which cruell act the more part of the doers in their latter daies dranke of the like cup, by the righteous justice and due punishment of God."

## Scene VI.

[*King Henry and Gloucester.*] This Scene, whether considered in itself or in reference to the play of *Richard III.*, affords a most important test of the probabilities of authorship. It is acknowledged to be the most Shakespearian in style of anything in the

## KING HENRY VI.

## Notes

whole play; while, in characterization, its identity with what nobody doubts to be Shakespeare's is, in the opinion of able commentators, too manifest to be shirked or dodged. In short, if in this play there be any one thing more than another, which nobody but Shakespeare could have written, this undoubtedly is that thing. Comparison with the Quarto shows that no material change or addition was made in the Folio.

60. [*Dies.*] The following is Holinshed's account of Henry's death: "Here is to be remembered, that poore King Henrie the sixt, a little before deprived of his realme and imperiall crowne, was now in the Tower spoiled of his life by Richard Duke of Gloucester, as the constant fame ran; who, to the intent that his brother King Edward might reigne in more suretie, murdered the said King Henrie with a dagger. Howbeit, some writers of that time, favouring altogether the house of Yorke, have recorded that after he understood what losses had chanced unto his freends, and how not onelie his sonne, but also all other his cheefe partakers were dead and despatched, he tooke it so to hart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholie, he died the three and twentieth of Maie."

85. *sort a pitchy day*:—Pick out or select a dark or fateful day.

## Scene VII.

25. *Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute*:—Gloucester must be understood to touch his head at the first phrase, and to look significantly at his hand as he utters the second.

## THE THIRD PART OF

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### Questions on 3 Henry VI.

#### ACT FIRST.

1. What is significant in Richard Plantagenet's part in Sc. i.?
2. What power does Warwick here assert that gave him the title of King-maker?
3. What place does York occupy in the Parliament-house when the King enters?
4. Does the King's weakness inspire pity? How does he defend his title to the crown? Was his vacillation foreshadowed in the characters of his father and grandfather?
5. What is his compact with York for securing peace? What is the consequent effect upon his adherents?
6. Why does Exeter not join in the indignation of the others?
7. How does Henry behave at the approach of the Queen? Does the tide of sympathy turn in her favour? What effect does her indignation produce?
8. Had she been a woman of higher character, are there not here materials for a splendid tragic figure?
9. What early indications does Richard Plantagenet give of his unmoral nature? What mental qualities does he show in Sc. ii.?
10. What event gives York color of excuse for breaking his oath?
11. Do you note any resemblance between Rutland and the King? What æsthetic fitness do you see in the death of Rutland?
12. How is the battle described in Sc. iv.? What is foreshadowed in lines 35-39?
13. Characterize Margaret's speech to the captured York. How nearly right was York in estimating her character?
14. How does the hardness of Margaret's nature show in comparison of her with Northumberland?

#### ACT SECOND.

15. Show the difference between the mental traits of Edward and Richard Plantagenet as exhibited in their seeing of the por-

## KING HENRY VI.

## Questions

tent; in their reception of the messenger; in their determination after receiving news of their father's death.

16. What further news does Warwick bring? How does Richard comment on the tale of Warwick?

17. How does Henry receive the news of the death of York? What is the effect upon him of Clifford's long address in Sc. ii.? What does Clifford need to make him a tragic figure?

18. How and when does Edward demand the crown of Henry?

19. How is Richard always addressed by his enemies? Was it his personal deformity only that made him odious?

20. With what do Edward and George taunt Margaret at the close of Sc. ii.? Are their protestations sincere?

21. What title in the fortunes of the Plantagenets does Sc. iii. exhibit? What state of mind does it induce in Richard?

22. What is the effect of the mournful speech of the King (Sc. v.) set amidst the scenes of battle and ferocious quarrelling of the barons? Does it secure for the King feelings of sympathy as well as of pity?

23. Show how the two special instances exhibited in Sc. v. illustrate the horrors of civil war.

24. Does the last hope of the King's party perish with Clifford?

25. To what does Warwick next address himself?

26. Why does Richard object to being Duke of Gloucester?

## ACT THIRD.

27. Where in other plays has Shakespeare used a touch of reality similar to that in Sc. i. 10: *I'll tell thee what befel me on a day*?

28. What brings Henry out of Scotland, where he had been confined? What line of *Richard II.* does line 17 recall?

29. How does the King express solicitude for his queen?

30. How does Henry argue his rights as king with the Keepers?

31. What can you argue for the new king's rule from Sc. ii., the first in which he is represented as king?

32. Has Richard, before his soliloquy in Sc. ii., given indications of his desire for the crown? Why is a full-length portrait given of him and none of Edward?

33. Comment on Richard's intellectual qualities; his imagination; his ambition.

## Questions

## THE THIRD PART OF

34. What is Margaret's errand (Sc. iii.) at the court of France?
35. On what mission does Warwick come?
36. How does Margaret oppose the suit of King Edward?
37. How and why does King Lewis decide between Margaret and Warwick?
38. Does the entrance of the Post make an effective dramatic situation? Aside from this, does the play contain anything essentially dramatic?
39. Is the act of Edward sufficient to cause the direful consequences of foreign and civil strife? What is implied of moral degeneration that makes possible such conditions?

## ACT FOURTH.

40. What disaffection begins to develop in the court of Edward?
41. Upon him what is the effect of the French king's enmity and of Warwick's foresworn allegiance?
42. What alliance brings Clarence over to the side of Henry?
43. What ebb in the fortunes of King Edward does Sc. iii. present? Are his shortcomings accurately estimated by Warwick?
44. What contrasts in maternal affection are presented in the case of the two queens, Margaret and Elizabeth?
45. How is King Edward rescued from imprisonment?
46. In Sc. vi. how does Henry report concerning his imprisonment? Whom does he designate protectors after his abdication?
47. What does he say of Richmond? What does Richmond afterward become?
48. Where is he sent for safety after the news of Edward's escape reaches the King's party?
49. What is the presage of Edward's hesitation (Sc. vii.) in re-assuming the kingship at York? Who is the strong man of his party?
50. How (Sc. viii.) are Henry's suggestions regarded by the council? Does Henry show himself to have been taught anything by his hard experiences?

## ACT FIFTH.

51. What leads to the defection of Clarence from Warwick? How does Warwick end his life?
52. What traits does Prince Edward display in Sc. v.? Does



## KING HENRY VI.

## Questions

his fate awaken pity? Is there felt to be any chance that the fortunes of the house of Lancaster could be revived through him?

53. Does Margaret become noble in her grief?

54. Does Henry ever exceed the pitch of powerful expression to which he rises in Sc. vi.?

55. How is the succeeding play foreshadowed in the speeches of Henry and of Gloucester?

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56. Is King Henry VI., as presented in this trilogy, to be judged as one morally responsible for the evils of civil war with which his reign was filled?

57. Contrast Henry VI. with the two weak kings that Shakespeare has drawn—John and Richard II. Are they not distinct in their characterization?

58. In more favourable times could Henry have been an efficient king? Was his weakness congenital?

59. Is he more to be admired, as Hazlitt says, than his queen?

60. Who of all that time was most suitable to be king? Wherein lay the incapacity of Gloucester?

61. Was Warwick ruled so much by patriotic as by personal feeling?

62. Does the growing personality of Richard Duke of Gloucester serve to point to a means of salvation for the kingdom?

63. Do the Cade scenes indicate that the dramatist wishes to state the case of democracy as an alternative?

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## THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD III.

### Preface.

**The Editions.** *The Tragedy of King Richard the Third* was first printed in 1597, with the following title-page:—"The Tragedy of | King Richard the Third. | Containing, | His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: | the pittiefull murder of his innocent nephewes: | his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course | of his detested life, and most deserved death. | As it hath been lately Acted by the | Right honourable the Lord Chamber- | laine his servants. | AT LONDON | Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, | dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the | Sign of the Angell. | 1597. |"

This edition, known as Quarto 1, was reprinted more or less correctly in subsequent Quartos issued in the years 1598 (Quarto 2), 1602 (Quarto 3), 1605 (Quarto 4), 1612 (Quarto 5), 1622 (Quarto 6), 1629 (Quarto 7), 1634 (Quarto 8); each of these issues followed its immediate predecessor, except in the case of the 1612 edition, which was printed from the Quarto of 1602: in the second and subsequent Quartos the name of the author (*By William Shakespeare*) was added.

The First and Second Folios give the title of the play as follows:—

"The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field."

**The Text.** The textual problems connected with *Richard the Third* are of a complicated nature, owing to

the many differences between the Quarto version and that of the Folio. The main differences may be grouped under the following heads:—(1) The Folio contains nearly 200 lines which are not found in the Quarto,\* while the Quarto contains at least one notable passage not found in the Folio (IV. ii. 103-120); (2) it gives alterations of the Quarto, which could not have been intended by Shakespeare;\* (3) in a great many cases it removes (a) gross and obvious metrical defects, † (b) imaginary metrical irregularities of the Quarto; ‡ (4) it introduces a number of alterations to avoid repeating the same word; § (5) it often modifies “certain terms of phrase and use of

\* *Vis.*:—I. ii. 16, 25, 155-167; iii. 116, 167-169; iv. 36, 37, 69-72, 113, 114, 216, 260-263, 267, 269; II. i. 67; ii. 89-100, 123-140; III. i. 172-174; iii. 7, 8, 15; iv. 104-107; v. 7, 103-105; vii. 5, 6, 37, 98, 99, 120, 127, 144-153, 202, 245; IV. i. 2-6, 37, 98-104; iv. 20, 21, 28, 32, 53, 103, 159, 172, 179, 221-234, 276, 277, 288-342, 400; V. iii. 27, 28, 43.

\*E.g. ‘*Unmannered dog, standst thou when I command*’ (I. ii. 39).

‘*Or let me die, to look on earth no more*’ (II. iv. 65).

† E.g. ‘*And when my uncle told me so he wept,  
And pitied me, and kindly kissed my cheek;  
Bade me rely on him as on my father*’ (II. ii. 23-25).

Cp. the Quarto version:—

‘*And when he told me so, he wept  
And hugg’d me in his arm, and kindly kiss’d my  
cheek  
And bade me rely on him as on my father.*’

‡ E.g. ‘*I do remember me, Henry the Sixth*,’ instead of ‘*As I remember, Henry the Sixth*’ (IV. ii. 98); (i.e., *Henry the Sixth*).

§ E.g. ‘*Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and in stumbling  
(Folios, falling)*

*Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard*’ (I. iv. 18.)

‘*By heaven my heart (Folios soul) is purged from  
grudging hate*

*And with my hand I seal my true heart’s love*’ (II. i. 9).

words," which had evidently become obsolete, *e.g.* *which* is changed to *that*; *betwixt* to *between*; *thou wert* to *thou wast*; *yea* to *I* (*aye*); *moer* to *more*, or *other*; *you* to *thou*; (6) there are besides certain minute verbal changes in the Folio, the reason for which is not so clear as in the previous cases, but probably in most instances they are due to euphony;\* (7) the stage-directions in the Folio are fuller and more accurate than those in the Quarto.

**Which is the best Authority?** Critics are divided on this point, some championing the cause of the Quartos, others of the Folios; the chief representatives of the former party are the Cambridge Editors; of the latter James Spedding, Delius, Daniel, etc.

(i.) According to the Cambridge Editors, some such scheme as the following will best account for the phenomena of the text:—



Where A<sub>1</sub> is the Author's original MS.; B<sub>1</sub> a transcript by another hand with some accidental omissions and, of course, slips of the pen. From this transcript was printed the Quarto of 1597, while A<sub>2</sub> is the Author's original MS. revised by himself, with corrections and additions, inter-linear, marginal, and on inserted leaves; B<sub>2</sub> a copy of this revised MS., made by another hand, probably after the death of the Author, and perhaps a very short time before 1623. From B<sub>2</sub> the Folio text was printed; the writer of B<sub>2</sub> had perhaps occasionally recourse to the Quarto of 1602 to supplement passages which, by its being frayed or

\* *E.g.* 'To bring (Folios, bear) this tidings to the bloody King,' (IV. iii. 22.)

'The imperial metal circling now thy brow' (Folios, head); (IV. iv. 382).

stained, had become illegible in A<sub>1</sub> (v. page x., Camb. ed.).

"Assuming ~~the truth of~~ this hypothesis," the Cambridge Editors conclude, "the object of an editor must be to give in the text as near an approximation as possible to A<sub>1</sub>, rejecting from F<sub>1</sub> all that is due to the unknown writer of B<sub>1</sub> and supplying its place from Q<sub>1</sub>, which, errors of pen and press apart, certainly came from the hand of Shakespeare. In the construction of our text we have steadily borne this principle in mind, only deviating from it in a few instances where we have retained the expanded version of the Folio in preference to the briefer version of the Quarto, even when we incline to think that the earlier form is more terse, and therefore not likely to have been altered by its author. . . . *Cæteris paribus, we have adopted the reading of the Quarto.*"

(ii.) James Spedding, in an exhaustive essay on the subject,\* contested this view, maintaining "that the text of the Folio (errors being corrected or allowed for) represents the result of Shakespeare's own latest version, and approaches nearest to the form in which he wished it to stand," that the First Quarto was printed without preparation for the press or superintendence by himself, and that he began to prepare a corrected and amended copy, but had not leisure to complete this new version.†

Delius anticipated Spedding in his inquiry,‡ and came to an even more determined conclusion as regards the superiority of the Folio; according to him a nameless corrector had tampered with the original MS. before it went to the printer in 1597, while the true text appears in the Folio version.

Mr. Daniel (*Facsimile Reprint of Quarto 1*) is also in favour of the Folio "as the basis of the text"; after a

\* *On the corrected edition of Richard III.*, pp. 1-75. *New Shakespeare Society's Transactions*, 1875-6.

† *Ibid.* v. p. 190. where Spedding summed up his views, after considering Mr. Pickersgill's objections (pp. 77-124).

‡ v. *German Shakespeare Society's Year Book*, Vol. VII.



careful analysis of the early Quartos he comes to the conclusion that the Folio version was printed from a copy of Quarto 6, altered "in accordance with the theatrical MS. which the transcriber had before him."

(iii.) Surveying all the evidence, the present writer thinks it possible to take a somewhat neutral position; the partisanship of the two schools seems too determined in its devotion to the one text or the other. Whatever may be the history of the First Quarto it certainly goes back to the author's MS., probably abridged for acting purposes; but on the whole it is a careless piece of printing; whatever may be the history of the First Folio version, one can certainly trace in it the touch of a hand other than Shakespeare's; \* the editor did his work with insufficient caution, though comparatively few changes for the worse are intentionally his; he probably had a Third or Sixth Quarto collated with an unabridged MS., ordering an untrustworthy assistant to correct the printed copy, and to add the omitted passages; subsequently he probably read through the whole, amending here and there, and not troubling to consult the MS. too often. Hence the genuineness of most of the added passages, and the doubtful character of so many of the smaller changes.

**The Date of Composition.** Authorities are agreed in assigning *Richard III.* to 1594 or thereabouts, relying mainly on the internal evidence of style, especially the manifest influence of Marlowe; in considering this influence it must be borne in mind that the play belongs naturally to the group of history plays dealing with the

\* E.g. 'My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she  
That tempts him to this harsh extremity' (I. i. 64).

Q. 1. 'That tempers him to this extremity.'

Q. 2. 'That tempts him to this extremity.'

Q. 3. 'That temps him to this extremity.'

Spedding held there is nothing to choose between the two lines, but there seems all the difference in the world between the Folio and Quarto reading.

House of York, and links itself intimately to *2 Henry VI.*, and *3 Henry VI.* Noteworthy Marlowan characteristics are the following:—(a) Richard, like Tamberlaine, or Faustus, or Barabas, monopolises the whole action of the Drama; (b) the characters of this play of passion seem intended, for the most part, merely to set off the hero's "ideal villainy"; (c) the absence of evolution of character in the hero; (d) the hero's consciousness and avowal of his villainy; (e) the tone of the play is often lyrical or epical rather than dramatic (e.g., the lamentation of the women, II. ii.; IV. i.); (f) blank verse is used throughout, while prose and the lyrical forms found in the earlier plays are conspicuously absent. The play of Richard III. was evidently Shakespeare's experiment—his only experiment—in the Marlowan method of tragedy, but in one respect, at least, Shakespeare shows himself no blind follower of Marlowe; he weaves Nemesis into the play and shows its consummation in Richard's fall, hence the significance of Margaret's fateful presence, haunting the scenes like some prophetic Chorus of ancient Drama.

In John Weever's *Epigrammes*, printed in 1599, but written in 1595, the 22nd Epigram, addressed *Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare*, mention is made of *Romeo* and *Richard* as well-known characters, and the reference is evidently to *Richard III.*, and not to *Richard II.*\* Possibly, too, the wooing of Estrild in the old play of *Lochrine* is imitated, as Mr. Fleay (*Shakespeare Manual*) has suggested, from *Richard III.*, I. ii.; *Lochrine* was first printed in 1595.

**The Source of the Plot.** Sir Thomas More's *Life of Richard the Third*, incorporated by Hall & Holinshed in their histories, is the ultimate source of the play. Shakespeare evidently used the second edition of Holinshed, copying a mistake which occurs only in that edition. The

\* "*Romeo, Richard; more, whose names I know not.*"

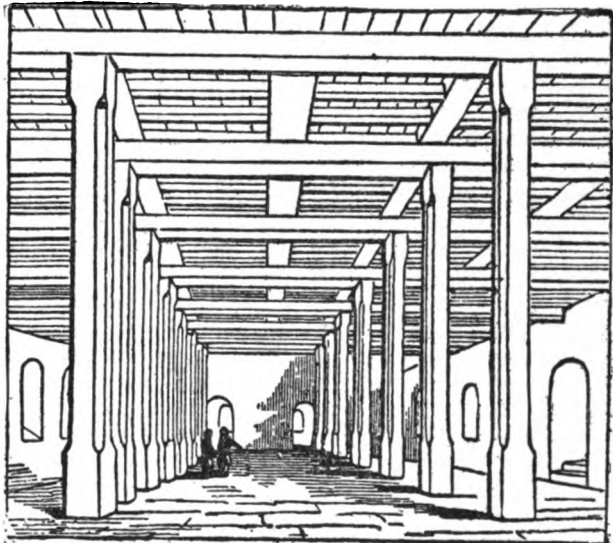
## KING RICHARD III.

## Preface

wooding of Queen Anne, as well as Queen Margaret's part, are, however, purely imaginary (*cp.* Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*, II. 60-117).

Possibly Shakespeare borrowed a few hints from an earlier play written before 1588, and published in 1594, entitled—“*The True Tragedie of Richard the Third.*” \* To Dr. Legge's Latin play (acted at Cambridge before 1583) he certainly owed nothing.

There were several other plays on this subject, probably



Interior of the Great Council Room on the upper storey of the White Tower.  
From an engraving by Falholt.

\* Reprinted by *Shakespeare Society*, 1844, from the only perfect copy extant.—*N.B.*—In the old play we find “*A horse, a horse, a fresh horse,*” also, Richard's reference to the ghosts of his victims “*crying for revenge.*” The same Society printed *Richard's Vision*, a seventeenth century poem founded on Shakespeare's play, containing an interesting reference thereto.

## Preface

## THE TRAGEDY OF

one, wholly or in part, by Ben Jonson (*vide* Henslowe's *Diary*, 22nd June, 1602), called *Richard Crookback*, and another, now lost, perhaps more intimately connected with Shakespeare's.

**Duration of Action.** The time of *Richard III.*, as analysed by Mr. Daniel (*New Shakespeare Society Trans.*, 1877-79), covers eleven days represented on the stage; with intervals. The total *dramatic* time is probably within one month.

*Day 1*, Act I. Sc. i., ii. *Interval.* *Day 2*, Act I. Sc. iii., iv.; Act II. Sc. i., ii. *Day 3*, Act II. Sc. iii. *Interval*; for the journey to Ludlow. *Day 4*, Act II. Sc. iv. *Day 5*, Act III. Sc. i. *Day 6*, Act. III. Sc. ii.-vii. *Day 7*, Act IV. Sc. i. *Day 8*, Act. IV. Sc. ii.-v. *Interval*; Richard's march to Salisbury. *Day 9*, Act V. Sc. i. *Interval*; Richard's march from Salisbury to Leicester. *Day 10*, Act V. Sc. ii., and first half of Sc. iii. *Day 11*, Act V., second half of Sc. iii., and Sc. iv., v.

The *historic* time is from about the date of Henry VI.'s obsequies, May 1471, to the Battle of Bosworth Field, 22nd August, 1485.

# KING RICHARD III.

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## Critical Comments.

### I.

#### Argument.

**I.** Richard, Duke of Gloucester, resolves to obtain the crown of England, notwithstanding the fact that he is not in the direct line of succession. He aims a secret blow against his brother Clarence, who is involved by him in a quarrel with their brother, King Edward IV., and immured in the Tower, where he is shortly afterwards murdered. Gloucester next seeks to strengthen his cause by suing for the hand of Lady Anne, which he wins in the very presence of the corpse of her father-in-law, Henry VI., dead at his hands, and despite the fact that her husband had also been slain by him.

**II.** King Edward, in declining health, seeks to foster peace in his realm. He dies, and his young son Edward, Prince of Wales, is summoned to London to be crowned. Before he arrives, Gloucester, who is made lord protector, finds means to weaken the prince by imprisoning and afterwards executing three noblemen of the latter's party.

**III.** Richard meets the prince and his younger brother in London, and under pretext of assigning them a lodging imprisons them in the Tower. Lord Hastings, a powerful nobleman, faithful to the royal line, is beheaded, also by Richard's orders. The Duke of Buckingham upholds Gloucester, and is largely instrumental in obtaining for him the coveted crown.

**IV.** Buckingham, however, hesitates when the new King Richard III. desires at his hands the lives of the two princes; and he is further disaffected by the king's

refusal to grant him a certain earldom previously promised as a reward for his support. He accordingly forsakes Richard and seeks to unite his strength with that of Henry, Earl of Richmond, who is taking up arms against the usurping monarch. Buckingham is taken prisoner and soon afterwards put to death. The two boy-princes are assassinated in the Tower; and Queen Anne is secretly put to death in order to leave Richard free for an alliance with the heiress of York, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., for whose hand he sues to her mother.

V. In the meantime Richmond has invaded England and encounters Richard's forces at Bosworth Field in Leicestershire. The king, though disquieted on the preceding night by visions of his many slain victims, fights desperately; but his forces are defeated and he himself is slain by Richmond. The victor is recognized as King Henry VII., and by marriage with Elizabeth of York brings to a close the long contention between the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

MCSPADDEN: *Shakespeare's Synopses.*

## II.

### Character of Richard.

The character of Richard the Third, which had been opened in so masterly a manner in the Concluding Part of *Henry the Sixth*, is, in this play, developed in all its horrible grandeur. It is, in fact, the picture of a demoniacal incarnation, moulding the passions and foibles of mankind, with superhuman precision, to its own iniquitous purposes. Of this isolated and peculiar state of being Richard himself seems sensible when he declares—

“I have no brother, I am like no brother:  
And this word love, which greybeards call divine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me; I am myself alone.”

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From a delineation like this Milton must have caught many of the most striking features of his Satanic portrait. The same union of unmitigated depravity and consummate intellectual energy characterizes both, and renders what would otherwise be loathsome and disgusting an object of sublimity and shuddering admiration.

The task, however, which Shakespeare undertook was, in one instance, more arduous than that which Milton subsequently attempted; for, in addition to the hateful constitution of Richard's moral character, he had to contend also against the prejudices arising from personal deformity, from a figure

"curtail'd of its fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before its time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up."

And yet, in spite of these striking personal defects, which were considered, also, as indicative of the depravity and wickedness of his nature, the Poet has contrived, through the medium of high mental endowments, not only to obviate disgust, but to excite extraordinary admiration.

One of the most prominent and detestable vices, indeed, in Richard's character, his hypocrisy, connected, as it always is, in his person, with the most profound skill and dissimulation, has, owing to the various parts which it induces him to assume, most materially contributed to the popularity of this play, both on the stage and in the closet. He is one who can

"frame his face to all occasions,"

and accordingly appears, during the course of his career, under the contrasted forms of a subject and a monarch, a politician and a wit, a soldier and a suitor, a sinner and a saint; and in all with such apparent ease and fidelity to nature, that while to the explorer of the human mind he affords, by his penetration and address, a subject of peculiar interest and delight, he offers to the practised

performer a study well calculated to call forth his fullest and finest exertions.

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Richard is the very personation of confidence in self-conduct and self-control, in his absolute command of every form of dissimulation, and still more difficult, of simulation. He is arrogant no less, on the strength of his superiority to any natural stirrings of love or pity, of terror or remorse. Like Iago he believes in the absolute sway of will-wielded intellect to subject and mould passion to its own determinations, while both are, unconsciously to themselves, overmastered and enslaved by a tyrannous passion that ever keeps out of their own sight as if lurking and shifting place behind them. Richard's true fall and punishment is his humiliation on his point of reliance and pride; he comes to require friends when friends fail in heart or in heartiness, he regrets affection, would fain be pitied, admits terror, and believes in the power of conscience if he endeavours to defy it. The involuntary forces of his being rise in insurrection against the oppression of the voluntary. His human nature vindicates the tendencies of humanity, when the organism which was strained to sustain itself on the principle of renunciation of sympathy falters and breaks down. The power of the strongest will has its limitations; mere defiance will not free the mind from superstition, and mere brutality cannot absolutely close up the welling springs of tenderness.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

### III.

#### Shakespeare Self-Projected in Richard.

Into this character Shakespeare transforms himself in imagination. It is the mark of the dramatic poet to be always able to get out of his own skin and into another's.



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But in later times some of the greatest dramatists have shrunk shuddering from the out-and-out criminal, as being too remote from them. For example, Goethe. His wrong-doers are only weaklings, like Weislingen or Clavigo; even his Mephistopheles is not really evil. Shakespeare, on the other hand, made the effort to feel like Richard. How did he set about it? Exactly as we do when we strive to understand another personality; for example, Shakespeare himself. He imagines himself into him; that is to say, he projects his mind into the other's body and lives in it for the time being. The question the poet has to answer is always this: How should I feel and act if I were a prince, a woman, a conqueror, an outcast, and so forth?

Shakespeare takes, as his point of departure, the ignominy inflicted by Nature; Richard is one of Nature's victims. How can Shakespeare feel with him here—Shakespeare, to whom deformity of body was unknown, and who had been immoderately favoured by Nature? But he, too, had long endured humiliation, and had lived under mean conditions which afforded no scope either to his will or to his talents. Poverty is itself a deformity; and the condition of an actor was a blemish like a hump on his back. Thus he is in a position to enter with ease into the feelings of one of Nature's victims. He has simply to give free course to all the moods in his own mind which have been evoked by personal humiliation, and to let them ferment and run riot.

Next comes the consciousness of superiority in Richard, and the lust of power which springs from it. Shakespeare cannot have lacked the consciousness of his personal superiority, and, like every man of genius, he must have had the lust of power in his soul, at least as a rudimentary organ. Ambitious he must assuredly have been, though not after the fashion of the actors and dramatists of our day. Their mere jugglery passes for art, while his art was regarded by the great majority as mere jugglery. His artistic self-esteem received a check

in its growth; but none the less there was ambition behind the tenacity of purpose which in a few years raised him from a servitor in the theatre to a shareholder and director, and which led him to develop the greatest productive talent of his country, till he outshone all rivals in his calling, and won the appreciation of the leaders of fashion and taste.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

#### IV.

#### Lady Anne.

For the very reason that the Poet has not given any individual characteristics to this woman, it seems as though he would say: Such is feminine human nature. It is quite evident that in his younger days he was not so much alive to the beauties of the womanly character as he became at a later period of his life. He is fond of drawing unamiable women like Adriana in *The Comedy of Errors*, violent and corrupt women like Tamora in *Titus Andronicus*, and Margaret in *Henry VI.*, or scolding women like Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Here he gives us a picture of peculiarly feminine weakness, and personifies in Richard his own contempt for it.

Exasperate a woman against you (he seems to say), do her all the evil you can think of, kill her husband, deprive her thereby of the succession to a crown, fill her to overflowing with hatred and execration—then if you can only cajole her into believing that in all you have done, crimes and everything, you have been actuated simply and solely by burning passion for her, by the hope of approaching her and winning her hand—why, then the game is yours, and sooner or later she will give in. Her vanity cannot hold out. If it is proof against ten measures of flattery, it will succumb to a hundred; and if even that is not enough, then pile on more. Every woman has a price at which her vanity is for sale; you have only to

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dare greatly and bid high enough. So Shakespeare makes this crookbacked assassin accept Anne's insults without winking and retort upon them his declaration of love—he at once seems less hideous in her eyes from the fact that his crimes were committed for her sake. Shakespeare makes him hand her his drawn sword, to pierce him to the heart if she will; he is sure enough that she will do nothing of the sort. She cannot withstand the intense volition in his glance; he hypnotises her hatred; the exaltation with which his lust of power inspires him bewilders and overpowers her, and he becomes almost beautiful in her eyes when he bares his breast to her revenge. She yields to him under the influence of an attraction in which are mingled dizziness, terror, and perverted sensuality. His very hideousness becomes a stimulus the more.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

### V.

## Queen Margaret.

Although banished upon pain of death, she [Margaret] returns to England to assist at the intestine conflicts of the House of York. Shakespeare personifies in her the ancient Nemesis; he gives her more than human proportions, and represents her as a sort of supernatural apparition. She penetrates freely into the palace of Edward IV., she there breathes forth her hatred in presence of the family of York and its courtier attendants. No one dreams of arresting her, although she is an exiled woman, and she goes forth, meeting no obstacle, as she had entered. The same magic ring, which on the first occasion opened the doors of the royal mansion, opens them for her once again, when Edward IV. is dead, and his sons have been assassinated in the Tower by the order of Richard. She came, the first time, to curse her enemies; she comes now to gather the fruits of her

malediction. Like an avenging Fury, or the classical Fate, she has announced to each his doom.

MEZIÈRES: *Shakespeare, ses Œuvres et ses Critiques.*

## VI.

## Unique Among the Dramas.

Certain qualities which make it unique among the dramas of Shakspeare characterize the play of *King Richard III*. Its manner of conceiving and presenting character has a certain resemblance, not elsewhere to be found in Shakspeare's writings, to the ideal manner of Marlowe. As in the plays of Marlowe, there is here one dominant figure distinguished by a few strongly marked and inordinately developed qualities. There is in the characterization no mystery, but much of a demonic intensity. Certain passages are entirely in the lyrical-dramatic style—an emotion which is one and the same, occupying, at the same moment, two or three of the personages, and obtaining utterance through them almost simultaneously, or in immediate succession; as a musical motive is interpreted by an orchestra, or taken up singly by successive instruments:—

*Elis.* Was never widow had so dear a loss.

*Chil.* Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

*Duch.* Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs.

Mere verisimilitude in the play of *King Richard III*. becomes, at times, subordinate to effects of symphonic orchestration or of statuesque composition. There is a Blake-like terror and beauty in the scene in which the three women—queens and a duchess—seat themselves upon the ground in their desolation and despair and cry aloud in utter anguish of spirit. First by the mother of two kings, then by Edward's widow, last by the terrible Medusa-like Queen Margaret, the same attitude is as-

sumed and the same grief is poured forth. Misery has made them indifferent to all ceremony of queenship, and, for a time, to their private differences; they are seated, a rigid yet tumultuously passionate group, in the majesty of mere womanhood and supreme calamity. Readers acquainted with Blake's illustrations to the Book of Job will remember what effects, sublime and appalling, the artist produces by animating a group of figures with one common passion, which spontaneously produces in each individual the same extravagant movement of head and limbs.

The demonic intensity which distinguishes the play proceeds from the character of Richard as from its source and centre. As with the chief personages of Marlowe's plays, so Richard in this play rather occupies the imagination by audacity and force than insinuates himself through some subtle solvent, some magic and mystery of art. His character does not grow upon us; from the first it is complete. We are not curious to discover what Richard is, as we are curious to come into presence of the soul of Hamlet. We are in no doubt about Richard; but it yields us a strong sensation to observe him in various circumstances and situations; we are roused and animated by the presence of almost superhuman energy and power, even though that power and that energy be malign.

He plays his part before his future wife, the Lady Anne, laying open his breast to the sword's point with a malicious confidence. He knows the measure of woman's frailty, and relies on the spiritual force of his audacity and dissimulation to subdue the weak hand which tries to lift the sword. With no friends to back his suit, with nothing but "the plain devil, and dissembling looks," he wins his bride. The hideous irony of such a courtship, the mockery it implies of human love, is enough to make a man "your only jigmaker," and sends Richard's blood dancing along his veins.

While Richard is plotting for the crown, Lord Has-

tings threatens to prove an obstacle in the way. What is to be done? Buckingham is dubious and tentative:—

“Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive  
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?”

With sharp detonation, quickly begun and quickly over, Richard's answer is discharged, “Chop off his head, man!” There can be no beginning, middle, or end to a deed so simple and so summary. Presently, Hastings, making sundry small assignations for future days and weeks, goes, a murdered man, to the conference at the Tower. Richard, whose startling figure emerges from the background throughout the play with small regard for verisimilitude, and always at the most effective moment, is suddenly on the spot, just as Hastings is about to give his voice in the conference as though he were the representative of the absent Duke. Richard is prepared, when the opportune instant has arrived, to spring a mine under Hastings's feet. But meanwhile a matter of equal importance concerns him—my Lord of Ely's strawberries: the flavor of Holborn strawberries is exquisite, and the fruit must be sent for. Richard's desire to appear disengaged from sinister thought is less important to note than Richard's need of indulging a cynical contempt of human life. The explosion takes place; Hastings is seized; and the delicacies are reserved until the head of Richard's enemy is off. There is a wantonness of *dablerie* in this incident:—

“Talk'st thou to me of *ifs*? Thou art a traitor—  
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul, I swear  
I will not dine until I see the same!”

DOWDEN: *Shakspeare.*

## VII.

### Want of Interaction.

There is, properly speaking, no interaction between Richard and the other persons of the drama. He is the

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all-in-all of the play, the soul of everything that is done, the theme of everything that is said: there is scarce a thought, feeling, or purpose expressed, but what is either from him, or in some way concerning him, he being the author, the subject, or the occasion of it. And herein is this play chiefly distinguished from all the others, and, certainly, as a work of art, not distinguished for the better, that the entire action in all its parts and stages, so far at least as it has any human origin or purpose, both springs from the hero as its source, and determines in him as its end. So that the drama is not properly a composition of coöperative characters, mutually developing and developed; but the prolonged yet hurried outcome of a single character, to which all the other persons serve but as exponents and conductors; as if he were a volume of electrical activity, disclosing himself by means of others, and quenching their active powers at the very moment of doing so. Observe, we say the other *persons*, not characters; for however much their forms meet the eye, their inward being is for the most part held in abeyance and kept from transpiring by the virtual ubiquity of the hero.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

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However successful and life-like, however many-sided and extraordinary a character may be, it cannot of itself constitute a dramatic work of art. Characterisation is but one particular function of dramatic poetry; it is very important, but still not the first and highest object. It stands in the same relation to the entire organism as a portrait to an historical painting. In the latter every figure ought to be a living portrait full of individual reality, but receives its true significance only from its position and from its relation to the other figures; accordingly, the *interaction* of the several parts among one another, and their *coöperation* in the action represented, gives the picture its historical character. It is precisely

the same with a dramatic composition, because it is so in real life. When viewed in this light *Richard III.* might seem open to censure. "I am myself alone" is his spell-word, and, like a sudden flash of light, reveals not only the character of Richard himself, but that of the whole drama. As in life so in the play, he in reality stands alone. All the other personages (chiefly women and children, or single subjects) are in no way his equals, and are powerless against the whole royal power which is on his side. The destructive force of his tyranny, the violence of his unmitigated selfishness and wickedness, accompanied as they are by intellect, wit, and eloquence, have no organic counterpoise. On the one side we have only power and energy, on the other only submission and impotence. The principle of interaction, which is so important in life and in history, retires far into the background; not till the fifth act is the tyrant opposed by a real and worthy adversary in the person of Richmond. Accordingly, the drama is wanting in drastic animation; the action (that which is actually done or which happens) proceeds but slowly compared with others of Shakespeare's plays.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

## VIII.

### A Comparison.

If we compare the speeches [of Edmund in *Lear*, and of Iago in *Othello*] with Richard's, and in like manner if we compare the way in which Iago's plot is first sown, and springs up and gradually grows and ripens in his brain, with Richard's downright enunciation of his projected series of crimes from the first, we may discern the contrast between the youth and the mature manhood of the mightiest intellect that ever lived upon earth, a contrast almost equally observable in the difference between the diction and metre of the two plays, and not unlike



that between a great river rushing along turbidly in Spring, bearing the freshly melted snows from Alpine mountains, with flakes of light scattered here and there over its surface, and the same river, when its waters have subsided into their autumnal tranquillity, and compose a vast mirror for the whole landscape around them, and for the sun and stars and sky and clouds overhead.

HARE: *Guesses at Truth.*

## IX.

## Popularity of the Play.

*Richard III.* is, and long has been—taking the stage and the closet together—the most universally and uninterruptedly popular of its author's works. Few of Shakespeare's plays passed through more than two or three editions, as they originally appeared, separately, in the customary form of quarto pamphlets. Of *Hamlet*, which seems to have been the most popular of the other tragedies, there are but six of these editions; while of *Richard III.*, between 1597 and 1634, we have, in addition to the copies in the first two Folios, no less than eight separate editions, still preserved; and it is possible that there may have been yet another, no longer extant. There are also more references and allusions to it, in the writings of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and in those of the next generation of authors, than to any other of his works. For instance, Bishop Corbet, in his poems, Fuller, in his *Church History*, and Milton, in one of his prose controversial tracts, all refer to it as familiar to their readers. It has kept perpetual possession of the stage, either in its primitive form, or as altered and adapted to the tastes of the times by Colley Cibber or by John Kemble. In one or other of these forms *Richard III.* has been the favourite character of all the eminent English tragedians, from Burbage, the original "Crook-back," who was identified in his day, in the public mind,

## Comments

with the part, through the long succession of the monarchs of the English stage—Betterton, Cibber, Quin, Garrick, Henderson, Kemble, Cooke, Kean—down to our own days. Yet, in all the higher attributes of the poetic drama *Richard III.* bears no comparison with the Poet's greater tragedies, or with the graver scenes of his more brilliant comedies. Intellectually and poetically, it must be assigned to a much lower class than *Romeo and Juliet*, or *Othello*; than *Lear* or *Macbeth*; than *The Tempest* or *The Merchant of Venice*.

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**The Tragedy of  
King Richard III.**

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

- KING EDWARD *the Fourth.*  
 EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V.,* } *sons to*  
 RICHARD, *Duke of York,* } *the*  
 GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence,* } *King*  
 RICHARD, *Duke of Gloucester,* } *brothers to the King.*  
*afterwards King Richard III.,*
- A young son of Clarence.  
 HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*  
 CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*  
 THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*  
 JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*  
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
 DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
 EARL OF SURREY, *his son.*  
 EARL RIVERS, *brother to Elizabeth.*  
 MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, *sons to Elizabeth.*  
 EARL OF OXFORD.  
 LORD HASTINGS.  
 LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.  
 LORD LOVEL.  
 SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.  
 SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.  
 SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.  
 SIR JAMES TYRREL.  
 SIR JAMES BLOUNT.  
 SIR WALTER HERBERT.  
 SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*  
 SIR WILLIAM BRANDON.  
 CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a priest. Another Priest.*  
 TRESSSEL and BERKELEY, *gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne.*  
 Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.  
 ELIZABETH, *queen to King Edward IV.*  
 MARGARET, *widow of King Henry VI.*  
 DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King Edward IV.*  
 LADY ANNE, *widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King*  
*Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard.*  
 A young daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).  
 Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and other At-  
 tendants, a Pursuivant. Scrivener, Citizens, Mur-  
 derers, Messengers, Soldiers, etc.

SCENE: *England.*

The Tragedy of  
KING RICHARD III.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

*London. A street.*

*Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus.*

*Glou.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds 10  
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 shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionable  
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;  
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
 Have no delight to pass away the time,  
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
 And descant on mine own deformity :  
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
 I am determined to prove a villain, 30  
 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 murderer shall be. 40  
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence  
 comes.

*Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.*

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard  
 That waits upon your grace?

*Clar.* His majesty,  
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

*Glou.* Upon what cause?

*Clar.* Because my name is George.

*Glou.* Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;

**KING RICHARD III.****Act I. Sc. i.**

He should, for that, commit your godfathers :  
O, belike his majesty hath some intent  
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower. 5c  
But what 's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

*Clar.* Yea, Richard, when I know ; for I protest  
As yet I do not : but, as I can learn,  
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams ;  
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,  
And says a wizard told him that by G  
His issue disinherited should be ;  
And, for my name of George begins with G,  
It follows in his thought that I am he.  
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these 60  
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

*Glou.* Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women :  
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower ;  
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she  
That tempers him to this extremity.  
Was it not she and that good man of worship,  
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,  
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,  
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?  
We are not safe, Clarence ; we are not safe. 70

*Clar.* By heaven, I think there 's no man is secure,  
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds,  
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.  
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant  
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

*Glou.* 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 : . . . . . 80  
 The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,  
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
 Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

*Brak.* I beseech your graces both to pardon me ;  
 His majesty hath straitly given in charge  
 That no man shall have private conference,  
 Of what degree soever, with his brother.

*Glou.* Even so ; an 't please your worship, Brakenbury,  
 You may partake of any thing we say :  
 We speak no treason, man : we say the king . . . . . 90  
 Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen  
 Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous ;  
 We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
 A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue ;  
 And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks :  
 How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

*Brak.* With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

*Glou.* Naught to do with Mistress Shore ! I tell thee, fellow,  
 He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
 Were best he do it secretly alone. . . . . 100

*Brak.* What one, my lord ?

*Glou.* Her husband, knave : wouldst thou betray me ?

*Brak.* I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal  
 Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

*Clar.* We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

*Glou.* We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.  
 Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;  
 And whatsoever you will employ me in,  
 Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,  
 I will perform it to enfranchise you. . . . . 110  
 Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood



**KING RICHARD III.**

**Act I. Sc. i.**

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*Clar.* I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

*Glou.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;  
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:  
Meantime, have patience.

*Clar.* I must perforce. Farewell.  
[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*]

*Glou.* 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 heaven,  
If heaven will take the present at our hands. 120  
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Hast.* Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

*Glou.* 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 prisoners must:  
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks  
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

*Glou.* No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;  
For they that were your enemies are his, 130  
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

*Hast.* More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,  
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

*Glou.* 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.

*Glou.* Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.  
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,

## Act I. Sc. ii.

## THE TRAGEDY OF

And overmuch consumed his royal person : 140

'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

~~What, is he in his bed?~~

*Hast.* He is.

*Glow.* 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 heaven.

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: 150

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in!

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.

What though I kill'd her husband and her father?

The readiest way to make the wench amends

Is to become her husband and her father:

The which will I; not all so much for love,

As for another secret close intent,

By marrying her which I must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market: 160

Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*]

## Scene II.

*The same. Another street.*

*Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it; Lady Anne being the mourner.*

*Anne.* Set down, set down your honourable load—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse—

Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament

KING RICHARD III.

Act I. Sc. ii.

The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.  
 Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!  
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!  
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!  
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,  
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,  
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,      10  
 Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!  
 Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life  
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.  
 Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!  
 Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!  
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!  
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,  
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,      20  
 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  
 As miserable by the death of him,  
 As I am made by my poor lord and thee!  
 Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,  
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there;      30  
 And still, as you are weary of the weight,  
 Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glou.* Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,  
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

*Glou.* Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,  
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

*Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

*Glou.* Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:  
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40  
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*Anne.* What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?  
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,  
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.  
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!  
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,  
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

*Glou.* Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

*Anne.* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us  
not; 50

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.  
O, 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 deed, inhuman and unnatural, 60  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.  
O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!  
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!  
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead.

KING RICHARD III.

Act I. Sc. ii.

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!

*Glou.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man: 70  
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

*Glou.* But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

*Anne.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

*Glou.* More wonderful, when angels are so angry.  
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,  
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

*Anne.* Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,  
For these known evils, but to give me leave,  
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. 80

*Glou.* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have  
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

*Anne.* Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make  
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

*Glou.* By such despair, I should accuse myself.

*Anne.* And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused  
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

*Glou.* Say that I slew them not?

*Anne.* Why, then they are not dead:  
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee. 90

*Glou.* I did not kill your husband.

*Anne.* Why, then he is alive.

*Glou.* Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

*Anne.* In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw  
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;

The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

*Glou.* I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,  
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

*Anne.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries: 100  
Didst thou not kill this king?

*Glou.* I grant ye.

*Anne.* Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too  
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!  
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

*Glou.* The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

*Anne.* He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

*Glou.* Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;  
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

*Anne.* And thou unfit for any place but hell.

*Glou.* Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

*Annc.* Some dungeon.

*Glou.* Your bed-chamber. III

*Anne.* I'll rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

*Glou.* So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

*Anne.* I hope so.

*Glou.* I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,  
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall somewhat into a slower method,  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner?

*Annc.* Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect. 120

*Glou.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect;  
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep  
To undertake the death of all the world,

KING RICHARD III.

Act I. Sc. ii.

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.

*Glou.* These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:

As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that; it is my day, my life. 130

*Anne.* Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

*Glou.* Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

*Anne.* I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

*Glou.* It is a quarrel most unnatural,

To be revenged on him that loveth you.

*Anne.* It is a quarrel just and reasonable,

To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

*Glou.* 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. 140

*Glou.* He lives that loves you better than he could.

*Anne.* Name him.

*Glou.* Plantagenet.

*Anne.* Why, that was he.

*Glou.* The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

*Anne.* Where is he?

*Glou.* Here. [*She spitteth at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?

*Anne.* Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

*Glou.* Never came poison from so sweet a place.

*Anne.* Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.

*Glou.* Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine. 150

*Anne.* Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

*Glou.* 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,

Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:  
 These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,  
 No, when my father York and Edward wept,  
 To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made  
 When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;  
 Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, 160  
 Told the sad story of my father's death,  
 And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,  
 That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,  
 Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time  
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;  
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
 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 proposed my fee, 170  
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to  
 speak. [She looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were 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 bosom,  
 And let the soul forth that adareth thee,  
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open: she offers  
 at it with his sword.



Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry, 180

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young  
Edward,

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

*[Here she lets fall the sword.]*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Anne.* Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,  
I will not be the executioner.

*Glou.* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*Anne.* I have already.

*Glou.* Tush, that was in thy rage:  
Speak it again, and, even with the word,  
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,  
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love; 191  
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

*Anne.* I would I knew thy heart.

*Glou.* 'Tis figured in my tongue.

*Anne.* I fear me both are false.

*Glou.* Then never man was true.

*Anne.* Well, well, put up your sword.

*Glou.* Say, then, my peace is made.

*Anne.* That shall you know hereafter.

*Glou.* But shall I live in hope? 200

*Anne.* All men, I hope, live so.

*Glou.* Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

*Anne.* To take is not to give.

*Glou.* Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,  
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

*Anne.* What is it? 210

*Glou.* That it would please thee 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 monastery 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, 220  
To see you are become so penitent.  
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

*Glou.* 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 Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.]*

*Glou.* Sirs, take up the corse.

*Gent.* Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

*Glou.* No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.

*[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her; but I will not keep her long. 230

What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate,

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

Having God, her conscience, and these bars against  
me,

And I nothing to back my suit at all,  
 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, 240  
 Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,  
 Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,  
 Framed in the prodigality of nature,  
 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,  
 The spacious world cannot again afford:

And will she yet debase her eyes on me,  
 That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
 And made her widow to a woful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety? 250

On me, that halt and am unshapen thus?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,  
 I do mistake my person all this while:

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,  
 And entertain some score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body:  
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost. 260

But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;

And then return lamenting to my love.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,

That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

## Scene III.

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The palace.

*Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.*

*Riv.* Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

*Grey.* 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 words.

*Q. Eliz.* If he were dead, what would betide of me?

*Riv.* No other harm but loss of such a lord.

*Q. Eliz.* The loss of such a lord includes all harm.

*Grey.* The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,  
To be your comforter when he is gone. 10

*Q. Eliz.* Oh, he is young, and his minority  
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,  
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

*Riv.* Is it concluded he shall be protector?

*Q. Eliz.* It is determined, not concluded yet:  
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

*Enter Buckingham and Derby.*

*Grey.* Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

*Buck.* Good time of day unto your royal grace!

*Der.* God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

*Q. Eliz.* The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of  
Derby, 20

To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.  
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured  
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

KING RICHARD III.

Act I. Sc. iii.

*Der.* I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers;  
Or, if she be accused in true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

*Riv.* Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby? 30

*Der.* But now the Duke of Buckingham and I  
Are come from visiting his majesty.

*Q. Eliz.* What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

*Buck.* Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

*Q. Eliz.* God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

*Buck.* Madam, we did: he desires to make atonement  
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,  
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain;  
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

*Q. Eliz.* Would all were well! but that will never be:  
I fear our happiness is at the highest. 41

*Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Dorset.*

*Glou.* 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 speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,  
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy. 50  
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abused  
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

*Riv.* To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

*Glow.* To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.  
 When have I injured 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, 60  
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

*Q. Eliz.* Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.  
 The king, of his own royal disposition,  
 And not provoked by any suitor else;  
 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
 Which in your outward actions shows itself  
 Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,  
 Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather  
 The ground of your ill-will, and to remove it.

*Glow.* I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad, 70  
 That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:  
 Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
 There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, we know your meaning, brother  
 Gloucester;  
 You envy my advancement and my friends':  
 God grant we never may have need of you!

*Glow.* Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:  
 Our brother is imprison'd by your means,  
 Myself disgraced, and the nobility  
 Held in contempt; whilst many fair promotions 80  
 Are daily given to ennoble those  
 That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

*Q. Eliz.* By Him that raised 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 vile suspects.

*Glou.* You may deny that you were not the cause      90  
 Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may, my lord, for—

*Glou.* She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows not so?  
 She may do more, sir, than denying that:  
 She may help you to many fair preferments;  
 And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
 And lay those honours on your high deserts.  
 What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may  
 she,—

*Riv.* What, marry, may she?

*Glou.* What, marry, may she! marry with a king,      100  
 A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:  
 I wis your grandam had a worse match.

*Q. Eliz.* My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne  
 Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:  
 By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty  
 With those gross taunts I often have endured.  
 I had rather be a country servant-maid  
 Than a great queen, with this condition,  
 To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:

*Enter Queen Margaret, behind.*

Small joy have I in being England's queen.      110

*Q. Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!  
 Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.

*Glou.* 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 :

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak ; my pains are quite forgot.

*Q. Mar.* Out, devil ! I remember them too well :

Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120

*Glou.* Ere you were queen, yea, 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 royalise his blood I spilt mine own.

*Q. Mar.* Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.

*Glou.* In all which time you and your husband Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;

And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain ? 130

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 murderous villain, and so still thou art.

*Glou.* Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick ;

Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon !—

*Q. Mar.* Which God revenge !

*Glou.* 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 : 141

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

*Q. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,

Thou cacodemon ! there thy kingdom is.

*Riv.* My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days



Which here you urge to prove us enemies,  
 We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:  
 So should we you, if you should be our king.

*Glou.* If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar:  
 Far be it from my heart, the thought of it! 150

*Q. Eliz.* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose  
 You should enjoy, were you this country's king,  
 As little joy may you 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. [*Advancing.*  
 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? 160  
 If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,  
 Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?  
 O gentle villain, do not turn away!

*Glou.* Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my  
 sight?

*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;  
 That will I make before I let thee go.

*Glou.* Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

*Q. Mar.* I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,  
 Than death can yield me here by my abode.  
 A husband and a son thou owest to me; 170  
 And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:  
 The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,  
 And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

*Glou.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,  
 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,  
 And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,

And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout,  
 Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—  
 His curses, then from bitterness of soul  
 Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee; 180  
 And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

*Q. Eliz.* 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.

*Dor.* No man but prophesied 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? 190  
 Did York's dread curse prevail so much with  
 heaven,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,  
 Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,  
 Could all but answer for that peevish brat?  
 Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?  
 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, which now is Prince of Wales,  
 For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,  
 Die in his youth by like untimely violence! 201  
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,  
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!  
 Long mayst 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 lengthen'd hours of grief,  
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !  
 Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by, 210  
 And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son  
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray him,  
 That none of you may live your natural age,  
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

*Glou.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered hag !

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt  
 hear me.

If heaven 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 220  
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !  
 The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !  
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,  
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !  
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
 Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream  
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !  
 Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !  
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
 The slave of nature and the son of hell ! 230  
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !  
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !  
 Thou rag of honour ! thou detested—

*Glou.* Margaret.

*Q. Mar.* Richard.

*Glou.* Ha !

*Q. Mar.* I call thee not.

*Glou.* I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought  
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

*Q. Mar.* Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.  
O, let me make the period to my curse!

*Glou.* 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

*Q. Eliz.* Thus have you breathed your curse against  
yourself. 240

*Q. Mar.* Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!  
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,  
Whose deadly web ensnares thee about?  
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.  
The time will come that thou shalt wish for me  
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

*Hast.* False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,  
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

*Q. Mar.* Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine.

*Riv.* Were you well served, you would be taught your  
duty. 250

*Q. Mar.* To serve me well, you all should do me duty,  
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:  
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

*Dor.* Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

*Q. Mar.* Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:  
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.  
O, that your young nobility could judge  
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!  
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;  
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces. 260

*Glou.* Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it, marquess.

*Dor.* It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

*Glou.* Yea, and much more: but I was born so high,  
Our aery 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 aery buildeth in our aery's nest. 270  
 O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;  
 As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

*Buck.* Have done! for shame, if not for charity.

*Q. Mar.* Urge neither charity nor shame to me:  
 Uncharitably with me have you dealt,  
 And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.  
 My charity is outrage, life my shame;  
 And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

*Buck.* Have done, have done.

*Q. Mar.* O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand, 280  
 In sign of league and amity with thee:  
 Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!  
 Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
 Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

*Buck.* Nor no one here; for curses never pass  
 The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

*Q. Mar.* I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,  
 And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.  
 O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!  
 Look, when he fawns, he bites: and when he bites,  
 His venom tooth will rankle to the death: 291  
 Have not to do with him, beware of him;  
 Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,  
 And all their ministers attend on him.

*Glou.* 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 soothe the devil that I warn thee from?  
 O, but remember this another day,  
 When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow, 300  
 And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.  
 Live each of you the subjects to his hate,  
 And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*]

*Hast.* My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

*Riv.* And so doth mine: I muse why she's at liberty.

*Glow.* 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.

*Q. Eliz.* I never did her any, to my knowledge.

*Glow.* But you have all the vantage of her wrong. 310  
 I was too hot to do somebody good,  
 That is too cold in thinking of it now.  
 Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;  
 He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains:  
 God pardon them that are the cause of it!

*Riv.* A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,  
 To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

*Glow.* So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised:  
 For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cates.* Madam, his majesty doth call for you; 320  
 And for your grace; and you, my noble lords.

*Q. Eliz.* Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go with us?

*Riv.* Madam, we will attend your grace,  
 [*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

*Glow.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
 The secret mischiefs that I set abroad

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.  
 Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,  
 I do beweepe to many simple gulls;  
 Namely to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham;  
 And say it is the queen and her allies 330  
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.  
 Now, they believe it; and withal whet me  
 To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:  
 But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,  
 Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:  
 And thus I clothe my naked villany  
 With old odds ends stolen out of holy writ;  
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

*Enter two Murderers.*

But, soft! here come my executioners.  
 How now, my hardy stout resolved mates! 340  
 Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

*First Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the  
 warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

*Glou.* Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

*[Gives the warrant.]*

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.

*First Murd.* Tush! 350

Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;

Talkers are no good doers: be assured

We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

*Glou.* Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears.

I like you, lads: about your business straight.

Go, go, dispatch.

*First Murd.* We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene IV.

*London. The Tower.*

*Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.*

*Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

*Clar.* O, I have pass'd 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? I long to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy; 10  
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,  
And cited up a thousand fearful times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befall'n us. As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,  
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20  
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!  
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!  
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!



KING RICHARD III.

Act I. Sc. iv.

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
 Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;  
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea:  
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes  
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, 30  
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
 Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death  
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought I had; and often did I strive  
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood  
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
 To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;  
 But smothered it within my panting bulk, 40  
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awaked you not with this sore agony?

*Clar.* O no, my dream was lengthened after life;  
 O, then began the tempest to my soul,  
 Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
 With that grim ferryman 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 cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury 50  
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'  
 And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by  
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
 Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud,  
 'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury :  
 Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments !'  
 With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends  
 Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears  
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise 60  
 I trembling waked, and for a season after  
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,  
 Such terrible impression made the dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you ;  
 I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* O Brakenbury, I have done those things,  
 Which now bear 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 avenged on my misdeeds, 70  
 Yet execute thy wrath in me alone ;  
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !  
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;  
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord : God give your grace good rest !  
*[Clarence sleeps.]*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,  
 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 imagination, 80  
 They often feel a world of restless cares :  
 So that, betwixt their titles and low names,  
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

*First Murd.* Ho ! who's here ?

KING RICHARD III.

Act I. Sc. iv.

*Brak.* In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?

*First Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

*Brak.* Yea, are you so brief?

*Sec. Murd.* O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious.

Show him our commission; talk no more. 90

[*Brakenbury reads it.*]

*Brak.* 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.  
Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep:  
I'll to the king; and signify to him  
That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

*First Murd.* Do so, it is a point of wisdom: fare you well.

[*Exit Brakenbury.*]

*Sec. Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps? 100

*First Murd.* No; then he will say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

*Sec. Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgement-day.

*First Murd.* Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping.

*Sec. Murd.* The urging of that word 'judgement' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

*First Murd.* What, art thou afraid?

*Sec. Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for 110 it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.

*First Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

*Sec. Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

*First Murd.* Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

*Sec. Murd.* I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humour will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

*First Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now? 120

*Sec. Murd.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

*First Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

*Sec. Murd.* 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

*First Murd.* Where is thy conscience now?

*Sec. Murd.* In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

*First Murd.* So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

*Sec. Murd.* Let it go; there's few or none will entertain it. 130

*First Murd.* How if it come to thee again?

*Sec. Murd.* I'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: it is a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it. 140

*First Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

**KING RICHARD III.**

**Act I. Sc. iv.**

*Sec. Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

*First Murd.* Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee. 150

*Sec. Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?

*First Murd.* Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room.

*Sec. Murd.* O excellent device! make a sop of him.

*First Murd.* Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?

*Sec. Murd.* No, first let's reason with him. 159

*Clar.* Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

*Sec. Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

*Clar.* In God's name, what art thou?

*Sec. Murd.* A man, as you are.

*Clar.* But not, as I am, royal.

*Sec. Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

*Clar.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

*Sec. Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

*Clar.* How darkly and how deadly thou dost speak!  
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?  
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

*Both.* To, to, to— 171

*Clar.* To murder me?

*Both.* Ay, ay.

*Clar.* 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?

*First Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

*Clar.* I shall be reconciled to him again.

*Sec. Murd.* Never, my lord ; therefore prepare to die.

*Clar.* Are you call'd forth from out a world of men 180

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where are the evidence that do accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced

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

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart and lay no hands on me : 190

The deed you undertake is damnable.

*First Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

*Sec. Murd.* And he that hath commanded is the king.

*Clar.* Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings

Hath in the tables of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder : and wilt thou then

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed ; for he holds vengeance in his hands,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

*Sec. Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too : 201

Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,

To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

*First Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow ; and with thy treacherous blade

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

*Sec. Murd.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

*First Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law  
to us,

When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

*Clar.* Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed? 210

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

Why, sirs,

He sends ye not to murder me for this;

For in this sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be revenged for this deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course

To cut off those that have offended him.

*First Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister, 220

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

*Clar.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

*First Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

*Clar.* Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you be hired for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,

Who shall reward you better for my life, 230

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

*Sec. Murd.* You are deceived, your brother Gloucester  
hates you.

*Clar.* O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:

Go you to him from me.

*Both.* Ay, so we will.

*Clar.* Tell him, when that our princely father York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

And charged us from his soul to love each other,

He little thought of this divided friendship:

Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.

*First Murd.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

*Clar.* O, do not slander him, for he is kind. 241

*First Murd.* Right,

As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself:

'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

*Clar.* It cannot be; for when I parted with him,  
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
That he would labour my delivery.

*Sec. Murd.* Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee  
From this world's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

*First Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my  
lord. 250

*Clar.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?  
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on  
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

*Sec. Murd.* What shall we do?

*Clar.* Relent, and save your souls.

*First Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

*Clar.* Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.  
Which of you, if you were a prince's son, 260  
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,  
Would not entreat for life?  
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;  
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,  
As you would beg, were you in my distress:  
A begging prince what beggar pities not?



## KING RICHARD III.

## Act II. Sc. i.

*Sec. Murd.* Look behind you, my lord. 269

*First Murd.* Take that, and that : if all this will not do,  
[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn) [Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.

*Sec. Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!  
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

*Re-enter First Murderer.*

*First Murd.* How now! what mean'st thou, that thou  
help'st me not?

By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art!

*Sec. Murd.* I would he knew that I had saved his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

*First Murd.* So do not I: go, coward as thou art. 280

Now must I hide his body in some hole,

Until the duke take order for his burial:

And when I have my meed, I must away;

For this will out, and here I must not stay. [Exit.

## ACT SECOND.

### Scene I.

*London. The palace.*

*Flourish. Enter King Edward sick, Queen Elizabeth,  
Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and  
others.*

*K. Edw.* Why, so: now have I done a good day's work:

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;  
 And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,  
 Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.  
 Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand ;  
 Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

*Riv.* By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate ;  
 And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

*Hast.* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

*K. Edw.* Take heed you dally not before your king ;  
 Lest he that is the supreme King of kings  
 Confound your hidden falsehood, and award  
 Either of you to be the other's end.

*Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

*Riv.* And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.

*K. Edw.* Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,  
 Nor your son Dorset ; Buckingham, nor you ;  
 You have been factious one against the other. 20  
 Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;  
 And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

*Q. Eliz.* Here, Hastings ; I will never more remember  
 Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine !

*K. Edw.* Dorset, embrace him ; Hastings, love lord  
 marquess.

*Dor.* This interchange of love, I here protest,  
 Upon my part shall be unviolable.

*Hast.* And so swear I, my lord. [*They embrace.*]

*K. Edw.* Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league  
 With thy embracements to my wife's allies, 30  
 And make me happy in your unity.

*Buck.* [*To the Queen*] Whenever Buckingham doth turn  
 his hate

On you or yours, but with all duteous love

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 unto me! this do I beg of God,  
 When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[*They embrace.*]

*K. Edw.* A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham, 41  
 Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.  
 There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,  
 To make the perfect period of this peace.

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glou.* 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, 50  
 Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

*Glou.* A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:  
 Amongst this princely heap, if any here,  
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,  
 Hold me a foe;  
 If I unwittingly, or in my rage,  
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
 By any in this presence, I desire  
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace:  
 'Tis death to me to be at enmity; 60  
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.  
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service;

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
 If ever any grudge were lodged between us ;  
 Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you,  
 That all without desert have frown'd on me ;  
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.  
 I do not know that Englishman alive  
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds, 70  
 More than the infant that is born to-night :  
 I thank my God for my humility.

*Q. Eliz.* A holy day shall this be kept hereafter :  
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded.  
 My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty  
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

*Glou.* Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,  
 To be so flouted in this royal presence ?  
 Who knows not that the noble duke is dead ?

*[They all start.*

You do him injury to scorn his corse. 80

*Riv.* Who knows not he is dead ! who knows he is ?

*Q. Eliz.* All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !

*Buck.* Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest ?

*Dor.* Ay, my good lord ; and no one in this presence  
 But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

*K. Edw.* Is Clarence dead ? the order was reversed.

*Glou.* But he, poor soul, by your first order died,  
 And that a winged Mercury did bear ;  
 Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,  
 That came too lag to see him buried. 90  
 God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,  
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,  
 Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,  
 And yet go current from suspicion !

KING RICHARD III.

Act II. Sc. i.

*Enter Derby.*

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*Der.* A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

*K. Edw.* I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

*Der.* I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

*K. Edw.* Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.

*Der.* The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman 100

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 slew no man; his fault was thought,

And yet his punishment was cruel death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,

Kneel'd at my feet and bade me be advised?

Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake  
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me? 110

Who told me, in the field by 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

Even in his own garments, and gave 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. 120

But when your carters or your waiting-vassals

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced

The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight 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, speak unto myself  
 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all  
 Have been beholding to him in his life;  
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life. 130  
 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. Oh, poor  
 Clarence! [*Exeunt some with King and Queen.*]

*Glou.* This is the fruit of rashness. Mark'd you not  
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen  
 Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?  
 O, they did urge it still unto the king!  
 God will revenge it. But come, let us in,  
 To comfort Edward with our company.

*Buck.* We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.* 140]

## Scene II.

*The palace.*

*Enter the Duchess of York, with the two children  
 of Clarence.*

*Boy.* Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?

*Duch.* No, boy.

*Boy.* Why do you wring your hands, and beat your  
 breast, and cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son'?

*Girl.* Why do you look on us, and shake your head,  
 And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,  
 If that our noble father be alive?

*Duch.* My pretty cousins, you mistake me much.  
 I do lament the sickness of the king,  
 As loath to lose him; not your father's death; 10

It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

*Boy.* Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this :  
 God will revenge it ; whom I will importune  
 With daily prayers all to that effect.

*Girl.* And so will I.

*Duch.* Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you  
 well :

Incapable and shallow innocents,  
 You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

*Boy.* Grandam, we can ; for my good uncle Gloucester  
 Told me, the king, provoked by the queen, 21  
 Devised impeachments to imprison him :  
 And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
 And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my  
 cheek ;

Bade me rely on him as on my father,  
 And he would love me dearly as his child.

*Duch.* Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,  
 And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!  
 He is my son ; yea, and therein my shame ;  
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit. 30

*Boy.* Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

*Duch.* Ay, boy.

*Boy.* I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

*Enter Queen Elizabeth, with her hair about her ears ;  
 Rivers and Dorset after her.*

*Q. Eliz.* Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,  
 To chide my fortune and torment myself ?  
 I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
 And to myself become an enemy.

*Duch.* What means this scene of rude impatience?

*Q. Eliz.* To make an act of tragic violence :

Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead. 40

Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?

Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?

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.

*Duch.* Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow

As I had title in thy noble husband !

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,

And lived by looking on his images : 50

But now two mirrors of his princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,

And I for comfort have but one false glass,

Which 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 thee :

But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,

Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,

Thine being but a moiety of my grief, 60

To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries !

*Boy.* Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death,

How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

*Girl.* Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd ;

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept !

*Q. Eliz.* Give me no help in lamentation ;

I am not barren to bring forth complaints :

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,



May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.

Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward! 71

*Chil.* Oh for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

*Duch.* Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

*Q. Eliz.* What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

*Chil.* What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

*Duch.* What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

*Q. Eliz.* Was never widow had so dear a loss.

*Chil.* Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

*Duch.* Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas, I am the mother of these moans!

80

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;

I for an Edward weep, so do not they:

Alas, you three, on me threefold distress'd

Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

*Dor.* Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd

That you take with unthankfulness his doing: 90

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*Riv.* Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son: send straight for  
him;

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne. 100

*Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings,  
and Ratcliff.*  
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*Glou.* Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause  
To wail the dimming of our shining star;  
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.  
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;  
I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee  
I crave your blessing.

*Duch.* God bless thee, and put meekness in thy mind,  
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

*Glou.* [*Aside*] Amen; and make me die a good old man!  
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing: 110  
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

*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 rancour of your high-swoln hearts,  
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,  
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train, 120  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd  
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

*Riv.* Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

*Buck.* Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,  
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;  
Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:  
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself,

KING RICHARD III.

Act II. Sc. ii.

As well the fear of harm as harm apparent, 130  
 In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

*Glou.* I hope the king made peace with all of us ;  
 And the compact is firm and true in me.

*Riv.* And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :  
 Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
 To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
 Which haply by much company might be urged :  
 Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,  
 That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

*Hast.* And so say I. 140

*Glou.* Then be it so ; and go we to determine  
 Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.  
 Madam, and you, my mother, will you go  
 To give your censures in this weighty business ?

*Q. Eliz.* }  
*Duch.* } With all our hearts.

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.*]

*Buck.* My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,  
 For God's sake, let not us two stay behind ;  
 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 king.

*Glou.* My other self, my counsel's consistory, 151  
 My oracle, my prophet !—My dear cousin,  
 I, like a child, will go by thy direction.  
 Towards Ludlow then, for we 'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene III.

[www.libtool.com](http://www.libtool.com) London. A street.

*Enter two Citizens, meeting.*

*First Cit.* Neighbour, well met : whither away so fast ?

*Sec. Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself :

Hear you the news abroad ?

*First Cit.* Ay, that the king is dead.

*Sec. Cit.* Bad news, by 'r lady, seldom comes the better :

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a troublous world.

*Enter another Citizen.*

*Third Cit.* Neighbours, God speed !

*First Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

*Third Cit.* Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death ?

*Sec. Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help the while !

*Third Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

*First Cit.* No, no ; by God's good grace his son shall reign. 10

*Third Cit.* Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child !

*Sec. Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,

That in his nonage council under him,

And in his full and ripen'd years himself,

No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.

*First Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

*Third Cit.* Stood the state so ? No, no, good friends,  
God wot ;

For then this land was famously enrich'd

With politic grave counsel : then the king 20

Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

*First Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.

*Third Cit.* Better it were they all came by the father,  
 Or by the father there were none at all;  
 For emulation now, who shall be nearest,  
 Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
 O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!  
 And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:  
 And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,  
 This sickly land might solace as before. 30

*First Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all shall be well.

*Third Cit.* When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;  
 When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;  
 When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?  
 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
 All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
 'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

*Sec. Cit.* Truly, the souls of men are full of dread:  
 Ye cannot reason almost with a man  
 That looks not heavily and full of fear. 40

*Third Cit.* Before the times of change, still is it so:  
 By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
 Ensuing dangers; as, by proof, we see  
 The waters swell before a boisterous storm.  
 But leave it all to God. Whither away?

*Sec. Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

*Third Cit.* And so was I: I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene IV.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn) London. The palace.

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.*

*Arch.* Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;  
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:  
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Duch.* I long with all my heart to see the prince:  
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

*Q. Eliz.* But I hear, no; they say my son of York  
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

*York.* Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

*Duch.* Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

*York.* Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper, 10  
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow  
More than my brother: 'Ay,' quoth my uncle  
Gloucester,  
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow  
apace:'

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,  
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make  
haste.

*Duch.* 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 this rule were true, he should be gracious.

*Arch.* Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is. 21

*Duch.* I hope so too; 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.

*Duch.* How, my pretty York? I pray thee, 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. 30

*Duch.* I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?

*York.* Grandam, his nurse.

*Duch.* His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wert  
born.

*York.* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

*Q. Eliz.* A parlous boy: go to, you are too shrewd.

*Arch.* Good madam, be not angry with the child.

*Q. Eliz.* Pitchers have ears.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Arch.* Here comes a messenger. What news?

*Mess.* Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

*Q. Eliz.* How fares the prince?

*Mess.* Well, madam, and in health.

*Duch.* What is thy news then? 41

*Mess.* Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,  
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

*Duch.* Who hath committed them?

*Mess.* The mighty dukes,  
Gloucester and Buckingham.

*Q. Eliz.* For what offence?

*Mess.* The sum of all I can, I have disclosed;  
Why or for what these nobles were committed  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.





## ACT THIRD.

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*London. A street.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Catesby, and others.*

*Buck.* Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

*Glou.* 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.

*Glou.* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years  
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit :  
Nor more can you distinguish of a man  
Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,  
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart. II

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.

*Glou.* My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.*

*May.* 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 20

Act III. Sc. i.

THE TRAGEDY OF

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,  
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 withheld. 30

*Buck.* Fie, what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace  
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York  
Unto his princely brother presently?  
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Card.* 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 mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid 40  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land  
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

*Buck.* You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,  
Too ceremonious and traditional:  
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,  
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
The benefit thereof is always granted  
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,  
And those who have the wit to claim the place: 50

This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it ;  
 And 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.

*Card.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.  
 Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

*Hast.* I go, my lord.

*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come, 61  
 Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

*Glou.* 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 ; 70  
 Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

*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.

*Glou.* [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do never live  
 long.

*Prince.* What say you, uncle ? 80

*Glou.* I say, without characters, fame lives long.

[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,  
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 makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.  
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

*Buck.* What, my gracious lord? 90

*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 lived a king.

*Glou.* [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a forward  
spring.

*Enter young York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.*

*Buck.* Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

*Prince.* Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?  
*York.* Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

*Prince.* Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:  
Too late he died that might have kept that title,  
Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100

*Glou.* 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.

*Glou.* He hath, my lord.

*York.* And therefore is he idle?

*Glou.* O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

*York.* Then he is more beholding to you than I.

*Glou.* He may command me as my sovereign;  
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

**KING RICHARD III.****Act III. Sc. i.**

*York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger. 110

*Glou.* My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

*Prince.* A beggar, brother?

*York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;  
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

*Glou.* A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

*York.* A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.

*Glou.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

*York.* O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts  
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

*Glou.* It is too heavy for your grace to wear. 120

*York.* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

*Glou.* What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

*York.* I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

*Glou.* 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, 130  
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.

*Glou.* My lord, will't please you pass along?  
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham  
Will to your mother, to entreat of her  
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

*York.* What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord? 140

*Prince.* My lord protector needs will have it so.

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower,

*Glou.* Why, 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.

*Glou.* 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.

150

[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but 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?

*Glou.* No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:  
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.  
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,  
As closely to conceal what we impart:  
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way; 160  
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter  
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

*Cate.* He for his father's sake so loves the prince,  
That he will not be won to aught against him.

*Buck.* What think'st thou then of Stanley? what will he?

*Cate.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

*Buck.* Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,  
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose; 171

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,  
 To sit about the coronation.  
 If thou dost find him tractable to us,  
 Encourage him, and show him all our reasons :  
 If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,  
 Be thou so too ; and so break off your talk,  
 And give us notice of his inclination :  
 For we to-morrow hold divided councils,  
 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. 180

*Glou.* Commend me to Lord William : tell him, Catesby,  
 His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
 To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;  
 And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,  
 Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

*Buck.* Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

*Cate.* My good lords both, with all the heed I may.

*Glou.* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep ?

*Cate.* You shall, my lord.

*Glou.* At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both. 190  
 [*Exit Catesby.*]

*Buck.* Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive  
 Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?

*Glou.* Chop off his head, man ; somewhat we will do :  
 And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me  
 The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables  
 Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

*Buck.* I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

*Glou.* And look to have it yielded with all willingness.  
 Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards  
 We may digest our complots in some form. 200  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene II.

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*Before Lord Hastings' house.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* What, ho! my lord!

*Hast.* [*Within*] Who knocks at the door?

*Mess.* A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Hast.* What is 't o'clock?

*Mess.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Hast.* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

*Mess.* So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

*Hast.* And then?

*Mess.* And then he sends you word

10

He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm:  
 Besides, he says there are two councils held;  
 And that may be determined at the one  
 Which may make you and him to rue at the other.  
 Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,  
 If presently you will take horse with him,  
 And with all speed post with him toward 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:

20

His honour and myself are at the one,  
 And at the other is my servant Catesby;  
 Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,  
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.  
 Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:  
 And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond



To trust the mockery 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. 30  
 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.

*Mess.* My gracious lord, I'll tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*]*Enter Catesby.**Cate.* Many good morrows to my noble lord !*Hast.* Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early stirring :  
 What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?*Cate.* It is a reeling world indeed, my lord ;  
 And I believe 'twill never stand upright  
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. 40*Hast.* How ! wear the garland ! dost thou mean the  
 crown ?*Cate.* Ay, my good lord.*Hast.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,  
 Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.  
 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?*Cate.* 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. 50*Hast.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
 Because they have been still mine enemies :  
 But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,  
 To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
 God knows I will not do it, to the death.*Cate.* God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !



And they indeed had no cause to mistrust ;  
 But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.  
 This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt :  
 Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward ! 90  
 What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

*Hast.* Come, come, have with you. Wot you 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 accused them wear their hats.  
 But come, my lord, let us away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

*Hast.* Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

*[Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.]*

How now, sirrah! 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, 100  
 Than when I met thee 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 thyself—  
 This day those enemies are put to death,  
 And I in better state than e'er I was.

*Purs.* God hold it, to your honour's good content!

*Hast.* Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.

*[Throws him his purse.]*

*Purs.* God save your lordship. *[Exit.]*

*Enter a Priest.*

*Priest.* Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

*Hast.* I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart. 111



*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,  
 Fatal and ominous to noble peers! 10  
 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 thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

*Grey.* Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,  
 For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

*Riv.* Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buck-  
 ingham,

Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,  
 To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!  
 And for my sister and her princely sons, 20  
 Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,  
 Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

*Rat.* Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

*Riv.* Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all embrace:  
 And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene IV.

#### *The Tower of London.*

*Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely,  
 Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, and take their seats at  
 a table.*

*Hast.* My lords, at once: 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 fitting for that royal time?

*Der.* It is, and wants 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.* Who, I, my lord! We know each other's faces,  
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine 11  
Than I of yours;  
Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.  
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

*Hast.* I thank his grace, I know he loves me well:  
But, for his purpose in the coronation,  
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd  
His gracious pleasure any way therein:  
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;  
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice, 20  
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Ely.* Now in good time, here comes the duke himself.

*Glou.* My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.  
I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,  
My absence doth neglect no great designs,  
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

*Buck.* Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,  
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—  
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

*Glou.* Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;  
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well. 31

*Hast.* I thank your grace.

*Glou.* My Lord of Ely!

*Ely.* My lord?

*Glou.* When I was last in Holborn,  
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.*

*Glou.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

*[Drawing him aside.*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,  
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,  
As he will lose his head ere give consent 40  
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,  
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow you.

*[Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.*

*Der.* We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden;  
For I myself am not so well provided  
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

*Re-enter Bishop of Ely.*

*Ely.* Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

*Hast.* His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day; 50

There's some conceit or other likes him well,  
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.  
I think there's never a man in Christendom  
That can less hide his love or hate than he;  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Der.* What of his heart perceive you in his face  
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

*Hast.* Marry, that with no man here he is offended;  
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

*Der.* I pray God he be not, I say. 60

*Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.*

*Glou.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve

That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd  
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

*Hast.* The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,  
Makes me most forward in this noble presence  
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be:  
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glou.* Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:  
See how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm 70  
Is like a blasted sapling, withered up:  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Hast.* If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—

*Glou.* If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Tellest thou me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:  
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,  
I will not dine until I see the same.  
Lovell and Ratcliff, look that it be done: 80  
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff and Lovell.*]

*Hast.* Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.  
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;  
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:  
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,  
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.  
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:  
I now repent I told the pursuivant, 90  
As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,  
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,



And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

*Rat.* Dispatch, my lord; 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 hopes in air of your fair looks, 100  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Lov.* Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

*Hast.* O bloody Richard! miserable England!  
I prophesy the fearfull'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 that shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene V.

### *The Tower-walls.*

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten armour,  
marvellous ill-favoured.*

*Glou.* Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy  
colour,

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,  
And then begin again, 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,

10

At any time, to grace my stratagems.

But what, is Catesby gone?

*Glou.* He is ; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

*Enter the Mayor and Catesby.*

*Buck.* Lord mayor,—

*Glou.* Look to the drawbridge there !

*Buck.* Hark ! a drum.

*Glou.* Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

*Buck.* Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—

*Glou.* Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

*Buck.* God and our innocency defend and guard us ! 20

*Glou.* Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

*Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.*

*Lov.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,

The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

*Glou.* So dear I loved the man, that I must weep,

I took him for the plainest harmless creature

That breathed upon this earth a Christian ;

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts :

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,

30

I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,

He lived from all attainder of suspect.

*Buck.* Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor  
That ever lived.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,

Were 't not that, by great preservation,

We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor  
 This day had plotted, in the council-house  
 To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

*May.* What, had he so? 40

*Glou.* What, think you we are Turks or infidels?  
 Or that we would, against the form of law,  
 Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,  
 But that the extreme peril of the case,  
 The peace of England and our persons' safety,  
 Enforced us to this execution?

*May.* Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;  
 And you, my good lords both, have well proceeded,  
 To warn false traitors from the like attempts.  
 I never look'd for better at his hands, 50  
 After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

*Glou.* Yet had not we determined he should die,  
 Until your lordship came to see his death;  
 Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
 Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:  
 Because, my lord, we would have had you heard  
 The traitor speak and timorously confess  
 The manner and the purpose of his treason;  
 That you might well have signified the same  
 Unto the citizens, who haply may 60  
 Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

*May.* But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,  
 As well as I had seen and heard him speak:  
 And doubt you not, right noble princes both,  
 But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
 With all your just proceedings in this cause.

*Glou.* And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,  
 To avoid the carping censures of the world.

*Buck.* But since you come too late of our intents,  
 Yet witness what you hear we did intend: 70  
 And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

*Glou.* Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
 The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:  
 There, at your meet'st advantage 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 80  
 And bestial appetite in change of lust;  
 Which stretched to their servants, daughters, wives,  
 Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,  
 Without control, listed to make his prey.  
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:  
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
 Of that unsatiate 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; 90  
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
 Being nothing like the noble duke my father:  
 But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;  
 Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

*Buck.* Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator,  
 As if the golden fee for which I plead  
 Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

*Glou.* If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;  
 Where you shall find me well accompanied

KING RICHARD III.

Act III. Sc. vi.

With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops. 100

*Buck.* I go; ~~and towards three or four~~ o'clock

Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*]

*Glou.* Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;

[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both  
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

Now will I in, to take some privy order,

To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;

And to give notice, that no manner of person

At any time have recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

Scene VI.

*The same. A street.*

*Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.*

*Scriv.* This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,

That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.

And mark how well the sequel hangs together:

Eleven hours I spent to write it over,

For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;

The precedent was full as long a-doing:

And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings,

Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.

Here's a good world the while! Why, who's so  
gross, 10

That seeth not this palpable device?

Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not?

Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,

When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.

[*Exit.*]

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Scene VII.

*Baynard's Castle.*

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.*

*Glou.* How now, my lord, what say the citizens?

*Buck.* Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,  
The citizens are mum, and speak not a word.

*Glou.* Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

*Buck.* I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,  
And his contract by deputy in France;  
The insatiate greediness of his desires,  
And his enforcement of the city wives;  
His tyranny for trifles; his own<sup>^</sup> bastardy,  
As being got, your father then in France, 10  
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 mine oratory grew to an end, 20  
I bid them that did love their country's good  
Cry ' God save Richard, England's royal king!'

*Glou.* Ah! and did they so?

*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a word;  
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,  
Gazed each on 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 wont  
 To be spoke to but by the recorder. 30  
 Then he was urged to tell my tale again:  
 'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke in-  
 ferr'd';

But nothing spake in warrant from himself.  
 When he had done, some followers of mine own  
 At the lower end of the hall hurl'd up their caps,  
 And some ten voices cried 'God save King Rich-  
 ard!'

And thus I took the vantage of those few,  
 'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends!' quoth I,  
 'This general applause and loving shout  
 Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard;' 40  
 And even here brake off, and came away.

*Glou.* What tongueless blocks were they! would they not  
 speak?

*Buck.* No, by my troth, my lord.

*Glou.* Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

*Buck.* The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;  
 Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:  
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
 And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;  
 For on that ground I'll build a holy descant:  
 And be not easily won to our request; 50  
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

*Glou.* I go; and if you plead as well for them  
 As I can say nay to thee for myself,  
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

*Buck.* Go, go up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.

[*Exit Gloucester.*]

*Enter the Mayor and Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;  
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

*Enter Catesby.*

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby,  
What says he?

*Cate.* My lord, he doth entreat your grace  
To visit him to-morrow or next day: 60  
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,  
Divinely bent to meditation;  
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buck.* Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,  
In deep designs and matters of great moment,  
No less importing than our general good,  
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

*Cate.* I'll tell him what you say, my lord. [*Exit.* 70

*Buck.* Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!  
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,  
But on his knees at meditation;  
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,  
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 gracious prince  
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:  
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it. 80

*May.* Marry, God forbid his grace should say us nay!

*Buck.* I fear he will.



*Re-enter Catesby.*

How now, Catesby, what says your lord?

*Cate.*

My lord,

He wonders to what end you have assembled  
Such troops of citizens to speak with him,  
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:  
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

*Buck.*

Sorry I am my noble cousin should  
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:  
By heaven, I come in perfect love to him;      90  
And so once more return and tell his grace.

*[Exit Catesby.]*

When holy and devout religious men  
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,  
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter Gloucester aloft, between two Bishops.  
Catesby returns.*

*May.* See, where he stands between two clergymen!

*Buck.*

Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,  
To stay him from the fall of vanity:  
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,  
True ornaments to know a holy man.  
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,      100  
Lend favourable ears to our request;  
And pardon us the interruption  
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

*Glou.*

My lord, there needs no such apology:  
I rather do beseech you pardon me,  
Who, earnest in the service of my God,  
Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

*Buck.* Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,  
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle. 110

*Glou.* I do suspect I have done some offence  
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,  
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buck.* You have, my lord: would it might please your  
grace,

At our entreaties, to amend that fault!

*Glou.* Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

*Buck.* Then know, it is your fault that you resign  
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,  
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,  
Your state of fortune and your due of birth, 120  
The lineal glory of your royal house,

To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:  
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,  
Which here we waken to our country's good,  
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;  
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,  
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,  
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf  
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.

Which to recure, we heartily solicit 130

Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
And kingly government of this your land;  
Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
Or lowly factor for another's gain;  
But as successively, from blood to blood,  
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
For this, consorted with the citizens,  
Your very worshipful and loving friends,

And by their vehement instigation,  
 In this just suit come I to move your grace. 140  
*Glou.* I know not whether to depart in silence,  
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition:  
 If not to answer, you might haply think  
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
 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. 150  
 Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,  
 And then, in speaking, not to 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 my ripe revenue and due by birth;  
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
 So mighty and so many my defects, 160  
 As I had 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 thanked, there's no need of me,  
 And much I need to help you, if need were;  
 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, no doubt, us happy by his reign. 170

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 he was contract to Lady Lucy—  
 Your mother lives a witness to that vow— 180  
 And afterward by substitute betroth'd  
 To Bona, sister to the King of France.  
 These both put by, a poor petitioner,  
 A care-crazed mother of a many children,  
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
 Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,  
 Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts  
 To base declension and loathed bigamy:  
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got 190  
 This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.  
 More bitterly could I expostulate,  
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,  
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.  
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self  
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity;  
 If not to bless us and the land withal,  
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry  
 From the corruption of abusing times,  
 Unto a lineal true-derived course. 200

*May.* Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

*Buck.* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

*Cate.* O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

*Glou.* Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

*Buck.* If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,  
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;  
As well we know your tenderness of heart      210  
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,  
Which we have noted in you to your kin,  
And egally indeed to all estates,—  
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,  
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;  
But we will plant some other in the throne,  
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:  
And in this resolution here we leave you.  
Come, citizens: 'zounds! I'll entreat no more.

*Glou.* O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.      220

[*Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.*]

*Cate.* Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit:

*Another.* Do, good my lord, lest all the land do rue it.

*Glou.* Would you enforce me to a world of care?

Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,

But penetrable to your kind entreats,

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

*Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and you 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:      230  
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach

Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me  
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof;  
 For God he knows, and you may partly see,  
 How far I am from the desire thereof.

*May.* God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

*Glou.* In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

*Buck.* Then I salute you with this kingly title:  
 Long live Richard, England's royal king! 240

*May and Cit.* Amen.

*Buck.* To-morrow will it please you to be crown'd?

*Glou.* Even when you please, since you will have it so.

*Buck.* To-morrow then we will attend your grace:  
 And so most joyfully we take our leave.

*Glou.* Come, let us to our holy task again.  
 Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT FOURTH.

### Scene I.

*Before the Tower.*

*Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset; on the other, Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter.*

*Duch.* Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet  
 Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?  
 Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,  
 On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.  
 Daughter, well met.

- Anne.* God give your graces both  
A happy and a joyful time of day!  
*Q. Eliz.* As much to you, good sister! Whither away?  
*Anne.* No farther than the Tower, and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there. 10  
*Q. Eliz.* Kind sister, thanks: well 'll enter all together.

*Enter Brakenbury.*

- 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?  
*Brak.* Right well, dear madam. By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them;  
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.  
*Q. Eliz.* The king! why, who's that?  
*Brak.* I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector.  
*Q. Eliz.* The Lord protect him from that kingly title! 20  
Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?  
I am their mother; who should keep me from them?  
*Duch.* I am their father's mother; I will see them.  
*Anne.* Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:  
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,  
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.  
*Brak.* No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:  
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

- Stan.* Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,  
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, 30  
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.  
[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to  
Westminster,

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

*Q. Eliz.* O, cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart  
 May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon  
 With this dead-killing news!

*Anne.* Despiteful tidings! O displeasing news!

*Dor.* Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your grace?

*Q. Eliz.* O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!  
 Death and destruction dog thee at the heels; 40  
 Thy mother's name is ominous to children.  
 If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,  
 And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:  
 Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,  
 Lest thou increase the number of the dead;  
 And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,  
 Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

*Stan.* Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.  
 Take all the swift advantage of the hours;  
 You shall have letters from me to my son 50  
 To meet you on the way, and welcome you.  
 Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

*Duch.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery!  
 O my accursed womb, the bed of death!  
 A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
 Whose unavoyded eye is murderous.

*Stan.* Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

*Anne.* And I in all unwillingness will go.  
 I would to God that the inclusive verge  
 Of golden metal that must round my brow 60  
 Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!  
 Anointed let me be with deadly venom,  
 And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!

*Q. Eliz.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;



To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

*Anne.* No! why? When he that is my husband now  
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,  
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his  
hands

Which issued from my other angel husband,  
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;  
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face, 71  
This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accursed,  
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—  
As miserable by the death of thee  
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!  
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words, 80  
And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,  
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest;  
For never yet one hour in his bed  
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,  
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.  
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Q. Eliz.* Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

*Anne.* No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

*Dor.* Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory! 90

*Anne.* Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!

*Duch.* [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good  
fortune guide thee!

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels  
guard thee!

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!  
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,  
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

*Q. Eliz.* Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.  
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes  
Whom envy hath immured within your walls! 100  
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!  
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow  
For tender princes, use my babies well!  
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene II.

*London. The palace.*

*Sennet. Enter Richard, in pomp, crowned; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.*

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!

*Buck.* My gracious sovereign?

*K. Rich.* Give me thy hand.

[*Here he ascendeth the throne.*]

Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:

But shall we wear these honours for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

*Buck.* Still live they, and for ever may they last!

*K. Rich.* O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be current gold indeed:

Young Edward lives: think now what I would say.

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord. 11

*K. Rich.* Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

*Buck.* Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

*K. Rich.* Ha! am I king? 'tis so: but Edward lives.

*Buck.* True, noble prince.

*K. Rich.* O bitter consequence,  
That Edward still should live true noble prince!  
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:  
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;  
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.  
What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief. 20

*Buck.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth:  
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

*Buck.* Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,  
Before I positively speak herein:  
I will resolve your grace immediately. [Exit.

*Cate.* [Aside to a stander by] The king is angry: see, he  
bites the lip.

*K. Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools  
And unrespective boys: none are for me  
That look into me with considerate eyes: 30  
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.  
Boy!

*Page.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold  
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

*Page.* My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,  
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:  
Gold were as good as twenty orators,  
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

*K. Rich.* What is his name?

*Page.* His name, my lord, is Tyrrel. 40

*K. Rich.* I partly know the man: go, call him hither.  
[Exit Page.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham  
 No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel:  
 Hath he so long held out with me untired,  
 And stops he now for breath?

*Enter Stanley.*

How now! what news with you?

*Stan.* My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled  
 To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas  
 Where he abides. *[Stands apart.*

*K. Rich.* Catesby! 50

*Cate.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* 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 straight to Clarence' daughter:  
 The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.  
 Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out  
 That Anne my wife is sick, and like to die:  
 About it; for it stands me much upon, 60  
 To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.  
*[Exit Catesby.*

I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
 Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.  
 Murder her brothers, and then marry her!  
 Uncertain way of gain! But I am in  
 So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:  
 Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

*Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.*

Is thy name Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

*K. Rich.* Art thou, indeed?

*Tyr.* Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

*K. Rich.* Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine? 71

*Tyr.* Ay, my lord;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

*K. Rich.* Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers

Are they that I would have thee deal upon:

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. Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,

Tyrrel:

80

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 too.

*Tyr.* 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?

*Tyr.* Ye shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter Buckingham.*

*Buck.* My lord, I have consider'd in my mind

The late demand that you did sound me in.

*K. Rich.* Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

*Buck.* I hear that news, my lord.

90

*K. Rich.* Stanley, he is your wife's son: well, look to it.

*Buck.* My lord, I claim your gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;

The earldom of Hereford and the moveables

The which you promised I should possess.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey  
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*Buck.* What says your highness to my just demand?

*K. Rich.* As I remember, Henry the Sixth  
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king, 100  
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.  
A king, perhaps, perhaps,—

*Buck.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* How chance the prophet could not at that time  
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

*Buck.* My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

*K. Rich.* Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,  
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,  
And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,  
Because a bard of Ireland told me once, 110  
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

*Buck.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* Ay, what 's o'clock?

*Buck.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind  
Of what you promised me.

*K. Rich.* Well, but what 's o'clock?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

*Buck.* Why let it strike?

*K. Rich.* Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke  
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.  
I am not in the giving vein to-day. 120

*Buck.* Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut,  
Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham.*]

*Buck.* Is it even so? rewards he my true service

With such deep contempt? made I him king for this?  
 O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone  
 To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [*Exit.*]

### Scene III.

*The same.*

*Enter Tyrrel.*

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,  
 The most arch act of piteous massacre  
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
 Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
 To do this ruthless piece of butchery,  
 Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
 Melting with tenderness and kind compassion  
 Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.  
 'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes':  
 'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another  
 Within their innocent alabaster arms:           11  
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
 Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.  
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay;  
 Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my  
 mind;  
 But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;  
 Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered  
 The most replenished sweet work of nature  
 That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'  
 Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse;  
 They could not speak; and so I left them both,   21  
 To bring this tidings to the bloody king.  
 And here he comes.

*Enter King Richard.*

All hail, my sovereign liege!

*K. Rich.* 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, my lord.

*K. Rich.* But didst thou see them dead?

*Tyr.* I did, my lord.

*K. Rich.* And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;  
But how or in what place I do not know. 30

*K. Rich.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,  
And thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till soon. *[Exit Tyrrel.]*

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 the world good night.  
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims 40  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown,  
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cate.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* Good news or bad, that thou comest in so  
bluntly?

*Cate.* Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;  
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,  
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

*K. Rich.* Ely with Richmond troubles me more near



Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army. 50  
 Come, I have heard that fearful commenting  
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay;  
 Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:  
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,  
 Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!  
 Come, muster men: my counsel is my shield;  
 We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene IV.

*Before the palace.*

*Enter Queen Margaret.*

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to mellow  
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.  
 Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,  
 To watch the waning of mine adversaries.  
 A dire induction am I witness to,  
 And will to France, hoping the consequence  
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.  
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

*Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.*

*Q. Eliz.* Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes!  
 My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets! 10  
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
 And be not fix'd 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.  
*Duch.* So many miseries have crazed my voice,

That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.  
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

*Q. Mar.* Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet, 20  
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

*Q. Eliz.* Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,  
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

*Q. Mar.* When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

*Duch.* Blind sight, dead life, 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,

*[Sitting down.]*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood! 30

*Q. Eliz.* O, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave  
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!  
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.  
O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?

*[Sitting down by her.]*

*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverend,  
Give mine the benefit of seniory,  
And let my woes frown on the upper hand.  
If sorrow can admit society,

*[Sitting down with them.]*

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:  
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him; 40  
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:  
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;  
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

*Duch.* I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;  
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.  
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death :  
 That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,  
 To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood, 50  
 That foul defacer of God's handiwork,  
 That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,  
 That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,  
 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,  
 And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

*Duch.* O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!  
 God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 60

*Q. Mar.* Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,  
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.  
 Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward.  
 Thy 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 kill'd my Edward;  
 And the beholders of this tragic play,  
 The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,  
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 70  
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,  
 Only reserved their factor, to buy souls  
 And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,  
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:  
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
 To have him suddenly convey'd away.  
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
 That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

*Q. Eliz.* O, thou didst prophesy the time would come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse      80  
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!

*Q. Mar.* I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;  
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;  
The presentation of but what I was;  
The flattering index of a direful pageant;  
One heaved a-high, to be hur'd down below;  
A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;  
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,  
A sign of dignity, a garish flag,  
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;      90  
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?  
Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?  
Who sues to thee, and cries 'God save the queen'?  
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?  
Where be the thronging troops that followed 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 queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;      100  
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;  
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 not  
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?      110  
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;

From which even here I slip my weary neck,  
 And leave the burthen of it all on thee.  
 Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance  
 These English woes will make me smile in France.

*Q. Eliz.* 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 fairer than they were, 120  
 And he that slew them fouler than he is:  
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:  
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

*Q. Eliz.* My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp and pierce like mine. [Exit.]

*Duch.* Why should calamity be full of words?

*Q. Eliz.* Windy attorneys to their client woes,  
 Airy succeeders of intestate joys,  
 Poor breathing orators of miseries!  
 Let them have scope: though what they do impart  
 Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart. 131

*Duch.* If so, then be not tongued-tied: go with me,  
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother  
 My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smother'd.  
 I hear his drum: be copious in exclaims.

*Enter King Richard, marching, with drums and trumpets.*

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts my expedition?

*Duch.* O, she that might have intercepted thee,  
 By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
 From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

*Q. Eliz.* Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,  
Where should be graven, if that right were right, 141  
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,  
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?  
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

*Duch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

*Q. Eliz.* Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say! 150

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

*Duch.* Art thou my son?

*K. Rich.* Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

*Duch.* Then patiently hear my impatience.

*K. Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,

Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Duch.* O, let me speak!

*K. Rich.* Do then; but I'll not hear.

*Duch.* I will be mild and gentle in my speech. 160

*K. Rich.* And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

*Duch.* Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,

God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you?

*Duch.* No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,

Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy; 168

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious,

KING RICHARD III.

Act IV. Sc. iv.

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,  
 Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous;  
 More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:  
 What comfortable hour canst thou name,  
 That ever graced me in thy company?

*K. Rich.* Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd  
 your grace  
 To breakfast once forth of my company.  
 If I be so disgracious in your sight,  
 Let me march on, and not offend your grace.  
 Strike up the drum.

*Duch.* I prithee, hear me speak.

*K. Rich.* You speak too bitterly.

*Duch.* Hear me a word; 180  
 For I shall never speak to thee again.

*K. Rich.* So.

*Duch.* Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,  
 Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,  
 Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish  
 And never look upon thy face again.  
 Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;  
 Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more  
 Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!  
 My prayers on the adverse party fight; 190  
 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.*

*Q. Eliz.* Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to  
 curse

Abides in me; I say amen to all.

*K. Rich.* Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

*Q. Eliz.* I have no more sons of the royal blood 199

For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,  
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;  
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

*K. Rich.* You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,  
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

*Q. Eliz.* And must she die for this? O, let her live,  
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;  
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;  
Throw over her the veil of infamy:  
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,  
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter. 210

*K. Rich.* Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

*Q. Eliz.* To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

*K. Rich.* Her life is only safest in her birth.

*Q. Eliz.* And only in that safety died her brothers.

*K. Rich.* Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

*Q. Eliz.* No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

*K. Rich.* All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

*Q. Eliz.* True, when avoided grace makes destiny:  
My babes were destined to a fairer death,  
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life. 220

*K. Rich.* You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

*Q. Eliz.* Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd  
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.  
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,  
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:  
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,  
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,  
To revel in the entrails 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; 231  
 And I, in such a desperate bay of death,  
 Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,  
 Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*K. Rich.* Madam, so 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 were by me wrong'd!

*Q. Eliz.* What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,  
 To be discover'd, that can do me good? 240

*K. Rich.* The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

*K. Rich.* No, to the dignity and height of honour,  
 The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

*Q. Eliz.* Flatter my sorrows with report of it;  
 Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,  
 Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

*K. Rich.* Even all I have; yea, and myself and all,  
 Will I withal endow a child of thine;  
 So in the Lethe of thy angry soul 250  
 Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,  
 Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

*Q. Eliz.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness  
 Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

*K. Rich.* Then know, that from my soul I love thy  
 daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

*K. Rich.* What do you think?

*Q. Eliz.* 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. 260

*K. Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:  
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,  
And mean to make her Queen of England.

*Q. Eliz.* Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

*K. Rich.* Even he that makes her queen: who should be  
else?

*Q. Eliz.* What, thou?

*K. Rich.* I, even I: what think you of it, madam?

*Q. Eliz.* How canst thou woo her?

*K. Rich.* That would I learn of you,  
As one that are best acquainted with her humour.

*Q. Eliz.* And wilt thou learn of me?

*K. Rich.* Madam, with all my heart. 270

*Q. Eliz.* Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,  
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave  
Edward and York; then haply she will weep:  
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—  
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,  
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.  
If this inducement force her not to love,  
Send her a story of thy noble acts; 280  
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,  
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

*K. Rich.* Come, come, you mock me; this is not the way  
To win your daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* There is no other way;  
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

KING RICHARD III.

Act IV. Sc. iv.

*K. Rich.* Say that I did all this for love of her.

*Q. Eliz.* Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,  
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil. 290

*K. Rich.* Look, what is done cannot be now amended :

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.  
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends, I 'll give it to your daughter.  
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your increase, I will beget  
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 ; 300

They are as children but one step below,  
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;  
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans  
Endured 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. 310

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: 320  
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed  
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,  
 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 the aspiring flame  
 Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess  
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys: 330  
 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.
- Q. Eliz.* 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, 340  
 That God, the law, my honour and her love,  
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?
- K. Rich.* Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
- Q. Eliz.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.
- K. Rich.* Say that the king, which may command, entreats.
- Q. Eliz.* That at her hands which the king's King forbids.
- K. Rich.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
- Q. Eliz.* To wail the title, as her mother doth.
- K. Rich.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.
- Q. Eliz.* But how long shall that title 'ever' last? 350
- K. Rich.* Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

*Q. Eliz.* But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

*K. Rich.* So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

*Q. Eliz.* So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

*K. Rich.* Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

*Q. Eliz.* But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

*K. Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

*Q. Eliz.* An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

*K. Rich.* Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

*Q. Eliz.* Plain and not honest is too harsh a style. 360

*K. Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

*Q. Eliz.* O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

*Q. Eliz.* Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

*K. Rich.* Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

*Q. Eliz.* Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

*K. Rich.* I swear—

*Q. Eliz.* By nothing; for this is no oath:

The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;

The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory. 371

If something thou wilt swear to be believed,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

*K. Rich.* Now, by the world—

*Q. Eliz.* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*K. Rich.* My father's death—

*Q. Eliz.* Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

*K. Rich.* Then, by myself—

*Q. Eliz.* Thyself thyself misusest.

*K. Rich.* Why then, by God—

*Q. Eliz.* God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,

The unity the king thy brother made  
 Had not been broken, nor my brother slain : 380  
 If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,  
 The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,  
 Had graced the tender temples of my child,  
 And both the princes had been breathing here,  
 Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,  
 Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.  
 What canst thou swear by now ?

*K. Rich.* The time to come.

*Q. Eliz.* That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast ;  
 For I myself have many tears to wash  
 Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee. 390  
 The children live, whose parents thou hast slaugh-  
 ter'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 with their age.  
 Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast  
 Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.

*K. Rich.* As I intend to prosper and repent,  
 So thrive I in my dangerous attempt  
 Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !  
 Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours ! 400  
 Day, yield me not thy light ; nor, night, thy rest !  
 Be opposite all planets of good luck  
 To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,  
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !  
 In her consists my happiness and thine ;  
 Without her, follows to this land and me,  
 To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,  
 Death, desolation, ruin and decay :

It cannot be avoided but by this ; 410

It will not be avoided but by this.

Therefore, good 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-fond in great designs.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I forget myself to be myself ? 420

*K. Rich.* Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

*Q. Eliz.* But thou didst kill my children.

*K. Rich.* But in your daughter's womb I bury them :

Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed

Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

*K. Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

*Q. Eliz.* I go. Write to me very shortly,

And you shall understand from me her mind.

*K. Rich.* Bear her my true love's kiss ; and so, farewell.

[*Exit Queen Elizabeth.* 430

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

*Enter Ratcliff ; Catesby following.*

How now ! what news ?

*Rat.* My gracious sovereign, on the western coast

Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shore

Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,

Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back :

'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;

And there they hull, expecting but the aid

Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

*K. Rich.* Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of  
Norfolk. 440

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?

*Cate.* Here, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Fly to the duke. [*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to  
Salisbury:

When thou comest thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull un-  
mindful villain,

Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?

*Cate.* First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind,  
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

*K. Rich.* O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight  
The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me presently at Salisbury. 450

*Cate.* I go. [*Exit.*]

*Rat.* What is 't your highness' pleasure I shall do  
At Salisbury?

*K. Rich.* Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

*Rat.* Your highness told me I should post before.

*K. Rich.* My mind is changed, sir, my mind is changed.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

How now, what news with you?

*Stan.* None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing;  
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

*K. Rich.* Hoyday, a riddle! neither goor nor bad! 460  
Why dost thou run so many mile about,  
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?  
Once more, what news?

*Stan.* Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him!



White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

*Stan.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

*K. Rich.* Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?

*Stan.* Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,  
He makes for England, there to claim the crown.

*K. Rich.* Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?  
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd? 471  
What heir of York is there alive but we?  
And who is England's king but great York's heir?  
Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?

*Stan.* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

*K. Rich.* Unless for that he comes to be your liege,  
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.  
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

*Stan.* No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

*K. Rich.* Where is thy power then to beat him back?  
Where are thy tenants and thy followers? 481  
Are they not now upon the western shore,  
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

*Stan.* No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

*K. Rich.* Cold friends to Richard: what do they in the  
north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

*Stan.* They have not been commanded, mighty sovereign:  
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. 490

*K. Rich.* Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Rich-  
mond:

I will not trust you, sir.

*Stan.* Most mighty sovereign,  
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:  
I never was nor never will be false.

*K. Rich.* Well,  
 Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind  
 Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,  
 Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

*Stan.* So deal with him as I prove true to you. [Exit.]

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire, 500  
 As I by friends am well advertised,  
 Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate  
 Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,  
 With many moe confederates, are in arms.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sec. Mess.* My liege, in Kent, the Guildfords are in arms;  
 And every hour more competitors  
 Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Third Mess.* My lord, the army of the Duke of Buck-  
 ingham—

*K. Rich.* Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of death?  
 [He striketh him.]

Take that, until thou bring me better news. 510

*Third Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty  
 Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
 Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;  
 And he himself wander'd away alone,  
 No man knows whither.

*K. Rich.* 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?

*Third Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Fourth Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis  
Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms. 521

Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,

The Breton navy is dispersed 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,

Hoised sail and made away for Brittany.

*K. Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up in arms ;

If not to fight with foreign enemies, 531

Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Re-enter Catesby.*

*Cate.* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken ;

That is the best news : that the Earl of Richmond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,

Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

*K. Rich.* Away towards Salisbury ! while we reason here,

A royal battle might be won and lost :

Some one take order Buckingham be brought

To Salisbury ; the rest march on with me. 540

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

## Scene V.

*Lord Derby's house.*

*Enter Derby and Sir Christopher Urswick.*

*Der.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :

That in the sty of this most bloody boar

My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold :  
 If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;  
 The fear of that withholds my present aid.  
 But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

*Chris.* At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

*Der.* What men of name resort to him ?

*Chris.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;  
 Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley ; 10  
 Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,  
 And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,  
 And many moe of noble fame and worth :  
 And towards London they do bend their course,  
 If by the way they be not fought withal.

*Der.* Return unto thy lord ; commend me to him :  
 Tell him the queen hath heartily consented  
 He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
 These letters will resolve him of my mind.  
 Farewell.

[*Exeunt.* 20

## ACT FIFTH.

### Scene I.

*Salisbury. An open place.*

*Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberds,  
 led to execution.*

*Buck.* Will not King Richard let me speak with him ?

*Sher.* No, my good lord ; therefore be patient.

*Buck.* Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,  
 Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,  
 Vaughan, and all that have miscarried  
 By underhand corrupted foul injustice,

If that your moody discontented souls  
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
 Even for revenge mock my destruction!  
 This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not? 10

*Sher.* It is, my lord.

*Buck.* Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.  
 This is the day that in King Edward's time,  
 I wish'd might fall on me when I was found  
 False to his children or his wife's allies;  
 This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall  
 By the false faith of him I trusted most;  
 This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul  
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:  
 That high All-seer that I dallied with 20  
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
 And given 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:  
 Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head;  
 'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with  
 sorrow,  
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'  
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;  
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene 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,  
 Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
 Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on without impediment ;  
 And here receive we from our father Stanley  
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,  
 That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,  
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his  
 trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine      10  
 Lies now even in the centre of this isle,  
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :  
 From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.  
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,  
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

*Oxf.* Every 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, 20  
 Which in his greatest need will shrink 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.

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene III.

#### *Bosworth Field.*

*Enter King Richard in arms with Norfolk, the Earl of  
 Surrey, and others.*

*K. Rich.* Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.  
 My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

*Sur.* My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

*K. Rich.* My Lord of Norfolk,—

KING RICHARD III.

Act V. Sc. iii.

*Nor.* Here, most gracious liege.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

*Nor.* We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Up with my tent there! here will I lie to-night:

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the foe?

*Nor.* Six or seven thousand is their utmost power. 10

*K. Rich.* Why, our battalion trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse party want.

Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the field;

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.]

*Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.*

*Richm.* The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And by the bright track of his fiery car 20

Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent:

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small strength.

My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,

And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.

The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:

Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, 30

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 go'st,  
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

*Blunt.* Unless I have mista'en his colours much,  
Which well I am assured I have not done,  
His regiment lies half a mile at least  
South from the mighty power of the king.

*Richm.* If without peril it be possible,  
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, 40  
And give him from me this poor needful scroll.

*Blunt.* Upon my life, my lord, I 'll undertake it ;  
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

*Richm.* Good-night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business :  
In to our tent ! the air is raw and cold.

*[They withdraw into the tent.*

*Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff,  
Catesby, and others.*

*K. Rich.* What is 't o'clock?

*Cate.* It 's supper-time, my lord ;  
It 's nine o' clock.

*K. Rich.* I will not sup to-night.  
Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was ! 50  
And all my armour laid into my tent ?

*Cate.* It is, my liege ; and all things are in readiness.

*K. Rich.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;  
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

*Nor.* I go, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.



KING RICHARD III.

Act V. Sc. iii.

*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Catesby!

*Cate.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power 60

Before sunrising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit Catesby.*

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff!

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumber-  
land?

*Rat.* Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,

Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop 70

Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

*K. Rich.* So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat.*

It is, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Bid my guard watch. Leave me. Ratcliff,

About the mid of night come to my tent,

And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

[*Exeunt Ratcliff and the other attendants.*

*Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent, Lords and others  
attending.*

*Der.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

*Richm.* All comfort that the dark night can afford 80

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

*Der.* I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,  
 Who prays continually for Richmond's good:  
 So much for that. The silent hours steal on,  
 And flaky darkness breaks within the east.  
 In brief, for so the season bids us be,  
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning,  
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. 90  
 I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—  
 With best advantage will deceive the time,  
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:  
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,  
 Be executed in his father's sight.  
 Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time  
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,  
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,  
 Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon:  
 God give us leisure for these rites of love! 101  
 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 peise me down to-morrow,  
 When I should mount with wings of victory:  
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*]

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,  
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye;  
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath, 110  
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries!

KING RICHARD III.

Act V. Sc. iii.

Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
 That we may praise thee in the victory!  
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:  
 Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [Sleeps.]

*Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth.*

*Ghost.* [To Richard] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth  
 At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die! 120  
 [To Richmond] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the  
 wronged souls  
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:  
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.*

*Ghost.* [To Richard] When I was mortal, my anointed body

By thee was punched full of deadly holes:  
 Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die!  
 Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!  
 [To Richmond] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!  
 Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,  
 Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish!

*Enter the Ghost of Clarence.*

*Ghost.* [To Richard] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! 131

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,  
 Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death.  
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!

[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of  
Lancaster,

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:  
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

*Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.*

*Ghost of R.* [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul  
to-morrow,

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die! 140

*Ghost of G.* [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and let thy  
soul despair!

*Ghost of V.* [*To Richard*] Think upon Vaughan, and,  
with guilty fear,

Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!

*All.* [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs in  
Richard's bosom

Will conquer him! awake, and win the day!

*Enter the Ghost of Hastings.*

*Ghost.* [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,  
And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!

[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake!  
awake!

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

*Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.*

*Ghosts.* [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins smothered in  
the Tower: 151

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,  
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!  
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!

[*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and  
 wake in joy;  
 Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!  
 Live, and beget a happy race of kings!  
 Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne his wife.*

*Ghost.* [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that wretched  
 Anne thy wife,  
 That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 160  
 Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:  
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
 And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!  
 [*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet  
 sleep:  
 Dream of success and happy victory!  
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.*

*Ghost.* [*To Richard*] The first was I that helped thee to  
 the crown;  
 The last was I that felt thy tyranny:  
 O, in the battle think on Buckingham,  
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness! 170  
 Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:  
 Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!  
 [*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend thee  
 aid:  
 But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:  
 God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;  
 And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

*[The Ghosts vanish. King Richard  
 starts out of his dream.]*

*K. Rich.* Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.  
 Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!  
 The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.  
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh. 181  
 What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:  
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.  
 Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:  
 Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:  
 Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?  
 Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good  
 That I myself have done unto myself?  
 O, no! alas, I rather hate myself  
 For hateful deeds committed by myself! 190  
 I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.  
 Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.  
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;  
 Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;  
 All several sins, all used in each degree,  
 Throng to the bar, crying all 'Guilty! guilty!'  
 I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;  
 And if I die, no soul will pity me: 201  
 Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself  
 Find in myself no pity to myself?  
 Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd  
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat  
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

*Enter Ratcliff.*

*Rat.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* 'Zounds! who is there?

KING RICHARD III.

Act V. Sc. iii.

*Rat.* Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock  
Hath twice done salutation to the morn; 210  
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!  
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all  
true?

*Rat.* No doubt, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

*K. Rich.* By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers  
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.  
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me; 220  
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,  
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his tent.*

*Lords.* Good morrow, Richmond!

*Richm.* Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,  
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

*Lords.* How have you slept, my lord?

*Richm.* The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams  
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,  
Have I since your departure had, my lords.  
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard mur-  
der'd, 230

Came to my tent, and cried on victory:  
I promise you, my soul is very jocund  
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.  
How far into the morning is it, lords?

*Lords.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Richm.* Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

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HIS ORATION TO HIS SOLDIERS.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
 The leisure and enforcement of the time  
 Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,  
 God and our good cause fight upon our side;      240  
 The prayers 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 raised 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      250  
 Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;  
 One that hath ever been God's enemy;  
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
 God will in justice ward you as his 'soldiers';  
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;  
 If you do fight against your country's foes,  
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;  
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;  
 If you do free your children from the sword,      261  
 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.



KING RICHARD III.

Act V. Sc. iii.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
Shall be this cold corpse 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 and cheerfully ;  
God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory !

[*Exeunt.* 270

*Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants and Forces.*

*K. Rich.* What said Northumberland as touching Richmond ?

*Rat.* That he was never trained up in arms.

*K. Rich.* He said the truth : and what said Surrey, then ?

*Rat.* He smiled and said ' The better for our purpose.'

*K. Rich.* He was in the right ; and so indeed it is.

[*The clock striketh.*

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.

Who saw the sun to-day ?

*Rat.* Not I, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine ; for by the book

He should have braved the east an hour ago :

A black day will it be to somebody.

280

Ratcliff !

*Rat.* My lord ?

*K. Rich.* The sun will not be seen to-day ;

The sky doth frown and lour 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 selfsame heaven

That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

*Re-enter Norfolk.*

*Nor.* Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.  
 Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power: 290  
 I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,  
 And thus my battle shall be ordered:  
 My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,  
 Consisting equally of horse and foot;  
 Our archers shall be placed in the midst:  
 John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,  
 Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.  
 They thus directed, we will follow  
 In the main battle, whose puissance on either side  
 Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse. 300  
 This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st thou,  
 Norfolk?

*Nor.* A good direction, warlike sovereign.  
 This found I on my tent this morning.

[*He sheweth him a paper.*]

*K. Rich.* [*Reads*] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,  
 For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'  
 A thing devised by the enemy.  
 Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:  
 Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:  
 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
 Devised at first to keep the strong in awe: 310  
 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.  
 March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;  
 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

HIS ORATION TO HIS ARMY.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?  
 Remember whom you are to cope withal;  
 A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,

A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,  
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth  
 To desperate ventures and assured destruction.  
 You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest ; 320  
 You having lands and blest with beauteous wives,  
 They would restrain the one, distain the other.  
 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,  
 Long kept in Bretagne at our 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 overweening rags of France,  
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives,  
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, 330  
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves :  
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,  
 And not these bastard Bretons, whom our fathers  
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,  
 And in record left them the heirs of shame.  
 Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?  
 Ravish our daughters ? [*Drum afar off.*] Hark ! I  
 hear their drum.  
 Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !  
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !  
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ; 340  
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says Lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ?

*Mess.* My lord, he doth deny to come.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son George's head !

*Nor.* My lord, the enemy is past the marsh :

After the battle let George Stanley die.

*K. Rich.* A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :  
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;  
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,  
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons ! 350  
 Upon them ! Victory sits on our helmets. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene IV.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum: excursions. Enter Norfolk and forces fighting;  
 to him Catesby.*

*Cate.* 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 !

*Alarums. Enter King Richard.*

*K. Rich.* A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

*Cate.* Withdraw, my lord ; I 'll help you to a horse.

*K. Rich.* Slave, I have set my life upon a cast, .  
 And I will stand the hazard of the die. 10  
 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.*]

## Scene V.

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*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond; they fight.  
 Richard is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter  
 Richmond, Derby bearing the crown, with divers  
 other Lords.*

*Richm.* God and your arms be praised, victorious friends!  
 The day is ours; the bloody dog is dead.

*Der.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.  
 Lo, here, this long usurped royalty  
 From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
 Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:  
 Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

*Richm.* Great God of heaven, say amen to all!  
 But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

*Der.* He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;           10  
 Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

*Richm.* What men of name are slain on either side?

*Der.* John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,  
 Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

*Richm.* Inter their bodies as becomes their births:  
 Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,  
 That in submission will return to us:  
 And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,  
 We will unite the white rose and the red.  
 Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,           20  
 That long have frown'd upon their enmity!  
 What traitor hears me, and says not amen?  
 England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;  
 The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
 The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,



## KING RICHARD III.

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### Glossary.

*Abate*, make dull, blunt; V. v. 35.

*Abjects*, "the most servile of subjects"; I. i. 106.

*Abroach*; "set a." am the cause of; I. iii. 325.

*Account*, number, reckoning; V. iii. 11.

*Account*, count upon (used quibblingly); 'For they account his head upon the bridge,' i.e. on Traitors' Gate at the Southwark end of London Bridge; III. ii. 72.



Traitors' Gate.

From Visscher's *View of London*, c. 1620.

*Acquit*, acquitted; V. v. 3.

*Acquittance*, acquit; III. vii. 233.

*Adulterate*, adulterous; IV. iv. 69.

*Advance*, raise; V. iii. 264.

*Advantage*, opportunity (Folios, "vantage"); III. v. 74.

*Advantaging*, increasing; IV. iv. 323.

*Adventure*, risk, hazard; I. iii. 116.

*Adverse*, opposing; IV. iv. 190.

*Advertised*, informed; IV. iv. 501.

*Advised*, "well a." in sound senses, "not mad"; I. iii. 318.

*Advised*, "be a." reflect, consider; II. i. 107.

*Acry*, brood of an eagle or hawk, a brood of nestlings; I. iii. 264.

*Affected*; "doth stand a." is disposed; III. i. 171.

*A-high*, on high; IV. iv. 86.

*Almost*; "cannot almost," i.e. can hardly; II. iii. 39.

*Amaze*, affright; V. iii. 341.

*Ambling*, moving in an affected manner; I. i. 17.

*Amity*, friendship; I. iii. 281.

*Ancient*, old; III. i. 182.

*Annoy*, injury, harm; V. iii. 156.

*Anointed*, consecrated by unction; one of the ceremonials in the coronation of sovereigns; IV. i. 62.

*Answer*, answer for, be responsible for; IV. ii. 97.

## Glossary

*Apparent*, manifest; III. v. 30.  
*Arbitrement*, decision; V. iii. 89. [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)  
*Arch*, wicked; IV. iii. 2.  
*As*, that (Folios, "that"); III. iv. 40.  
*At once*, in brief, without more ado; III. iv. 1.  
*Atonement*, reconciliation; I. iii. 36.  
*Attainder*, taint; III. v. 32.  
*Attorney*; "by a.," by proxy; V. iii. 83.  
*Aweless*, inspiring no awe (Quartos, "lawlesse"); II. iv. 52.  
*Baited at*, harassed, worried; I. iii. 109.  
*Bar*, debar, exclude; III. ii. 54.  
*Barbed*, armed and harnessed for war; I. i. 10.  
*Basilisk*, the fabulous creature supposed to kill by its look; v. "cockatrice"; I. ii. 151.  
*Battalion*, army (Folios, "Battalia"; perhaps = Italian *battaglia*, battle); V. iii. 11.  
*Battle*, army; V. iii. 88.  
*Baynard's Castle*, the residence

## THE TRAGEDY OF

of Richard, Duke of York; on south bank of the Thames; III. v. 98.  
*Beads*, rosary; III. vii. 93.  
*Beaver*, helmet; V. iii. 50.  
*Beholding*, beholden; II. i. 129.  
*Belike*, perhaps, probably; I. i. 49.  
*Best*; "were b.," had better; I. i. 100.  
*Betide*, become; I. iii. 6.  
*Bettering*, magnifying; IV. iv. 122.  
*Bid*, bore; IV. iv. 304.  
*Bobb'd*, drubbed, thumped; V. iii. 334.  
*Book*, note-book; III. v. 27.  
*Boot*, given into the bargain; IV. iv. 65.  
*Boot*, "to b.," i.e. for our help; V. iii. 301.  
*Bootless*, useless; III. iv. 104.  
*Bottled*, bloated; I. iii. 242.  
*Bought and sold*, deceived, betrayed; a proverbial phrase; V. iii. 305.  
*Braved*, made brave, adorned; V. iii. 279.  
*Brecknock*, Brecknock Castle in South Wales; IV. ii. 126.



Baynard's Castle.  
 From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall




- Bridge*, i.e. London Bridge, where the heads of traitors were placed; III. ii. 72. (Cp. s.v. 'Account'.)
- Brief*, quick, speedy; II. ii. 43.
- Broken*, broken up, done away with; II. ii. 117.
- Brook'd*, borne, endured; I. i. 125.
- Bruising irons*, destroying weapons; referring to the heavy iron maces used in battle; V. iii. 110.
- Bulk*, body; I. iv. 40.
- Bunch-back'd*, hunch-backed; I. iii. 246.
- Burthen'd*, burdensome; IV. iv. 111.
- Bustle*, stir, be active; I. i. 152.
- But*, only; I. iii. 194.
- By*, near, close at hand; IV. ii. 104.
- Cacodemon*, evil demon, evil spirit; I. iii. 144.
- Caitiff*, wretch; IV. iv. 100.
- Capable*, quick to apprehend, of good capacity; III. i. 155.
- Caparison*, put on the trappings, cover with a horse-cloth; V. iii. 289.
- Careful*, full of care; I. iii. 83.
- Carnal*, flesh-eating, blood-thirsty; IV. iv. 56.
- Censures*, opinions; II. ii. 144.
- Chair*, throne; IV. iv. 470.
- Chamber*, London was called the king's chamber soon after the Conquest; III. i. 1.
- Characters*, used quibblingly in double sense (1) written signs, (2) marked dispositions; III. i. 81.
- Charge*, command, post; V. iii. 25.
- Charge*; "given in c." commanded; I. i. 85.
- Charges*, expense; I. ii. 256.
- Charity*; "my charity," the charity shown to me; I. iii. 277.
- Cheerly*, cheerfully; V. ii. 14.
- Christian* (trisyllabic); III. v. 26.
- Circumstance*, detailed argument; I. ii. 77.
- Cited up*, recounted; I. iv. 14.
- Close*, strictly confined; IV. ii. 54.
- Close*, secret; I. i. 158; IV. ii. 35.
- Closely*, secretly; III. i. 159.
- Closure*, enclosure; III. iii. 11.
- Cloudy*, having cloudy looks; II. ii. 112.
- Cockatrice*, a fabulous creature supposed to kill by its glance; (v. "basilisk"); IV. i. 55.
- Cock-shut time*, twilight ("cock-shut" = a kind of net used for catching woodcocks, generally set in the dusk of the evening); V. iii. 70.
- Cog*, deceive, cheat; I. iii. 48.
- Competitors*, confederates; IV. iv. 506.
- Complots*, plots; III. i. 192.
- Conceit*, conception, idea; III. iv. 51.
- Concluded*, officially recorded; I. iii. 15.

## Glossary

*Condition*, disposition; IV. iv. 157.  
*Conduct*, escort; I. i. 45.  
*Confirm'd*; "thy age c.," thy riper years; IV. iv. 171.  
*Consequence*, sequel; IV. iv. 6.  
*Considerate*, observant; IV. ii. 30.  
*Consorted*, joined, associated; III. iv. 73.  
*Content*, pay, satisfy; III. ii. 113.  
*Contract*, contracted; III. vii. 179.  
*Conversation*, intercourse; III. v. 31.  
*Conveyance*; "madest quick c.," quickly removed; IV. iv. 283.  
*Convict*, convicted; I. iv. 192.  
*Corse*, corpse, body; I. ii. 32.  
*Costard*, a humorous expression for the head; properly, a kind of apple; I. iv. 159.  
*Counted*, accounted; IV. i. 47.  
*Cousins*, grandchildren; II. ii. 8; nephew; III. i. 2.  
*Covert'st*, most secret; III. v. 33.  
*Cozen'd*, cheated, deceived (with a play upon "cousins"); IV. iv. 222.  
*Crosby Place*, the palace of Richard, when Duke of Gloster, still standing in Bishopsgate Street (Folios "Crosby House"); I. ii. 213.  
*Cross-row*, alphabet; "so-called, according to some, from the cross anciently placed before it to indicate that religion was the chief

## THE TRAGEDY OF

end of learning; or, as others say, from a superstitious custom of writing the alphabet in the form of a cross, by way of charm" (Nares); originally "Christ-cross-row"; corrupted into "criss-row"; then into "cross-row"; I. i. 55.  
*Crown*, head; III. ii. 43.  
*Current*, genuine; I. ii. 84.  
*Curst*, shrewish; I. ii. 49.  
*Dally*, trifle; II. i. 12.  
*Dangerous*; "d. success," doubtful issue; IV. iv. 236.  
*Date*, term, period of duration; IV. iv. 254.  
*Dear*, extreme; I. iv. 215.  
*Dear*, used in double sense (1) dearly loved, (2) intensely severe; II. ii. 77.  
*Death*; "the d.," an old idiom especially used with reference to penal death; I. ii. 179.  


Crosby Place.  
From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.  
*Debase*, lower, degrade (Folios, "abase"); I. ii. 247.  
*Declension*, decline; III. vii. 189.

*Decline*, "run through from first to last, as in declining or giving the cases of a noun, in grammar" (Malone); IV. iv. 97.

*Defend*, forbid; III. vii. 173.

*Defused*, disordered, shapeless; "*defused* (Folios 3, 4, *diffus'd*, infection" suggested by "*divine perfection*," I. 75); I. ii. 78.

*Demise*, grant, bequeath; (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*devise*"); IV. iv. 247.

*Denier*, the smallest coin; a tenth part of a penny; I. ii. 252.

*Deny*, refuse; V. iii. 343.

*Descant*, variations on a plain-song; III. vii. 49.

*Descant*, used probably in its technical sense, "to sing a part extempore upon a plain-song"; I. i. 27.

*Descried*, spied out, discovered; V. iii. 9.

*Determined*, resolved upon; I. iii. 15.

*Determine of*, decide upon; III. iv. 2.

*Devoted*, pious, holy; I. ii. 35.

*Devotion*, engrossing love; IV. i. 9.

*Dickon*, Dick; V. iii. 305.

*Diet*, mode of life; I. i. 139.

*Direction*; "of sound d.," skillful in military attacks; V. iii. 16.

*Disgracious*, unpleasing; III. vii. 112; ungracious; IV. iv. 177.

*Dissemble*, "d. not," do not gloss over; II. i. 8.

*Dissembling*, deceitful; I. i. 19.

*Dissentious*, seditious, breeding discord (Quarto 2, "*discentions*"); I. iii. 46.

*Distain*, stain, defile; V. iii. 322.

*Distraught*, distracted; III. v. 4.

*Divided*, separate; ("divided councils," i.e. "a private consultation, separate from the known and public councils"); III. i. 179.

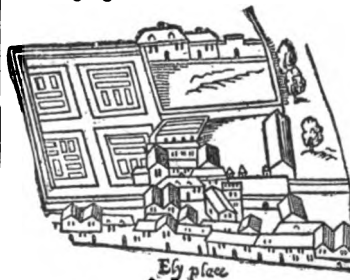
*Dread*, inspiring with reverence (all editions with exception of Quartos 1, 2 read "*deare*"); III. i. 97.

*Effect*, execution; I. ii. 120.

*Egally*, equally; III. vii. 213.

*Elvish-mark'd*, marked and disfigured by the fairies (Folios 1, 2, "*eluish mark'd*"; Folio 3, "*elvish mark'd*"); I. iii. 228.

*Ely House, in Holborn*; III. iv. 32-3.



From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

## Glossary

*Embassage*, embassy, message; II. i. 3.  
*Embracements*, embraces; II. i. 30.  
*Empery*, empire; III. vii. 136.  
*Enacts*, performs; V. iv. 2.  
*Endured of*, endured by; IV. iv. 304.  
*Enforced*, forced; III. v. 46.  
*Enforcement*, compulsion; III. vii. 233.  
*Enfranchise*, release; I. i. 110.  
*England* (trissyllabic); IV. iv. 263.  
*Engross*, make gross, pamper; III. vii. 76.  
*Ensuing*, impending (Folios "pursuing"); II. iii. 43.  
*Entertain*, employ; I. ii. 257.  
*Entreat*, treat, use; IV. iv. 151.  
*Entreats*, entreaties; ("entreaties"); III. vii. 225.  
*Envious*, malicious; I. iii. 26.  
*Envy*, hatred; IV. i. 100.  
*Erroneous*, mistaken; I. iv. 194.  
*Excellent*, supreme; IV. iv. 52.  
*Except*, excepted; V. iii. 243.  
*Exclaims*, exclamations, outcries; I. ii. 52.  
*Exercise*, technically, an exposition of Scripture; performance of religious duties; III. ii. 112.  
*Exhales*, draws forth; I. ii. 58.  
*Expedient*, expeditious; I. ii. 217.  
*Expiate* (v. note); III. iii. 23.  
*Extremity*, extreme measure; I. i. 65.

## THE TRAGEDY OF

*Factionous for*, partisans of; I. iii. 128.  
*Fain*, gladly; I. iv. 273.  
*Fair*, well; IV. iv. 151.  
*Fairest-boding*, prophesying success, of good omen; V. iii. 227.  
*Faithful*; "f. man," i.e. a believer, not an infidel; I. iv. 4.  
*Fall*, let fall; V. iii. 135.  
*False-boding*, prophesying falsely; I. iii. 247.  
*Father-in-law*, step-father; V. iii. 81.  
*Faultless*, innocent; I. iii. 178.  
*Fear*; "fear him," fear for him, are anxious about him; I. i. 137.  
*Fearful*, filled with fear; IV. ii. 126.  
 —, full of fear; I. i. 11.  
*Feature*, form, shape; I. i. 19.  
*Field*, battle-field (Folios "ground"); V. iii. 15.  
*Fire-new*, brand new, fresh from the mint; I. iii. 256.  
*Flaky*, "scattering like flakes"; V. iii. 86.  
*Fleeting*, inconstant, fickle; I. iv. 55.  
*Flesh'd*, hardened; IV. iii. 6.  
*Flourish*, mere ornament, embellishment; I. iii. 241.  
*Flouted*, scorned (Quartos, "scorned"); II. i. 78.  
*Foil*, metal placed beneath a gem to set it off (Folios, "soyle"); V. iii. 250.  
*Fond*, foolish (Folios, "simple"); III. ii. 26.

*Foot-cloth horse*, horse with a foot-cloth or housings; III. iv. 86.

*For*; "for hope," as regards hope; for want of hope (Theobald, "*for holpe*"; Steevens, "*forholpe*"; Hammer, "*forsoke*"; Tyrwhitt, "*foredone*"); V. iii. 173.

—, because; I. i. 58.

*Foreward*, vanguard; V. iii. 293.

*Forfeit*; "the f. of my servant's life," the forfeited life of my servant; II. i. 99.

*Formal*, customary, conventional; III. i. 82.

*Forswearing*, perjury; I. iv. 201.

*Forth of*, away from; IV. iv. 176.

*Foul*, foully; III. ii. 44.

*Frank'd up*, cooped up in a frank or sty; I. iii. 314.

*French nods*, alluding to the affectation of French habits; I. iii. 49.

*From*, free from; III. v. 32; away from, IV. iv. 259; V. iii. 284.

*Fulsome*, nauseous; V. iii. 132.

*Gain*, gaining; III. ii. 47.

*Gallant-springing*, growing up in beauty; I. iv. 221.

*Galled*, sore with weeping; IV. iv. 53.

*Garish*, gaudy; IV. iv. 89.

*Garland*, crown; III. ii. 40.

*Garter*, part of the insignia of the Order of the Garter; IV. iv. 366.

*Gentle*; "g. villain," i.e. nobly born v.; an ironical expression; I. iii. 163.

*George*, the figure of St. George, which was part of the insignia of the Order of the Garter; IV. iv. 366.

*Good time of day*, a common form of greeting; I. i. 122.

*Graced*, blessed; IV. iv. 174.

*Gossips*, lit. godmothers, hence, used contemptuously for people of influence, patrons; I. i. 83.

*Gracious*, full of grace; II. iv. 20.

*Gramercy*, many thanks; III. ii. 108.

*Gratulate*, congratulate; IV. i. 10.

*Graven*, engraved, carved (Folios, "branded"); IV. iv. 141.

*Gross*, stupid, dull; III. vi. 10.

*Grossly*, stupidly (Quarto 1, "*Grosselie*"; Quarto 2, "*Grosselie*"; the rest, "*Grosly*"); IV. i. 80.

*Ground*, plain-song; a musical term; III. vii. 49.

*Guildhall*; III. v. 73.



From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

## Glossary

*Gulls*, dupes, fools; I. iii. 328.  
*Halberds*, battle-axes fitted to long poles; I. ii.  
*Halt*, limp; I. i. 23.  
*Handiwork*, workmanship; IV. iv. 51.  
*Hap*, fortune; I. ii. 17.  
*Haply*, perchance, perhaps; IV. iv. 273.  
*Hatches*, deck; I. iv. 13.  
*Haught*, haughty; II. iii. 28.  
*Have done*, be quiet, cease (Folios, "Peace, peace"); I. iii. 273.  
*Have with you*, I'll go with you; III. ii. 92.  
*Heap*, throng, crowd; II. i. 53.  
*Hearkens after*, listens to, takes notice of; I. i. 54.  
*Heavily*, sad; II. iii. 40.  
 —, sadly, sorrowfully; I. iv. 1.  
*Heavy*, grievous (Folios, "greevous"); IV. iv. 187.  
*Helm*, helmet; III. ii. 11.  
*Helpless*, useless, unavailing; I. ii. 13.  
*Henry*, trisyllabic; II. iii. 16.  
*High-reaching*, ambitious, aspiring; IV. ii. 31.  
*High-swoln*, exasperate, haughty; II. ii. 117.  
*His*, its; IV. iv. 369, 370, 371.  
*Holp*, helped; I. ii. 107.  
*Honey*, honeyed; IV. i. 80.  
*Hour* (dissyllabic); IV. i. 83.  
*Hoday!* heyday! IV. iv. 460.  
*Hull*, lie to, drift with the tide; IV. iv. 438.  
*Humphrey hour* (v. note); IV. iv. 175.

## THE TRAGEDY OF

*Idea*, image; III. vii. 13.  
*Impatience* (quadrisyllabic); IV. iv. 156.  
*Impeachments*, accusations; II. ii. 22.  
*In*, into; I. ii. 259; by, IV. i. 2.  
*Incapable*, unable to understand; II. ii. 18.  
*Incensed*, set on, incited; III. i. 152.  
*Inclusive*, encircling; IV. i. 59.  
*Index*, prelude; II. ii. 149; prologue; IV. iv. 85.  
*Induction*, prologue, introduction; IV. iv. 5.  
*Inductions dangerous*, "preparations for mischief; the induction is preparatory to the action of the play" (Johnson); I. i. 32.  
*Infer*, allege; III. v. 75.  
*Innocency*, innocence (Quarto 1, "innocence"); III. v. 20.  
*Instance*, cause; III. ii. 25.  
*Intelligencer*, agent; IV. iv. 71.  
*Intend*, pretend; III. vii. 45.  
*Intending*, pretending; III. v. 8.  
*Interior*, inward; I. iii. 65.  
*Invoke*, invoke; I. ii. 8.  
*Inward*, intimate; III. iv. 8.  
*Iron-witted*, insensible, dull; IV. ii. 28.  
*I wis*, i-wis, certainly, truly; I. iii. 102.  
*Jack*, mean, low-born fellow, a term of contempt, I. iii. 72, 73; 'Jack o' the clock,' a figure which in old clocks struck the hours, IV. ii. 118.



From the specimen formerly at St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, E.C.

- Jet*, to strut proudly, to encroach (Folios, "jut"); II. iv. 51.
- Jot*, a little, the least possible quantity; II. i. 70.
- Jumpeth*, accords; III. i. 11.
- Just*, as good as his word; I. i. 36.
- Key-cold*, extremely cold, used proverbially (Hanmer, "clay-cold"); I. ii. 5.
- Labour*, work for, effect; I. iv. 247.
- Lackey*, footboy, servant (used adjectivally); V. iii. 317.
- Lag*, late, tardily; II. i. 90.
- Laid*, cast (Folios, "cast"); I. iii. 327.
- Lanced*, pierced (Folios, "lanch'd"); IV. iv. 224.
- Lap*, wrap; II. i. 115.
- Leisure*, the shortness of time at disposal; V. iii. 97.
- Lesson'd*, taught; I. iv. 240.
- Lethe*, the waters of oblivion; IV. iv. 250.
- Level*, aim; IV. iv. 202.
- Lewd*, vile, base (Taylor conj. "loud"); I. iii. 61.
- Libels*, defamatory writings (the only instance of the word in Shakespeare); I. i. 33.
- Lie*, i.e. lie in prison (used equivocally); I. i. 115.
- Light-foot*, light-footed, swift-footed; IV. iv. 440.
- Lightly*, commonly, generally; III. i. 94.
- Like*, same; IV. i. 9.
- Likelihood*, sign, indication (Folios, "liuelyhood"); III. iv. 57.
- Likes*, pleases; III. iv. 51.
- Limit*, appoint; V. iii. 25.
- Listed*, desired (Folios, "lust-ed"); III. v. 84.
- Luxury*, lust; III. v. 80.
- Makest*, dost (notice the play upon the word in I. 165, "marr'd"); I. iii. 164.
- Malapert*, saucy; I. iii. 255.
- Malmsey-butt*, butt of malmsey wine; I. iv. 156.
- Map*, picture; II. iv. 54.
- Mark*, listen to; I. iii. 349.

## Glossary

*Marry*, a corruption of Mary; a slight oath; I. iii. 98.  
*Measures*, stately dances; II. i. 8.  
*Mett'st*, most fitting; III. v. 74.  
*Melancholy*, (?) surly ("because he did not join heartily in his cause," Malone); V. iii. 68.  
*Mercy*; "cry thee m.," beg. pardon; I. iii. 235.  
*Mere*, absolute; III. vii. 233.  
*Methoughts*, methought, I thought (formed falsely on the analogy of "methinks"); I. iv. 9.  
*Mew'd up*, imprisoned; I. i. 38.  
*Mid*, middle; V. iii. 77.  
*Miscarry*, die; I. iii. 16.  
*Misdoubt*, mistrust; III. ii. 89.  
*Model*, plan; V. iii. 24.  
*Moe*, more; IV. iv. 199.  
*Monuments*, memorials; I. i. 6.  
*Moralize*, interpret; III. i. 83.  
*Mortal-staring*, "having a deadly stare, grim-looking"; V. iii. 90.  
*Muse*, wonder (Folios, "muse why"; Quartos, "wonder"); I. iii. 305.  
*Needs*, absolutely (only found in Quarto 1; Collier MS., "e'en"); III. i. 141.  
*Neglect*, cause to be neglected; III. iv. 25.  
*Neighbour to*, familiar with; IV. ii. 43.  
*New-deliver'd*, newly released from prison; I. i. 121.  
*Nice*, trifling, insignificant; III. vii. 175.  
*Niece*, grand-daughter; IV. i. 1.

## THE TRAGEDY OF

*Noble*, a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eight pence; I. iii. 82.  
*Nonage*, minority; II. iii. 13.  
*Novice*, youth; I. iv. 222.  
*Obsequiously*, in manner of a mourner; I. ii. 3.  
*Occasion*, opportunity; II. ii. 148.  
*Odds*; "at o.," at variance, quarrelling; II. i. 70.  
*O'erworn*, worn out; I. i. 81.  
*Of*; "too late of," i.e. too late for; III. v. 69.  
*On*, against, I. i. 131; "cried on victory," i.e. uttered the cry of victory; V. iii. 231.  
*One*; "all's one for that," it does not matter; V. iii. 8.  
*Opposite*, adversary; V. iv. 3.  
*Opposite with*, hostile to; II. ii. 94.  
*Order*; "take o.," take measures, make preparation; I. iv. 282; give orders, IV. ii. 53.  
*Ordered*, arranged, drawn up; V. iii. 292.  
*Overgo*, exceed; II. ii. 61.  
*Owls*, whose cry was believed to portend death; IV. iv. 509.  
*Pack-horse*, beast of burden, drudge; I. iii. 122.  
*Painted*, counterfeit, unreal; I. iii. 241.  
*Parcell'd*, divided among several; II. ii. 81.  
*Parlous*, perilous, dangerous; a popular pronunciation (Quartos, "perilous"); II. iv. 35.



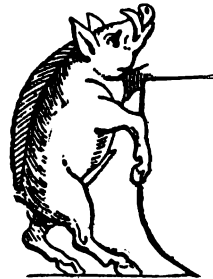
- Part*, depart, II. i. 5; divide, V. iii. 26.
- Partake of*, share, hear; I. i. 89.
- Party*, part, side; I. iii. 138; III. ii. 47.
- Passing*, surpassingly; I. i. 94.
- Pattern*, example; I. ii. 54.
- Paul's*, Old St. Paul's Cathedral, used as a place of general resort for the citizens; III. vi. 3.
- Pawn'd*, pledged; IV. ii. 92.
- Peevish*, childish, silly; I. iii. 194.
- Peevish-fond*, childishly foolish (Folios, "peevish found"); IV. iv. 417.
- Peise*, poise, weigh down; V. iii. 105.
- Pell-mell*, with confused violence; V. iii. 312.
- Pent up*, shut up, imprisoned; IV. iii. 36.
- Perforce*, by force; III. i. 30.
- Period*, conclusion, finish, I. iii. 237; end, II. i. 44.
- Pew-fellow*, companion, associate (Quartos 1, 2, "puefellow"); IV. iv. 58.
- Pill'd*, pillaged, robbed; I. iii. 159.
- Piping*; "p. time of peace," i.e. "when the pipe is sounding instead of the fife"; the pipe being a sign of peace, as the fife was of war; I. i. 24.
- Pitch*, the highest point to which a hawk or falcon soars; III. vii. 188.
- Pitchers have ears*, a proverbial expression probably having the force of "walls have ears"; according to some it is a short form of "little pitchers have large ears"; II. iv. 37.
- Plagued*, punished; I. iii. 181.
- Plaints*, complaints, moanings (Folios, "woes"); II. ii. 61.
- Please it*, may it please (Folios, "Pleaseth"); IV. iv. 488.
- Pleasing*, pleasure (?) will, command; I. i. 13.
- Pluck on*, incite, urge on; IV. ii. 65.
- Post*, hasten; III. ii. 17.
- Power*, army, armed force; IV. iii. 48.
- Power*; "utmost p.," highest number (Quartos, "greatest number"); V. iii. 10.
- Precedent*, rough draft; III. vi. 7.
- Prefer*, promote, advance; IV. ii. 82.
- Prepare*, set in battle array; V. iii. 88.
- Presently*, immediately, at once; I. ii. 213.
- Prime*, first; IV. iii. 19.
- Prime of manhood*, early manhood; IV. iv. 170.
- Process*, order, manner, IV. iii. 32; story, IV. iv. 253.
- Prodigious*, monstrous; I. ii. 22.
- Prolonged*, put off, postponed; III. iv. 47.
- Promise*, assure; II. iii. 2.
- Proof*, experience, II. iii. 43; "in p.," in armour that has been tested, V. iii. 219.

## Glossary

*Proper*, handsome; I. ii. 255.  
*Puissance*, power, force; V. iii. 299.  
*Punch*, to pierce (*v.* note); V. iii. 125.  
*Quest*, inquest, jury; I. iv. 183.  
*Quick*, alive, I. ii. 65; lively, I. iii. 5; hearty, I. iii. 196.  
*Quit*, requite, acquit, IV. iv. 20; requite (Quartos and Folios, "quits"; P o p e, "quit"); V. iii. 262.  
*Rag*, used contemptuously (Warburton, "wrack"); I. iii. 233.  
*Ragged*, rugged, rough; IV. i. 102.  
*Raze*, tear away violently (*v.* note), III. iv. 84; "razed," III. ii. 11.  
*Reason*, talk; II. iii. 39.  
*Recomforture*, comfort; IV. iv. 425.  
*Reduce*, reconduct, bring back; II. ii. 68; V. v. 36.  
*Redoubted*, redoubtable; IV. v. 11.  
*Re-edified*, rebuilt; III. i. 71.  
*Remember'd*; "had been r.," had thought of it; II. iv. 23.  
*Remorse*, tenderness; III. vii. 211.  
*Remorseful*, compassionate; I. ii. 156.  
*Replenished*, perfect, consummate; IV. iii. 18.  
*Resolve*, answer, satisfy; IV. ii. 26.  
*Resolved*, resolute (? "stout-resolved"); I. iii. 340.

## THE TRAGEDY OF

*Respect*, regard, take notice of; I. iii. 296.  
*Respects*, considerations; III. vii. 175.  
*Respite*, "determined r. of my wrongs," *i.e.* the fixed time to which the punishment of my wrong-doings is respited; V. i. 19.  
*Restrain*, withhold, keep for themselves; V. iii. 322.  
*Retail'd*, retold, related; III. i. 77.  
*Reverend*, reverent (Quarto 1, "reuerente"); IV. i. 31.  
*Right for right*, "measure for measure"; IV. iv. 15.  
*Ripe*, matured (Quarto 1, "my ripe"; Folios, "the ripe"; the rest, "my right"); III. vii. 158.  
*Rood*, cross; "by the holy rood," an oath; III. ii. 77.  
*Rooting hog*, an allusion to the white boar, the cognizance in Richard's armorial bearings; I. iii. 228. (*Cp.* illustration.)



*Rougemont*, a castle in Exeter (Quartos, "Ruge-mount"); IV. ii. 108.

- Round*, surround; IV. i. 60.  
*Royal*, "r. battle," i.e. a battle on which a kingdom depended; IV. iv. 538.  
*Royalise*, make royal; I. iii. 125.  
*Runagate*, vagabond; IV. iv. 465.
- Sacrament*; "receive the holy s.," take an oath; I. iv. 208.  
*Sanctuary*, i.e. the s. at Westminster; II. iv. 66.  
*Scathe*, injury, harm; I. iii. 317.  
*Scorn*, mock, taunt; III. i. 153.  
*Scrivener*, professional scribe; III. vi.  
*Scroll*, letter, paper (Folios, "note"); V. iii. 41.  
*Seal*, the great seal, held by the Lord Chancellor; II. iv. 71.  
*Seniory*, seniority, priority; (Folio 1, "signeurie"); IV. iv. 36.  
*Sennet*, set of notes played on a trumpet; III. i. 150.  
*Senseless-obstinate*, unreasonably obstinate; III. i. 44.  
*Set*, sunset; V. iii. 19.  
*Several*, separate; III. ii. 78; particular, respective; V. iii. 25.  
*Shall*, "s. deal unadvisedly"; cannot help acting rashly; IV. iv. 292.  
*Shamefast*, shame-faced (Folios, "shame-fac'd"); I. iv. 137.  
*Sharp-provided*, quick and ready, keen; III. i. 132.  
*Shoulder'd in*, pushed into, thrust into; III. vii. 128.
- Shrewd*, sharp-tongued; II. iv. 35.  
*Shrift*, confession; III. iv. 97.  
*Shriving work*, confession; III. ii. 116.  
*Sights*, sight; IV. i. 25.  
*Silken*, soft, effeminate; I. iii. 53.  
*Sir*; "Sir John"; the title of priests; III. ii. 111.  
*Sirrah*, a form of greeting to an inferior; III. ii. 98.  
*Sit*, to sit in council; III. i. 173.  
*Slower*, more serious; I. ii. 116.  
*Slug*, the symbol of slowness; III. i. 22.  
*Smooth*, flatter (Theobald conj. "sooth"); I. iii. 48.  
*Smoothing*, flattering (Quartos 1-6, "soothing"); I. ii. 169.  
*So*, well; IV. iv. 182.  
*Soft*, hush; V. iii. 178.  
*Solace*, be happy, have comfort; II. iii. 30.  
*Sometime*, once; IV. iv. 274.  
*Soothe*, flatter; I. iii. 298.  
*Sop*, anything steeped in liquor; properly the cake or wafer which floated at the top of a prepared drink; I. iv. 157.  
*Sort*, set, pack; V. iii. 316.  
*Sort*, make, find; II. ii. 148.  
*Spicery*; "nest of s.," alluding to the phoenix which made a nest of spices as a funeral pyre, a new bird rising from its ashes; IV. iv. 424.  
*Spleen*, malice, hatred; II. iv. 64; heat, impetuosity; V. iii. 350.

## Glossary

## THE TRAGEDY OF

- Squeak'd*, shrieked; (Folios, "shriek'd"); I. iv. 54.
- Stall'd*, installed, invested; I. iii. 206.
- Stands*; "it st. me much upon," it is very important for me; IV. ii. 59.
- Startled*, started (Folios, Quartos 7, 8, "started"); III. iv. 87.
- Statuēs* (Quartos, Folios, "statues"; Steevens "statuas"); III. vii. 25.
- Staves*, the shafts of the lances; V. iii. 65.
- Stealing*, stealing on imperceptibly; III. vii. 168.
- Still*, constant, continual; IV. iv. 229.
- Still*, continually, always; I. iii. 222.
- Still lasting*, everlasting, perpetual; IV. iv. 344.
- Stout*, bold;? "*stout-resolved*"; I. iii. 340; v. "*resolved*."
- Straitly*, strictly; I. i. 85.
- Strength*, army, force; V. iii. 26.
- Stroke*; "keep'st the s.," keep-est on striking; IV. ii. 118.
- Struck*; "well s. in years," advanced in age; I. i. 92.
- Suborn*, procure; IV. iii. 4.
- Substitute*, proxy; III. vii. 181.
- Success*, issue; IV. iv. 236.
- Successively*, in order of succession; III. vii. 135.
- Sudden*, quick; I. iii. 346.
- Suddenly*, quickly, at once; IV. ii. 20.
- Suggestion*, instigation; III. ii. 103.
- Sunder*, "in s.," asunder (Folios, "asunder"); IV. i. 34.
- Suspects*, suspicious; I. iii. 89.
- Swelling*, angry; II. i. 51.
- Sword*, sword of State; IV. iv. 470.
- Tackling*, rigging; IV. iv. 233.
- Take him*, strike him; I. iv. 154.
- Tall*, active, strong; I. iv. 152.
- Tamworth*, on the borders of Staffordshire and Warwickshire; V. ii. 13.
- Tardy*; "ta'an t.," caught lagging; IV. i. 52.
- Tear-falling*, tear-dropping; IV. ii. 66.
- Teen*, sorrow; IV. i. 97.
- Tell*, "t. the clock," i.e. count the strokes of the clock; V. iii. 276.
- Tell o'er*, re-count; IV. iv. 39.
- Tempers*, moulds, fashions; I. i. 65.
- Tender*, care for; II. iv. 72.
- Tendering*, having a care for; I. i. 44.
- Tetchy*, fretful; IV. iv. 168.
- That*, so that; I. ii. 163; if that, III. vii. 157.
- Thin*, thinly covered; II. i. 117.
- Thought*; "in t.," in silence; III. vi. 14.
- Thrall*, slave; IV. i. 46.
- Tidings* ("this tidings," so Quartos 1-5, and Folio 1).
- Timeless*, untimely; I. ii. 117.
- Timorour*, full of fear; IV. i. 85.
- To*, as to; III. ii. 27.
- Touch*, touchstone, by which gold is tested; IV. ii. 8; trait, dash; IV. iv. 157.

*Toys*, trifles, freaks of imagination; I. i. 60.

*Troublous*, turbulent, restless; II. iii. 5.

*Truth*, integrity; III. ii. 94.

*Turn*, return; IV. iv. 184.

*Type*, badge; IV. iv. 244.

*Unadvisedly*, rashly; IV. iv. 292.

*Unavoided*, not avoided, not shunned; IV. i. 56; unavoidable, IV. iv. 217.

*Unblown*, unopened (Folio 1, "unblowed"); IV. iv. 10.

*Unhappiness*, "evilness," (?) "disposition to mischief"; I. ii. 25.

*Unlook'd*, unlooked for; I. iii. 214.

*Unmanner'd*, unmannerly (Quarto 8, "Unmannerly"); I. ii. 39.

*Unmeritable*, unmeriting, devoid of merit; III. vii. 155.

*Unrespective*, unobservant; IV. ii. 29.

*Unsatiate*, insatiate (Folios, "insatiate"); III. v. 87.

*Unshapen*, misshaped (Folios, "mishapen"); I. ii. 251.

*Untainted*, unaccused; III. vi. 9.

*Unvalued*, invaluable, intestimable; I. iv. 27.

*Unviolable*, inviolable (Folios, "inviolable"); II. i. 27.

*Upon*, "deal u.," i.e. deal with; IV. ii. 75.

*Vantage*, advantage; I. iii. 310.

*Vaunts*, exults; V. iii. 288.

*Venom*, venomed, poisonous; I. iii. 291.

*Venom'd*, venomous; I. ii. 20.

*Venture*, adventures (Capell's emendation; Quartos and Folios, "adventures"); V. iii. 319.

*Verge*, circle, compass; IV. i. 59.

*Vice*, a common character in the old morality plays; III. i. 82.

*Visitation*, visit; III. vii. 107.

*Visard*, mask (Folios "Visor"); II. ii. 28.

*Voice*, vote; III. ii. 53.

*Wagging*, moving; III. v. 7.

*Wail*, bewail; II. ii. 11.

*Want*, lack; V. iii. 13.

*Ward*, guard, protect; V. iii. 254.

*Warn*, summon; I. iii. 39.

*Watch*, watch-light; V. iii. 63.



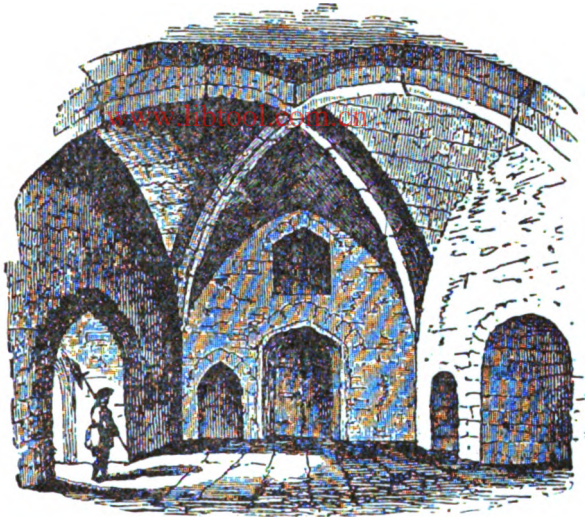
From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

## Glossary

*Watery*; "w. moon," i.e. ruler of the tides; II. ii. 69.  
*Way*, best course; I. i. 78.  
*Weigh*, prize, regard; III. i. 121.  
*Welkin*, sky; V. iii. 341.  
*Wheel'd*, turned (Folios, "whirl'd"); IV. iv. 105.  
*Whether* (monosyllabic; Folio 1, "where"); III. vii. 229.  
*While*, "the w.," the present time; II. iii. 8.  
*Whit*, jot; III. iv. 82.  
*White-Friars*, a convent near Fleet Street; I. ii. 227.

## KING RICHARD III.

*White-liver'd*, cowardly (the liver was regarded as the seat of courage); IV. iv. 465.  
*Windows*, eyelids; V. iii. 116.  
*With*, by; IV. iii. 47.  
*Withal*, with; III. vii. 57.  
*Witty*, sharp-witted, cunning; IV. ii. 42.  
*Wot*, knows; II. iii. 18.  
*Wretched*, hateful, abominable (Collier, "reckless"); V. ii. 7.  
*Wrongs*, wrong-doings; V. i. 19.



Interior of the Bowyer's Tower, the traditional place of Clarence's drowning.  
From an engraving by Fairholt.

## Critical Notes.

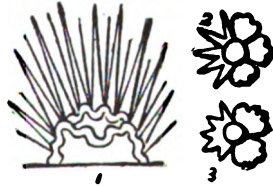
BY ISRAEL GOLLAN CZ.

I. i. 2. 'Sun of York': probably an allusion to the device of a sun, the cognizance of Edward IV. Quartos, 'sonne'; Folios, 'Son'; Rowe, 'sun.' (Cp. illustration.)

I. i. 15. 'to court an amorous looking-glass'; Vaughan thought the line might be improved by a slight emendation:—'an amorous looking lass' (!).

I. i. 26. 'spy'; so Quartos; Folios, 'see.'

I. i. 61. 'have'; so Quartos and Folios 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, 'hath.'



From badges of the House of York, worn by (1) Richard II., (2) Edward IV., (3) Richard III. Figs (2) and (3) show the conjunction of a half-faced sun and a white rose.

I. i. 65. 'That tempers him to this extremity'; so Quarto 1; Quartos 2-8 read, 'That tempts him,' etc. (Quarto 3, 'temps'); Folios read, 'That tempts him to this harsh extremity'; Anon. conj. 'That tempts him now to this extremity.'

I. i. 75. 'was to her for his'; so Quartos; Folio 1, 'was, for her'; Folios 2, 3, 'was, for his.'

I. i. 132. 'eagle'; so Quartos; Folios, 'Eagles.'

I. i. 133. 'prey'; so Quartos; Folios, 'play.'

I. i. 138. 'by Saint Paul'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, 'by S. Iohn,' a favourite oath of Richard's.

I. ii. 8. 'be it,' monosyllabic.

I. ii. 14. 'Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes'; Quartos, 'Curst'; Folios, 'O Curst'; Quartos 1, 2, 'these fatal'; Quartos 3-8, 'the fatall'; Folios, 'these.'

I. ii. 16, 25. Omitted in Quartos.

I. ii. 19. 'to adders, spiders'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, 'to wolves, to spiders.'

I. ii. 60, 61. 'Thy deed . . . Provokes'; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, 3, 'Deeds . . . Prouokes'; Folio 4, 'deed . . . Provoke.'

I. ii. 76. 'evils'; so Quartos; Folios, 'crimes.'

I. ii. 89. 'Why, then they are not dead'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, 'Then say they were not slaine.'

I. ii. 127. 'These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck'; Quartos, 'never'; Folios read, 'not'; Quartos, 'sweet'; Folios 1, 2, 'yt'; Folios 3, 4, 'that'; 'wreck,' Theobald's emendation of 'wreck' of Quartos and Folios.

I. ii. 135. 'you'; Folios, 'thee.'

I. ii. 147. 'Never hung poison on a fouler toad'; alluding to the old belief that toads were venomous.

I. ii. 156, 167. Omitted in Quartos.

I. ii. 180. 'for I did kill King Henry'; Quartos read, 'twas I that kild your husband.'

I. ii. 182. 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward'; Quartos read, 'twas I that kild King Henry.'

I. ii. 186. 'the'; Folios, 'thy.'

I. ii. 203. Omitted in Folios.

I. ii. 207. 'devoted suppliant'; so Quarto 1; Folios read, 'devoted seruant'; the rest, 'suppliant.'

I. ii. 211. 'would,' the reading of Quartos; Folios, 'may'; 'thee,' so Quartos; Folios, 'you.'



- I. ii. 212. 'more'; so Quartos; Folios, 'most.'
- I. ii. 226. 'Sirs, take up the corse'; omitted in Folios.
- I. ii. 228, 229. [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)  
*'Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?  
 Was ever woman in this humour won?'*  
 cp. *'She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;  
 She is a woman, therefore may be won.'*  
*Titus And., II. i. 82, 83.*  
*'She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;  
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.'*  
*1 Henry VI., V. iii. 77, 78.*
- I. ii. 236. 'nothing'; so Quartos; Folios, 'no Friends.'
- I. iii. 5. 'words'; so Quartos; Folios read, 'eyes.'
- I. iii. 7. 'harm'; Folios 1, 2, 3, 'harmes.'
- I. iii. 17. 'Here come the lords'; so Quartos 1, 2; Quartos 3-8, 'Here comes the Lords'; Folios, 'Here comes the Lord'; Theobald altered 'Derby' to 'Stanley,' as Thomas, Lord Stanley, was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry VII.
- I. iii. 36. 'Madam, we did'; Folios 1, 2, 3, 'I (i.e. Aye) Madam'; Quartos, 'Madame we did.'
- I. iii. 43. 'who are they that complain'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, 'who is it that complaines.'
- I. iii. 58. 'person'; so Quartos; Folios, 'Grace.'
- I. iii. 67. 'kindred'; so Quartos 1, 6, 7, 8; Quartos 2, 3, 4, 5 read, 'kinred'; Folios, 'children.'
- I. iii. 68, 69. 'Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather The ground of your ill-will, and to remove it,' the reading of Quartos 1-6. (Quarto 6, 'grounds'); Folios read, 'Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground'? Pope, 'Makes him to send that he may learn the ground Of your ill-will, and thereby to remove it'; Capell, 'Hath sent for you; that thereby he may gather The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it,' etc.
- I. iii. 77. 'we'; so Quartos; Folios, 'I.'
- I. iii. 80. 'whilst many fair promotions'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, 'while great promotions'; (evidently to be read as a quadrisyllable).
- I. iii. 90. 'cause'; so Quartos; Folios, 'meane.'
- I. iii. 106. 'With those gross taunts I often have endured'; so Quartos; Folios read, 'Of those . . . that oft I have e.'
- I. iii. 109. 'thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, 'so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at.'

- I. iii. 114. Omitted in Folios.  
 I. iii. 116. Omitted in Quartos.  
 I. iii. 130. 'Margaret's battle at St. Alban's,' i.e. the second battle of St. Albans, Feb. 17, 1461.  
 I. iii. 161. 'I being queen'; so the Quartos; Folios read, 'I am queen.'  
 I. iii. 167-169. Omitted in Quartos.  
 I. iii. 219. 'them,' i.e. heaven, used in plural sense.  
 I. iii. 287. 'I'll not believe'; so Quartos; Folios, 'I will not thinke.'  
 I. iii. 321. 'And for your grace; and you, my noble lords'; Folios, 'And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.'  
 I. iii. 337. 'old odd ends stolen out'; so Quartos; Folios, 'odde old ends stolen forth.'  
 I. iii. 354. 'Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears,' a proverbial expression; 'drop tears'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, 'fall Teares.'  
 I. iv. 3. 'So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams'; so Quartos; Folios, 'So full of fearefull Dreames, of ugly sights.'  
 I. iv. 9, 10. 'Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower, And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy'; so Folios; Quartos read, 'Me thoughts I was imbarkt for Burgundy.'  
 I. iv. 25. 'ten thousand'; so Quartos; Folios, 'a thousand.'  
 I. iv. 28. Omitted in Quartos.  
 I. iv. 36, 37. 'and often . . . ghost'; omitted in Quartos.  
 I. iv. 38. 'kept in'; so Quartos; Folios, 'Stop'd.'  
 I. iv. 45. 'who'; so Quartos; Folios, 'I'; 'flood,' river ('melancholy flood,' i.e. the river Styx).  
 I. iv. 46. 'grim ferryman'; i.e. Charon; so Quartos; Folios, 'sowre f.'  
 I. iv. 57. 'to your torments'; so Quartos; Folios, 'unto Torment.'  
 I. iv. 59. 'environ'd me about'; so Quartos; Folios omit 'about.'  
 I. iv. 65. 'I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it'; so the Quartos; Folios read, 'I am affraid (me thinkes) to hear you tell it.'  
 I. iv. 66. 'O Brakenbury'; Quartos read, 'O Brokenbury'; Folios, 'Ah Keeper, Keeper!'; 'those,' so Quartos; Folios, 'these.'  
 I. iv. 69-72. Omitted in Quartos.  
 I. iv. 72. 'My guiltless wife'; Clarence's wife died before this date.

## KING RICHARD III.

## Notes

I. iv. 73. '*I pray thee, gentle Keeper, stay by me*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, '*Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while.*'

I. iv. 85. '*In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*What would'st thou, Fellow? And how camm'st thou hither?*'

I. iv. 95. '*Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.*'

I. iv. 104. '*till the judgement-day*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*untill the great judgement-day.*'

I. iv. 113-114. Omitted in Folios.

I. iv. 118. '*my holy humour*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*this passionate humor of mine.*'

I. iv. 133. '*it . . . thing*'; omitted in Folios.

I. iv. 153. '*shall we to this gear?*' so Quartos; Folios read, '*shall we fall to worke.*'

I. iv. 155. '*we will chop him in*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*throw him into.*'

I. iv. 169. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 180. '*call'd forth from out*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*drawne forth among.*'

I. iv. 188. '*to have redemption*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*for any goodness.*'

I. iv. 189. Omitted in Folios.

I. iv. 216. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 249. '*this world's*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*this earth's.*'

I. iv. 258-267. '*Relent! 'tis,*' etc.; Folios, '*Relent! no: 'Tis,*' etc.; the text is due to a blending of the readings of Quartos and Folios, first suggested by Tyrwhitt (*vide* Note vii., Camb. ed.).

I. iv. 273. '*like Pilate*'; *cp.* Matthew xxvii. 24.

I. iv. 274. '*grievous guilty murder done*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*grievous murther.*'

I. iv. 282. '*Until the duke take*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*Till that the Duke give.*'

II. i. 5. '*now in peace*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*more to peace.*'

II. i. 7. '*Rivers and Hastings*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*Dorset and Rivers.*'

II. i. 33. '*On you or yours*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, '*Vpon your Grace.*'

II. i. 40. '*zeal*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*loue.*'

II. i. 44. '*perfect*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*blessed.*'

II. i. 45. '*And, in good time, here comes the noble duke*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*And in good time, Heere comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the Duke.*'

II. i. 56. '*unwittingly*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*unwillingly.*'

II. i. 66. '*Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you*'; so Quartos 1-4; Folios read, '*Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset.*'

II. i. 67. '*have frown'd on me*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, '*have frown'd on me, Of you Lord Wooduill, and Lord Scales of you.*'

II. i. 69-72. Quoted by Milton in *Iconoclastes* by way of illustrating his statement that "the poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never nine pious words in the mouth of any person, than of a tyrant."

II. i. 98. '*Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st*'; '*speak*', the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*say*'; '*demandest*', the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*requests.*'

II. i. 103. '*that tongue*'; so Folios; Quartos read, '*the same.*'

II. i. 104. '*slew*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*kill'd.*'

II. i. 105. '*cruel*'; Quartos; Folios, '*bitter.*'

II. i. 116. '*his own garments*'; Quartos 6, 7, 8, '*his owne armes*'; Folios, '*his Garments*'; '*gave*', so Quartos; Folios, '*did give.*'

II. ii. 11. '*sorrow to wail*'; so Folios; Quartos read, '*labour to weepe for.*'

II. i. 15. '*daily*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*earnest*'; Pope, '*daily earnest*', omitting '*all to that effect.*'

II. ii. 16. Omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 46. '*perpetual rest*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*nere-changing night*'; Collier MS., '*nere-changing light.*'

II. ii. 84-85. '*So do I; I for an Edward weep*'; omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 11. 89-100, 123-140, omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 101. '*Madam*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*Sister.*'

II. ii. 144. '*weighty*'; reading of Quartos; Folios omit it.

II. iii. 4. '*Seldom comes the better*'; a proverbial expression; found in Ray's *Proverbs*.

II. iii. 11. '*Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child*'; cp. Ecclesiastes x. 16.

II. iii. 28. '*sons and brothers haught*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*kindred hauty*'; Capell conj., '*kindred hauty are.*'

II. iv. 20. '*if this rule were true*'; so the Cambridge Editors;

Quartos 1, 2, 'if this were a true rule'; Quartos 3-8, 'if this were a rule'; Folios, 'if his rule were true.'

II. iv. 62, 63. *blood against blood, Self,* etc.; so Quartos; Folios, 'Brother to Brother; Blood to blood, selfe,' etc.

II. iv. 67. 'Madam, farewell'; omitted in Quartos.

III. i. 82. 'formal vice, Iniquity'; Hammer reads, 'formal wise antiquary'; Warburton, 'formal-wise antiquity'; 'Iniquity' was no uncommon name of the formal (i.e. conventional) comic character, the *Vice*, of the Morality plays (cp. e.g. 'The Nice Wanton').

III. i. 110, 111; observe this instance of dramatic irony.

III. i. 172, 173, omitted in Quartos.

III. i. 176. 'icy-cold'; Ingleby's conj.; Quartos and Folios read, 'icie, cold.'

III. i. 193. 'Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do'; so Quartos; Folios read, 'Chop off his Head: something wee will determine.'

III. ii. 11. 'razed'; Quartos 1-4, 'raste'; Quarto 5, 'caste'; Folios 1, 2, 'razed off'; Folios 3, 4, 'raised off.' Quoted in Nares 'rashed.' To *rase* or *rash* seems to have been an old hunting term used specially for the violence of the boar.

III. ii. 55. 'I will not do it, to the death'; i.e. though death be the consequence.

III. ii. 108. 'fellow'; Quartos read, 'Hastings.'

III. iii. 7, 8. Omitted in Quartos.

III. iii. 15. After this line Folios insert:—'When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I'; omitted in Quartos.

III. iii. 23. 'Make haste; the hour of death is expiate'; so Folio 1; Folios 2-4, 'is now expired' (cp. *supra* l. 8): *expiate* = ended, terminated; Quartos read, 'Come, come, dispatch; the limit of your liues is out'; Steevens, 'expireate.'

III. iv. 1. 'My lords, at once'; so Quartos; Folios, 'Now, Noble Peers.'

III. iv. 10. 'Who, I, my lord,' etc., so Quartos; the Folio:—

'We know each other's Face; for our Hearts  
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,  
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine.'

III. iv. 77. 'Tellest thou me of "ifs"' so Quartos; Folios, 'Talk'st thou to me of "ifs."'

III. iv. 84. 'rase his helm'; Quartos read, 'race his helme'; Folios 1, 2, 'rowse our Helmes'; Folios 3, 4, 'rowse our Helmes'; Rowe, 'rase our helms'; cp. *supra* III. ii. 11.

## Notes

## THE TRAGEDY OF

III. iv. 85. '*But I disdain'd, and did scorn to fly*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*And I did scorn it, and disdaine to flye.*'

III. iv. 98. '*grace of mortal*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*state of worldly.*'

III. iv. 104-107. Omitted in Quartos.

III. v. 5. '*Tut, I can*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*Tut feare not me, I can.*'

III. v. 7. Omitted in Quartos.

III. v. 10-21. The first Quarto differs in many points from this, the reading of the Folios, especially in making Catesby enter with Hastings' head, though previously Gloster has ordered him 'to overlook the walls.' A similar discrepancy occurs in Scene 4, ll. 80, 81.

III. v. 52. Gloucester's speech given to 'Buckingham' in Folios.

III. v. 70, 71. '*Yet witness . . . farewell*'; so Folios; Quartos read, '*Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.*'

III. v. 97. '*and . . . adieu*'; 103-105. Omitted in Quartos.

III. v. 101-102. '*I go . . . affords*'; so Folios; Quartos read '*About three or four a clocke looke to heare What news Guildhall affordeth, and so my Lord farewell.*'

III. vi. 12. '*blind*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*bold.*'

III. vii. 24. '*they spake not a word,*' omitted in Quartos.

III. vii. 25. '*breathing stones,*' i.e. they were able to breathe, but without the power of speech; later Quartos, '*breathlesse s.*'

III. vii. ll. 98, 99, 120, 127, 144-153, 202, omitted in Quartos.

III. vii. 220. Omitted in Folios, where the previous line reads, '*Come, citiizens, we will entreat no more.*'

III. vii. 240. '*Richard, England's royal king*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*King Richard, England's worthie king.*'

IV. i. 7. '*As much to you, good sister! Whither away?*' the reading of Folios; Quartos, which omit ll. 2-6, read, '*Sister, well met, whether awaie so fast?*'

IV. i. 14. '*How doth the prince, and my young son of York?*' so Folios; Quartos read, '*How fares the Prince?*'

IV. i. 15. '*Right well, dear Madam. By your patience*'; the reading of Folios; Quartos read, '*Well, Madam, and in health, but by your leave.*'

IV. i. 18. '*why who's that?*' the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*who's that?*'

IV. i. 25. '*Then bring me to their sights*'; so Folios; Quartos read, '*Then feare not thou.*'

IV. i. 51. 'To meet you on the way, and welcome you'; so Quartos; Folios read, 'In your behalfe, to meet you on the way.'

IV. i. 61. '~~red-hot steel~~'; Steevens says, 'She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or any other egregious criminal, viz., by placing a crown of iron, heated red-hot, upon his head.'

IV. i. 66. 'Why?'; so Folios; omitted in Quartos.

IV. i. 76-77. 'As miserable by the death of thee As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death'; so Quartos; Folios read, 'More miserable by the life of thee, Then' etc.; cp. I. ii. 27.

IV. i. 96. 'Eighty odd years'; the Duchess was actually only sixty-eight at this time.

IV. i. 98-104. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. ii. 16. 'That Edward still should live true noble prince'; so Quartos and Folios; Theobald, 'That Edward still should live, True noble Prince.'

IV. ii. 46-53. In the lines the Cambridge text follows substantially the reading of the Quartos in preference to the Folios, where the passage is carelessly printed.

IV. ii. 56. 'The boy is foolish'; i.e. Edward Plantagenet, who had been kept imprisoned in the Tower almost from his tenderest years.

IV. ii. 102-119. Omitted in Folios.

IV. iii. 5. 'this ruthless piece of butchery'; so Quartos 1, 2; Quarto 3, 'thir ruthfull . . .'; etc.; Quartos 4-8, 'this ruthfull . . .'; etc.; Folios, 'This peece of ruthfull Butchery.'

IV. iii. 11. 'innocent alabaster'; so Quarto 8; Quartos 1-7, 'innocent ablaster'; Folios 1, 2, 3 read, 'Alabaster innocent'; Folio 4, 'Alabaster innocent.'

IV. iii. 40. 'the Breton Richmond'; "after the battle of Tewkesbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II., Duke of Bretagne" (Malone).

IV. iv. 17-19, placed after line 34 in Folios.

IV. iv. 20, 21, 28. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 41. 'Harry'; Quartos, 'Richard'; Folios, 'Husband'..

IV. iv. 52-53. Omitted in Quartos; transposed in Folios.

IV. iv. 72. 'their,' i.e., hell's; cp. the use of 'heaven,' I. iii. 219.

IV. iv. 88-90. The reading of the Quartos is followed in these lines in preference to that of the Folios:—

'A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagg,  
To be the aymne of every dangerous shot;  
A sign of dignity, a Breath, a Bubble.'

IV. iv. 102-104 transposed; line 103 omitted in Quartos. Folios 'she' for 'one.'

IV. iv. 175. *Humphrey Hour*'; perhaps a mere personification, as it were, of some particular Hour, formed on the analogy of such phrases as '*Tom Trott*,' etc. According to some, there is an allusion to the phrase 'to dine with Duke Humphrey.'

IV. iv. 179-182. '*I prithee . . . So*'; so Folios; Quartos read, '*Du. O hear me speake, for I shall never see thee more. KING. Come, come, you are too bitter.*'

IV. iv. 221-234. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 235-236. '*my enterprise, And dangerous success of bloody wars*'; so Folios; Quartos, read, '*my dangerous attempt of hostile armes*.'

IV. iv. 275, 276. '*steep'd in Rutland's blood,—A handkerchief*'; so Folios; Quartos, read, '*a handkercher steeped in Rutlands blood*.'

IV. iv. 276-277, 288-342. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 324. '*Of ten times*'; Theobald's correction of Folios, '*Oftentimes*.'

IV. iv. 387. '*What canst thou swear by now?*' omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 511-516. So the Folios; the Quartos differ materially in the phraseology of the lines.

V. ii. 17. '*Every man's conscience is a thousand swords*'; Folios, '*men*' for '*swords*'; the words paraphrase '*Conscientia nulle testes*.'

V. iii. 2. '*My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?*'; so the Folios; Quarto I reads, '*Whie, how now Catesbie, whie lookst thou so bad?*' the other Quartos, '*Whie . . . so sad?*'

V. iii. 22. '*Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard*'; so Folios; Quartos read, '*Where is Sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd*.'

V. iii. 23-26. In Quartos these lines are inserted between ll. 43 and 44, and ll. 27, 28, 43 are omitted.

V. iii. 40. '*Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speake with him*.'

V. iii. 95. '*tender George*'; George Stanley was at this time already married, tho' Shakespeare, following Hall and Holinshed, makes him a child.

V. iii. 125. '*By thee was punched full of deadly holes*'; this has been described as one of the worst lines in all Shakespeare,



but this is due to the fact that critics have confused (i.) 'punch,' the technical word for making use of the *puncheon*, a shoemaker's tool for making holes (Fr. *poinson*, a bodkin, L. *punction:m*), with (ii.) *punch*, to beat, which is a distinct word, and is merely an abbreviation of *punish*.

V. iii. 143. '*Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!*'; Capell reads, '*hurtless lance*'; Collier MS., '*pointless lance*'; but no change is necessary; the line is probably intentionally abrupt, *cp.* 148.

V. iii. 152. '*lead*'; so Quarto 1; all others eds., '*laid*.'

V. iii. 162-163. These lines are Lettsom's conjecture, the true lines being lost.

V. iii. 173. '*I died for hope*'; i.e., 'for want of hope,' *cp.* '*dead for hope*' (Greene's *James IV., V., VI.*) = 'dead to hope.' Various unnecessary emendations have been proposed (*v.* Glossary).

V. iii. 180. '*the lights burn blue*,' alluding to the old superstitious belief that when a spirit was present the lights burnt blue.

V. iii. 204-206. '*Methought . . . Richard*'; Johnson proposed to place these lines after line 192.

V. iii. 212-214. 'KING RICH. *O Ratcliff . . . my lord*,' omitted in Folios.

V. iii. 221. '*eaves-dropper*,' so Folio 4; Quarto 1, '*ease dropper*'; Quarto 2, '*ewse dropper*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*Ease-dropper*.'

V. iii. 317. '*Bretons*'; Capell's emendation; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 5, '*Brittains*'; Folios 3, 4, '*Britains*'; Pope, '*Britons*.'

V. iii. 322. '*restrain*'; so Quartos and Folios. Warburton proposed '*distrain*' and this reading has been adopted by several modern editors.

V. iii. 324. '*Mother's cost*,' should be '*brother's cost*'; the error—a mere printer's error—was due to the 2d edition of Holinshed; *cp.* Hall, '*brought up by my brother's* (i.e., Richard's brother-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy) *meanes and mine*.'

V. iii. 345. '*the enemy is past the marsh*'; "There was a large marsh in Bosworth plaine between the two armies, which Richard passed, and arranged his forces so that it protected his right wing. He thus also compelled the enemy to fight with the sun in their faces, a great disadvantage when the bows and arrows were in use" (Malone).

V. v. 9. '*But tell me, is young George Stanley living?*'; so Folios and Quartos. Pope, '*tell me first*'; Keightley, '*tell me, pray*,' etc. There is no need to emend; '*George*' is evidently dissyllabic.

# THE TRAGEDY OF

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## Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

### ACT FIRST.

#### Scene I.

13. *To the lascivious pleasing of a lute*:—A passage in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, 1584, runs thus: "Is the warlike sound of drum and trump turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute? the neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smoke, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances?"

56, 57. *a wizard told him*, etc.:—This is founded on the following passage in Holinshed: "Some have reported, that the cause of this nobleman's death rose of a foolish prophesie, which was, that after K. Edward one should reigne, whose first letter of his name should be a G. Wherewith the king and queene were sore troubled, and began to conceive a greivous grudge against this duke, and could not be in quiet till they had brought him to his end. And as the divell is wont to incumber the minds of men which delite in such divelish fantasies, they said afterward, that that prophesie lost none of his effect, when, after king Edward, Gloucester usurped his kingdome."

158. *secret close intent*:—Probably to get into his hands the son and daughter of Clarence, who had been left in the care of Lady Anne, their aunt, and had succeeded to the larger portion of the vast estates of their grandfather, the great Earl of Warwick.

## Scene II.

33. *Stay, you that bear the corse:*—Brandes says: "It is while Anne is accompanying the bier of the murdered Henry VI. that the murderer confronts her, stops the funeral procession with drawn sword, calmly endures all the outbursts of hatred, loathing, and contempt with which Anne overwhelms him, and, having shaken off her invectives like water from a duck's back, advances his suit, plays his comedy of love, and there and then so turns the current of her will that she allows him to hope, and even accepts his ring. The scene is historically impossible, since Queen Margaret took Anne with her in her flight after the battle of Tewksbury, and Clarence kept her in concealment until two years after the death of Henry VI., when Richard discovered her in London. It has, moreover, something astonishing, or rather bewildering, about it at the first reading, appearing as though written for a wager, or to outdo some predecessor. Nevertheless it is by no means unnatural. What may with justice be objected to it is that it is unprepared. The mistake is, that we are first introduced to Anne in the scene itself, and consequently form no judgement as to whether her action does or does not accord with her character. The art of dramatic writing consists almost entirely in preparing for what is to come, and then, in spite of, nay, in virtue of the preparation, taking the audience by surprise. Surprise without preparation loses half its effect. But this is only a technical flaw which so great a master would in riper years have remedied with ease. The essential feature of the scene is its tremendous daring and strength, or, psychologically speaking, the depth of early-developed contempt for womankind into which it affords us a glimpse."

55, 56. *dead Henry's wounds*, etc.:—This is founded on Holinshed's account of Henry's funeral: "The dead corps was conveyed from the Tower to the church of saint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffen bare-faced: the same in presence of the beholders *did bleed*. From thense he was caried to the Blackfriars, and *bled there* likewise." It used to be thought that the body of a murdered person would bleed afresh, if touched or approached by the murderer. Sir Kenelm Digby had so much faith in this, that he undertook to account for it. The matter is thus referred to by Drayton:—

" If the vile actors of the heinous deed  
Near the dead body happily be brought,  
~~Of t' hath been prov'd~~ the breathless corpse will bleed."

The lovers of romance will not be apt to forget the means used for detecting the murderer of Oliver Proudpute, in Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth*.

242. at *Tewksbury*:—This fixes the time of the scene to August, 1471. King Edward, however, is introduced in the second Act dying. That king died in April, 1483; consequently there is an interval between this and the next Act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding Scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI., was in fact not confined till February, 1478, nearly seven years afterwards.

### Scene III.

16. [*Enter Buckingham.*] Henry Stafford, this Duke of Buckingham, was descended, on his father's side, from Thomas of Woodstock, the fifth son of Edward III. His mother was Margaret, daughter to Edmund Beaufort, the Duke of Somerset, who fell in the first battle of St. Albans. So that on his mother's side Buckingham was descended from John of Ghent, third son of the same great Edward. He was as accomplished and as unprincipled as he was nobly descended.

20. *The Countess Richmond*:—The Countess of Richmond was Margaret, the only child of John Beaufort, the first Duke of Somerset. Margaret's first husband was Edmund, Earl of Richmond, son of Owen Tudor, by whom she became the mother of Henry VII. Afterwards she was married successively to Sir Henry Stafford, uncle of Buckingham, and to the Earl of Derby of this play, but had no more children. She lived to a great age, and was so highly reputed for prudence and virtue, that her grandson, Henry VIII., was mainly guided by her advice in forming his first council.

167. *banished*:—Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham, in 1464, and Edward issued a proclamation prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her return, or harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till April, 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her

father Reignier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. So that her introduction here is a dramatic fiction.

228. *Thou elvish-mark'd*, etc.—It was an old prejudice, which is not yet quite extinct, that those who are defective or deformed are *marked* by mischievous or malignant *elves*. She calls him *hog*, in allusion to his cognizance, which was a *boar*. "The expression," says Warburton, "is fine: remembering her youngest son, she alludes to the ravage which hogs make with the finest flowers in gardens, intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons." The rhyme of Collingbourne, as given in Heywood's *Edward IV.*, will illustrate this:—

"The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog,  
Doe rule all England under a *hog*.  
The crooke backt boore the way hath found  
To root our roses from our ground,  
Both flower and bud will be confound,  
Till king of beasts the swine be crown'd:  
And then the dog, the cat, and rat  
Shall in his trough feed and be fat."

The persons aimed at in this rhyme were the king, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovel.

### Scene IV.

10. Clarence was desirous to aid his sister Margaret against the French king, who invaded her jointure lands after the death of her husband, Charles, Duke of Burgundy, who was killed at Nanci, in January, 1477.

80, 81. They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications.

284. The Duke of Clarence was arraigned for treason before the Parliament, convicted, and sentenced to death. This was in February, 1478, and a few days later it was announced that he had died in the Tower. So that this first Act of the play embraces a period of nearly seven years, the death of King Henry having occurred in May, 1471. The manner of Clarence's death has never been ascertained. It was generally attributed to the machinations of Richard. This suspicion is referred to by Holinshed, Sir Thomas More, and other writers of their time. There was a fierce grudge between the dukes, growing out of their rapacity towards the Warwick estates.

## ACT SECOND.

## www.libtool.com. Scene I.

69-72. *I do not know . . . humility*, etc.:—In his *Eikonoklastes*, Milton refers to this passage: "The poets, and some English have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know, was the closest companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place. I intended (saith he) not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies. The like saith Richard." Milton here quotes the lines above indicated, and adds: "Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the Poet used not much license in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but his religion."

102 *et seq.* "This lamentation," says Johnson, "is very tender and pathetic. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others." For this speech the Poet had the following hint in Holinshed: "Sure it is, that although king Edward were consenting to his death, yet he much did both lament his infortunate chance, and repent his sudden execution; insomuch that, when anie person sued to him for the pardon of malefactors condemned to death, he would accustomable saie—'Oh, infortunate brother! for whose life not one would make sute!'"

## Scene II.

[*Enter the Duchess of York.*] Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville, first earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard, Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield, 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495.

121. *Ludlow*:—Edward, the young prince, in his father's lifetime, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as Prince of Wales; under the governance of the Earl of Rivers, his uncle

## KING RICHARD III.

## Notes

by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches and by his presence to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild and unruly.

### Scene III.

12-15. *In him . . . govern well*:—We may hope well of his government under all circumstances; we may hope this of his council while he is in his non-age, and of himself in his riper years.

## ACT THIRD.

### Scene I.

[*Enter . . . Cardinal Bouchier.*] Thomas Bouchier was made a cardinal, and elected Archbishop of Canterbury in 1464. He died in 1486.

56. *sanctuary children*:—This argument is from Sir Thomas More's *History of Richard III.*: "Verilie I have often heard of sanctuarie men, but I never heard erste of sanctuarie children. But he can be no sanctuarie manne, that neither hath wisdom to desire it, nor malice to deserve it, whose life or libertie can by no lawfull processe stand in jeopardie. And he that taketh one out of sanctuarie to doo him good, I saye plainlie that he breaketh no sanctuarie."

79. *So wise so young*, etc.:—"I have knowne children languishing of the splene," says Bright, in his *Treatise on Melancholy* (1586), "obstructed and altered in temper, talke with gravity and wisdom surpassing those tender years, and their judgements carrying a marvellous imitation of the wisdom of the ancient, having after a sorte attained that by disease which other have by course of yeares; whereon I take it the proverbe ariseth, that *they be of shorte life who are of wit so pregnant.*"

82. *the formal vice, Iniquity*:—The part of the vice or jester of the old morality plays appears to have been on all occasions much the same, consisting in a given round or *set form* of action; for which cause, probably, the epithet *formal* is here applied to him. The following is Gifford's description of him: "He appears to have been a perfect counterpart of the harlequin of the modern stage, and had a twofold office—to instigate the hero of the piece

to wickedness, and at the same time to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend; or the latter driven roaring from the stage, by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender." In Ben Jonson's play, *The Devil is an Ass*, we have among the characters, *Satan, the great Devil; Pug, the less Devil; Iniquity, the Vice.*

130, 131. York alludes to the hump on Gloucester's back, which was commodious for carrying burdens: So in Ulpian Fulwell's *Ars Adulandi*, 1576: "Thou hast an excellent *back* to carry my lord's ape."

### Scene II.

33. *the boar*:—Meaning, of course, Richard, whose crest was adorned with the figure of that amiable beast.

### Scene III.

5. *God keep the prince*:—"Queen Elizabeth Grey," says Walpole, "is deservedly pitied for the loss of her two sons; but the royalty of their birth has so engrossed the attention of historians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her second son, Sir Richard Grey. It is remarkable how slightly the death of Earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man invested with such high offices of trust and dignity; and how much we dwell on the execution of the lord chamberlain Hastings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of English story from the tragic rather than the historic authors."

### Scene IV.

[*Enter . . . the Bishop of Ely.*] Dr. John Morton was elected to the See of Ely in 1478. He was advanced to the See of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed Lord Chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry, Earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV.; and was a principal



agent in procuring Henry, when abroad, to enter into a covenant for the purpose.

5. *wants but nomination*:—The only thing wanting is the naming of the time or the appointment of a day for the ceremony.

33-35. *When I was last*, etc.:—This easy affability and smoothness of humour when going about the blackest and bloodiest crimes is one of the most decisive strokes in this terrible portrait. The incident is thus related by More: "These lords so sitting together communing of this matter, the protector came in amongst them first about nine of the clocke, saluting them courteously, and excusing himselfe that had been from them so long, saieing merilie that he had bene a sleeper that daie. After a little talking with them he said unto the Bishop of Elie—My lord, you have verie good strawberries at your garden in Holborne; I require you, let us have a messe of them. Gladlie, my lord, quoth he; would God I had some better thing as readie to your pleasure as that! And therewithall in all hast he sent his servant for a messe of strawberries."

61-80. *I pray you all*, etc.:—More gives a most spirited account of this proceeding: "Betweene ten and eleven he returned into the chamber, with a woonderful soure angrie countenance, knitting the browes, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lips; and so sat him downe in his place. All the lords were much dismayd and sore marvelled at this sudden change. Then, when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began: What were they worthie to have, that compasse and imagine the destruction of me, being so neere of blood unto the king, and protector of his roiall person and his realme? At this question all the lords sat sore astonished, musing much whome this question meant, of which everie man wist himselfe cleere. Then the lord chamberlaine answered and said, that they were worthie to be punished as traitors, whatsoever they were. And all affirmed the same. That is, quoth he, yonder sorceresse, my brothers wife, and other with hir. Ye shall all see in what wise that sorceresse, and that other witch of hir councill, Shores wife, have by their sorcerie and witchcraft wasted my bodie. And therewith he plucked up his dublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arme, where he shewed a weerish withered arme, and small; as it was never other. Hereupon everie mans mind sore misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrell. For they well wist that the queene was too wise to go about anie such follie. And, also, no man was there present, but well knew that his arme was ever such since his birth.

Naithelesse the lord chamberlaine answered—Certainlie, my lord, if they have so heinouslie doone, they be worthie heinous punishment. What! quoth the protector, thou servest me, I weene, with ifs and ands: I tell thee they have so doone, and that I will make good on thy bodie, traitor. And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the boord a great rap; at which token one cried, Treason! without the chamber. Therewith a doore clapped, and in come there rushing men in harnesse, as manie as the chamber might hold. And anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings—I arrest thee, traitor! What, me! my lord? quoth he. Yea, thee, traitor, quoth the protector. Then were they all quicklie bestowed in diverse chambers, except the lord chamberlaine, whome the protector bad speed and shrive him apace; for, by Saint Paule, quoth he, I will not to dinner till I see thy head off."

86. *Three times to-day*, etc.:—This is from Sir Thomas More: "In riding toward the Tower the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse twice or thrice *stumbled* with him, almost to the falling; which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whome no such mischance is toward; yet hath it beene of an old rite and custome observed as a token oftentimes notable foregoeing some great misfortune."

109. *They smile at me*, etc.:—Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catherine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, and widow of William Lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by King Henry VII. in the first year of his reign. The daughter of Lady Hastings, by her first husband, was married to the Marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play.

## Scene V.

69. *come too late of our intents*:—In common speech a similar phrase is used—to come *short* of a thing.

76-79. *a citizen*, etc.:—This person was one *Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer, at the *Crown* in Cheapside. These topics of Edward's cruelty, lust, unlawful marriage, etc., are enlarged upon in that most extraordinary invective, the petition presented to Richard before his accession, which was afterwards turned into an Act of Parliament.

98. *Baynard's Castle*:—This castle was built by Baynard, a nobleman, who is said to have come in with William the Con-

queror. It stood on the bank of the river in Thames street, but was swept away by the commercial necessities of London.

103, 104. Dr. Shaw was brother to the Lord Mayor; Penker, according to Speed, was provincial of the Augustine friars; and both were popular preachers of the time.

107. *the brats of Clarence*:—Edward and Margaret, known afterwards as Earl of Warwick and Countess of Salisbury.

### Scene VII.

The Baynard's Castle scene in the third Act is called by Brandes an unforgettable passage. "Richard has cleared away all obstacles on his path to the throne. His elder brother Clarence is murdered—drowned in a butt of wine. Edward's young sons are presently to be strangled in prison. Hastings has just been hurried to the scaffold without trial or form of law. The thing is now to avoid all appearance of complicity in these crimes, and to seem austere disinterested with regard to the crown. To this end he makes his rascally henchman, Buckingham, persuade the simple-minded and panic-stricken Lord Mayor of London, with other citizens of repute, to implore him, in spite of his seeming reluctance, to mount the throne."

5. *Lady Lucy*:—The king had been familiar with this lady before his marriage to the present queen, to obstruct which his mother alleged a precontract between them. But Elizabeth Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been his concubine.

9. *his own bastardy*:—This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the Duke of Clarence when he obtained a settlement of the crown on himself and his issue after the death of Henry VI. Sir Thomas More says that the Duke of Gloucester, soon after Edward's death, revived this scandal.

189. *Bigamy*, by a canon of the Council of Lyons, A. D. 1274 (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edward I.), was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow.

193. *some alive*:—Buckingham here hints at the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By *some alive* is meant the Duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard.

## ACT FOURTH.

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## Scene I.

[*Enter . . . Anne, Duchess of Gloucester.*] We have not seen this lady since the second Scene of the first Act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby Place. She was married to him about the year 1472.

## Scene II.

58, 59. *give out . . . die*:—The matter of the passage is thus given in Holinshed: "After this he procured a rumour to be spread among the people, that the queene was dead; to the intent that she, taking some conceit of this strange fame, should fall into some sudden sicknesse or greevous maladie. When the queene heard that so horrible a rumour was sprung amongst the commonaltie, she sore suspected the world to be almost at an end with hir. And in that sorrowfull agonie she went to the king hir husband, demanding of him what it should meane, that he had judged hir worthie to die. The king answered hir with faire words, and with smiling and flattering leasings comforted hir, and bid hir be of good cheere. Howsoever it fortun'd, either by pensiveness of hart, or by infection of poison, within a few daies after the queene departed out of this transitorie life."

109. *Rougemont*:—Shakespeare, doubtless, worked upon the following passage in Holinshed: "During his abode here he went about the citie and at length he came to the castell; and when he understood that it was called Rugemont, suddenlie he fell into a dumpe, and said, Well, I see my daies be not long. He spake this of a prophesie told him, that when he came once to Richmond, he should not long live after." How much the fact, or rather, perhaps, the *fancy*, was thought of, may be inferred from what Fuller says of it in his account of Exeter: "There is in this city a castle, whitherto King Richard the usurper repaired. He demanded of the inhabitants how they called their castle; who returned the name thereof was Rugemont. Hereat the usurper was much abashed, having been informed by wizards that he should never prosper after he had met a thing called Rugemont. It seems Satan either spoke this oracle low or lispings, desirous to palliate his fallacy and ignorance; or that King Richard mistook the word,

seeing not Rugemont but Richmond proved so formidable to this usurper."

[www.litindia.cn](http://www.litindia.cn) Scene III.cn

31-35. *Come to me*, etc. :—Here again the Poet runs close along More's narrative as he found it in Hall or Holinshed: "Sir James Tirrell devised that they should be murdered in their beds. To the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the foure that kept them, a fellow fleshed in murder before-time. To him he joined one John Dighton, his owne horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave. Then all the other being removed, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton about midnight, the seelie children lieng in their beds, came into the chamber, and, suddenlie lapping them up among the clothes, so to-bewrapped them an intangled them, that within a while, smothered and stifed, they gave up to God their innocent soules leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed. Which after that the wretches perceived, they laid their bodies naked out upon the bed, and fetched Sir James to see them; which, upon the sight of them, caused those murtherers to burie them at the staire foot, meetlie deepe in the ground, under a great heape of stones. Then rode Sir James in hast to King Richard, and showed him all the maner of the murther, who gave him great thanks, and, as some saie, there made him knight. But he allowed not, as I have heard, the burieng in so vile a corner, because they were a kings sonnes. Whereupon, they say, that a priest of sir Robert Brakenburies tooke up the bodies againe, and secretlie interred them in such place as, by the occasion of his death which onelie knew it, could never since come to light. Verie truth it is, and well knowne, that at such time as Sir James Tirrell was in the Tower, for treason against King Henrie the seventh, both Dighton and he were examined, and confessed the murther in maner above written." This is the last we have from More.

#### Scene IV.

291-336. The following basis for this speech and the matter thereabout is found in the narrative of the chronicler Hall: "There came into his ungracious mind a thing not onelie detestable to be spoken of, but much more abhominable to be put in execution. For when he revolved in his mind how great a foun-

teine of mischeefe toward him should spring, if the Earle of Richmond should be advanced to the marriage of his neece, he determined to reconcile to his favour Queene Elizabeth, either by faire words or liberrall promises; firmlie beleeving, her favour once obtained, that the Earle of Richmond of the affinitie of his neece should be utterlie defrauded. And if no remedie could be otherwise invented, then he himselfe would rather take to wife his neece the Ladie Elizabeth, than for lacke of that affinitie the whole realme should run to ruin; as who said, that if he once fell from his dignitie the ruin of the realme must needs shortlie follow. Wherefore he sent to the queene, being in sanctuarie, diverse and often messengers, which first should excuse and purge him of all things before against hir attempted or procured, and after should so largelie promise promotions and benefits not onelie to hir, but also to hir sonne Lord Thomas, Marquese Dorset, that they should bring hir, if it were possible, into some wanhope, or, as men saie, into a fooles paradise."

430. The issue of the negotiations with Elizabeth is thus stated in Holinshed: "The messengers, being men of wit and gravitie, so persuaded the queene with great and pregnant reasons, and what with faire and large promises, that she began somewhat to relent, and to give to them no deafe ear; insomuch that she faithfullie promised to yeeld herselfe fullie to the kings will and pleasure. And so she, putting in oblivion the murder of hir innocent children, the living in adulterie laid to hir charge, the bastarding of hir daughters; forgetting also the promise and oath made to the Countesse of Richmond, mother to the Earle Henrie, delivered into King Richards hands hir five daughters, as lambs committed to the custodie of the ravenous wolfe. After, she sent letters to the marquese hir sonne, being then at Paris with the Earle of Richmond, willing him in anie wise to leave the earle, and without delae to repair into England, where for him were provided great honours and promotions; ascertaining him further, that all offenses on both parts were forgotten and forgiven, and both he and she highlie incorporated in the kings heart. Suerlie the inconstancie of this woman were much to be marvelled at, if all women had beene found constant; but let men speake, yet women of the verie bond of nature will follow their owne sex."

472. *What heir of York*, etc.:—"There were other heirs," says White, "who had a better title than Richard, as Malone remarked—Elizabeth and the other daughters of Edward IV., and Edward,

son of Richard's elder brother, the Duke of Clarence; and although, as Ritson rejoined, Edward's issue had been pronounced illegitimate, and Clarence attainted of high treason, yet this was unjustly done by procurement of Richard himself."

496, 497. *leave behind your son, George Stanley*:—Here is the chronicler's statement of the matter: "When the said Lord Stanlie would have departed into his countrie, to visit his familie, and to recreate and refresh his spirits, (as he openlie said, but the truth was, to the intent to be in a perfect readinesse to receive the Earle of Richmond at his first arrivall in England,) the king in no wise would suffer him to depart, before he had left as an hostage in the court George Stanlie, Lord Strange, his first-begotten sonne and heire."

529. *Hoised sail*:—On the 12th of October, 1483, Richmond set sail from St. Malo in Brittany with forty ships and five thousand men. In the course of that very day his fleet was seized by a storm, shattered, and utterly dispersed. The rest we give in the words of Holinshed: "In the morning after, when the rage of the tempest was asswaged, about the houre of noone the earle approached to the mouth of the haven of Pole in the countie of Dorset, where he might plainlie perceive all the bankes and shores garnished and furnished with men of warre and souldiers, appointed there to defend his arrivall and landing. Wherefore he gave strict charge that no person should presume to take land, untill such time as the whole navie were come together. And while he taried he sent out a shipboate toward the land side, to know whether they which stood there were enimies or else frends. They that were sent were instantlie desired of the men of warre keeping the coast to take land, affirming that they were appointed by the Duke of Buckingham there to await for the arrivall of the Earle of Richmond, and to conduct him safelie into the campe, where the duke not far off laie with a mightie armie. The earle, suspecting their request to be but a fraud, as it was indeed, after he perceived none of his ships to appeare in sight, weied up his anchors, halsed up his sailes, and, having a fresh gae sent by God to deliver him from that perill, arrived safe in the duchie of Normandie."

534, 535. *Richmond . . . Milford*:—The Earl of Richmond embarked with about two thousand men at Harfleur, in Normandy, August 1, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welsh would receive him cordially as their countryman, he having been born at Pem-

broke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Catharine of France, the widow of Henry V. and mother of Henry VI.

## ACT FIFTH.

### Scene I.

12. *All-Souls' day*:—Buckingham was executed on All-Saints' day, November 1, 1483. The story is told thus by the chroniclers: "The duke, being by certeine of the kings counceill diligentlie examined, what things he knew prejudicall unto the kings person, declared franklie all the conjuration, without glosing; trusting, because he had plainlie revealed all things, that he should have licence to speake to the king; which, whether it were to sue for pardon, or whether he, being brought to his presence, *would have sticked him with a dagger, as men thought*, he sore desired. But when he had confessed the whole conspiracie, upon All-soules daie, without arreiement or judgement, he was at Salisburie, in the open market-place, on a new scaffold, beheaded and put to death."

19. *the determined respite of my wrongs*:—The end of the time for which the punishment of his misdeeds was put off.

### Scene II.

We have already noted that on his father's side the Earl of Richmond was grandson to Owen Tudor and Catharine of France, widow of Henry V. His mother was Margaret, daughter and heir to John Beaufort, the first Duke of Somerset, and great-granddaughter to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford; on which account, after the death of Henry VI. and his son, Richmond was looked to by both friends and foes as the next male representative of the Lancastrian line. The first Beauforts were born out of wedlock, though their parents were afterwards married. The children were legitimated, but the act of legitimation expressly barred them and their posterity from the throne. So that in himself Richmond had no *legal* claim to the kingdom. Nevertheless the Lancastrians all regarded him as their natural chief; and many of the Yorkists accepted him because of his having bound himself by solemn oath to marry the Princess



Elizabeth, whom they of course considered the rightful heir to the crown after the death of her brothers.

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Scene III.

11. *trebles that account*:—Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand. But Lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise.

19. [*Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, etc.*] "It should be remembered," as observed by White, "that the field was represented by a platform about as large as the floor of a drawing-room in a modern full-sized house. The representatives of Richard and Richmond were actually within easy conversational distance of each other, and could almost have shaken hands; and the tents, of course, occupied the same relative positions. Such were the arrangements of our primitive stage. We now, by the aid of scene-painters and carpenters, and at the sound of the prompter's whistle, separate the representatives of York and Lancaster by certain yards of coloured canvas, and our stage ghosts address themselves to Richard only; and there are those who, forgetting that the stage does not, never can, and should not if it could, represent the facts of real life, think that we have gained greatly by the change. Sir William Brandon, who bore Richmond's standard, was father to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. and the widow of Louis XII. of France. The Folio directs Dorset to enter here; but Dorset, at this time, was in pawn to a royal money-lender, Charles VIII. of France, for ready cash advanced to furnish Richmond forth. As Shakespeare quite surely knew this from the chronicles which he consulted in the preparation of the play, and as the mistake is one that might easily have crept into the prompter's book, being a mere stage-direction, it may be corrected without authority."

118. [*Enter the ghost, etc.*] It is quite possible that the introduction of the ghosts may have been suggested by the following passage in *The True Tragedie of Richard the Third*:—

"The hell of life that hangs upon the crown,  
The daily cares, the nightly dreams,  
The wretched crews, the treason of the foe,

And horror of my bloody practice past,  
 Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,  
 That, sleep I, wake I, or whatsoever I do,  
 Methinks *their ghosts come gaping for revenge*,  
 Whom I have slain in reaching for a crown.  
 Clarence complains, and crieth for revenge;  
 My nephews' blood, Revenge! revenge! doth cry;  
 The headless peers come pressing for revenge;  
 And every one cries, Let the tyrant die!"

176. [*The Ghosts vanish.*] In this series of speeches the Poet has given a "local habitation and a name" to what is thus stated in the *Chronicles*: "The fame went, that he had the same night a terrible dreame; for it seemed to him, being asleepe, that he did see diverse images like terrible divels, which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take anie quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenlie strake his heart with feare, but it stuffed his head with many busie and dreadfull imaginations. For incontinent after, his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated the doubtfull chance of the battle, not using the alacritie and mirth of mind and countenance as he was accustomed to doo. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for feare of his enimies, and for that cause looked so piteouslie, he declared to his familiar freends in the morning his wonderfull vision and fearfull dreame."

179-206. *O coward conscience*, etc.:—"These are such pangs of conscience as would sometimes beset even the strongest and most resolute in those days when faith and superstition were still powerful, and when even one who scoffed at religion and made a tool of it had no assurance in his heart of hearts. There is in these words, too, a purely human sense of loneliness and of craving for affection, which is valid for all time."

301. *This, and Saint George to boot!*—"This, and St. George to help us, into the bargain." The historian makes him say, "Now, saint George to borrow"; which means, St. George *be our pledge or security*. This ordering of the battle is from the *Chronicles*: "King Richard, bringing all his men out of their campe into the plaine, ordered his foreward in a marvellous length, in which he appointed both horsmen and footmen, to the intent to imprint in the hearts of them that looked afarre off a sudden terror and deadlie feare; and in the fore-front he placed the archers like a strong fortified trench or bulworke. Over this

## KING RICHARD III.

## Notes

battell was capteine, John Duke of Norffolke, with whom was Thomas Earl of Surie, his sonne. After this long vant-gard followed King Richard himselfe with a strong companie of chosene and approved men of warre, having horsemen for wings on both sides of his battell."

314-326. *What shall I say more*, etc.:—Thus Holinshed: "You see further, how a company of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates, be aiders and partakers of this feate and enterprise. And to begin with the Earl of Richmond, captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welsh milksop, brought up by *my moother's* means and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis Duke of Britaine." Holinshed copied this from Hall; but his printer has given us by accident the word *moother* instead of *brother*; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakespeare. In the first edition of Holinshed the word is rightly printed *brother*. So that this circumstance not only shows that the Poet follows Holinshed, but points out the edition used by him.

346. *let George Stanley die*:—So in Holinshed: "When King Richard was come to Bosworth, he sent a pursevant to the Lord Stanlie, commanding him to advance with his companie; which if he refused to doo, he sware by Christes passion, that he would strike off his sonnes head before he dined. The Lord Stanlie answered, that if the king did so, he had more sonnes alive; and as to come to him, he was not then so determined. When King Richard heard this, he commanded the Lord Strange incontinent to be beheaded; which was at that verie same season when both the armies had sight of ech other. But the councillors persuaded the king that it was now time to fight, and no time to execute."

### Scene IV.

7-10. *A horse!* etc.:—Here once more we have a slight trace of the old play:—

*King.* A horse! a horse! a fresh horse!

*Page.* Ah! fly, my lord, and save your life.

*King.* Fly, villain! Look I as though

I would fly?—No! . . .

12. *Five have I slain*:—Shakespeare uses this incident with historical propriety in *Henry IV.*, V. iv. 25 *et seq.* He had here also good ground for his poetical exaggeration. Richard, accord-

ing to the *Chronicles*, was determined if possible to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the earl was; attacked his standard-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him; then assaulted Sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew. Having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that instant Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last moment.

### Scene V.

4-7. *Lo, here, etc.* :—Thus in the *Chronicles*: “When the Earle had obtained the victorie, he kneeled downe and rendered to almightie God his heartie thanks, with devout and godlie orisons. Which prair finished, he ascended up to the top of a little moun-teine, where he not onelie praised his valiant souldiers, but also gave them his heartie thanks, with promise of condigne recompense for their fidelitie and valiant feats. Then the people re-joised and clapped their hands, crying, King Henrie, king Henrie! When the Lord Stanlie [Derby] saw the good will and glad-nesse of the people, he tooke the crowne of King Richard, which was found amongst the spoile in the field, and set it on the earles head; as though he had bene elected by the voice of the people, as in times past in diverse realmes it hath bene accustomed.”

## KING RICHARD III.

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### Questions on Richard III.

1. Is this an early or a later play of Shakespeare? What are the metrical peculiarities that help to establish its date?
2. Whose influence does it show in matters of character conception, and the dominance of the main figure in the drama?
3. What time is covered by the course of the action?
4. In what play is Richard's younger life presented? What is his character there, and in what acts is he exhibited that have their logical completion in this play?

### ACT FIRST.

5. What is the mood of Richard in the opening soliloquy? What events does he celebrate? How does he describe himself? Does this description provide a motive for his villainy?
6. State the cause of Clarence's arrest? How was Richard implicated? To whom does he impute the blame in talking with Clarence?
7. What is the physical condition of King Edward?
8. In what humour does Richard comment upon his contemplated marriage with Lady Anne? What is his motive in this alliance?
9. Show the dramatic purpose of Anne's lamentations. Upon whom does she call down curses?
10. What traits does Anne display before Richard begins with her the *keen encounter of wits*? Why does he deny having killed Prince Edward and King Henry and then almost immediately acknowledge it? When does Anne first show that Richard's flatteries have begun to touch her vanity?
11. What induces Richard to offer Anne his sword and bid her slay him? Up to this point have you shared the same belief respecting her that Richard shows? What prevents her striking?
12. In quitting the scene what feeling does Anne show? In Sc. i. of the fourth Act how does she account for her yielding?

## Questions

## THE TRAGEDY OF

13. Analyze the state of mind of Richard as observed in the closing speech of Sc. ii.

14. To what office does Sc. iii. inform us that Richard will accede in case of King Edward's death?

15. What is the state of the king's household and the apprehensiveness of the queen concerning the state of affairs?

16. How does Richard make use of circumstances to lay blame for the imprisonment of Clarence and of Hastings?

17. What is the effect of Margaret's entrance at this point of the drama? Where has she come from? What is her personal appearance? How long is it since the battle of Tewksbury?

18. What especial words rouse her passion? How does Richard in lines 174 *et seq.* point out in her case the workings of retributive justice?

19. How much of her curse is prophetic of events to be developed in the action? What effect has her curse upon Richard as seen by the way he turns it upon herself?

20. What does she say to Buckingham? How is she answered by him?

21. How does Richard urge on the murderers of Clarence?

22. In Clarence's account of his dream (Sc. iv.) how does he reveal the ultimate causes of the disasters that he is suffering? How does conscience work with him? How with Brakenbury and the two murderers? Show how here is presented the dramatic element of contrast.

23. What passes between Clarence and the murderers concerning Richard? Does the dramatist lead one to expect that Clarence should recognize the fulfilment of the prophecy contained in his dream?

24. What is the immediate effect upon the two murderers of the committal of the deed? Show how Shakespeare differentiates the characters of these two.

## ACT SECOND.

25. What reconciliations are effected at the opening of this Act? What is Richard's purpose in joining in them? Is it by his subtle contrivance that the blame for Clarence's death falls on the queen and her family?

26. How in Sc. ii. is Richard's deceit shown in comparison with the innocence of childhood?

## KING RICHARD III.

## Questions

27. Show how, as the Scene progresses, Shakespeare has mingled sympathy and antagonism in grief.

28. To what position in Richard's confidence has Buckingham been promoted since the death of King Edward? What is Richard's purpose in seeming to be directed by another? How much of their ulterior purpose is revealed?

29. Indicate the purpose of Sc. iii. What does Shakespeare think of boy kings?

30. What is the dramatic effect of the precociousness of the young York?

31. What news is brought by a Messenger? What further than the actual facts disclosed does it portend? Where does the queen go with young York?

## ACT THIRD.

32. What is Richard's motive in accusing the Prince's uncles of deceit?

33. What act of sacrilege is committed through the advice of Buckingham? Characterize the reasoning he employs to the Cardinal.

34. Show the effect of the Prince's talk about Julius Cæsar, together with Richard's *asides*. What is further intended in York's covert taunts to Richard?

35. Who first proposes openly the project of making Richard king? Mention the obstacles that seem to stand in the way. What is Richard's method of surmounting them? What is his mental prepossession concerning his future? What rewards does he promise Buckingham?

36. Who is meant by *the boar* in the allusions of Hastings in Sc. ii.? Point out the irony of his speeches. In them how is the note again and again struck?

37. What stroke does Buckingham give to the fatuousness of Hastings? Show the purpose of this Scene in the scheme of the drama.

38. How does Sc. iii. exhibit nemesis? What are the retrospective and prophetic elements here presented?

39. For what purpose (Sc. iv.) was the assembly met in the Tower of London? Show the dramatic effectiveness of Richard's entrance. What is indicated by the episode of the strawberries? What does Hastings say of Richard's manner?

## Questions

## THE TRAGEDY OF

40. What pretext does he use to turn the tables upon Hastings?
41. With each recurrent tragedy what device is used to show the shadow of nemesis?
42. What is intended by the words of the stage direction (Sc. v.) concerning Gloucester and Buckingham, *in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured*?
43. How does Richard account to the Lord Mayor for the death of Hastings?
44. How does Richard contrive to prove the illegitimacy of the Prince's claim to the throne? Is it prudence or humanity that makes him urge some reserve in casting slanders upon his mother? What does he say of *the brats of Clarence*?
45. What was the result of Buckingham's appeal to the citizens in Richard's behalf? How is Richard to appear before the Lord Mayor?
46. What arguments does Buckingham use to urge Richard to accept the crown? How is he answered? How does Richard finally yield?

## ACT FOURTH.

47. Where is the first Scene enacted? What is the destination of the women? Comment on the manner of the queen's speech in line 18. What does Brakenbury's blunder foreshadow?
48. What news does Stanley bring? Is Richmond mentioned for the first time in line 43? In what previous play has he appeared? Why was he absent from England?
49. How does Anne recognize the ironic stroke of destiny in her life?
50. What is Richard's reflection when he finds himself seated on the throne? For what does the hesitation of Buckingham prepare?
51. Mention the exact point at which the returning action begins. What news is brought of Dorset?
52. What new crimes does Richard plan, and how does he talk of them?
53. How does the news concerning Dorset affect Richard? How does he show his superstition? What is his treatment of Buckingham?
54. Compare for effect of pathos the recital of Tyrrel in Sc. iii. with the scene of the lamentation over Arthur in *King John*. How does Richard receive Tyrrel? Compare him with King



## KING RICHARD III.

## Questions

John and Henry IV. What quality of cruelty does Richard possess?

55. What is the nature of Richard's fear of Ely?

56. Comment on the effect of mystery produced by the coming and going of Queen Margaret. Of what is she the embodiment? How does her dialogue (Sc. iv.) with the Duchess of York mark an advance upon Margaret's earlier appearance?

57. What completion of her curse does she find to taunt the Duchess with? What has Queen Margaret said to Queen Elizabeth that she summarizes in line 105? For what in the scheme of justice is Elizabeth's punishment? Is punishment always commensurate with error?

58. How does Margaret teach Elizabeth to curse?

59. What do Elizabeth and the Duchess demand of Richard? Is there any trace of fear or remorse in his order to drown their voices with the trumpets?

60. The Duchess lays what curse upon Richard?

61. Upon what frailties in Elizabeth does Richard play in suing for her daughter? What is the finally successful argument?

62. What comment does he pass upon her after her exit?

63. How is this purpose intercepted?

64. How does Richard lose self-command before Catesby? What does it imply?

65. How does distrust of his adherents grow in him? What is the cumulative effect produced by the arrival of messengers?

66. What is the purpose of Sc. v.?

## ACT FIFTH.

67. Show the larger purpose of Sc. i. beyond recording the doom of Buckingham.

68. What stage in the action is reached by Sc. ii.?

69. Where was the final battle of the Wars of the Roses? What apprehensiveness does Richard show at the beginning of Sc. iii.?

70. How does Richmond spend the night before the battle? For what does the reference to Lord Stanley prepare?

71. What details show Richard's growing fear of disaster?

72. Who visits Richmond in his tent? What relationship exists between them?

## Questions

## KING RICHARD III.

73. What ghostly visitors come before Richard in his sleep? Is the dramatic and psychologic effect of these impaired by having each speak to Richmond?

74. What does Richard say of his conscience after he awakes? What does he say of love and pity? Does this speech prove him to be not wholly outside the human family?

75. What condition does Richard fall into upon the appearance of Ratcliff?

76. State the tenour of Richmond's address to his soldiers.

77. How does action affect Richard's fears and reflections of the previous night?

78. What report comes of Lord Stanley—the same character that frequently figures in this edition of the play as Lord Derby?

79. What is Richard's last speech?

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80. How does this drama differ from *Macbeth* in the manner of presenting the principal character?

81. Mention some of the difficulties in the way of the successful accomplishment of such a characterization as Richard.

82. How in this play does verisimilitude give way to other artistic devices? Mention some of the latter.

83. How does the character of Richard exhibit the frequent tendency among the malformed of avenging themselves upon nature? Has Shakespeare elsewhere employed this *motif*?

84. Mention some of the reasons why this play has been so popular in stage representation. Is more recent taste turning away from it and from plays of its type?

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