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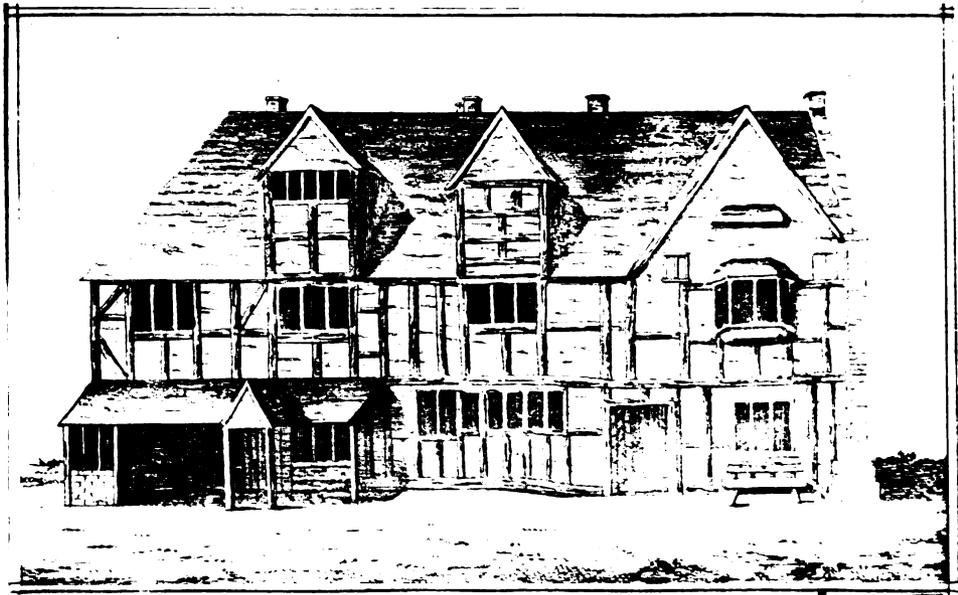
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MR. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

HISTORIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



L O N D O N

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount, 1623; and Re-Printed
for Lionel Booth, 307 Regent Street, 1863.

The general Title-page, an accurate Fac-simile of the Original, will be given with Part III., which will contain the whole of the Tragedies; that Part is in preparation, and will be produced "with all good speed."

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SHAKESPEARE

A REPRINT

of his

COLLECTED WORKS

As put forth in 1623

PART II CONTAINING

THE HISTORIES



LONDON

Printed for Lionel Booth 307 Regent Street 1863

1312

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LONDON:
Printed by *J. Strangeways* and *H. E. Walden*, 28 Castle Street,
Leicester Square.



SHAKESPEARE ;

A REPRINT OF THE "FAMOUS FOLIO OF 1623."

ADVERTISEMENT.

"A reprint of the first Folio, not free from inaccuracies, was published in 1807. A second reprint is now in course of publication by Mr. Lionel Booth. The first part, containing the Comedies, has already appeared. It is probably the most correct reprint ever issued."

The Cambridge Edition of Shakespeare, vol. i. Preface, p. xxvi.

AMONG the many commendations bestowed on this Reprint of the First Edition of Shakespeare, none has occasioned so much satisfaction as the above, because, from the very nature of the labours of the learned Editors, it bears certain evidence that the principal object aimed at in the reproduction—accuracy—has been duly tested.

At the commencement of the undertaking, it was thought that a Reprint of the most important edition of Shakespeare, unless attended with that care which could alone secure thorough identity with the Original, had better remain unattempted; indeed, without extreme caution being devoted to it, the most likely result would be an increase to the perplexities of Shakespearian criticism—whereas, to put forth a book, the correctness of which might in every way be depended on, could not fail to be an acceptable aid to Shakespearian studies.

That the effort has been successful in respect to Part I., now nearly two years in circulation, is certified by the fact that not a single question of its accuracy has been encountered, which has not proved to be an error or misapprehension of the questioner.

Yet at no time has this fact occasioned an overweening confidence; and the anxious endeavour to secure thorough correctness for Part I. has been continued in the production of the present portion, and shall be to the completion of the work.

As the concluding paragraph of the Advertisement to Part I. set forth the design with which this Reprint was begun—namely, that it should, as far as possible, be “one in semblance” with the Original, but more especially, in the important matter of contents, “one and the self-same thing”—that paragraph is now repeated:—“The chances of error in the passing of an elaborate work through the press are multifarious—occasionally their origin is most mysterious and unaccountable; experience, not less than inclination, precludes the least pretension to infallibility, and though not fearing the complaints made against the last reprint of this book, they are not out of memory; therefore, the communication of any—the most trifling—departure from the Original which may be discovered will be most thankfully acknowledged, and the required correction effected by a cancel.”

307 REGENT STREET, W.

October 13th, 1863.



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Great Homer's birth sev'n rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of fame ;
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
His wond'rous worth ; what Egypt could bestow,
With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
Enlarg'd the immense expansion of his mind :
Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain ;
The British Eagle* and the Mantuan Swan
Tow'r equal heights. But, happier Stratford, thou
With incontest'd laurels deck thy brow ;
Thy bard was thine *unschool'd*, and from thee brought
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught ;
Not Homer's self such matchless laurels won,
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakespeare none.

T. SEWARD.

* Milton.



SHAKESPEARE.

COLLATION OF THE EDITION OF 1623.

(Continued.)

THE HISTORIES.

* * * *The Collation is given with each Part, to prevent the reproduction of any peculiarity of the Original Work being mistaken for a defect.*

King John—pages 1 to 22.

Richard the Second—pages 23 to 45—(in some copies page 37 is misprinted 39).

Henry the Fourth, Part I.—pages 46 to 73—(pages 47, 48, are omitted).

Henry the Fourth, Part II.—pages 74 to 100, with a leaf containing the "EPILOGUE," and, on its reverse, "THE ACTORS NAMES"—(pages 89, 90, are misprinted 91, 92).

Henry the Fifth—pages 69 to 95—(as will be perceived, the pagination of this portion of the work, 69 to 100, has been repeated).

Henry the Sixth, Part I.—pages 96 to 119.

Henry the Sixth, Part II.—pages 120 to 146.

Henry

Henry the Sixth, Part III.—pages 147 to 172—(pages 165, 166 are misprinted 167, 168)
Richard the Third—pages 173 to 204.

Henry the Eighth—pages 205 to 232—(page 216 is misprinted 218).

There are slight variations in the head-lines of Henry the Fourth, Part I. page 57, and Henry the Sixth, Part III. pages 153 to 172; these variations do not exist in the Second Edition.

* * * *This Collation will be completed in Part III.*

As copies of the Original are known to vary, any such variations or peculiarities, not noticed above, being communicated will greatly oblige; also any information that may tend to more thoroughly complete the collation of the whole work.

It will be observed that this Reprint has a distinct pagination,—also a distinct set of figures *in fours*; both, to facilitate reference, will be continuous throughout the volume. It may be well to remark—to prevent the chance of proofs of care being taken rather to indicate the nature of that essential—that, wherever type may be seen out of gear, in any way defective or irregular, all such “typographical phenomena,” as Mr. Lettsom has aptly termed those characteristic of the precious old book, have been reproduced in accordance with the prescribed plan “in full and forth”—*No departure from the Original.*





The life and death of King Iohn.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chastillon of France.

King Iohn.

How say Chastillon, what would France with vs ?
Chat. Thus (after greeting) speaks the King of France,
 In my behaviour to the Maiesty,
 The borrowed Maiesty of England heere.

Elin. A strange beginning: borrowed Maiesty?
K. Iohn. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalfe
 Of thy deceased brother, *Geffreyes sonne,*
Arthur Plantagenet, laies most lawfull claime
 To this faire Iland, and the Territories:
 To *Ireland, Poytiers, Aniove, Torayne, Maine,*
 Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
 Which swaies vsurpingly these severall titles,
 And put the same into yong *Arthurs* hand,
 Thy Nephew, and right royall Souveraigne.

K. Iohn. What follows if we disallow of this?
Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloody warre,
 To enforce these rights, so forcibly with-held,
K. Iohn. Heere have we war for war, & blood for blood,
 Controlement for controlement: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
 The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. Iohn. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,
 Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
 For ere thou canst report, I will be there:
 The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.
 So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
 And fullen presage of your owne decay:
 An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke looke too't: farewell *Chastillon.*

Exit Chat. and Pem.

Elin. What now my sonne, have I not ever said
 How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease
 Till she had kindled France and all the world,
 Vpon the right and party of her sonne.
 This might have bene prevented, and made whole
 With very easie arguments of loue,
 Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must
 With fearefull bloody issue arbitrate.

K. Iohn. Our strong possession, and our right for vs.
Elin. Your strong possessiõ much more then your right,
 Or else it must go wrong with you and me,
 So much my conscience whispers in your eare,

Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall heare.

Enter a Sberiffe.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controuersie
 Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you
 That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. Iohn. Let them approach:
 Our Abbies and our Pories shall pay
 This expeditious charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull subiect, I a gentleman,
 Borne in *Northamptonshire,* and eldest sonne
 As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge,*
 A Souldier by the Honor-giuing-hand
 Of *Cordelion,* Knighted in the field.

K. Iohn. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heire to that same *Faulconbridge.*

K. Iohn. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?
 You came not of one mother then it seemes.

Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
 That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:
 But for the cerraine knowledge of that truth,
 I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother;
 Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Elin. Out on thee rude man, y dost shame thy mother,
 And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madame? No, I haue no reason for it,
 That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,
 The which if he can proue, a pope me out,
 At least from faire five hundred pound a yeere:
 Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K. Iohn. A good blunt fellow: why being younger born
 Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land:
 But once he slanderd me with bastardy:

But where I be as true begot or no,
 That still I lay vpon my mothers head,
 But that I am as well begot my Liege
 (Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
 Compare our faces, and be Iudge your selfe
 If old Sir *Robert* did beget vs both,
 And were our father, and this sonne like him:
 O old Sir *Robert* Father, on my knee
 I giue heauen thanks I was not like to thee.

K. Iohn. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here?

Elin. He hath a trickes of *Cordelions* face,
 The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
 Doe you not read some tokens of my sonne
 In the large composition of this man?

K. Iohn

K. Iohn. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect *Richard*: sirra speake,
What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.

Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my father?
With halfe that face would he haue all my land,
A halfe-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a yeere?

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,
Your brother did employ my father much.

Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affaires touching that time:
Th'aduantage of his absence tooke the King,
And in the meane time sojourn'd at my fathers;
Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
As I haue heard my father speake himselfe
When this same lusty gentleman was got:
Ypon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and tooke it on his death
That this my mothers sonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteene weekes before the course of time:
Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

K. Iohn. Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wiues: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,
Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,
Insooth, good friend, your father might haue kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,
Your fathers heyre must haue your fathers land.

Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispossesse that childe which is not his.

Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me sir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy preface, and no land beside.

Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him,
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My armes, such eeleskins stuf, my face so thin,
That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose,
Lest men should say, looke where three farthings goes,
And to his shape were heyre to all this land,
Would I might neuer stirre from off this place,
I would giue it euery foot to haue this face:
It would not be sir nobbe in any case.

Elinor. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis deere:
Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.

Elinor. Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.

Bast. Our Country manners giue our betters way.

K. Iohn. What is thy name?

Bast. *Philip* my Liege, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wiues eldest sonne.

K. Iohn. From henceforth beare his name

Whose forme thou bearest:

Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great,
Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

Bast. Brother by th'mothers side, giue me your hand,
My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:
Now blessed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:
I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.

Bast. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else ore the hatch:
Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,
And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch:
Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,
And I am I, how ere I was begot.

K. Iohn. Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.

Bast. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.

Exeunt all but bastard.

Bast. A foot of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worfe.
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,
Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis two respectiue, and too sociable
For your conuersion, now your traeller,
Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,
And when my knightly stomacke is suff'd,
Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries: my deare sir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall beseech you; that is question now,
And then comes answer like an *Abley* booke:
O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,
At your employment, at your seruice sir:
No sir, saies question, I sweet sir at yours,
And so ere answer knowes what question would,
Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the *Alpes* and *Appenines*,
The *Perennean* and the riuier *Poe*,
It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipfull society,
And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smoake of obseruation,
And so am I whether I smacke or no:
And not alone in habit and deuce,
Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliuer
Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practise to deceiue,
Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learne;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:
But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

What

oman poft is this? hath ſhe no husband
ll take paines to blow a horne before her?
is my mother : how now good Lady,
ings you heere to Court ſo haftily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and Iames Gurney.

Where is that flauē thy brother? where is he?
ds in chafe mine honour vp and downe.
My brother Robert, old Sir Roberts ſonne :
the Gyant, that fame mighty man,
Roberts ſonne that you ſeeke ſo?
Sir Roberts ſonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,
ts ſonne? why ſcorn'ſt thou at fir Robert?
r Roberts ſonne, and fo art thou.
Iames Gournie, wilt thou giue vs leaue a while?
Good leaue good Pbilip.
Pbilip, ſparrow, Iames,
toyes abroad, anon lle tell thee more.

Exit Iames.

I was not old Sir Roberts ſonne,
rt might haue eat his part in me
od Friday, and nere broke his faſt :
rt could doe well, marrie to confeſſe
t me fir Robert could not doe it ;
w his handy-worke, therefore good mother
m am I beholding for theſe limmes?
rt neuer hope to make this legge.

Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
thine owne gaine ſhouldſt defend mine honor?
eanes this ſcorne, thou moſt vntoward knaue?

Knight, knight good mother, Baſilifco-like:
am dub'd, I haue it on my ſhoulder :
her, I am not Sir Roberts ſonne,
ifclaim'd Sir Robert and my land,
ition, name, and all is gone ;
od my mother, let me know my father,
oper man I hope, who was it mother?

Haſt thou denied thy ſelfe a Faulconbridge?
As faithfully as I deny the deuill.

King Richard Cordelion was thy father,
and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd
e roome for him in my husbands bed :
lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge,
t the iſſue of my deere offence
was ſo ſtrongly vrg'd paſt my defence.

Now by this light were I to get againe,
I would not wiſh a better father :
nes doe beare their priuledge on earth,
doth yours : your fault, was not your follie,
uſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
d tribute to commanding loue,
whoſe furie and vnmatched force,
leſſe Lion could not wage the fight,
pe his Princely heart from Richards hand :
perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
ily winne a womans: aye my mother,
I my heart I thanke thee for my father :
es and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
was got, lle ſend his foule to hell.
ady I will ſhew thee to my kinne,
y ſhall ſay, when Richard me begot,
hadſt ſayd him nay, it had bene ſinne ;
yes it was, he lyes, I ſay twas not.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dauphin, Anſtria, Conſtance, Artbur.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met braue Anſtria,
Artbur that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in Paleſtine,
By this braue Duke came early to his graue:
And for amends to his poſteritie,
At our importance hether is he come,
To ſpread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the vſurpation
Of thy vnnaturall Vncle, Engliſh Jobn,
Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether.

Arth. God ſhall forgive you Cordelions death
The rather, that you giue his off-ſpring life,
Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre:
I giue you welcome with a powerleſſe hand,
But with a heart full of vnſtained loue,
Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?

Auſt. Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kiſſe,
As ſeale to this indenture of my loue:
That to my home I will no more returne
Till Angiers, and the right thou haſt in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
Euen till that England hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, ſtill ſecure
And confident from forreine purpoſes,
Euen till that vtmoſt corner of the Weſt
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

Conſt. O take his mothers thanks, a widows thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall helpe to giue him ſtrength,
To make a more requitall to your loue.

Auſt. The peace of heauen is theirs y lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable warre.

King. Well, then to worke our Cannon ſhall be bent
Againſt the browes of this reſiſting towne,
Call for our cheefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt aduantages :
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in French-mens blood,
But we will make it ſubieſt to this boy.

Con. Stay for an anſwer to your Embaſſie,
Left vnaduis'd you ſtaine your ſwords with blood,
My Lord Cbatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which heere we vrgē in warre,
And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indireſtly thedde.

Enter Cbatillon.

King. A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wiſh
Our Meſſenger Cbatillon is arriu'd,
What England ſaies, ſay breefely gentle Lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee, Cbatillon ſpeake,

Cbat. Then turne your forces from this paltry ſiege,
And ſirre them vp againſt a mightier taſke :
England impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelfe in Armes, the aduerſe windes

Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
 To land his Legions all as soone as I:
 His marches are expedient to this towne,
 His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
 With him along is come the Mother Queene,
 An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,
 With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,
 With them a Bastard of the Kings deceaft,
 And all th'vnsetled humors of the Land,
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
 Haue sold their fortunes at their natie homes,
 Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
 In brieft, a brauer choyse of dauntlesse spirits
 Then now the *English* bottomes haue waft o're,
 Did neuer flote vpon the swelling tide,
 To doe offence and scathe in Christendome:
 The interruption of their churlish drums
 Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,

Drum beats.

To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.

Kin. How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.

Auf. By how much vnexpected, by so much
 We must awake indeuor for defence,
 For courage mounteth with occasion,
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke,
 and others.*

K. John. Peace be to *France*: If *France* in peace permit
 Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne;
 If not, bleede *France*, and peace ascend to heauen.
 Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
 Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen.

Fran. Peace be to *England*, if that warre returne
 From *France* to *England*, there to liue in peace:
England we loue, and for that *Englands* sake,
 With burden of our armor heere we sweat:
 This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;
 But thou from louing *England* art so farre,
 That thou hast vnder-wrought his lawfull King,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
 Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
 Looke heere vpon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
 These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
 This little abstract doth containe that large,
 Which died in *Geffrey*: and the hand of time,
 Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
 That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
 And this his sonne, *England* was *Geffreyes* right,
 And this is *Geffreyes* in the name of God:
 How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
 When liuing blood doth in these temples beat
 Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-maisterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission
 To draw my answer from thy Articles? (*France*)

Fra. Frõ that supernal Iudge that stirs good thoughts
 In any beast of strong authoritie,
 To looke into the blots and staines of right,
 That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
 Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
 And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

K. John. Alack thou dost vsurpe authoritie.

Fran. Excuse it is to beat vsurping downe.

Queen. Who is it thou dost call vsurper *France*?

Conf. Let me make answer: thy vsurping sonne.

Queen. Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,

That thou maist be a *Queen*, and checke the world.

Con. My bed was euer to thy sonne as true

As thine was to thy husband, and this boy

Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*

Then thou and *John*, in manners being as like,

As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;

My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke

His father neuer was so true begot,

It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother. (ther)

Queen. There's a good mother boy, that blots thy fa-

Conf. There's a good grandame boy

That would blot thee.

Auf. Peace.

Bast. Heare the Cryer.

Auf. What the deuill art thou?

Bast. One that wil play the deuill fir with you,

And a may catch your hide and you alone:

You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes

Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;

Ile smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,

Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,

That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as lightly on the backe of him

As great *Alcides* shoes vpon an Ass:

But Ass, Ile take that burthen from your backe,

Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.

Auf. What cracker is this fame that deafes our eares

With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King *Lewis*, determine what we shall doe strait.

Lew. Women & fooles, breake off your conference.

King *John*, this is the very summe of all:

England and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,

In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee:

Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

John. My life as soone: I doe desie thee *France*,

Arthur of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,

And out of my deere loue Ile giue thee more,

Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win;

Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Conf. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,

Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will

Giue yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,

There's a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,

I would that I were low laid in my graue,

I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. (weepes)

Qu. Mo. His mother shames him so, poore boy hee

Con. Now shame vpon you where she does or no,

His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames

Drawes those heauen-mouing pearles frõ his poor eies,

Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee:

I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd

To doe him iustice, and reuenge on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heauen and earth.

Con. Thou monstrous Iniurer of heauen and earth,

Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurper

The Dominations, Royalties, and rights

Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy

ines are visited in this poore childe,
 mon of the Law is laide on him,
 out the second generation
 ed from thy sinne-conceiuing wombe.
 Bedlam haue done.

I haue but this to say,
 e is not onely plagued for her sin,
 d hath made her sinne and her, the plague
 removed issue, plagued for her,
 ith her plague her sinne: his iniury
 urie the Beadle to her sinne,
 ish'd in the person of this childe,
 l for her, a plague vpon her.

Thou vnaduised scold, I can produce
 , that barres the title of thy sonne.
 I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
 ans will, a cankered Grandams will.

Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
 seems this preference to cry ayme
 fe ill-tuned repetitions:
 rumpet summon hither to the walles
 nen of Angiers, let vs heare them speake,
 title they admit, *Artuburs* or *Iohns*.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen vpon the walles.

Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?
 'Tis France, for England.

England for it selfe:

en of Angiers, and my louing subiects.

You louing men of Angiers, *Artuburs* subiects,
 umpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

For our aduantage, therefore heare vs first:

lagges of France that are aduanced heere
 the eye and prospect of your Towne,
 ither march'd to your endamagement.
 onons haue their bowels full of wrath,
 ady mounted are they to spit forth
 ron indignation 'gainst your walles:
 paration for a bloody sledge
 erciles proceeding, by these French.

t yours Citties eies, your winking gates:

for our approach, those sleeping stones,

is a waste doth girdle you about

compulsion of their Ordinance,

time from their fixed beds of lime

n dishabited, and wide hauocke made

ody power to rush vpon your peace.

the fight of vs your lawfull King,

ainefully with much expedient march

rought a counter-checke before your gates,

: vnscratch'd your Citties threatned cheekes:

the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,

ow instead of bullets wrapt in fire

ce a shaking feuer in your walles,

roote but calme words, folded vp in smoake,

ce a faithlesse error in your eares,

trust accordingly kinde Cittizens,

t vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits

eried in this action of swift speede,

harbourage within your Citie walles.

ee. When I haue saide, make answer to vs both.

this right hand, whose protection

diuinely vow'd vpon the right

it holds, stands yong *Plantagenet*,

so the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enioyes:

For this downe-troden equity, we tread
 In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,
 Being no further enemy to you

Then the constraint of hospitable zeale,

In the releefe of this oppressed childe,

Religiously prouokes. Be pleased then

To pay that dutie which you truly owe,

To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,

And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,

Saue in aspect, hath all offence seal'd vp:

Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent

Against th'invulnerable clouds of heauen,

And with a blessed and vn-vest retyre,

With vnhack'd swords, and Helms all vnbruis'd,

We will beare home that lustie blood againe,

Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,

And leaue your children, wiues, and you in peace.

But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,

'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles,

Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,

Though all these English, and their discipline

Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:

Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,

In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd it?

Or shall we giue the signall to our rage,

And stalke in blood to our possession?

Cit. In breefe, we are the King of Englands subiects

For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

Iohn. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not: but he that proues the King

To him will we proue loyall, till that time

Haue we ramm'd vp our gates against the world.

Iohn. Doth not the Crowne of England, prouee the

King?

And if not that, I bring you Witnesses

Twice fiftene thousand hearts of Englands breed.

Bast. Bastards and else.

Iohn. To verifie our title with their liues.

Fran. As many and as well-borne bloods as those.

Bast. Some Bastards too.

Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

Iohn. Then God forgie the sinne of all those soules,

That to their euerlasting residence,

Before the dew of euening fall, shall fleete

In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.

Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes.

Bast. Saint *George* that swindg'd the Dragon,

And ere since sit's on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dore

Teach vs some fence. Sirrah, were I at home

At your den sirrah, with your Lionnesse,

I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:

And make a monster of you.

Auf. Peace, no more.

Bast. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.

Iohn. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'll set forth

In best appointment all our Regiments.

Bast. Speed then to take aduantage of the field.

Fra. It shall be so, and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand, God and our right. *Exeunt*

Heere after excursions, Enter the Herald of France

with Trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
 And let yong *Artbur* Duke of Britaine in,

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
 Much worke for teares in many an English mother,
 Whose sonnes lye scattered on the bleeding ground :
 Many a widdowes husband groueling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discoloured earrh,
 And victorie with little losse doth play
 Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
 Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
 To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
 Artbur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E. Har. Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
 King *John*, your king and Englands, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day,
 Their Armour that march'd hence so siluer bright,
 Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood :
 There stucke no plume in any English Crest,
 That is remoued by a staffe of France :
 Our colours do returne in those same hands
 That did display them when we first marcht forth :
 And like a iolly troope of Huntsmen come
 Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
 Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
 Open your gates, and giue the Victors way.

Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
 From first to last, the on-set and retyre
 Of both your Armies, whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured : (blowes :
 Blood hath bought blood, and blowes haue answered
 Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted
 power,

Both are alike, and both alike we like :
 One must proue greatest. While they weigh so euen,
 We hold our Towne for neither : yet for both.

*Enter the two Kings with their powers,
 at severall doores.*

John. France, haue thou yet more blood to cast away?
 Say, shall the currant of our right rome on,
 Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
 Shall leaue his natie channell, and ore-swell
 with course disturb'd euen thy confining shores,
 Vnlesse thou let his sluer Water, keepe
 A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

Fra. England thou haue not sau'd one drop of blood
 In this hot triall more then we of France,
 Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare
 That swayes the earth this Climate ouer-lookes,
 Before we will lay downe our iust-borne Armes,
 Wee'l put thee downe, gainst whom these Armes wee
 Or adde a royall number to the dead : (beare,
 Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha Maiefty : how high thy glory towres,
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire :
 Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with Steele,
 The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
 And now he feasts, moulting the flesh of men
 In vndetermin'd differences of kings.
 Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus :
 Cry hauocke kings, backe to the stained field
 You equall Potents, fierie kindled spirits,
 Then let confusion of one part confirm
 The others peace : till then, blowes, blood, and death.

John. Whose party do the Townefmen yet admit?

Fra. Speake Citizens for England, whose your king.

Hub. The king of England, when we know the king.

Fra. Know him in vs, that heere hold vp his right.

John. In Vs, that are our owne great Deputie,
 And beare possession of our Person heere,
 Lord of our prefence Angiers, and of you.

Fra. A greater powre then We denies all this,
 And till it be vndoubted, we do locke
 Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates :
 Kings of our feare, vntill our feares resolu'd
 Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heauen, these scroyles of Angiers flout ye
 And stand securely on their battlements, (king
 As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
 At your indussrious Scenes and acts of death.
 Your Royall prefences be rul'd by mee,
 Do like the Mutines of Ierusalem,
 Be friends a-while, and both conioyntly bend
 Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.
 By East and West let France and England mount
 Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
 Till their soule-fearing clamours haue braul'd downe
 The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
 I'de play incessantly vpon these Iades,
 Euen till vnfenced desolation

Leaue them as naked as the vulgar ayre :
 That done, disseuer your vnited strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once againe,
 Turne face to face, and bloody point to point
 Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy Minion,
 To whom in fauour she shall giue the day,
 And kisse him with a glorious victory :
 How like you this wilde counsell mighty States,
 Smackes it not something of the policie.

John. Now by the sky that hangs about our heads,
 I like it well. France, shall we knit our powres,
 And lay this Angiers euen with the ground,
 Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. And if thou haue the mettle of a king,
 Being wrong'd as we are by this peeish Townc :
 Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
 As we will ours, against these sawcie walles,
 And when that we haue dash'd them to the ground,
 Why then desie each other, and pell-mell,
 Make worke vpon our selues, for heauen or hell.

Fra. Let it be so : say, where will you assault?

John. We from the West will send destruction
 Into this Citie besome.

Auf. I from the North.

Fra. Our Thunder from the South,
 Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From North to South :
 Austria and France shoot in each others mouth.
 Ile stirre them to it : Come, away, away.

Hub. Heare vs great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
 And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league :
 Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,
 Rescue those breathing liues to dye in beds,
 That heere come sacrifices for the field.
 Perfeuer not, but heare me mighty kings.

John. Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.

Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady *Blanch*
 Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres
 Of *Lewes* the Dolphin, and that louely maid,
 If lustie loue should go in quest of beautie,

Where should he finde it fairer, then in *Blanch* :
 If zealous loue should go in search of vertue,
 Where should he finde it purer then in *Blanch* ?
 If loue ambitious, sought a match of birth,
 Whose veines bound richer blood then Lady *Blanch* ?
 Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
 Is the yong Dolphin euery way compleat,
 If not compleat of, say he is not thee,
 And she againe wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not, that she is not hee :
 He is the halfe part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such as shee,
 And she a faire diuided excellence,
 Whose fulnesse of perfection lyes in him.
 O two such siluer currents when they ioyne
 Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in :
 And two such shores, to two such streames made one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two Princes, if you marrie them:
 This Vnion shall do more then batterie can
 To our fast closed gates : for at this match,
 With swifter spieene then powder can enforce
 The mouth of passage shall we sing wide ope,
 And giue you entrance : but without this match,
 The sea enraged is not halfe so deafe,
 Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes
 More free from motion, no not death himselfe
 In mortall furie halfe so peremptorie,
 As we to keepe this Citie.

Basf. Heeres a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death
 Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
 That spits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and seas,
 Talks as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
 As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges.
 What Cannoneere begot this lustie blood,
 He speaks plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
 He giues the bafinado with his tongue :
 Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
 But buffets better then a fist of France :
 Zounds, I was neuer so bethumpt with words,
 Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, list to this coniunction, make this match
 Giue with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
 For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye
 Thy now vnfur'd assurance to the Crowne,
 That yon greene boy shall haue no Sunne to ripe
 The bloome that promifeth a mightie fruite.
 I see a yeelding in the lookes of France :
 Marke how they whisper, vrge them while their soules
 Are capeable of this ambition,
 Least zeale now melted by the windie breath
 Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,
 Coole and congeale againe to what it was.

Hub. Why answer not the double Maiesties,
 This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne.
Fra. Speake England first, that hath bin forward first
 To speake vnto this Citie : what say you ?

John. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely sonne,
 Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue :
 Her Dowrie shall weigh equall with a Queene :
 For *Angiers*, and faire *Toraine Maine*, *Poytiers*,
 And all that we vpon this side the Sea,
 (Except this Citie now by vs besiedg'd)
 Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,
 Shall gild her briddall bed and make her rich

In titles, honors, and promotions,
 As she in beautie, education, blood,
 Holdes hand with any Princeesse of the world.

Fra. What sai'st thou boy ? looke in the Ladies face.

Dol. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
 Which being but the shadow of your sonne,
 Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow :
 I do protest I neuer lou'd my selfe
 Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,
 Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.

Whispers with Blanch.

Basf. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
 And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth espie
 Himselfe loues traytor, this is pittie now ;
 That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
 In such a loue, so vile a Lout as he.

Blan. My vnckles will in this respect is mine,
 If he see ought in you that makes him like,
 That any thing he see's which moues his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will :
 Or if you will, to speake more properly,
 I will enforce it easlie to my loue.
 Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
 That all I see in you is worthe loue,
 Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
 Though churlish thoughts themselves should bee your
 ludge,

That I can finde, should merit any hate.

John. What saie these yong-ones? What say you my
 Neece ?

Blan. That she is bound in honor still to do
 What you in wisdome still vouchsafe to say.

John. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this
 Ladie ?

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refraine from loue,
 For I doe loue her most vnfaiedly.

John. Then do I giue *Volquessen*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Poytiers, and *Aniow*, these five Prouinces
 With her to thee, and this addition more,
 Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne :
Phillip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
 Command thy sonne and daughter to ioyne hands.

Fra. It likes vs well young Princes: close your hands

Auf. And your lippes too, for I am well assur'd,
 That I did so when I was first assur'd.

Fra. Now Cittizens of Angiers ope your gates,
 Let in that amitie which you haue made,
 For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,
 The rights of marriage shall be solemniz'd.
 Is not the Ladie *Constance* in this troope ?
 I know she is not for this match made vp,
 Her presence would haue interrupted much.

Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes ?

Dol. She is sad and passionate at your highnes Tent.

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we haue made
 Will giue her sadnesse very little cure :

Brother of England, how may we content
 This widow Lady ? In her right we came,
 Which we God knowes, haue turn'd another way,
 To our owne vantage.

John. We will heale vp all,
 For wee'll create yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine
 And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne

We

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Constance*,
 Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire
 To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
 (If not fill vp the measure of her will)
 Yet in some measure satisfie her so,
 That we shall stop her exclamation,
 Go we as well as haist will suffer vs,
 To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe.

Exit.

Bas. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
Iohn to stop *Arburs* Title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with a part,
 And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
 Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
 As Gods owne souldier, rounded in the eare,
 With that same purpose-changer, that slye diuel,
 That Broker, that still breakes the pate of faith,
 That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
 Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
 Who hauing no external thing to loose,
 But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
 That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
 Commoditie, the byas of the world,
 The world, who of it selfe is peysed well,
 Made to run euen, vpon euen ground;
 Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,
 This sway of motion, this commoditie,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
 And this same byas, this Commoditie,
 This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
 Clap'd on the outward eye of sickle France,
 Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
 From a resolu'd and honourable warre,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
 And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
 But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
 Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,
 When his faire Angels would salute my palme,
 But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
 Like a poore begger, railleth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raille,
 And say there is no sin but to be rich:
 And being rich, my vertue then shall be,
 To say there is no vice, but beggerie:
 Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie,
 Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

Exit.

Actus Secundus

Enter *Constance*, *Arbur*, and *Salisbury*.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?
 False blood to false blood ioy'n'd. Gone to be freinds?
 Shall *Lewis* haue *Blauncb*, and *Blauncb* those Prouinces?
 It is not so, thou hast mispoken, misheard,
 Be well aduif'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
 It cannot be, thou do'st but say 'tis so.
 I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
 Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
 Beleuee me, I doe not beleuee thee man,
 I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sicke, and capeable of feares,

Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
 A widdow, husbandles, subiect to feares,
 A woman naturally borne to feares;
 And though thou now confesse thou didst but iust
 With my vext spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne?
 What meanes that hand vpon that breast of thine?
 Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhowme,
 Like a proud riuer peering ore his bounds?
 Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words?
 Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleuee you thinke them false,
 That giue you cause to proue my saying true.

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleuee this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,
 And let beleefe, and life encounter so,
 As doth the furie of two desperate men,
 Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.

Lewis marry *Blauncb*? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
 Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy fight,
 This newes hath made thee a most vgly man.

Sal. What other harme hure I good Lady done,
 But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Con. Which harme within it selfe so heynous is,
 As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.

Ar. I do beseech you Madam be content.

Con. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim
 Vgly, and scandrous to thy Mothers wombe,
 Full of vnpleasing blot, and fightlesse staines,
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
 Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
 I would not care, I then would be content,
 For then I should not loue thee: no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserue a Crowne.
 But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
 Nature and Fortune ioy'n'd to make thee great.
 Of Natures gifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast,
 And with the halfe-blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
 Sh'adulterates hourelly with thine Vnckle *Iohn*,
 And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
 To tread downe faire respect of Soueraigntie,
 And made his Maiestie the bawd to theirs.

France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *Iohn*,
 That strumpet Fortune, that vsurping *Iohn*:
 Tell me thou fellow, is not France forsworne?
 Euuenom him with words, or get thee gone,
 And leaue those woes alone, which I alone
 Am bound to vnder-bear.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
 I may not goe without you to the kings.

Con. Thou maist, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
 For greefe is proud, and makes his owner stoope,
 To me and to the state of my great greefe,
 Let kings assemble: for my greefe's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firme earth
 Can hold it vp: here I and forrowes sit,
 Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

AE

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Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Eleanor, Philip, Constance.

'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
 France shall be kept festiuall :
 To celebrate this day the glorious sunne
 In his course, and playes the Alchymist,
 With splendor of his precious eye
 To gild the cloddy earth to glittering gold :
 To give us a newely course that brings this day about,
 To see it, but a holy day.

A wicked day, and not a holy day.
 For this day deseru'd ? what hath it done,
 To bring golden letters should be fet
 To see the high tides in the Kalender ?
 For her turne this day out of the weeke,
 To bring of shame, oppression, periury.
 To stand still, let wiues with childe
 To bring their burthens may not fall this day,
 For their hopes prodigiouly be crost :
 This day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
 For their shippes breake that are not this day made ;
 For all things begun, come to ill end,
 For which it selfe to hollow falshood change.
 O heauen Lady, you shall haue no cause
 To see the faire proceedings of this day :
 For it is not pawns to you my Maieesty ?

You haue beguill'd me with a counterfeit
 To bring my Maieesty, which being touch'd and tride,
 To bring me to a uselessse : you are forsworne, forsworne,
 For in armes to spill mine enemies blood,
 For in armes, you strengthen it with yours.
 To bring vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
 To bring me to amitie, and painted peace,
 For oppression hath made vp this league :
 For me, you heauens, against these periur'd Kings,
 For I woe, be husband to me (heauens)
 For the howres of this vnjoyfully day
 At the daies in Peace ; but ere Sun-set,
 For I discord 'twixt these periur'd Kings,
 O, Oh, heare me.

Lady Constance, peace.

War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre :
 O Austria, thou dost shame
 My lady spoyle : thou slaue, thou wretch, y^e coward,
 Thou vile valiant, great in villanie,
 For thou art strong vpon the stronger side ;
 Thou art a ruyne Champion, that do'st neuer fight
 In her humorous Ladiship is by
 For thy safety : thou art periur'd too,
 For thou art a foole to brag, and stamp, and swear,
 For thou art partie : thou cold blooded slaue,
 For thou art not spoke like thunder on my side ?
 For thou art borne my Souldier, bidding me depend
 For thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength,
 For thou art now fall ouer to my foes ?
 For thou art a Lyons hide, doff it for shame,
 For thou art a Calues skin on those recreant limbes.
 For thou art that a man should speake those words to me.
 And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs
 For thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs.
John. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.

Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heauen ;
 To thee King *John* my holy errand is :
 I *Pandulph*, of faire *Millane* Cardinall,
 And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate heere,
 Doe in his name religiously demand
 Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
 So wilfully dost spurne ; and force perforce
 Keepe *Stephen Langton* chosen Archbishop
 Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea :
 This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
 Pope *Innocent*, I doe demand of thee.

John. What earthie name to Interrogatories
 Canst thou take the free breath of a sacred King ?
 Thou canst not (Cardinall) deuise a name
 So slight, vnworthy, and ridiculous
 To charge me to an answer, as the Pope :
 Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*,
 Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest
 Shall tythe or toll in our dominions :
 But as we, vnder heauen, are supream head,
 So vnder him that great supremacy
 Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold
 Without th'assistance of a mortall hand :
 So tell the Pope, all reuerence fet apart
 To him and his vsurp'd authoritie.

Fra. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
 Are led so grossely by this meddling Priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
 And by the merit of vild gold, droffe, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who in that sale sels pardon from himselfe :
 Though you, and al the rest so grossely led,
 This iugling witchcraft with reuennue cherish,
 Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
 Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I haue,
 Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
 And blessed shall he be that doth reuolt
 From his Allegiance to an heretique,
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hatefull life.

Con. O lawfull let it be
 That I haue room with *Rome* to curse a while,
 Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
 To my keene curses ; for without my wrong
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.
Con. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.

Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong :
 Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere ;
 For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law :
 Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
 How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on perill of a curse,
 Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
 And raise the power of *France* vpon his head,
 Vnlesse he doe submit himselfe to *Rome*.

Elea. Look'ft thou pale *France*? do not let go thy hand.

Con. Looke to that Deuill, lest that *France* repent,

And

And by disioyning hands hell lose a soule.

Aust. King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinall.

Bast. And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well ruffian, I must pocket vp these wrongs,
Because,

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

John. *Philip*, what faist thou to the Cardinall?

Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinall?

Dolpb. Bethinke you father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curfe from *Rome*,
Or the light losse of *England*, for a friend:
Forgoe the easier.

Bla. That is the curfe of *Rome*.

Con. O *Lewis*, stand fast, the deuill tempts thee heere
In likenesse of a new vntrimmed Bride.

Bla. The Lady *Constance* speakes not from her faith,
But from her need.

Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely liues but by the death of faith,
That need, must needs inferre this principle,
That faith would liue againe by death of need:
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,
Kepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.

John. The king is mou'd, and answers not to this.

Con. O be remou'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Doe so king *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet lout.

Fra. I am perplext, and know not what to say.

Pan. What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more?
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

Fra. Good reuerend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your selfe?

This royall hand and mine are newly knit,
And the coniunction of our inward soules
Married in league, coupled, and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vowes,
The latest breath that gaue the sound of words
Was deepe-sworne faith, peace, amity, true loue
Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selues,
And euen before this truce, but new before,
No longer then we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royall bargaine vp of peace,
Heauen knowes they were besmeared and ouer-stained
With slaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint
The fearefull difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands so lately purg'd of bloud?
So newly ioyn'd in loue? so strong in both,
Vnyoke this seysure, and this kinde regreete?
Play fast and loose with faith? so iest with heauen,
Make such vnconstant children of our selues
As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:
Vn-swearing faith sworne, and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoast,
And make a ryot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy Sir
My reuerend father, let it not be so;
Out of your grace, deuise, ordaine, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest
To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,
Sauue what is opposite to *Englands* loue.
Therefore to *Armes*, be Champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curfe,
A mothers curfe, on her reuolting sonne:
France, thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased Lion by the mortall paw,

A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

Fra. I may dis-ioyne my hand, but not my heart.

Pand. So mak'f thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a ciuill warre setst oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow
First made to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
What since thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe,
And may not be performed by thy selfe,
For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,
Is not amisse when it is truly done:

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better Act of purposes mistooke,
Is to mistake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire
Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd:
It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
But thou hast sworne against religion:
By what thou swear'f against the thing thou swear'f,
And mak'f an oath the suretie for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art vntrue
To swears, swears onely not to be forsworne,
Else what a mockerie should it be to swears?
But thou dost swears, onely to be forsworne,
And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost swears,
Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,
Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe:
And better conquest neuer canst thou make,
Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Vpon which better part, our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The perill of our curses light on thee
So heauy, as thou shalt not shake them off
But in despair, dye vnder their blacke weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Bast. Will't not be?

Will not a Calues-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Daul. Father, to *Armes*.

Blanch. Vpon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums
Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name
Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;
Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to *Armes*
Against mine Vncle.

Const. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous *Daulpb.*,
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.

Blan. Now shall I see thy loue, what motiue may
Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?

Con. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,
His Honor, Oh thine Honor, *Lewis* thine Honor.

Dolpb. I muse your Maiesty doth seeme so cold,
When such profound respects doe pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curfe vpon his head.

Fra. Thou shalt not need. *England*, I will fall frō thee

Const. O faire returne of banish'd Maiestie.

Elea. O soule reuolt of French inconstancy.

Eng. France, y' shalt rue this houre within this houre

Baj

Bast. Old Time the clocke fether, y^e bald sexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.

Bla. The Sun's orecaft with blood : faire day adieu,
Which is the side that I must goe withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I hauing hold of both,
They whurle a-sunder, and dismember mee.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne:
Vncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose:
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wish thy widnes thriue:
Who-euer wins, on that side shall I lose:
Assured losse, before the match be plaid.

Dalpb. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Bla. There where my fortune liues, there my life dies.

Iohn. *Cofen*, goe draw our puifance together,
France, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whose heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood and deereft valued blood of *France*.

Fra. Thy rage shall burne thee vp, & thou shalt turne
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Looke to thy selfe, thou art in ieopardie.

Iohn. No more then he that threats. To Arms le'ts hie.
Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

*Allarums, Excurfions: Enter Bastard with Austria's
bead.*

Bast. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some ayery Deuill houers in the skie,
And pour's downe mischiefe. *Austrias* head lye there,
Enter Iohn, Artbur, Hubert.

While *Philip* breathes.

Iohn. *Hubert*, keepe this boy: *Philip* make vp,
My Mother is assayed in our Tent,
And tane I feare.

Bast. My Lord I rescued her,
Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not:
But on my Liege, for very little paines
Will bring this labor to an happy end. *Exit.*

*Allarums, excursions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Artbur
Bastard, Hubert, Lords.*

Iohn. So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behinde
So strongly guarded: *Cofen*, looke not sad,
Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will
As decree be to thee, as thy father was.

Artb. O this will make my mother die with griefe.

Iohn. *Cofen* away for *England*, haste before,
And ere our comming see thou shake the bags
Of hoording Abbots, imprisoned angells
Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed vpon:
Vse our Commission in his vtmost force.

Bast. Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not driue me back,
When gold and siluer beckes me to come on.
I leaue your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray
(If euer I remember to be holy)
For your faire safety: so I kisse your hand.

Ele. Farewell gentie *Cofen*.

Iohn. Coz, farewell.

Ele. Come hether little kinsman, harke, a worde.

Iohn. Come hether *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a foule counts thee her Creditor,
And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Liues in this bosome, deereley cherished.
Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better tune.
By heauen *Hubert*, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I haue of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Maiefty.

Iohn. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt haue: and creepe time nere so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good.

I had a thing to say, but let it goe:
The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To giue me audience: If the mid-night bell
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
Looke on into the drowzie race of night:
If this same were a Church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
Or if that furly spirit melancholy

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heauy, thicke,
Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,
Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
And straine their cheekes to idle merriment,
A passion hatefull to my purposes:
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
Without a tongue, vñg conceit alone,
Without eyes, eares, and harmefull found of words:
Then, in despite of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,
And by my troth I thinke thou lou'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you loue me vndertake,
Though that my death were adiunct to my Act,
By heauen I would doe it.

Iohn. Doe not I know thou wouldst?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert* throw thine eye
On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way,
And wherefoere this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou vnderstand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And Ile keepe him so,
That he shall not offend your Maiefty.

Iohn. Death.

Hub. My Lord.

Iohn. A Graue.

Hub. He shall not liue.

Iohn. Enough.

I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I loue thee.
Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, Fare you well,
Ile send those powers o're to your Maiefty.

Ele. My blessing goe with thee.

Iohn. For *England* *Cofen*, goe.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
Withal true duetie: On toward *Callice*, ho.

Exeunt.

Scena

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Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolpbin, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of conuicted saile
Is scattered and dis-ioyn'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.

Fra. What can goe well, when we haue runne so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?

Arthur tane prisoner? diuers deere friends slaine?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
Ore-bearing interruption spight of *France*?

Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such aduice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. Well could I beare that *England* had this praise,
So we could finde some patterne of our shame:

Enter *Constance*.

Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a soule,
Holding th'eternall spirit against her will,
In the vilde prison of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.

Con. Lo; now; now see the issue of your peace.

Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Constance*.

Con. No, I dese all Counsell, all redresse,
But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:
Death, death, O amiable, louely death,
Thou odoriferous stench: found rottenesse,
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,
And I will kisse thy detestable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,
And ring these fingers with thy household wormes,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe;
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou smil'st,
And busse thee as thy wife: Miseries Loue,
O come to me.

Fra. O faire affliction, peace.

Con. No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which scornes a moderne Inuocation.

Pand. Lady, you vtter madnesse, and not sorrow.

Con. Thou art holy to belye me so,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffreyes* wife,
Yong *Arthur* is my sonne, and he is lost:
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe:
O, if I could, what grieffe should I forget?
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.)
For, being not mad, but sensible of greefe,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliuer'd of these woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe:
If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,

Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamitie.

Fra. Binde vp those tresses: O what loue I note
In the faire multitude of those her haire;
Where but by chance a siluer drop hath falne,
Euen to that drop ten thousand wery fiends
Doe glew themselves in sociable grieffe,
Like true, inseparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamitie.

Con. To *England*, if you will.

Fra. Binde vp your haire.

Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne,
As they haue giuen these hayres their libertie:
But now I eniue at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Because my poore childe is a prisoner.
And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heauen:
If that be true, I shall fee my boy againe;
For since the birth of *Caine*, the first male-childe
To him that did but yesterday surspire,
There was not such a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-forrow eat my bud,
And chafe the natue beauty from his cheekes,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,
As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,
And so hee'll dye: and rising so againe,
When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen
I shall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heynous a respect of greefe.

Const. He talks to me, that neuer had a sonne.

Fra. You are as fond of greefe, as of your childe.

Con. Greefe fills the roome vp of my absent childe:
Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,
Putson his pretty lookes, repeats his words,
Remembets me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme;
Then, haue I reason to be fond of grieffe?
Fareyouwell: had you such a losse as I,
I could giue better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is such disorder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire sonne,
My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure.

Exit.

Fra. I feare some out-rage, and Ile follow her. Exit.

Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull eare of a drowsie man;
And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words taste,
That it yeelds nought but shame and bitternesse.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Euen in the instant of repaire and health,
The fit is strongest: Euils that take leaue
On their departure, most of all shew euill:
What haue you lost by losing of this day?

Dol. All daies of glory, ioy, and happinesse.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good,
Shee lookes vpon them with a threatening eye:
'Tis strange to thinke how much King *John* hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly wonne:

it you grieu'd that *Arthur* is his prisoner?

As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
 . Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.
 I care me speake with a propheticke spirit:
 I see the breath of what I meane to speake,
 I blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
 In the path which shall directly lead
 To Englands Throne. And therefore marke:
 Upon each feiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
 Whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,
 If plac'd *Iohn* should entertaine an houre,
 A minute, may one quiet breath of rest.
 After snatch'd with an vnurly hand,
 As boyfterously maintain'd as gain'd.
 He that stands vpon a slipp'ry place,
 A nicke of no vilde hold to stay him vp:
Iohn may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall,
 For it cannot be but so.

But what shall I gaine by yong *Arthurs* fall?

. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
 Can make all the claime that *Arthur* did.

And loose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

. How green you are, and fresh in this old world?

Yes you plots: the times conspire with you,

That steepes his safetie in true blood,

Inde but bloodie safety, and vntrue.

It so euilly borne shall coole the hearts

Of his people, and freeze vp their zeale,

Whose so small aduantage shall step forth

To cke his reigne, but they will cherish it.

Natural exhalation in the skie,

By the pe of Nature, no distemper'd day,

Common winde, no customed euent,

They will plucke away his naturall cause,

All them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,

Times, prefages, and tongues of heauen,

And denouncing vengeance vpon *Iohn*.

May be he will not touch yong *Arthurs* life,

And hold himselfe safe in his prisonment.

. O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,

Yong *Arthur* be not gone alreadie,

That that newes he dies: and then the hearts

Of his people shall reuolt from him,

As if the lippes of vnacquainted change,

Shewicke strong matter of reuolt, and wrath

From the bloody fingers ends of *Iohn*.

Whence I see this hurley all on foot;

What better matter breeds for you,

I haue nam'd. The Bastard *Falconbridge*

That in England ranfacking the Church,

And ing Charity: If but a dozen French

There in Armes, they would be as a Call

That in ten thousand English to their side;

A little snow, tumbled about,

Becomes a Mountaine. O noble *Dolphine*,

That brought me to the King, 'tis wonderful,

How may be wrought out of their discontent,

That their soules are topfull of offence,

And I glad go; I will whet on the King.

. Strong reasons makes strange actions: let vs go.

say I, the King will not say no.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus, Scœna prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand
 Within the Arras: when I strike my foot
 Vpon the bosome of the ground, rush forth
 And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me
 Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.

Hub. Vncleanly scruples feare not you: looke too't.
 Yong Lad come forth; I haue to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow *Hubert*.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Ar. As little Prince, hauing so great a Title
 To be more Prince, as may be: you are sad.

Hub. Indeed I haue beene merrier.

Ar. 'Mercie on me:

Me thinks no body should be sad but I:

Yet I remember, when I was in France,

Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night

Onely for wantonneffe: by my Christendome,

So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe

I should be as merry as the day is long:

And so I would be heere, but that I doubt

My Vnckle practises more harme to me:

He is affraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault, that I was *Geffreyes* sonne?

No in deede is't not: and I would to heauen

I were your sonne, so you would loue me, *Hubert*:

Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch.

Ar. Are you sicke *Hubert*? you looke pale to day,

Insooth I would you were a little sicke,

That I might sit all night, and watch with you.

I warrant I loue you more then you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosome.

Reade heere yong *Arthurs*. How now foolish rheume?

Turning dispitious torture out of doore?

I must be breefe, least resolution drop

Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.

Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?

Ar. Too fairely *Hubert*, for so foule effect,

Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?

Hub. Yong Boy, I must.

Ar. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Ar. Haue you the heart? When your head did but
 ake,

I knit my hand-kercher about your browes
 (The best I had, a Princeffe wrought it me)

And I did neuer aske it you againe:

And with my hand, at midnight held your head;

And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,

Still and anon cheer'd vp the heauy time;

Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?

Or what good loue may I performe for you?

Many a poore mans sonne would haue lyen still,

And nere haue spoke a louing word to you:

But you, at your sicke seruice had a Prince:

Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie loue,

And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

b

If

If heauen be pleas'd that you must vse me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer shall
So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I haue sworne to do it:
And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
The Iron of it selfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Euen in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, confume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more stubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell should haue come to me,
And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
I would not haue beleeu'd him: no tongue but *Huberts*.

Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.
Ar. O saue me *Hubert*, saue me: my eyes are out
Euen with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.

Hub. Giue me the Iron I say, and binde him heere.

Ar. Alas, what neede you be so boiftorous rough?

I will not strugle, I will stand stone still:
For heauen sake *Hubert* let me not be bound:
Nay heare me *Hubert*, driue these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe.

I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,
Nor looke vpon the Iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgiue you,
What euer torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go stand within: let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.

Ar. Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,

He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compassion may
Giue life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your selfe.

Ar. Is there no remedie?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Ar. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:

Then feeling what small things are boyfterous there,
Your vilde intent must needs seeme horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your toong.

Ar. *Hubert*, the vtterance of a brace of tongues,

Must needs want pleading for a paire of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert*,

Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,

So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,

Though to no vse, but still to looke on you.

Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,

And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, Boy.

Ar. No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with griefe,

Being create for comfort, to be vs'd

In vnderferued extreames: See else your selfe,

There is no malice in this burning cole,

The breath of heauen, hath blowne his spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy.

Ar. And if you do, you will but make it bluish,

And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:

And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should vse to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vses.

Hub. Well, see to liue: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treasure that thine Vnckle owes,
Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,
With this fame very Iron, to burne them out.

Ar. O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this while
You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Vnckle must not know but you are dead.

Ile fill these dogged Spies with false reports:

And, pretty childe, sleepe doubtlesse, and secure,

That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,

Will not offend thee.

Ar. O heauen! I thanke you *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with mee,

Much danger do I vndergo for thee.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lordes.

John. Heere once againe we sit: once against crown'd
And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)

Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,

And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:

The faiths of men, nere stained with reuolt:

Fresh expectation troubled not the Land

With any long'd-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pompe,

To guard a Title, that was rich before;

To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;

To throw a perfume on the Violet,

To smooth the yce, or adde another hew

Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light

To seeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish,

Is wastefull, and ridiculous excesse.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,

This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,

And, in the last repeating, troublefome,

Being vrged at a time vnseasonable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face

Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,

And like a shifted winde vnto a faile,

It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,

Startles, and frights consideration:

Makes sound opinion sicke, and truth suspected,

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When Workemen striue to do better then wel,

They do confound their skill in couetoufnesse,

And oftentimes excusing of a fault,

Doth make the fault the worse by th'excuse:

As patches set vpon a little breach,

Dicredite more in hiding of the fault,

Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd

We breath'd our Councill: but it pleas'd your Highnes

To ouer-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd,

Since all, and euery part of what we would

Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.

John.

Some reasons of this double Corronation
 posselt you with, and thinke them strong.
 ore, more strong, then lesser is my feare
 ndue you with : Meane time, but aske
 ou would haue reform'd. that is not well,
 ill shall you perceiue, how willingly
 oth heare, and grant you your requests.

Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
 id the purposes of all their hearts,
 r my selfe, and them : but chiefe of all
 ifety : for the which, my selfe and them
 eir best studies, heartily request
 anchifement of *Arbur*, whose restraint
 oue the murmuring lips of discontent
 ke into this dangerous argument.
 : in rest you haue, in right you hold,
 en your feares, which (as they say) attend
 ppeas of wrong, should moue you to mew vp
 nder kinfman, and to choake his dayes
 arbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
 h aduantage of good exercise,
 e times enemies may not haue this
 e occasions : let it be our suite,
 ou haue bid vs aske his libertie,
 for our goods, we do no further aske,
 wherupon our weale on you depending,
 it your weale : he haue his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

Let it be so : I do commit his youth
 r direction : *Hubert*, what newes with you ?
 This is the man should do the bloody deed :
 w'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
 age of a wicked heynous fault
 n his eye : that close aspect of his,
 w the mood of a much troubled brest,
 do fearefully belecue 'tis done,
 we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
 The colour of the King doth come, and go
 n his purpose and his confidence,
 ernalds 'twixt two dreadfull batailles set :
 ion is so ripe, it needs must breake.

And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
 ule corruption of a sweet childe's death.

We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
 ords, although my will to giue, is liuing,
 ite which you demand is gone, and dead.
 vs *Arbur* is decess'd to night.

Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.
 Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
 the childe himselfe felt he was sicke :
 uft be answer'd either heere, or hence.

Why do you bend such folemne browes on me?
 e you I beare the Sheeres of destiny ?
 commandement on the pulse of life ?

It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis shame
 reatnesse should so grossely offer it ;
 ue it in your game, and so farewell.

Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
 nde th'inheritance of this poore childe,
 le kingdom of a forced graue.

lood which ow'd the breath of all this Ile,
 foot of it doth hold ; bad world the while :
 uft not be thus borne, this will breake out
 our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt.

Exeunt

They burn in indignation : I repent :
 is no sure foundation set on blood :

Enter Mesf.

No certaine life atchieu'd by others death :
 A fearefull eye thou haft. Where is that blood,
 That I haue seene inhabite in those cheekes ?
 So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,
 Poure downe thy weather : how goes all in France ?

Mesf. From France to England, neuer such a powre
 For any forraigne preparation,
 Was leui'd in the body of a land.
 The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them :
 For when you should be told they do prepare,
 The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.

Job. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke ?
 Where hath it slept ? Where is my Mothers care ?
 That such an Army could be drawne in France,
 And she not heare of it ?

Mesf. My Liege, her eare
 Is stopt with dust : the first of Aprill di'de
 Your noble mother ; and as I heare, my Lord,
 The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie di'de
 Three dayes before : but this from Rumors tongue
 I idely heard : if true, or false I know not.

Jobn. With-hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion :
 O make a league with me, 'till I haue pleas'd
 My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead ?
 How wildly then walkes my Estate in France ?
 Vnder whose conduct came those powres of France,
 That thou for truth giu'ft out are landed heere ?
Mesf. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Job. Thou hast made me giddy
 With these ill tydings : Now ? What sayes the world
 To your proceedings ? Do not seeke to stuffe
 My head with more ill newes : for it is full.

Bast. But if you be a-feard to heare the worst,
 Then let the worst vn-heard, fall on your head.

Jobn. Beare with me Cofen, for I was amaz'd
 Vnder the tide ; but now I breath againe
 Aloft the flood, and can giue audience
 To any tongue, speake it of what it will.

Bast. How I haue sped among the Clergy men,
 The summes I haue collected shall expresse :
 But as I trauail'd hither through the land,
 I finde the people strangely fantasied,
 Posselt with rumors, full of idle dreames,
 Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
 And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
 With many hundreds treading on his heeles:
 To whom he sung in rude harsh founding rimes,
 That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
 Your Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne.

Jobn. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so ?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

Jobn. *Hubert*, away with him : imprison him,
 And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes
 I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
 Deliuer him to safety, and returne,
 For I must vse thee. O my gentle Cofen,
 Hear'ft thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd ?

Bast. The *French* (my Lord) mens mouths are ful of it:
 Besides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisbury*
 With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
 And others more, going to seeke the graue
 Of *Arbur*, whom they say is kill'd to night, (on your
Jobn. Gentle kinfman, go suggestion.)

And thrust thy selfe into their Companies,

I haue a way to winne their loues againe :
Bring them before me.

Bass. I will seeke them out.

Iohn. Nay, but make haste : the better foote before.

O, let me haue no subiect enemies,
When aduerse Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of stout inuasion.
Be Mercurie, set feathers to thy heeles,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.

Bass. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.*Exit*

Iohn. Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.

Go after him : for he perhaps shall neede
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou hee.

Mes. With all my heart, my Liege.

Iohn. My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say five Moones were seene to
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about (night:
The other foure, in wondrous motion.

Iob. Five Moones ?

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Do prophesie vpon it dangerously :
Yong *Artburs* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the eare.

And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrist,
Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.

I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)
The whilst his Iron did on the Anuile coole,
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust vpon contrary feete,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattaile, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, vnwath'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Artburs* death.

Io. Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares?
Why vrgest thou so oft yong *Artburs* death?

Thy hand hath murthered him : I had a mighty cause
To with him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

H. No had (my Lord?) why, did you not prouoke me?

Iohn. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaues, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authoritie
To vnderstand a Law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Maiesty, when perchance it frownes
More vpon humor, then aduis'd respect.

Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.

Iob. Oh, when the last accompt twixt heauen & earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale
Witnesse against vs to damnation.

How oft the sight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had'st not thou bene by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,

Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of shame,
This murder had not come into my minde.

But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie :

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Artburs* death :

And thou, to be eendered to a King,
Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord.

Iob. Had'st thou but shooke thy head, or made a pause
When I spake darkely, what I purposed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face ;
As bid me tell my tale in expresse words :
Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me break off,
And those thy feares, might haue wrought feares in me.
But, thou didst vnderstand me by my signes,
And didst in signes againe parley with sinne,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently, thy rude hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name.
Out of my sight, and neuer see me more :
My Nobles leaue me, and my State is braued,
Euen at my gates, with ranks of forraigne powres ;
Nay, in the body of this fleshy Land,
This kingdome, this Confinde of blood, and breathe
Hostilitie, and ciuill tumult reignes
Betweene my conscience, and my Cosins death.

Hub. Arme you against your other enemies :
Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you.

Yong *Artbur* is aliuie : This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimfon spots of blood,
Within this bosome, neuer entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you haue slander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the couer of a fayrer minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.

Iohn. Doth *Artbur* liue? O hast thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incens'd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgiue the Comment that my passion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And foule imaginarie eyes of blood
Prenfented thee more hideous then thou art.
Oh, answer not ; but to my Clofset bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient haft,
I coniuere thee but slowly : run more fast.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Artbur on the walles.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not :
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.

If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away ;
As good to dye, and go ; as dye, and stay.
Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these stones,
Heauen take my soule, and England keep my bones. *Dis*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S. *Edmondsbury*,
It is our safetie, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perillous time.

Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?

Sal. The Count *Meloone*, a Noble Lord of France,
Whose priuate with me of the Dolphines loue,
Is much more generall, then these lines import.

Big.

o morrow morning let vs meete him then.
rather then fet forward, for twill be
dayes iourney (Lords) or ere we meete.

Enter Bastard.

ace more to day well met, diftemper'd Lords,
by me requests your prefence straight.
The king hath difpossest himfelfe of vs,
not lyne his thin-besteined cloake
pure Honors : nor attend the foote
and the print of blood where ere it walkes.
and tell him fo : we know the worst.
What ere you thinke, good words I thinke
ere best.
ur greefes, and not our manners reason now.
but there is little reason in your greefe.
ere 'twere reason you had manners now.
r, fir, impatience hath his priuiledge.
Tis true, to hurt his master, no mans else.
his is the prifon : What is he lyes heere?
leath, made proud with pure & princely beuty,
had not a hole to hide this deede.
urther, as hating what himfelfe hath done,
it open to vrge on reuenge.
r when he doom'd this Beautie to a graue,
oo precious Princely, for a graue.
Richard, what thinke you? you haue beheld,
ou read, or heard, or could you thinke?
almost thinke, although you see,
do fee? Could thought, without this obieft
h another? This is the very top,
nth, the Crest : or Crest vnto the Crest
ers Armes : This is the bloodieft shame,
ft Saugery, the vileft stroke
wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage
to the teares of soft remorse.
all murders past, do stand excus'd in this :
fo sole, and fo vnmatcheable,
a holinesse, a puritie,
t vnbornen sinne of times;
e a deadly blood-shed, but a iest,
by this heynous spectacle.
t is a damned, and a bloody worke,
leffe action of a heauy hand,
be the worke of any hand.
that it be the worke of any hand?
kinde of light, what would enflue:
hamefull worke of *Huberts* hand,
ice, and the purpose of the king :
ofc obedience I forbid my soule,
before this ruine of sweete life,
thing to his breathlesse Excellence
nse of a Vow, a holy Vow :
taste the pleasures of the world,
be infected with delight,
erfant with Ease, and Idleness,
e set a glory to this hand,
it the worship of Reuenge.
ig. Our soules religiously confirme thy words.

Enter Hubert.

ords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you,
oth liue, the king hath sent for you.
h he is bold, and blushes not at death,
ou hatefull villain, get thee gone. (the Law?)
am no villaine. Sal. Must I rob
four sword is bright fir, put it vp againe.
ot till I sheath it in a murthersers skin.

Hub. Stand backe Lord Salisbury, stand backe I say -
By heauen, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours.
I would not haue you (Lord) forget your selfe,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leaft I, by marking of your rage, forget
your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.

Big. Out dunghill : dar'st thou braue a Nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life : But yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.

Hub. Do not proue me so :

Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false,
Not truly speakes : who speakes not truly, Lies.

Pen. Cut him to peeces.

Bast. Keepe the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you *Faulconbridge*.

Bast. Thou wer't better gaul the diuell *Salsbury*.
If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,
Or teach thy haffie spleene to do me shame,
Ile strike thee dead. Put vp thy sword betime,
Or Ile so maule you, and your tofing-Iron,
That you shall thinke the diuell is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?

Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an houre since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weepe
My date of life out, for his sweete liues losse.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villanie is not without such rheume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it seeme
Like Riuers of remorse and innocencie.
Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre
Th'vncleanly fauours of a Slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.

Big. Away, toward *Burie*, to the Dolphin there.

P. There tel the king, he may inquire vs out. *Ex. Lords.*

Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?
Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercie,
(If thou didst this deed of death) art y' damn'd *Hubert*.

Hub. Do but heare me fir.

Bast. Ha? Ile tell thee what.

Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke,
Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer :
There is not yet so vgly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe.

Hub. Vpon my soule.

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruell Act : do but dispaire,
And if thou want't a Cord, the smallest thred
That euer Spider twist'd from her wombe
Will serue to strangle thee : A rush will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,
Put but a little water in a spoone,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to fiske such a villaine vp.
I do suspect thee very greuously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,
Be guiltie of the stealing that sweete breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me :
I left him well.

Bast. Go, beare him in thine armes :
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.

How easie dost thou take all England vp,
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heauen: and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by th' teeth
The vn-owed interest of proud swelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maieesty,
Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and discontents at home
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waites
As doth a Rauon on a sicke-falne beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pompe.
Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with speed: Ile to the King:
A thousand businesse are brieue in hand,
And heauen it selfe doth frowne vpon the Land. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scœna prima.

Enter King Iohn and Pandolpb, attendants.

K. Iohn. Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.

Pan. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatnesse and authoritie.

Iohn. Now keep your holy word, go meet the *French*,
And from his holinesse vse all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd:
Our discontented Counties doe reuolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of soule
To stranger-blood, to forren Royalty;
This inundation of mistempered humor,
Rests by you onely to be qualified.
Then pause not: for the present time's so sicke,
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or ouerthrow incurable enues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp,
Vpon your stubborne vsage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle conuertite,
My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre,
And make faire weather in your blustering land:
On this Ascension day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of seruice to the Pope,
Goe I to make the *French* lay downe their Armes. *Exit.*

Iohn. Is this Ascension day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Ascension day at noone,
My Crowne I should giue off? euen so I haue:
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath receiu'd
Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer seruice to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtfull friends.

Iohn. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong *Arthur* was aliué?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty Casket, where the Jewell of life
By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.

Iohn. That villaine *Hubert* told me he did liue.

Bast. So on my foule he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad?
Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought:
Let not the world see feare and sad distrust
Gouerne the motion of a kinglye eye:
Be firringas the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behauiours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence:
What, shall they seeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be said: forrage, and runne
To meet displeasure farther from the dores,
And grapple with him ere he come so nye.

Iohn. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I haue made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.

Bast. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders, and make comprimise,
Insinuation, parley, and safe truce
To Armes Inuasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cockred-silken wanton braue our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warre-like soyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idley spred,
And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

Iohn. Haue thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a prowder foe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Meloone, Pembroke, Bigot, Souldiers.

Dol. My Lord *Melloone*, let this be coppied out,
And keepe it safe for our remembrance:
Returne the president to these Lords againe,
That hauing our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, peruering ore these notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inuiolable.

Sal. Vpon our sides it neuer shall be broken.
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-urg'd Faith
To your proceedings: yet beleeué me Prince,
I am not glad that such a fore of Time
Should seeke a plaster by contem'd reuolt,
And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound,

Iking many : Oh it grieues my soule ,
 I must draw this mettle from my side
 a widow-maker : oh, and there
 e honourable rescue, and defence
 out vpon the name of *Salisbury*.
 ich is the infection of the time ,
 for the health and Physicke of our right,
 innot deale but with the very hand
 rne Iniustice, and confused wrong :
 s't not pittie, (oh my griued friends)
 we, the sonnes and children of this Isle,
 orne to see so sad an houre as this ,
 ein we step after a stranger, march
 her gentle bofom, and fill vp
 'emies rankes? I must withdraw, and weepe
 the spot of this inforced cause,
 ace the Gentry of a Land remote,
 ollow vnacquainted colours heere :
 heere? O Nation that thou couldst remoue,
Neptunes Armes who clippeth thee about,
 d beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,
 ripple thee vnto a Pagan shore,
 e these two Christian Armies might combine
 loud of malice, in a vaine of league,
 ot to spend it so vn-neighbourly.
pb. A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
 reat affections wrastling in thy bofome
 make an earth-quake of Nobility :
 hat a noble combat hast fought
 en compulsion, and a braue respect :
 e wipe off this honourable dewe,
 filerly doth progresse on thy cheekes :
 art hath melted at a Ladies teares ,
 an ordinary Inundation :
 is effusion of such manly drops ,
 howre, blowne vp by tempest of the soule,
 as mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 had I seene the vaultie top of heauen
 d quite ore wirth burning Meteors.
 p thy brow (renowned *Salisbury*)
 with a great heart heave away this storme:
 end these waters to those baby-eyes
 neuer saw the giant-world enrag'd,
 set with Fortune, other then at feasts ,
 rarm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping :
 , come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe
 he purse of rich prosperity
 w himselfe : so (Nobles) shall you all,
 knit your finewes to the strength of mine.
Enter Pandulpho.
 uen there, methinkes an Angell spake,
 where the holy Legate comes apace,
 e vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
 in our aedions fet the name of right
 holy breath.
sd. Haile noble Prince of *France* :
 ext is this : King *John* hath reconcil'd
 lfe to *Rome*, his spirit is come in ,
 so stood out against the holy Church,
 reat Metropolis and Sea of *Rome* :
 fore thy threatning Colours now winde vp ,
 ame the sauage spirit of wilde warre,
 like a Lion fostered vp at hand,
 lie gently at the foot of peace,
 e no further harmefull then in shewe.
 . Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe :

I am too high-borne to be proportied
 To be a secondary at controll,
 Or vsfull seruing-man, and Instrument
 To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres,
 Betweene this chafiz'd kingdome and my selfe,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
 And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
 With that same weake winde, which enkindled it :
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this Land ,
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart ,
 And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made
 His peace with *Rome* ? what is that peace to me?
 I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
 After yong *Arthur*, claime this Land for mine ,
 And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe,
 Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome* ?
 Am I *Romes* slaue? What penny hath *Rome* borne?
 What men prouided? What munition sent
 To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I
 That vnder-goe this charge? Who else but I,
 And such as to my claime are liable,
 Sweat in this businesse, and maintaine this warre?
 Haue I not heard these Islanders shout out
Viue le Roy, as I haue bank'd their Townes?
 Haue I not heere the best Cards for the game
 To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne?
 And shall I now giue ore the yeilded Set?
 No, no, on my soule it neuer shall be said.
Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke.

Dol. Out-side or in-side, I will not returne
 Till my attempt so much be glorified,
 As to my ample hope was promised ,
 Before I drew this gallant head of warre ,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
 To out-looke Conquest, and to winne renowne
 Euen in the iawes of danger, and of death :
 What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon vs?

Enter Bastard.

Bast. According to the faire-play of the world,
 Let me haue audience : I am sent to speake :
 My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
 I come to learne how you haue dealt for him :
 And, as you answer, I doe know the scope
 And warrant limited vnto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dolpin* is too wilfull opposite
 And will not temporize with my intreaties:
 He flatly saies, hee'll not lay downe his Armes.

Bast. By all the blood that euer fury breath'd,
 The youth saies well. Now heare our *English* King,
 For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me :
 He is prepar'd, and reason to he should,
 This apish and vnmannerly approach,
 This harness'd Maske, and vnaduised Reuell,
 This vn-heard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes,
 The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
 To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes
 From out the circle of his Territories.
 That hand which had the strength, euen at your dore,
 To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
 To diue like Buckets in concealed Welles,
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
 To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chests and trunks,
 To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,

Euen

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow
Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman.
Shall that victorious hand be feeble heere,
That in your Chambers gaue you chafficement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie towres,
To souffe annoyance that comes neere his Nest;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,
you bloody Nero's, ripping vp the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England: blufh for shame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-vifag'd Maides,
Like *Amanons*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canst out-scold vs: Far thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With fuch a brabler.

Pan. Giue me leau to speake.

Basf. No, I will speake.

Dol. We will attend to neyther:

Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our intereft, and our being heere.

Basf. Indeede your drums being beaten, wil cry out;
And fo fhall you, being beaten: Do but start
As eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
That fhall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another fhall

(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath vs'd rather for sport, then neede)
Is warlike *Iohn*: and in his fore-head fits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feaft vpon whole thousands of the French.

Dol. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.

Basf. And thou fhalt finde it (*Dolphin*) do not doubt

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Alarums. Enter Iohn and Hubert.

Iohn. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me *Hubert*.

Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Maiefty?

Iohn. This Feauer that hath troubled me fo long,
Lyes heauie on me: oh, my heart is ficke.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My Lord: your valiant kinfman *Falconbridge*,
Desires your Maieftie to leau the field,
And fend him word by me, which way you go.

Iohn. Tell him toward *Swinfed*, to the Abbey there.

Mef. Be of good comfort: for the great supply
That was expected by the *Dolphin* heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.
This newes was brought to *Richard* but euen now,
The French fight coldly, and retyre themfelues.

Iohn. Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swinfed*: to my Litter straight,
Weakneffe poffeffeth me, and I am faint.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not thinke the King fo flor'd with friends.

Pem. Vp once againe: put fpirit in the French,
If they miscarry: we miscarry too.

Sal. That miabegotten diuell *Falconbridge*,
In fpight of fpight, alone vpholds the day.

Pem. They fay King *Iohn* fore fick, hath left the field.

Enter Meloon wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.

Sal. When we were happie, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count *Meloon*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and fold,
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe difcarded faith,
Seeke out King *Iohn*, and fall before his feete:
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he fborne,
And I with him, and many moe with mee,
Vpon the Altar at *S. Edmondsbury*,
Euen on that Altar, where we fwoare to you
Deere Amity, and euerlasting loue.

Sal. May this be poffible? May this be true?

Mel. Haue I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waxe
Refolueth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world fhould make me now deceiue,
Since I muft loofe the vfe of all deceite?
Why fhould I then be falfe, fince it is true
That I muft dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth?
I fay againe, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forworne, if ere thofe eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the East:

But euen this night, whose blacke contagious breath
Already smoakes about the burning Crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing fhall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues:
If *Lewis*, by your affiftance win the day,
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The loue of him, and this refpect besides
(For that my Grandfire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Confcience to confesse all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noife and rumour of the Field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my foule
With contemplation, and deuout desires.

Sal. We do beleuee thee, and befrew my foule,
But I do loue the fauour, and the forme
Of this moft faire occafion, by the which
We will vntread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leauing our rankneffe and irregular courfe,
Stoope lowe within thofe bounds we haue ore-look'd,
And calmely run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King *Iohn*.
My arme fhall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For

For I do see the cruell pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happie newnesse, that intends old right. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolbin, and his Traine.

Dol. The Sun of heauen (me thought) was loth to set;
But staid, and made the Westerne Welkin blush,
When English measure backward their owne ground
In faint Retire: Oh brauely came we off,
When with a volley of our needlesse shot,
After such bloody toile, we bid good night,
And woon'd our tot'ring colours clearly vp,
Lift in the field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?
Dol. Heere: what newes?

Mes. The Count *Meloone* is slaine: The English Lords
By his perswasion, are againe falne off,
And your supply, which you haue with'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunke on *Goodwin* sands.

Dol. Ah fowle, shrew'd newes. Beshrew thy very
I did not thinke to be so sad to night (hart:)
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King *John* did flie an houre or two before

The stumbling night did part our wearie powres?

Mes. Who euer spoke it, it is true my Lord.

Dol. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,
The day shall not be vp so soone as I,
To try the faire aduerture of to morrow. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Whose there? Speake ho, speake quickly, or
I shoote.

Bast. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whether doest thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaires,

As well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I thinke.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will vpon all hazards well beleuee

Thou art my friend, that know'it my tongue so well:

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please
Thou maist be-friend me so much, as to thinke

I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night,
Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.

Bast. Come, come: sans complement, What newes
abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.

Bast. Breefe then: and what's the newes?

Hub. O my sweet sir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not swound at it.

Hub. The King I feare is poyson'd by a Monke,
I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out
To acquaint you with this euill, that you might
The better arme you to the sodaine time,
Then if you had at leisure knowne of this.

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a resolu'd villaine
Whose Bowels sodainly burst out: The King
Yet speakes, and peradventure may recouer.

Bast. Who didst thou leaue to tend his Maiesty?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come
backe,

And brought Prince *Henry* in their companie,
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Maiesty.

Bast. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heauen,
And tempt vs not to beare about our power.
Ile tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night

Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,
These *Lincolne-Washes* haue deuoured them,
My selfe, well mounted, hardly haue escap'd.

Away before: Conduct me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salūburie, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which some suppose the soules fraile dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnesse yet doth speake, & holds beleefe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poison which assayleth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient

Then when you left him; euen now he sung.

Hen. Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames

In their continuance, will not feele themselves.

Death hauing praide vpon the outward parts

Leaues them inuisible, and his feige is now

Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies,

Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold,
Counfound themselves. 'Tis strange y death shold sing:

I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,

Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,

And from the organ-pipe of frailety sings

His soule and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To set a forme vpon that indigest

Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.

John brought in.

John. I marrie, now my soule hath elbow roome,

I t

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a summer in my bosome,
That all my bowels crumble vp to dust:
I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen
Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrinke vp.

Hen. How fares your Maiesty?

Iob. Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdomes Riuers take their course
Through my burn'd bosome: nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
I begge cold comfort: and you are so straight
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,
That might releue you.

Iobn. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On vnrepreeuable condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleene of speede, to see your Maiesty.

Iobn. Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,
And all the shrowds wherewith my life should faile,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire:
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be vttered,
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heauen he knows how we shall answer him.
For in a night the best part of my powre,
As I vpon aduantage did remoue,
Were in the *Wasbes* all vnwarily,
Deuoured by the vnexpected flood.

Sal. You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Euen so must I run on, and euen so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde,
To do the office for thee, of reuenge,
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heauen,

As it on earth hath bene thy seruant still.

Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right spheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly returne with me againe.

To push destruction, and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:
Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be fought,
The Dolphine rages at our verie heeles.

Sal. It seemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leaue this warre.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our felues well finew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast
To consummate this businesse happily.

Bast. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.

Hen. At Worster must his bodie be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet selfe put on
The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull seruices
And true subiection euerlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our loue wee make
To rest without a spot for euermore.

Hen. I haue a kinde soule, that would giue thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with teares.

Bast. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath bene before hand with our greeces.
This England neuer did, nor neuer shall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shocke them: Naught shall make vs rue,
If England to it selfe, do rest but true.

Exeunt.





The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

*Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles
and Attendants.*

King Richard.

Iohn of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaſter,
Haſt thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold ſon:
Heere to make good boiſtrous late appeale,
Which then our leysure would not let vs heare,
Ainſt the Duke of Norfolkke, *Thomas Mowbray?*

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreouer, haſt thou ſounded him,
He appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Worthily as a good ſubiect ſhould

Some knowne ground of treacherie in him.

Gaunt. As neere as I could fiſt him on that argument,
Some apparant danger ſeene in him,

And at your Highneſſe, no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our preſence face to face,
I'd frowning brow to brow, our felues will heare
The accuſer, and the accuſed, freely ſpeake;
Whom ſtomacke d are they both, and full of ire,
Rage, deafe as the ſea; haſtie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my moſt louing Liege.

Mow. Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Still the heauens enuying earths good hap,
I'de an immortal title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,

Which well appeareth by the cauſe you come,
I'de meely, to appeale each other of high treaſon.

Of ſon of Hereford, what doſt thou obiect
Ainſt the Duke of Norfolkke, *Thomas Mowbray?*

Bul. Firſt, heauen be the record to my ſpeech,
The deuotion of a ſubiect's loue,
Honouring the precious ſafetie of my Prince,
I'de free from other miſbegotten hate,
I'de meely appealant to your Princely preſence.
Mow. *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee,
I'de marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good vpon this earth,
My diuine ſoule anſwer it in heauen.
You art a Traitor, and a Miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue,
Which ſee the more faire and chriſtall is the ſkie,

The vglieſe ſeeme the cloudes that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule Traitors name ſtuffe I thy throte,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawn ſword may proue.

Mow. Let not my cold words heere accuſe my zeale:
'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this.

Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your Highneſſe curbes mee,
From giuing reines and ſpurres to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt, vntill it had return'd

Theſe tearmes of treaſon, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aſide his high bloods royaltie,

And let him be no Kinſman to my Liege,
I do deſie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him odde,
And meete him, were I tide to runne a foote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Engliſhman durſt ſet his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes moſt falſely doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming heere the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high bloods Royaltie,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then ſtoope.
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I haue ſpoken, or thou canſt deuife.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that ſword I ſweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my ſhoulder,
I'de anſwer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chivalrous deſigne of knightly triall:
And when I mount, alieue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vnjuſtly fight.

King. What doth our Coffin lay to *Mowbray's* charge?
It muſt be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I ſaid, my life ſhall proue it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiud eight thouſand Nobles,

In

In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers,
 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
 Like a false Traitor, and injurious Villaine.
 Besides I say, and will in battaile proue,
 Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
 That euer was suruey'd by English eye,
 That all the Treasons for these eightheene yeeres
 Complotted, and contriued in this Land,
 Fetch'd from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
 Further I say, and further will maintaine
 Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.
 That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death,
 Suggest his soone beleueing aduersaries,
 And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
 Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood :
 Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cries,
 (Euen from the toonglesse cauernes of the earth)
 To me for iustice, and rough chastisement :
 And by the glorious worth of my discent,
 This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares :
Thomas of Norfolkke, what sayest thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
 And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
 Till I haue told this slander of his blood,
 How God, and good men, hate so foule a liar.

King. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
 Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,
 As he is but my fathers brothers sonne ;
 Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
 Such neighbour-neereness to our sacred blood,
 Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
 The vn-slooping firmeness of my vpright soule.
 He is our subiect (*Mowbray*) so art thou,
 Free speech, and fearelesse, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
 Through the false passage of thy throat; thou yest:
 Threc parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
 Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers ;
 The other part referu'd I by consent,
 For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
 Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,
 Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene :
 Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glousters death,
 I slew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)
 Neglected my sworne duty in that case :

For you my noble Lord of *Lancaster*,
 The honourable Father to my foe,
 Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespassse that doth vex my greued soule :
 But ere I last receiu'd the Sacrament,
 I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd
 Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
 This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
 It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
 A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,
 Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
 And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
 Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,
 To proue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
 Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
 In hast whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your Highnesse to assigne our Triall day.

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me :
 Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
 This we prescribe, though no Physition,

Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
 Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
 Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
 Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun,
 Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolkke ; you, your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age,
 Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkkes gage.

King. And Norfolkke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harrie* when? Obedience bids,
 Obedience bids I should not bid agen.

King. Norfolkke, throw downe, we bidde ; there is
 no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot.
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
 The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
 Despight of death, that liues vpon my graue
 To darke dishonours vs, thou shalt not haue.
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,
 Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare :
 The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
 Which breath'd this poysfon.

King. Rage must be withstood :

Giue me his gage : Lyons make Leopards tame.

Ma. Yea, but not change his spot: take but my shame,
 And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
 The purest treasure mortall times afford
 Is spotlesse reputation : that away,
 Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
 A Iewell in a ten times barr'd vp Chest,
 Is a bold spirit, in a loyall brest.

Mine Honor is my life ; both grow in one :
 Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
 Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,
 In that I liue; and for that will I die.

King. Coofin, throw downe your gage,
 Do you begin.

Bul. Oh heauen defend my soule from such foule sin.
 Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers fight,
 Or with pale beggar-fearc impeach my high
 Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my toong,
 Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong;
 Or sound so base a parle : my teeth shall tear
 The slauish motiue of recanting feare,
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
 Where shame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbrayes* face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
 Be readie, (as your liues shall answer it)
 At Couentree, vpon S. *Lamberts* day :
 There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate
 The swelling difference of your setled hate :
 Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
 Iustice designe the Victors Chialrie.
 Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
 Be readie to direct these home Alarmes. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutcheffe of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,
 Doth more solcite me then your exclames,
 To stirre against the Butchers of his life.

correction lyeth in those hands
 made the fault that we cannot correct,
 our quarrell to the will of heauen,
 when they see the houres ripe on earth,
 give hot vengeance on offenders heads.
 findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
 is in thy old blood no liuing fire?
 feuen fonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)
 feuen violles of his Sacred blood,
 faire branches springing from one roote:
 those feuen are dride by natures course,
 those branches by the definiens cut:
 was, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouster,
 full full of Edwards Sacred blood,
 rifishing branch of his most Royall roote
 'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
 downe, and his summer leaues all vaded
 as hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
 't! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
 title, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,
 in a man: and though thou liu'st, and breath'st,
 thou slaine in him: thou dost consent
 large measure to thy Fathers death,
 thou seest thy wretched brother dye,
 as the modell of thy Fathers life.
 ot patience (*Gaunt*) it is dispaire,
 ng thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 ew'ft the naked pathway to thy life,
 g sterne murder how to butcher thee:
 rich in meane men we intitle patience
 old cowardice in noble breasts:
 all I say, to safegard thine owne life,
 : way is to venge my Glousters death.
 .Heuens is the quarrell: for heuens substitute
 uty annointed in his fight,
 as'd his death, the which if wrongfully
 en reuenge: for I may neuer lift
 y arme against his Minister.
 Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe?
 To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defence
 Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
 'ft to Couentrie, there to behold
 ine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:
 husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
 may enter butcher Mowbrayes breast:
 fortune misse the first carriere,
 'brayes finnes so heauy in his bosome,
 ey may breake his foaming Courfers backe,
 ow the Rider headlong in the Lifts,
 Fe recreant to my Cosine Herford:
 l old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife
 r companion Greefe, must end her life.
 Sister farewell: I must to Couentree,
 a good stay with thee, as go with mee.
 Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it
 h the emptie hollownes, but weight: (falls,
 y leaue, before I haue begun,
 ow ends not, when it seemeth done.
 id me to my brother *Edmund Yorke*.
 s is all: nay, yet depart not so,
 this be all, do not so quickly go,
 remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
 l good speed at Plashie visit mee.
 and what shall good old Yorke there see
 ty lodgings, and vn furnisht d' walles,
 sel'd Offices, vn troden stones?

And what heere there for welcome, but my groanes?
 Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
 To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where:
 Desolate, desolate will I hence, and dye,
 The last leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. Aumerle, is Harry Herford arm'd.

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the Appellants Trumpet.Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Maiesties approach. Flourish.Enter King, Gaunt, Busby, Bagot, Greene, &
others: Then Mowbray in Ar-
mor, and Harrold.Ricb. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arriual heere in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings, say who y' art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heauen, and thy valour.Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heauen defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my selfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Tucket. Enter Herford, and Harrold.

Ricb. Marshall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st y' hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Lifts?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I: who ready heere do stand in Armes,
To proue by heuens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lifts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Liftes,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appointed to direct these faire designs.Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie:
For *Mowbray* and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

Then

Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue
And louing farewell of our feuerall friends.

Mar. The Appellant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craues to kisse your hand, and take his leaue.

Ricb. We will defend, and fold him in our armes.
Cofin of Herford, as thy cause is iust,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight :
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* speare :
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Cofin) Lord *Aumerle* ;
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regrette
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold rigor list mee vp
To reach at victory aboue my head,
Adde prooffe vnto mine Armour with thy prayes,
And with thy blessings steele my Lances point,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,
And furnish new the name of *John a Gaunt*,
Euen in the lusty hauour of his sonne.

Gaunt. Heauen in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.

Rouse vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.

Bul. Mine innocence, and *S. George* to thriue.

Mow. How euer heauen or fortune cast my lot,
There liues, or dies, true to Kings *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman :
Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More then my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine Aduersarie.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocound, as to left,
Go I to fight : Truth, hath a quiet brest.

Ricb. Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye :
Order the triall Marshall, and begin.

Mar. *Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,*
Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

Mar. Go beare this Lance to *Thomas D. of Norfolk.*

1. *Har.* *Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,*
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false, and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Mowbray,*
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

2. *Har.* Here standeth *Tho: Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:
Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending but the signall to begin. *A charge sounded*

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants :
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.

Ricb. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe :
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets found,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

A long Flourish.

Draw neere and list

What with our Councell we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyld
With that deere blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of ciuill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors swords,
Which so rouz'd vp with boytrous vntun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shooke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood :
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cofin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice fise Summers haue enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our faire dominions,
But treade the stranger pathes of banishment.

Bul. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,
That Sun that warms you heere, shall shine on me:
And those his golden beames to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Ricb. Norfolk: for thee remains a heauier dome,
Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce,
The slye slow houres shall not determinate
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile :
The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heuy sentence, my most Soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth :
A deerer merit, not so deepe a maim,
As to be cast forth in the common ayre
Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands.
The Language I haue learn'd these forty yeares
(My natie English) now I must forgo,
And now my tongues vse is to me no more,
Then an vnstringed Vyall, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly percullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me :
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurse,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now :
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing natie breath?

Ricb. It boots thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light
To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

Ric. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall sword, your banisht hands ;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we banish with your selues)
To keepe the Oath that we administer :
You euer shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heauen)
Embrace each others loe in banishment,
Nor euer looke vpon each others face,

write, regrette, or reconcile
ing tempest of your home-bred hate,
by aduised purpose meete,
ontriuue, or complot any ill,
s, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.
I swear.

And I, to keepe all this.
orfolke, so fare, as to mineemie,
me (had the King permitted vs)
ir soules had wandred in the ayre,
his fraile sepulchre of our flesh,
ur flesh is banish'd from this Land.
:hy Treasons, ere thou flye this Realme,
u hast farre to go, beare not along
ging burthen of a guilty soule.

No *Bullingbroke*: If euer I were Traitor,
be blotted from the booke of Life,
m heauen banish'd, as from hence:
thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
oo soone (I feare) the King shall rue.
(my Liege) now no way can I stray,
:e to England, all the worlds my way.
Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes
grieved heart: thy sad aspect,
n the number of his banish'd yeeres
oure away: Six frozen Winters spent,
with welcome home, from banishment:
ow long a time lyes in one little word:
ging Winters, and foure wanton Springs
word, such is the breath of Kings.

I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
:ns foure yeeres of my sonnes exile:
vantage shall I reape thereby.
he fixe yeeres that he hath to spend
ge their Moones, and bring their times about,
dride Lampe, and time-bewafed light
extinct with age, and endlesse night:
of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
dfold death, not let me see my sonne.
Why Vncle, thou hast many yeeres to liue.

But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue;
my dayes thou canst with sudden sorow,
:ke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
ist helpe time to furrow me with age,
no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
d is currant with him, for my death,
, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
Thy sonne is banish'd vpon good aduice,
thy tongue a party-verdict gaue,
our Iustice seem'd thou then to lowre?
Things sweet to tast, proue in digestion sowre:
d me as a Iudge, but I had rather
d haue bid me argue like a Father.
ok'd when some of you should say,
, strict to make mine owne away:
gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,
my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

Cofine farewell: and Vncle bid him so:
s we banish him, and he shall go.

Exit.

Flourish.

Cofine farewell: what presence must not know
here you do remaine, let paper show.
My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
as land will let me, by your side.
.Oh to what purpose dost thou hord thy words,
ou returnst no greeting to thy friends?

Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.

Gau. Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time.

Bull. Ioy absent, greefe is present for that time.

Gau. What is fixe Winters, they are quickly gone?

Bul. To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.

Gau. Call it a trauell that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Bul. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.

Gau. The fullen passage of thy weary steppes
Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou art to set
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand

By thinking on the frostie *Caucasus*?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
by bare imagination of a Feast?

Or Wallow naked in December snow
by thinking on fantasticke summers heate?

Oh no, the apprehension of the good

Giues but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more

Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gau. Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell: sweet foil adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did obserue. Cofine *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him so)
but to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And say, what store of parting teares were shed?

Aum. Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind
Which then grew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepeie rhewme, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

Rich. What said our Cofin when you parted with him?

Au. Farewell: and for my hart disdain'd y^e my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such greefe,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes graue.
Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should haue had a volume of Farwells,
but since it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Cofin (Cofin) but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Our selfe, and *Buſby*: heere *Bagot* and *Greene*
Obser'd his Courtship to the common people:
How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble, and familiat courtesie,
What reuerence he did throw away on slaues;
Wooing poore Craftes-men, with the craft of soules,
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster-wench,

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my Countrymen, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerfion his,
And he our fubjects next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go thefe thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which ftand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage muft be made my Liege
Ere further leysure, yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your Highneffe loffe.

Ric. We will our felfe in perfon to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largesse, are growne fomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The Reuennew whereof fhall furnifh vs
For our affayres in hand: if that come short
Our Substitutes at home fhall haue Blancke-charters:
Whereto, when they fhall know what men are rich,
They fhall fubfcribe them for large fummets of Gold,
And fend them after to fupply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland prefently.

Enter Bufby.

Bufby, what newes?

Bu. Old *Iohn of Gaunt* is verie ficke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath fent poft hafte
To entreat your Maiefty to vifit him.

Ric. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely houfe.

Ric. Now put it (heauen) in his Phyfitions minde,
To helpe him to his graue immediatly:
The lining of his coffers fhall make Coates
To decke our fouldiers for thefe Irifh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go vifit him:
Pray heauen we may make hafte, and come too late. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, ficke with Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laft
In whofome counfell to his vnftaid youth?

Yor. Vex not your felfe, nor ftriue not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counfell to his eare.

Gau. Oh but (they fay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are fcarfe, they are feldome fpent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muft fay, is liften'd more,
Then they whom youth and eafe haue taught to glose,
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before,
The fetting Sun, and Muficke is the clofe
As the laft tafte of Sweetes, is sweeteft laft,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paft;
Though *Richard* my liues counfell would not heare,
My deaths fad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yor. No, it is ftopt with other flatt'ring founds
As praifes of his ftate: then there are found
Lafciuous Meeters, to whose venom found
The open eare of youth doth alwayes liften.
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners ftill our tardie apifh Nation
Limps after in bafe imitation.

Where doth the world thruft forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no refpect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares?
That all too late comes counfell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whose way himfelfe will choofe,
Tis breath thou lackft, and that breath wilt thou loofe.

Gaunt. Me thinks I am a Prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laft,
For violent fires foone burne out themfelues,
Small showres laft long, but fodaine ftormes are fhort,
He tyres betimes, that furs too faft betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanity, infatiate cormorant,
Confuming meanes foone preyes vpon it felfe.

This royall Throne of Kings, this fceptred Ifle,
This earth of Maiefty, this feate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradife,
This Fortrefse built by Nature for her felfe,
Againft infection, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ftone, fet in the filuer fea,
Which ferues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defensiu to a houfe,

Against the enuy of leffe happier Lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurfe, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Christian feruice, and true Chiuallrie,
As is the fepulcher in ftubborne *Iury*.

Of the Worlds ransome, blessed *Maries* Sonne.
This Land of fuch deere foules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.

England bound in with the triumphant fea,
Whose rocky fhore beates backe the enuious fiedge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with fhame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conqueft of it felfe.
Ah! would the scandall vanifh with my life,
How happy then were my enfuing death?

*Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Bufby, Greene,
Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.*

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Qu. How fares our noble Vncle Lancafter?

Ri. What comfort man? How ift with aged *Gaunt*?

Ga. Oh how that name befits my composition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious faft,
And who abstaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For fleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leanneffe, leanneffe is all gaunt.
The pleasure that fome Fathers feede vpon,
Is my strict faft, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein fafting, hafte thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.

Ric. Can ficke men play fo nicely with their names?

Gau. No, misery makes fport to mocke it felfe:
Since thou doft feeke to kill my name in mee,

ce my name (great King) to flatter thee.

Should dying men flatter those that liue?

a. No, no, men liuing flatter those that dye.

b. Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter'ft me.

c. Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sickler be.

d. I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.

e. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill:

my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,

leath-bed is no lesser then the Land,

ein thou lyest in reputation sick,

hou too care-lesse patient as thou art,

sit'ft thy' anointed body to the cure

ofse Physitians, that first wounded thee.

usand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,

è compasse is no bigger then thy head,

et incaged in so small a Verge,

vaste is no whit lesser then thy Land:

id thy Grandfire with a Prophets eye,

how his sonnes sonne, should destroy his sonnes,

forth thy reach he would haue laid thy shame,

ing thee before thou wert posselt,

h art posselt now to depose thy selfe.

(Cofine) were thou Regent of the world,

re a shame to let his Land by lease:

ur thy world enjoying but this Land,

or more then shame, to shame it so?

ord of England art thou, and not King:

tate of Law, is bondslau to the law,

b. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,

ming on an Agues priuiledge,

with thy frozen admonition

pale our cheeke, chafing the Royall blood

fury, from his natieu residence?

by my Seates right Royall Maiestie,

thou not Brother to great Edwards sonne,

tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,

d run thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

c. Oh spare me not, my brothers Edwards sonne,

at I was his Father Edwards sonne:

blood already (like the Pellican)

haft tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.

rother Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule

in faire befall in heauen 'mongst happy soules)

re a president, and witness good,

thou respect'ft not spilling Edwards blood:

with the present sicknesse that I haue,

thy vnkindnesse be like crooked age,

op at once a too-long wither'd flowre.

n thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,

words heereafter, thy tormentors bee.

ry me to my bed, then to my graue,

they to liue, that loue and honor haue.

Exit

b. And let them dye, that age and sullens haue,

oth hast thou, and both become the graue.

c. I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words

ayward sicklinesse, and age in him:

uys you on my life, and holds you deere

arry Duke of Herford, were he heere.

b. Right, you say true: as Herfords loue, so his;

eirs, so mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

c. My Liege, olde Gaunt commends him to your
lie.

Ricb. What sayes he?

Nor. Nay nothing, all is said:

His tongæ is now a stringlesse instrument,

Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

Yor. Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt so,

Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

Ricb. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he,

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:

So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,

We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes,

Which liue like venom, where no venom else

But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.

And for these great affayres do aske some charge

Towards our assistance, we do seize to vs

The plate, coine, reuennewes, and moueables,

Whereof our Vncle Gaunt did stand posselt.

Yor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long

Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?

Not *Glousters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment,

Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,

Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,

About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace

Haue euer made me sowe my patient cheeke,

Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:

I am the last of noble *Edwards* sonnes,

Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first,

In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:

In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,

Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,

His face thou hast, for euen so look'd he

Accomplish'd with the number of thy howers:

But when he frown'd, it was against the French,

And not against his friends: his noble hand

Did win what he did spend: and spent not that

Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:

His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,

But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:

Oh *Richard, Yorke* is too farre gone with greefe,

Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

Ricb. Why Vncle,

What's the matter?

Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please, if not

I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:

Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands

The Royalties and Rights of banish'd *Herford* &

Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Herford* liue?

Was not *Gaunt* iust? and is not *Harry* true?

Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?

Is not his heyre a well-deseruing sonne?

Take *Herfords* rights away, and take from time

His Charters, and his customarie rights:

Let not to morrow then insue to day,

Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King

But by faire sequence and succession?

Now afore God, God forbid I say true,

If you do wrongfully seize *Herfords* right,

Call in his Letters Patents that he hath

By his Atrurneyes generall, to sue

His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage,

You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,

You loose a thousand well-dispos'd hearts,

And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts

Which honor and allegiance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will: we seise into our hands,

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,

What will ensue heereof, there's none can tell.

But by bad courses may be understood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*

Rich. Go *Busbie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* freight,
Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* house,
To see this businesse : to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I tro:
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Vncle *Yorke*, Lord Gouvernor of England :
For he is iust, and alwayes lou'd vs well.
Come on our *Queene*, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. *Flourish.*

Manet Norib. Willoughby, & Ross.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancafter is dead.

Ross. And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Wil. Barely in title, not in reuennue.

Nor. Richly in both, if iustice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great : but it must break with silence,
Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

Nor. Nay speake thy mind : & let him ne'r speak more
That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.

Wil. Tends that thou'dst speake to th'Du. of Hereford,
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Vnlesse you call it good to pitie him,
Berest and gelded of his patrimonie.

Nor. Now afore heauen, 'tis shame such wrongs are
borne,

In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land ;
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely profecute
'gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Ross. The Commons hath he pil'd with greuous taxes
And quite lost their hearts : the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Wil. And daily new exactions are deuic'd,
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what :
But what o'Gods name doth become of this ?

Nor. Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not.
But basely yeilded vpon comprimize,
That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes :
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Ross. The Earle of *Wiltshire* hath the realme in Farme.

Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him.

Ross. He hath not monie for these Irish warres :
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King :
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme:
We see the winde fit sore vpon our failles,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

Nor. Not so : euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peering : but I dare not say
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours

Ross. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

Nor. Then thus : I haue from *Port le Blan*
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiu'd intelligence,
That *Harry Duke of Herford*, *Rainald Lord Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, *Sir Iohn Rainston*,
Sir Iohn Norberit, *Sir Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quint*,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore :

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we shall shake off our slauish yoke,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in poste to *Rauenpurgb*,
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse, vrged doubts to them y' feare.

Wil. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Busby, and Bagot.

Busb. Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside selfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Qu. To please the King, I did : to please my selfe
I cannot do it : yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a greefe as greefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet *Richard* ; yet againe me thinkes,
Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembles, at something it greeues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Busb. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadowes
Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so :
For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing intire, to many objects,
Like perspectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,
Distinguish forme : so your sweet Maiestie
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde shap'es of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not : then thrice-gracious *Queene*,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie, *(scene)*
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.

Qu. It may be so : but yet my inward soule
Perlwades me it is otherwise : how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad : so heauy sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrinke.

Busb. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Quere.

'Tis nothing lesse : conceit is still deriu'd
 me fore-father greefe, mine is not so,
 hing hath begot my something greefe,
 ething, hath the nothing that I greewe,
 reuerfion that I do poffesse,
 at it is, that is not yet knowne, what
 t name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Heauen faue your Maiefty, and wel met Gentle-
 the King is not yet shipt for Ireland. (men:

Why hop'ft thou fo? 'Tis better hope he is :
 defignes craue haft, his haft good hope,
 wherefore doft thou hope he is not shipt?

That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power,
 en into difpaire an enemies hope,
 rongly hath fet footing in this Land.
 nish'd Bullinbrooke repeales himselfe,
 th vp-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd
enfburg.

Now God in heauen forbid.
 O Madam 'tis too true : and that is worfe,
 Northumberland, his yong sonne *Henrie Percie*,
 rds of *Roffe*, *Beaumont*, and *Willongby*,
 ll their powrefull friends are fled to him.

Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland
 e reft of the reuolted faction, Traitors?

We haue : whereupon the Earle of Worcester
 roke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,
 the houhold feruants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*

So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
ullinbrooke my forrowes difmall heyre :
 ath my foule brought forth her prodegie,
 a gasping new deliuered mother,
 roe to woe, forrow to forrow ioyn'd.

Dispaire not Madam.

Who shall hinder me?

Dispaire, and be at enmitie
 ouzening hope ; he is a Flatterer,
 site, a keeper backe of death,
 ently would diffolue the bands of life,
 falfe hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke

Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

With signes of warre about his aged necke,
 l of carefull businesse are his lookes :
 for heauens sake speake comfortable words :
 Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
 nothing liues but crosses, care and greefe :
 usband he is gone to faue farre off,
 others come to make him loose at home :
 am I left to vnder-prop his Land,
 veake with age, cannot support my selfe :
 omes the sicke houre that his surfet made,
 all be try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a seruant.

My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.
 He was : why so : go all which way it will :
 obles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
 ill I feare reuolt on Herfords side.
 et thee to Plashie to my sifter *Gloster*,
 r send me presently a thousand pound,
 take my Ring.

My Lord, I had forgot
 your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,
 hall greewe you to report the rest.
 What is't knaue?

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheffe di'de.

Yor. Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
 Come ruffing on this wofull Land at once?

I know not what to do : I would to heauen
 (So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it)
 The King had cut off my head with my brothers.

What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these warres?

Come sifter (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me.

Go fellow, get thee home, pouide some Carts,

And bring away the Armour that is there.

Gentlemen, will you muster men?

If I know how, or which way to order these affaires

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,

Neuer beleewe me. Both are my kinsmen,

Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath

And dutie bids defend : th'other againe

Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,

Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right :

Well, somewhat we must do : Come Cozen,

Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,

And meet me presently at Barkley Castle:

I should to Plashy too : but time will not permit,

All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at six and feuen. *Exit*

Bulb. The winde sits faire for newes to go to Ireland,

But none returns : For vs to leuy power

Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impossible.

Gr. Besides our neecessite to the King in loue,

Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

Ba And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue

Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,

By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bulb. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd

Bag. If iudgement lye in them, then so do we,

Because we haue beene euer neere the King.

Gr. Well : I will for refuge straight to Britfoll Castle,

The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bulb. Thither will I with you, for little office

Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,

Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces :

Will you go along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiefty:

Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,

We three here part, that neu'r shall meete againe.

Ba. That's as Yorke thriues to beate back *Bullinbroke*

Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes

Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans drie,

Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.

Bulb. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.

Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?

Nor. Beleewe me noble Lord,

I am a stranger heere in Gloucestershire,

These high wilde hilles, and rough vneuen waies,

Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearifome:

And yet our faire discourse hath beene as fugar,

Mak in

Making the hard way sweet and delectable:
 But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
 From Rauenspurgh to Cottfold will be found,
 In *Roffe* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,
 Which I protest hath very much beguild
 The tediousnesse, and proceffe of my trauell:
 But theirs is sweetned with the hope to haue
 The present benefit that I possesse;
 And hope to ioy, is little lesse in ioy,
 Then hope enioy'd: By this, the wearie Lords
 Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
 By fight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.
Bull. Of much lesse value is my Companie,
 Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H. Percie.

North. It is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,
 Sent from my Brother *Worcester*: Whence soeuer.
Harry, how fares your Vnckle?

Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his
 health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene?

Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,
 Broken his Staffe of Office, and disperst
 The Household of the King.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolu'd, when we last spake together.

Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.
 But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
 To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,
 And sent me ouer by *Barkely*, to discouer
 What power the Duke of Yorke had leuid there,
 Then with direction to repaire to Rauenspurgh.

North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
 Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
 I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now: this is the
 Duke.

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
 Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
 Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
 To more approued seruice, and desert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be sure
 I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
 As in a Soule remembering my good Friends:
 And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,
 It shall be still thy true Loues recompence,
 My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus seales it.

North. How farre is it to *Barkely*? and what stirre
 Keepes good old *Torke* there, with his Men of Warre?

Percie. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
 Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard,
 And in it are the Lords of *Torke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*,
 None else of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter Roffe and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Roffe* and *Willoughby*,
 Bloody with spurring, fierie red with hafte.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues
 A banisht Traytor; all my Treasurie
 Is yet but vnfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,
 Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.

Roff. Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.

Will. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Euermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,
 Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
 Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of *Barkely*, as I ghesse.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my Answere is to *Lancaster*,
 And I am come to seeke that Name in England,
 And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,
 Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
 To raze one Title of your Honor out.

To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
 From the most glorious of this Land,
 The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
 To take aduantage of the absent time,
 And fright our Natue Peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you,
 Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vnckle.

Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
 Whose dutie is deceiuable, and false.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

Yorke. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,
 I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace,
 In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.

Why haue these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,
 Dar'd once to touch a Duft of Englands Ground?
 But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march
 So many miles vpon her peacefull Bosome,
 Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
 And ostentation of despis'd Armes?

Com'f't thou because th'anoynted King is hence?
 Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
 And in my loyall Bosome lyes his power.

Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,
 As when braue *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my selfe
 Rescued the *Black Prince*, that yong *Mars* of men,
 From forth the Rankes of many thousand French:
 Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,
 Now Prisoner to the *Palis*, chastise thee,
 And minister correction to thy Fault.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,
 On what Condition stands it, and wherein?

Yorke. Euen in Condition of the worst degree,
 In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason:
 Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
 Before th'expiration of thy time,
 In brauing Armes against thy Soueraigne.

Bull. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford,
 But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.

And Noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace
 Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:
 You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
 I see old *Gaunt* aliuie. Oh then my Father,
 Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd
 A wandering Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
 Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
 To vpstart Vnthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
 If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
 It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaster.

You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinsman,
 Had you first died, and he bene thus trod downe,
 He should haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,
 To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay.

I am denyde to sue my Liuerie here,
 And yet my Letters Patents giue me leave:
 My Fathers goods are all difraynd, and fold,
 And these, and all, are all amiffie employd.

uld you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
 lence Law: Attorneyes are deny'd me;
 efore personally I lay my claime
 inheritance of free Discent.

The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.
 t stands your Grace vpon, to doe him right.
 Bafe men by his endowments are made great.
 My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
 id feeling of my Cofens Wrongs,
 ur'd all I could to doe him right:
 is kind, to come in brauing Armes,
 me Caruer, and cut out his way,
 ut Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
 that doe abett him in this kind,
 ebellion, and are Rebels all.

The Noble Duke hath sworne his coming is
 is owne; and for the right of that,
 haue strongly sworne to giue him ayd,
 im neu'r see Ioy, that breakes that Oath.

Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,
 mend it, I must needs confesse,
 ny power is weake, and all ill left:
 ould, by him that gaue me life,
 tch you all, and make you stoope
 Soueraigne Mercy of the King.
 I cannot, be it knowne to you,
 aine as Neuter. So fare you well,
 ou please to enter in the Castle,
 e repose you for this Night.

An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:
 must winne your Grace to goe with vs
 w Castle, which they say is held
 , Bagot, and their Complices,
 rpillers of the Commonwealth,
 haue sworne to weed, and plucke away.
 It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawse,
 loth to breake our Countreys Lawes:
 ds, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
 ist redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

My Lord of Salisbury, we haue stayd ten dayes,
 lly kept our Countreymen together,
 we heare no tidings from the King;
 : we will disperse our selues: farewell.
 ay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,
 y reposest all his confidence in thee.
 Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;
 trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,
 cors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen;
 -fac'd Moone looks bloody on the Earth,
 e-look'd Prophets whiſper fearefull change;
 i looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
 in feare, to loofe what they enjoy,
 r to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
 nes fore-run the death of Kings.
 our Countreymen are gone and fled,
 flur'd Richard their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of heauie mind,
 I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
 Fall to the bafe Earth, from the Firmament:
 Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West,
 Witnesing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrest:
 Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,
 And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland,
 Rosse, Percie, Willoughby, with Busbie
 and Greene Prisoners.*

Bull. Bring forth these men:
Busbie and *Greene*, I will not vex your soules,
 (Since presently your soules must part your bodies)
 With too much vrging your pernicious liues,
 For 'twere no Charitie: yet to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here in the view of men,
 I will vnfold some causes of your deaths.
 You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
 A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
 By you vnhappyed, and disfigur'd cleane:
 You haue in manner with your sinfull houres
 Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
 Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,
 And stayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
 With teares drawn frō her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
 My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
 Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
 Till you did make him mis-interpret me,
 Haue stoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,
 And sigh'd my English breath in forraine Clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
 While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,
 Dif-park'd my Parkes, and sell'd my Forrest Woods;
 From mine owne Windows torne my Household Coat,
 Raz'd out my Impresse, leauing me no signe,
 Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
 To shew the World I am a Gentleman.
 This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
 Condemnes you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
 To execution, and the hand of death.

Busbie. More welcome is the stroake of death to me,
 Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.

Greene. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our soules,
 And plague Iniustice with the paines of Hell.

Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd:
 Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your House,
 For Heauens sake fairely let her be entreated,
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
 Take speciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.

Yorke. A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatch'd
 With Letters of your loue, to her at large.

Bull. Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away,
 To fight with *Glendoure*, and his Complices;
 A while to worke, and after holliday.

Exeunt.

Scæna

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Scena Secunda.

Drums : Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

Au. Yea, my Lord : how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

Rich. Needs must I like it well : I weepe for ioy
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.
Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooves :
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting ;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.
Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauinous fence :
But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,
And heauie-gated Toades lye in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.
Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies ;
And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.
Mock not my fencelesse Coniuration, Lords ;
This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones
Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Natue King
Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.

Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath Power to keepe you King, in spight of all.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through our securitie,
Grows strong and great, in substance and in friends.

Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,
That when the searching Eye of Heauen is hid
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnseene,
In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here :
But when from vnder this Terrestrial Ball
He fires the proud tops of the Easterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,
Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested finnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
So when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,
Shall see vs rising in our Throne, the East,
His Treasons will fit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of Day ;
But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King ;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The Deputie elected by the Lord :
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,
To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,
Heauen for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay

A glorious Angell : then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.
Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power ?
Salib. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme ; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but despaire :
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth :
Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,
And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men :
To day, to day, vnhappy day too late
Orethrowes thy loyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State ;
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace
pale ?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till so much blood thither come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead ?
All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,
For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King ?
Awake thou sluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest :
Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names ?
Arme, arme my Name : a punie subiect strikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Faurites of a King : are wee not high ?
High be our thoughts : I know my Vnckle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to serue our turne.

But who comes here ? *Enter Scroope.*
Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliuer him.

Rich. Mine care is open, and my heart prepar'd :
The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold :
Say, Is my Kingdome lost ? why 'twas my Care :
And what losse is it to be rid of Care ?
Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as Great as wee ?
Greater he shall not be : If hee serue God,
Wee'l serue him too, and be his Fellow so.
Reuolt our Subiects ? That we cannot mend,
They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs :
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,
The worst is Death, and Death will haue his day.

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
Which make the Siluer Riuers drowne their Shores,
As if the World were all dissolu'd to teares :
So high, aboue his Limits, swells the Rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, covering your fearefull Land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele :
White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps
Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints
In stiffe vnwioldie Armes : against thy Crowne
Thy very Bead-men learne to bend their Bowes
Of double fatall Eugh : against thy State
Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills :
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire ? where is *Bagot* ?
What is become of *Busbie* ? where is *Greene* ?

That

That they haue let the dangerous Enemie
Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke.

Scroope. Peace haue they made with him indeede (my Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogges, easily wooon to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
Three Iudasses, each one thrice worse then Iudas,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet Loue (I see) changing his propertie,
Turnes to the softest, and most deadly hate:
Againe vncurse their Soules; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curse
Haue felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,
And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.

Ann. Is *Bufile, Greene,* and the Earle of Wiltshire
dead?

Scroope. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Ann. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake:

Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Duft our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.

Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:

And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Saue our depofed bodies to the ground?

Our Lands, our Liues, and all are Bullingbrookes,

And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,

And that small Modell of the barren Earth,

Which serues as Paste, and Couer to our Bones:

For Heauens sake let vs fit vpon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:

How some haue been depos'd, some slaine in warre,

Some haunted by the Ghosts they haue depos'd,

Some poyson'd by their Wiues, some sleeping kill'd,

All murder'd. For within the hollow Crowne

That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,

Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits

Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,

Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,

To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,

Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,

As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,

Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,

Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne

Bores through his Castle Walls, and farwell King.

Couer your heads, and mock not flesh and blood

With solemne Reuerence: throw away Respect,

Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,

For you haue but mistooke me all this while:

I liue with Bread like you, feele Want,

Taste Griefe, need Friends: subiected thus,

How can you say to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wise men ne're waile their present woes,

But presently preuent the wayes to waile:

To feare the Foe, since feare oppresth strength,

Gives in your weaknesse, strength vnto your Foe;

Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,

And fight and die, is death destroying death,

Where fearing, dying, payes death seruilie breath.

Ann. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud Bullingbrooke I come

To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:

This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne,

An easie taske it is to winne our owne.

Say Scroope, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?

Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be fowre.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie

The state and inclination of the day;

So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:

My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to say:

I play the Torturer, by small and small

To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.

Your Vnckle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with Bullingbrooke,

And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,

And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes

Vpon his Faction.

Rich. Thou hast said enough.

Beshrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth

Of that sweet way I was in, to despair:

What say you now? What comfort haue we now?

By Heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,

That bids me be of comfort any more.

Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,

A King, Woes slaue, shall Kingly Woe obey:

That Power I haue, discharge, and let 'em goe

To eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow,

For I haue none. Let no man speake againe

To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.

Ann. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,

That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.

Discharge my followers: let them hence away,

From *Richards* Night, to Bullingbrookes faire Day.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke,
Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends, vpon this Coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

Yorke. It would befeeme the Lord Northumberland,
To say King *Richard*: alack the heauie day,

When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I his Title out.

Yorke. The time hath beene,

Would you haue beene so briefe with him, he would

Haue beene so briefe with you, to shorten you,

For taking so the Head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you should.

Yorke. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.

Least you mistake the Heauens are ore your head.

Bull. I know it (Vnckle) and oppose not my selfe

Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter *Percie*.

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Castle yeeld?

Per. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,

Against thy entrance.

Bull. Roy.

Bull. Royally? Why, it contains no King?

Per. Yes (my good Lord).
It doth containe a King: King *Richard* lies
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, besides a Clergie man
Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learne.

North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.

Bull. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Through Brazen Trumpet fend the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:
Henry Bullingbrooke vpon his knees doth kisse
King *Richards* hand, and sends allegiance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Prouided, that my Banishment repeal'd,
And Lands restor'd againe, be freely graunted:
If not, Ile vse th'advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers dust with Showers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, such Crimfon Tempest should bedrench
The fresh greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land,
My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew.
Goe signifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Grassie Carpet of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noyse of threatening Drum,
That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinkes King *Richard* and my selfe should meet
With no lesse terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.

Parle without, and answere within: then a Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury.

See, see, King *Richard* doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portalls of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to smother the tract
Of his bright

York. Yet behold his Eye
(As bright)

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done,

Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbeget,
That lift your Vassall Hands against my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinkes he is,
That every stride he makes vpon my Land,
Is dangerous Treason: He is come to ope
The purple Testament of bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Pastors Grasse with faithfull English Blood.

North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should fo with ciuill and vnciuill Armes
Be rufh'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombe he sweares,
That stands vpon your Royall Grandfires Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne, or said,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Rust,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull seruice of your Maiestie:
This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is iust,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

Rich. *Northumberland*, say thus: The King returnes,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious vtterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debase our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send
Defiance to the Traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful Swords.

Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond prouwd man, should take it off againe
With words of sooth: Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or lesser then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I haue beene,
Or not remember what I must be now:
Swell'ft thou prouwd heart? Ile giue thee scope to beat,
Since Foes haue scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. *Northumberland* comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. What must the King doe now? must he submit?
The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: Must he loofe
The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile giue my Jewels for a fette of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

ects, for a payre of carued Saints,
 large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
 little Graue, an obfcure Graue.
 : buried in the Kings high-way,
 y of common Trade, where Subiecs feet
 vrelly trample on their Soueraignes Head :
 y heart they tread now, whileft I liue ;
 yed once, why not vpon my Head ?
 , thou weep'ft (my tender-hearted Coufin)
 nake foule Weather with defpifed Teares :
 es, and they, fhall lodge the Summer Corne,
 ke a Dearth in this reuolting Land.
 we play the Wantons with our Woes,
 ke fome prettie Match, with shedding Teares ?
 : to drop them ftill vpon one place,
 ' haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,
 he Earth : and therein lay'd, there lyes
 smen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes ?
 ot this ill, doe well ? Well, well, I fee
 ut idly, and you mock at mee.
 ghtie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
 yes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Maieftie
 bard leaue to liue, till *Richard* die ?
 ke a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* faves I.
 . My Lord, in the bafe Court he doth attend
 ce with you, may it pleafe you to come downe.
 Downe, downe I come, like glift'ring *Phaeton*,
 : the manage of vnruely lades.
 afe Court? bafe Court, where Kings grow bafe,
 : at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.
 afe Court come down: down Court, down King,
 t-Owls shrike, where mouing Larks fhould fing.
 What faves his Maieftie ?
 . Sorrow, and griefe of heart
 im fpeake fondly, like a frantick man:
 s come.
 Stand all apart,
 w faire dutie to his Maieftie.
 ious Lord.
 Faire Coufin,
 afe your Princely Knee,
 : the bafe Earth proud with kissing it.
 er had, my Heart might feele your Loue,
 y vnpleas'd Eye fee your Courtefie.
 in, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,
 :h at leaft, although your Knee be low.
 My gracious Lord, I come but for mine

Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and

So farre be mine, my moft redoubted Lord,
 ue feruice fhall deferue your loue.
 Well you deferu'd :
 :ll deferue to haue,
 ow the strong'ft, and fureft way to get.
 gize me your Hand : nay, drie your Eyes,
 ew their Loue, but want their Remedies.
 am too young to be your Father,
 you are old enough to be my Heire.
 u will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
 we muft, what force will haue vs doe.
 owards London :
 s it fo ?
 Yea, my good Lord.
 Then I muft not fay, no.

Flourifh. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport fhall we deuife here in this Garden,
 To driue away the heauie thought of Care ?

La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.

Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,
 And that my fortune runnes againft the Byas.

La. Madame, wee'le Dance.

Qu. My Legges can keepe no meafure in Delight,
 When my poore Heart no meafure keeps in Griefe.
 Therefore no Dancing (Girle) fome other sport.

La. Madame, wee'le tell Tales.

Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe ?

La. Of eyther, Madame.

Qu. Of neyther, Girle.

For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,
 It doth remember me the more of Sorrow :
 Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
 It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy :
 For what I haue, I need not to repeat ;
 And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La. Madame, Ile fing.

Qu. 'Tis well that thou haft caufe :
 But thou fhould'ft pleafe me better, would'ft thou weepe.

La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.

Qu. And I could fing, would weeping doe me good,
 And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.

But stay, here comes the Gardiners,
 Let's step into the shadow of thefe Trees.
 My wretchedneffe, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,
 They'le talke of State: for euery one doth fo,
 Againft a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.

Gard. Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,
 Which like vnruely Children, make their Syre
 Stoupe with oppreffion of their prodigall weight :
 Giue fome fupportance to the bending twiggies.
 Goe thou, and like an Executioner
 Cut off the heads of too faft growing fprazes,
 That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth :
 All muft be euen, in our Government.

You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
 The noyfome Weedes, that without profit fucke
 The Soyles fertilitie from wholefome flowers.

Ser. Why fhould we, in the compaffe of a Pale,
 Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
 Shewing as in a Modell our firme Eftate ?
 When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
 Is full of Weedes, her faireft Flowers choakt vp,
 Her Fruit-trees all vnruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
 Her Knots diforder'd, and her wholefome Hearbes
 Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.

He that hath fuffer'd this diforder'd Spring,
 Hath now himfelfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
 The Weedes that his broad-fpreading Leaues did fhelter,
 That feem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,
 Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke* :
 I meane, the Earle of Wiltshire, *Buifie*, *Greene*.

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Ser. What,

Ser. What are they dead?

Gard. They are, ol com.cn
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not so trim'd
And dress'd his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Least being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe?
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.

Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tydings.

Qu. Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking:
Thou old *Adams* likenesse, set to dresse this Garden:
Now dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing
What Eue? what Serpent hath suggested thee, (newes)
To make a second fall of curst man?
Why do'st thou say, King *Richard* is depos'd,
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Diuine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy haue I
To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that odde he weighes King *Richard* downe.
Poste you to London, and you'll finde it so,
I speake no more, then every one doth know.

Qu. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou think'st
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What was I borne to this: that my sad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'st, may neuer grow. *Exit.*

G. Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worfe,
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place
Ile set a Banke of Rew, lowre Herbe of Grace:
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, *Bullingbrooke*, *Aumerle*, *Nor-*
tumberland, *Percie*, *Fitz-Water*, *Surrey*, *Carlile*, *Abbot*
of *Westminster*. *Herauld*, *Officers*, and *Bagot*.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth *Bagot*.

Now *Bagot*, freely speake thy minde,
What thou do'st know of Noble *Glousters* death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.

Bag. Then set before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*.

Bul. Cofin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.

Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vn say, what it hath once deliuer'd.
In that dead time, when *Glousters* death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vnkles head.

Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your Cofins death.

Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:

What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonor my faire Starres,
On equal termes to giue him chastisement?
Either I must, or haue mine honor soyl'd
With th'Attaindor of his stand'rous Lippes.

There is my Gage, the manuell Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lye'st,
And will maintaine what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.

Bul. *Bagot* forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mou'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathize:

There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it)
That thou wer't cause of Noble *Glousters* death.
If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lye'st,
And I will turne thy falshood to thy hart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not (Coward) liue to see the day.

Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this hour.

Aum. *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Per. *Aumerle*, thou lye'st: his Honor is as true
In this Appeale, as thou art all vniust:

And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To proue it on thee, to th'extremest point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele,
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

Surrey. My Lord *Fitz-water*:

I do remember well, the very time

Aumerle, and you did talke.

Fitz. My Lord,

'Tis very true: You were in presence then,
And you can witnesse with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heauen,

As Heauen it selfe is true.

Fitz. *Surrey*, thou lye'st.

Surrey. Dishonourable Boy;

That Lye, shall lie so heauy on my Sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.

In prooffe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.

How fondly do'st thou spur a forward Horse?
 ate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
 te Surrey in a Wildernesse,
 pon him, whilest I say he Lyes,
 and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,
 e to my strong Correction.
 d to thrise in this new World,
 guiltie of my true Appeale.
 eard the banish'd *Norfolke* say,
Aumerle didst send two of thy men,
 : the Noble Duke at Callis.
 ome honest Christian trust me with a Gage,
 olke lyes: here doe I throw downe this,
 be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.
 These differences shall all rest vnder Gage,
 lke be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;
 gh mine Enemy) restor'd againe
 Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,
Aumerle we will enforce his Tryall.
 That honorable day shall ne're be seene.
 ne hath banish'd *Norfolke* fought
 hrist, in glorious Christian field
 the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
 ack Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
 l with workes of Warre, retr'y'd himselve
 nd there at Venice gawe
 o that pleasant Countries Earth,
 re Soule vnto his Captaine Christ,
 ose Colours he had fought so long.
 Thy Bishop, is *Norfolke* dead?
 a sure as I liue, my Lord.
 weet peace conduct his sweet Soule
 some of good old *Abram*.
 ealants, your differēces shall all rest vnder gage,
 signe you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter *York*.

Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
 ne-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule
 se Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
 session of thy Royall Hand.
 s Throne, descending now from him,
 liue *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.
 s Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne.
 lary, Heauen forbid.
 his Royall Presence may I speake,
 eseeming me to speake the truth.
 d, that any in this Noble Presence
 igh Noble, to be vpright Iudge
Richard: then true Noblenesse would
 n forbearance from so foule a Wrong.
 uest can giue Sentence on his King?
 sits here, that is not *Richards* Subiect?
 re not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,
 apparant guilt be seene in them:
 the figure of Gods Maiestie,
 ne, Steward, Deputie elect,
 Crown'd, planted many yeeres,
 by subiect, and inferior breathe,
 mselve not present? Oh, forbid it, God,
 Christian Climate, Soules refin'de
 w so heynous, black, obfcene a deed.
 s Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,
 by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.
 of Hereford here, whom you call King,
 Praytor to prow'd *Herefords* King.
 s Crowne him, let me prophetic,

The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future Ages groane for his foule Act.
 Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
 And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
 Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
 Disorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie
 Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
 Oh, if you reare this Houfe, against this Houfe
 It will the wofullest Diuision proue,
 That euer fell vpon this cursed Earth.
 Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
 Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.

Norb. Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
 Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here.
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
 To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.
 May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
 He may surrender: so we shall proceede
 Without suspition.

York. I will be his Condukt.

Exit.

Bull. Lords, you that here are vnder our Arrest,
 Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:
 Little are we beholding to your Loue,
 And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter *Richard* and *York*.

Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
 Before I haue thooke off the Regall thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.
 Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tuture me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The fauors of these men: were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me?
 So *Iudas* did to Christ: but he in twelue,
 Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelue thousand, none.
 God saue the King: will no man say, Amen?
 Am I both Priest, and Clarke? well then, Amen.
 God saue the King, although I be not hee:
 And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.
 To doe what seruice, am I sent for hither?

York. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
 Which tyred Maiestie did make thee offer:
 The Resignation of thy State and Crowne
 To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Giue me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize y^e Crown:
 Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
 Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
 That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
 The emptier euer dancing in the ayre,
 The other downe, vnseene, and full of Water:
 That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
 Drinking my Griefes, whil't you mount vp on high.

Bull. I thought you had been willing to resigne.

Rich. My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:
 You may my Glories and my State depose,
 But not my Griefes; still am I King of those.

Bull. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.

Rich. Your Cares set vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.
 My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,
 Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
 The Cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
 They 'tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay:

Bull. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

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Rich. I,

Rich. I, no; no, I: for I must nothing bee:
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.
Now, marke me how I will vndoe my selfe.
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vnwioldie Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly Sway from out my Heart.
With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balme,
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath releafe all dutious Oathes;
All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forweare:
My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchieu'd.
Long may't thou liue in *Richards* Seat to sit,
And soone lye *Richard* in an Earthie Pit.
God saue King *Henry*, vn-King'd *Richard* sayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes.
What more remains?

North. No more: but that you reade
These Accufations, and these grieuous Crymes,
Committed by your Person, and your followers,
Against the State, and Profit of this Land:
That by confessing them, the Soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out
My weau'd-*vp* follies? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were vpon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou finde one heynous Article,
Contayning the depofing of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heauen.
Nay, all of you, that stand and looke vpon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,
Though some of you, with *Pilate*, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you *Pilates*
Haue here deliuer'd me to my sowe Crosse,
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles.

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see:
And yet salt-Water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest:
For I haue giuen here my Soules consent,
T'vndeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory base; a Soueraigntie, a Slaue;
Proud Maiestie, a Subiect; State, a Pefant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis vsurpt: a lack the heauie day,
That I haue worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither straight,

That it may shew me what a Face I haue,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie.

Bull. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.

North. Read o're this Paper, while y^e Glasse doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.

Bull. Vrge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfi'd.

Rich. They shall be satisfi'd: Ile reade enough,
When I doe see the very Booke indeede,
Where all my finnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

Enter one with a Glasse.

Giue me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.
No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow strucke
So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glasse,
Like to my followers in prosperitie,
Thou do'st beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That euery day, vnder his Houfe-hold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follies,
That was at last out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred shiuers.
Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,
How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

Bull. The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that againe.

The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's see,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,
And these externall manner of Laments,
Are meere shadows, to the vnscene Griefe,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the substance: and I thanke thee King
For thy great bountie, that not onely giu'st
Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. Ile begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?

Bull. Name it, faire Cousin.

Rich. Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subiects; being now a subiect,
I haue a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great, I haue no neede to begge.

Bull. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I haue?

Bull. You shall.

Rich. Then giue me leaue to goe.

Bull. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your fights.

Bull. Goe some of you, conuey him to the Tower.

Rich. Oh good: conuey: Conuey are you all,
That rise thus nimble by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your selues. *Exeunt.*

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.

Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.

Aum. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.

Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect

What

I shall happen to deuise.
Browes are full of Discontent,
t of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
e with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
vs all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.
s way the King will come: this is the way
easars ill-erected Tower:
flint Bosome, my condemned Lord
a Prisoner, by prow'd Bullingbrooke.
s rest, if this rebellious Earth
resting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard, and Guard.
at see, or rather doe not see,
lose wither: yet looke vp; behold,
n pittie may dissolue to dew,
him fresh againe with true loue Teares.
he Modell where old Troy did stand,
pe of Honor, thou King Richards Tombe,
ing Richard: thou most beauteous Inne,
d hard-faur'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
mph is become an Ale-house Guest.
yne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
ny end too fudden: learne good Soule,
our former State a happie Dreame,
h awak'd, the truth of what we are,
but this. I am sworne Brother (Sweet)
leceffitie; and hee and I
: a League till Death. High thee to France,
ter thee in some Religious House:
ies must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
r prophane houres here haue stricken downe.
at, is my Richard both in shape and minde
'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bullingbrooke
ine Intellect? hath hee bene in thy Heart?
dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,
ds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
: on Rage with base Humilitie,
: a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?
King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
e still a happy King of Men.

etime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
am dead, and that euen here thou tak'st,
y Death-bed, my last liuing leaue.
s tedious Nights sit by the fire
l old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Ages, long agoe betide:
ou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
the lamentable fall of me,
the hearers weeping to their Beds:
he sencelesse Brands will sympathize
e accent of thy mouing Tongue,
mpassion, weepe the fire out:
will mourne in ashes, some coale-black,
posing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.
fy Lord, the mind of Bullingbrooke is chang'd.

You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France.
Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting Bullingbrooke ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age,
More then it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,
Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're so little vrg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vsurped Throne.
The Loue of wicked friends conuerts to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,
To worthie Danger, and deserued Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leaue, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly diuorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
Let me vn-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;
And yet not so, for with a Kisse 'twas made.
Part vs, Northumberland: I, towards the North,
Where shiuering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme:
My Queene to France: from whence, set forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'ft of day.

Qu. And must we be diuided? must we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Loue) and heart fro heart.

Qu. Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Loue, but little Pollicy.

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe.
Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:
Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.

Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longest Way shall haue the longest Moanes.

Rich. Twice for one step, Ile groane, y Way being short,
And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be brieue,
Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe:
One Kisse shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part;
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Giue me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may strue to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow say. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Duchesse.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story off,
Of our two Cousins comming into London.

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Duch. At that sad stoppe, my Lord,
Where rude mis-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.

d 3

Yorke. Then

Yorke. Then, as I said, the Duke, great *Bullingbrooke*,
Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
While all tongues cride, God saue thee *Bullingbrooke*.
You would haue thought the very windowes spake,
So many greedy lookes of yong and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage: and that all the walles,
With painted Imagery had said at once,
Iesu preferue thee, welcom *Bullingbrooke*.
Whil'ft he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Bespake them thus: I thanke you Counttrimen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilft?

Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did fowle on *Richard*: no man cride, God saue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne vpon his Sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him.
But heauen hath a hand in these euent,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents.
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworne Subiects now,
Whose State, and Honor, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my Sonne *Aumerle*.

Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you must call him *Rusland* now:
I am in Parliamt pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealtie to the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my sonne: who are the Violets now,
That strew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes, I had as lief be none, as one.

Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.

What newes from Oxford? Hold those Iusts & Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.

Yorke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God preuent not, I purpose so.

Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'ft thou pale? Let me see the Writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Yorke. No matter then who sees it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.

Yorke. Which for some reasons sir, I meane to see:
I feare, I feare.

Dut. What should you feare?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparrell, against the Triumph.

Yorke. Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.

Boy, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Yor. I will be satisfied: let me see it I say. *Snatches it*
Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.

Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?

Yorke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.
Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Yorke. Giue me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse:
Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the Villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?

Yorke. Peace foolish Woman.

Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?

Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more:
Then my poore life must answer.

Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Seruant with Boots.

Yor. Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, y' art amas'd,
Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my sight.

Yor. Giue me my Boots, I say.

Dut. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond mad woman:

Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?
A dozen of them heere haue tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He shall be none:

Wec'll keepe him heere: then what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my
Son, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadst thou groan'd for him as I haue done,

Thou wouldest be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect
That I haue bene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne:
Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, be not of that minde:
He is as like thee, as a man may bee,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I loue him.

Yorke. Make way, vnruely Woman.

Dut. After *Aumerle*. Mount thee vpon his horse,
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,
He not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. *Exit*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my vnthristie Sonne?
'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.
If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,
I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:
Enquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there:

For

(they say) he dayly doth frequent,
 strained loose Companions,
 (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
 our Watch, and beate our passengers,
 yong wanton, and effeminate Boy
 the point of Honor, to support
 te a crew.
 y Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,
 him of these Triumphes held at Oxford.
 nd what said the Gallant?
 is answer was: he would vnto the Stewes,
 the common-ft creature plucke a Gloue
 e it as a fauour, and with that
 vnhorfe the lustiest Challenger.
 s dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both,
 e sparkes of better hope: which elder dayes
 ily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle.

Where is the King?
 What meanes our Coffin, that hee stares
 es so wildly?
 od saue your Grace. I do beseech your Maiesty
 ome conference with your Grace alone.
 ithdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:
 he matter with our Coffin now?
 or euer may my knees grow to the earth,
 e cleaue to my roofo within my mouth,
 Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.
 stended, or committed was this fault?
 first, how heynous ere it be,
 y after loue, I pardon thee.
 hen giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,
 nan enter, till my tale me done.
 laue thy desire. *Yorke witbin.*
 fy Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
 t a Traitor in thy prefence thee.
 illaine, Ile make thee safe.
 itay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause

Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King:
 r loue speake treason to thy face?
 doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Yorke.

hat is the matter (Vnkle) speake, recouer breath,
 ow neere is danger,
 may arme vs to encounter it.
 eruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know
 n that my haste forbids me show.
 remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:
 it me, reade not my name there,
 is not confederate with my hand.
 : was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.
 rom the Traitors bosome, King.
 d not Loue, begets his penitence;
 pitty him, leaft thy pitty proue
 t, that will sting thee to the heart.
 h heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
 father of a treacherous Sonne:
 re, immaculate, and fluer fountaine,
 ence this streame, through muddy passages
 his current, and defil'd himselfe.
 flow of good, conuert to bad,
 abundant goodnesse shall excuse
 ly blot, in thy digressing sonne.
 So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,
 ball spend mine Honour, with his Shame;

As thriftlesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold.
 Mine honor liues, when his dishonor dies,
 Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies:
 Thou kill'st me in his life, giuing him breath,
 The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Dutchesse witbin.

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for heauens sake let me in.

Bul. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.

Speake with me, pittie me, open the dore,

A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before.

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,

And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.

My dangerous Coffin, let your Mother in,

I know she's come, to pray for your soule fin.

Yorke. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,

More finnes for this forgiueneffe, prosper may.

This fester'd ioynt cut off, the rest rests sound,

This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchesse.

Dut. O King, beleue not this hard-hearted man,
 Loue, louing not it selfe, none other can.

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what dost y' make here,
 Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

Bul. Rise vp good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech.

For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,

And neuer see day, that the happy sees,

Till thou giue ioy: vntill thou bid me ioy.

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.

Yorke. Against them both, my true ioynts bended be.

Dut. Pleades he in earnest? Looke vpon his Face,

His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in iest:

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast.

He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,

We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside:

His weary ioynts would gladly rise, I know,

Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,

Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:

Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue

That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

Bul. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dut. Nay, do not say stand vp.

But Pardon first, and afterwards stand vp.

And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.

I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:

Say Pardon (King,) let pittie teach thee how.

The word is short: but not so short as sweet,

No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's so meet.

Yorke. Speake it in French (King) say *Pardon'ne moy.*

Dut. Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?

Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,

That set's the word it selfe, against the word.

Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,

The chopping French we do not vnderstand.

Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,

Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine care,

That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,

Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearse.

Bul. Good Aunt, stand vp.

Dut. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suite I haue in hand.

Bul.

Bul. I pardon him, as heauen shall pardon mee.

W. Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I sicke for feare: Speake it againe,
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.

Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.

Dut. A God on earth thou art.

Bul. But for our trusty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that comforted crew,
Destruccion straight shall dogge them at the heeles:
Good Vnckle helpe to order seuerall powres
To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are:
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Cosin adieu:
Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.

Dut. Come my old son, I pray heauen make thee new.

Exeunt.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ext. Didst thou not marke the King what words hee
spake?

Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare:
Was it not so?

Ser. Those were his very words.

Ex. Haue I no Friend? (quoth he:) he spake it twice,
And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?

Ser. He did.

Ex. And speaking it, he wisely look'd on me,
As who should say, I would thou wer't the man
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I haue bin studying, how to compare
This Prison where I liue, vnto the World:
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is npt a Creature, but my selfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and these two beget
A generation of still breeding Thoughts;
And these same Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better fort,
As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith: as thus: Come litle ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the pofferne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how these vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselues,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame
That many haue, and others must fit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of such as haue before indur'd the like.

Thus play I in one Prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treason makes me with my selfe a Beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penurie,
Perfwades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,
Thinke that I am vn-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And straight am nothing. But what ere I am,

Musick

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time: How slowe sweet Musicke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Musicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintinesse of eare,
To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dials point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
Now sir, the sound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that strike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time
Runs poasting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I stand fooling heere, his iacke o'th'Clocke.
This Musicke mads me, let it found no more,
For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it seemes, it will make wife-men mad:
Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me;
For 'tis a signe of loue, and loue to *Richard*,
Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.

Rich. Thankes Noble Peere,
The cheapest of vs, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou? And how com'st thou hither?
Where no man euer comes, but that fad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?

Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King: who traouelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hast befri'd,
That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?

Groo. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.

Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That lade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenesse horse: Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horse,

And

t I beare a burthen like an Ass,
 ll'd, and tyrd by launcing Bullingbrooke.

Enter Keeper with a Dish.

. Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer stay.
 . If thou loue me, 'tis time thou wer't away.
 . What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall

Exit.

. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?
 . Taste of it first, as thou wer't wont to doo.
 . My Lord I dare not : Sir Pierce of Exton,
 tely came from th'King, commands the contrary.
 . The diuell take Henrie of Lancaster, and thee ;
 e is stale, and I am weary of it.
 . Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

How now? what meanes Death in this rude affalt?
 s, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,
 u and fill another roome in hell.

Exton strikes him downe.

and shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
 aggers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
 ith the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land.
 , mount my soule, thy seate is vp on high,
 : my grosse flesh sinkes downward, heere to dye.
 . As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
 ue I spilt : Oh would the deed were good.
 w the diuell, that told me I did well,
 hat this deede is chronicled in hell.
 ad King to the liuing King Ile beare,
 ence the rest, and giue them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

*Flourish. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with
 other Lords & attendants.*

Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
 the Rebels haue consum'd with fire
 wne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,
 ether they be tane or slaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

ne my Lord : What is the newes?
 First to thy Sacred State, with I all happinesse :
 xt newes is, I haue to London sent
 ads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:

The manner of their taking may appeare
 At large discourfed in this paper heere.

Bul. We thank thee gentle Percy for thy paines,
 And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fitz-waters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
 The heads of Broccas, and Sir Bennet Seely,
 Two of the dangerous confortd Traitors,
 That fought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow.

Bul. Thy paines Fitzwaters shall not be forgot,
 Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
 With clog of Conscience, and fowre Melancholly,
 Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue :
 But heere is Carlile, liuing to abide

Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

Bul. Carlile, this is your doome :
 Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome
 More then thou haft, and with it ioy thy life :
 So as thou liu'ft in peace, dye free from strife :
 For though mine enemy, thou haft euer beene,
 High sparkes of Honor in thee haue I seene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
 Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathlesse lies
 The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
 Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

Bul. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haft wrought
 A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,
 Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

Bul. They loue not poyson, that do poyson neede,
 Nor do I thee : though I did wish him dead,
 I hate the Murderer, loue him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
 But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour.
 With Caine go wander through the shade of night,
 And neuer shew thy head by day, nor light.
 Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
 That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
 Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,
 And put on fullen Blacke incontinent :
 Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land,
 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
 March saddy after, grace my mourning heere,
 In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

Exeunt.

F I N I S.



The First Part of Henry the Fourth

with the Life and Death of HENRY

Sirnamed HOT-SPURRE.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with others.

King.

O shaken as we are, so wan with care,
 Finde we a time for frightened Peace to pant,
 And breath shortwinded accents of new broils
 To be commenc'd in Stronds a-farre remote:
 No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile,
 Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood:
 No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,
 Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hooves
 Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
 Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,
 All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
 Did lately meete in the intestine shoocke,
 And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery,
 Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes
 March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
 Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
 The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,
 As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,
 Whose Souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse
 We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,
 Forthwith a power of English shall we leue,
 Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
 To chase these Pagans in those holy Fields,
 Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete
 Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd
 For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse.
 But this our purpose is a tweluemonth old,
 And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go:
 Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
 Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,
 What yesternight our Councell did decree,
 In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My Liege: This haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the Charge set downe
 But yesternight: when all athwart there came
 A Post from Wales, loaden with heauy Newes;
 Whose worst was, That the Noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wilde Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered:

Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
 (Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
 Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.

West. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord
 Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes
 Came from the North, and thus it did report:
 On Holy-roode day, the gallant Hotspurre there,
 Young Harry Percy, and braue Archibald,
 That euer-valiant and approoued Scot,
 At Holmeden met, where they did spend
 A sad and bloody houre:
 As by discharge of their Artillerie,
 And shape of likely-hood the newes was told:
 For he that brought them, in the very heate
 And pride of their contention, did take horse,
 Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Heere is a deere and true industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse,
 Strain'd with the variation of each soyle,
 Betwixt that Holmeden, and this Seat of ours:
 And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes.
 The Earle of Douglas is discomfited,
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
 Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter see
 On Holmedons Plaines. Of Prisoners, Hotspurre tooke
 Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
 To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Atboll,
 Of Murry, Angus, and Menteth.

And is not this an honourable spoyle?
 A gallant prize? Ha Cousin, is it not? Infaith it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me fit
 In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
 Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:
 A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
 Among't a Groue, the very straightest Plant,
 Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
 Whil't I by looking on the praise of him,
 See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow
 Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,
 That some Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd
 In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:

Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine :
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you *Coe*.
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,
To his owne vse he keeps, and sends me word
I shall haue none: but *Mordeke* Earle of *Fife*.

Wes. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester
Maleuolent to you in all Aspects :

Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

King. But I haue sent for him to answer this :

And for this cause a-while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.
Cofin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold.
At Windsor, and so informe the Lords :

But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be said, and to be done,

Then out of anger can be vttered.

Wes. I will my Liege.

Exeunt

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Fal-
staffe, and Poins.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde
Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping
vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten
to demand that truly, which thou wouldest truly know.
What a diuell hast thou to do with the time of the day?
vnlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons,
and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the signes
of Leaping-houes, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire
hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason,
why thou shouldest bee so superfluous, to demand the
time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that
take Purfes, go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not
by Phæbus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I
prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue
thy Grace, Maiesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt
haue none.

Prin. What, none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to
an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King,
let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd
Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be *Dianas* Forre-
sters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone;
and let men say, we be men of good Gouernment, being
gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the
Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.

Prin. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the
fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and
flow like the Sea, beeing gouerned as the Sea is, by the
Moone: as for prooffe. Now a Purse of Gold most resolu-
tely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely
spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by:
and spent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe
as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow
as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad: and is not my Hostesse of
the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle: and is
not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy
quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe
with a Buffe-Ierkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Ho-
stesse of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a
time and oft.

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid al there.

Prin. Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would
stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant,
that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag,
shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou
art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rus-
tie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou
when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prin. Thou iudget false already. I meane, thou shalt
haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare
Hangman.

Fal. Well *Hal*, well: and in some sort it iumpes with
my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell
you.

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hang-
man hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a
Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

Prin. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly
of Moore-Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most vnfaouery smiles, and art in-
deed the most comparatiue rascaldest sweet yong Prince.
But *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold
thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names
were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated
me the other day in the street about you fir; but I mark'd
him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded
him not, and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Prin. Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede
able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vn-
to me *Hall*, God forgie thee for it. Before I knew thee
Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man shold speake
truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must giue o-
uer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a
Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a Kings sonne in Chri-
stendome.

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, lacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe
not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee: From
Praying, to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation *Hal*: 'Tis no sin for a
man to labour in his Vocation.

Poins. Now shall wee know if Gads hill haue set a
Watch. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole
in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omni-
potent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poins.

Paines. Good morrow sweet *Hal*. What faies Monsieur Remorse? What faies Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar: Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: *He will giue the diuell his due.*

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prin. Elfe he had damn'd for cozening the diuell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purfes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I haue bespoke Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stuffe your Purfes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yeward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poy. Sir Iohn, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduerture, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion; and he the cares of profitting, that what thou speakest, may moue; and what he heares may be beleued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Prin. Farewell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

Poy. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a iest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaffe*, *Harvey*, *Rossill*, and *Gads-bill*, shall robbe those men that wee haue already way-layde, your selfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prin. But how shal we part with them in setting forth?

Poy. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduerture vpon the exploit rhemselues, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee'l set vpon them.

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

Poy. Tut our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and firrah, I haue Cafes of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as

true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this iest will be, the incomprehensible lye: that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meeete at Supper: how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this, lyes the iest.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessary, and meeete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile sup. Farewell.

Poy. Farewell, my Lord.

Exit Paines

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold The vnyoak'd humor of your idleneffe:

Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes
To smother vp his Beauty from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidayes,
To sport, would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they feldome come, they wiht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loofe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised;
By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright Metall on a fullen ground:
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no soyle to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath benee too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: But be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath benee smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe,
And therefore lost that Title of respect,
Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud.
Wor. Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deserues
The scourge of greatnesse to be vfed on it,
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O sir, your prefence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moody frontier of a seruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need
Your vie and counsell, we shall send for you.
You were about to speake.

Norib. Yea, my good Lord.

soners in your Highnesse demanded,
Harry Percy heere at *Holmedon* tooke,
 he sayes) not with such strength denied
 liured to your Maiesty:
 er through enuy, or misprison,
 y of this fault; and not my Sonne.
 y Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
 ember when the fight was done,
 ras dry with Rage, and extreme Toyle,
 e, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,
 re a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest;
 Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
 ce a stubble Land at Haruest-home.
 rformed like a Milliner,
 it his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
 t-box: which cuer and anon
 is Nose, and took't away againe:
 ewith angry, when it next came there,
 in Snuffe: And still he smil'd and talk'd:
 ie Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
 them vntaught *Knaues*, *Vnmannerly*,
 a slouely vnhandsome Coarse
 ie Winde, and his Nobility.
 y Holiday and Lady tearme
 n'd me: Among the rest, demanded
 iers, in your Maiesties behalfe.
 l-smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 pestered with a Poppingay)
 y Greefe, and my Impatience,
 (neglectingly) I know not what,
 , or should not: For he made me mad,
 m shine so briske, and smell so sweet,
 : so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
 & Drums, and Wounds: God saue the marke;
 ig me, the Soueraign'ft thing on earth
 acicity, for an inward bruise:
 it was great pittie, so it was,
 nous Salt-peter should be digg'd
 e Bowels of the harmlesse Earth,
 any a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd
 dly. And but for these vile Gunnes,
 himselfe haue beene a Souldier.
 , vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord)
 to answer indirectly (as I said.)
 eech you, let not this report
 rant for an Accusation,
 y Loue, and your high Maiesty.
 The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
 r *Harry Percie* then had said,
 r person, and in such a place,
 time, with all the rest retold,
 nably dye, and neuer rise
 n wrong, or any way impeach
 n he said, so he vnsway it now.
 Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,
 Prouiso and Exception,
 at our owne charge, shall ransome straight
 er-in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
 my soule) hath wilfully betraid
 of those, that he did leade to Fight,
 ie great Magician, damn'd *Glendower*:
 ughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
 ly married. Shall our Coffers then,
 d, to redeeme a Traitor home?
 buy Treason? and indent with Feares,
 y haue lost and forfeited themselves.

No: on the barren Mountaine let him sterue:
 For I shall neuer hold that man my Friend,
 Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost
 To ransome home reuolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?

He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
 But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true,
 Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
 Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
 When on the gentle *Seuernes* siedgie banke,
 In single Opposition hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an houre
 In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
 Vpon agreement, of swift *Seuernes* flood;
 Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
 Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,
 And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
 Blood-stained with these Valiant Combatants.
 Neuer did bafe and rotten Policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
 Nor neuer could the Noble *Mortimer*
 Receiue so many, and all willingly:
 Then let him not be stand'ed with Reuolt.

King. Thou do'st bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him;
 He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*:

I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,
 As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? But *Sirrah*, henceforth
 Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*.
 Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes,
 Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
 As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*,
 We Licenſe your departure with your sonne,
 Send vs your Prisoners, or you'll heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them
 I will not send them. I will after straight
 And tell him so: for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choller? stay & pause awhile,
Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?

Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule
 Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him.
 In his behalfe, Ile empty all these Veines,
 And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust,
 But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
 As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
 As this Ingrate and Cankred *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad

Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will (forfooth) haue all my Prisoners:
 And when I vrg'd the ransom once againe
 Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
 By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
 And then it was, when the vnhappy King
 (Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
 Vpon his Irish Expedition:

From whence he intercepted, did returne
 To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
 Liue scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

c

Hot.

Hot. But soft I pray you ; did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my Brother *Mortimer* ;
Heyre to the Crowne ?

Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountaine staru'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake, wore the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curses vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather ?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this subtill King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vnjust behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard*, that sweet lovely *Rose*,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Bullingbrooke* ?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent ?
No ; yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths :
Therefore I say—

Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more.

And now I will vnclasp a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyuing Discontent,
He reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So Honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple : The blood more stirres
To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heauen, me thinks it were an easie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moore,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes :
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
Bnt not the forme of what he should attend :
Good Cousin giue me audience for a-while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.

Hot. Hee keepe them all.

By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them :
No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not.

He keepe them, by this Hand.

Wor. You start away,

And lend no eare vnto my purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :

He said, he would not ranfome *Mortimer* :

Forbad my tongue to speake of *Mortimer*.

But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,

And in his eare, Hee holla *Mortimer*.

Nay, Hee haue a Starling shall be taught to speake

Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,

To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you Cousin : a word.

Hot. All studies heere I solemnly desie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would haue payfon'd him with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell Kinfman : Hee talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongu'd & impatient fool
Art thou, to breake into this Womens mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne ?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,
Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.

In *Richards* time : What de'ye call the place ?

A plague vpon't, it is in Gloustershire :

'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,

His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee

Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke* :

When you and he came backe from Rauenpurgh.

Nor. At Barkley Castle.

Hot. You say true :

Why what a caudie deale of curtesie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me.
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde Cousin :
O, the Diuell take such Couseners, God forgie me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,
Wee'l stay your leysure.

Hot. I haue done insooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliuier them vp without their ranfome straight,
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane
For powres in Scotland : which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easly be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl y'd,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, well below'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is't not ?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Screepe*.
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely staves but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it :

Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.

Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let't slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chooße but be a Noble plot,

And

the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
with Mortimer, Halstool.com.cn
And so they shall.
Faith it is exceedingly well say'd.
And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,
our heads, by raising of a Head:
our felues as euen as we can,
g will always thinke him in our debt,
like, we thinke our felues vn-satisfied,
I hath found a time to pay vs home.
already, how he doth beginne
vs strengers to his lookes of loue.
He does, he does; wee'l be reueng'd on him.
Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
by Letters shall direct your courie
me is ripe, which will be fodainly:
to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
you, and Douglas, and our powres at once,
I fashion it, shall happily meeete,
our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
now we hold at much vn-certainty.
Farewell good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust.
Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be short,
ds, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport. *exit*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.
Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be
Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet
e not packt. What Ostler?
Anon, anon.
I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few
in the point: the poore Iade is wrung in the wit-
t of all cefse.
Enter another Carrier.
Peafe and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog,
is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bottes:
use is turned vpside downe since Robin the Ostler
Poore fellow neuer ioy'd since the price of oats
was the death of him.
I thinke this is the most villanous house in al
rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.
Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Chri-
s, could be better bit, then I haue beene since the
ke.
Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iourden, and
leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye
leas like a Loach.
What Ostler, come away, and be hangd: come
I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of
to be deliuered as farre as Charing-crosse.
The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued.
Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in
? Canst not heare? And t'were not as good a
rinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Vil-
ome and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?
Enter Gads-bill.

Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?
I thinke it be two a clocke.
I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gel-

ding in the stable.

1. Car. Nay loft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two
of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. Car. I, when, canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne
(quoth-a) marry Ile see thee hang'd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come
to London?

2. Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I
warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugges, wee'll call vp
the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they
haue great charge. *Exeunt*

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Cham-
berlaine: For thou variest no more from picking of Pur-
ses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou
lay'st the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Master Gads-Hill, it holds cur-
rant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the
wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with
him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last
night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abun-
dance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp al-
ready, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away
presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meeete not with S. Nicholas Clarks,
Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prythee keep that for the
Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S. Nicholas as tru-
ly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I
hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang,
old Sir Iohn hangs with mee, and thou know'st hee's no
Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that y dream'st
not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the
Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee
look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole.
I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe
six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-
hu'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquillitie;
Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can holde in,
such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner
then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I lye,
for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Common-
wealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her for
they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will
the hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will; Iustice hath liquor'd her. We
steale as in a Castle, cocksure: we haue the receipt of Fern-
seede, we walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding
to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking in-
uisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand.

Thou shalt haue a share in our purpose,
As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a false
Theefe.

Gad. Goe too: Homo is a common name to all men.
Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Fare-
well, ye muddy Knaue. *Exeunt*

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Scæna Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Poin. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued *Falstaff* Horfe, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prin. Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. *Poines, Poines,* and be hang'd *Poines.*

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a brawling doft thou keepe.

Fal. What *Poines.* *Hal?*

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Theefe company: that Rascall hath remoued my Horfe, and tied him I know not where. If I trauell but foure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourelly any time this two and twenty years, & yet I am bewitched with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile behang'd; it could not be else: I haue drunke Medicines. *Poines, Hal,* a Plague vpon you both. *Bardolpb, Peto:* Ile starue ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threescore & ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another.

Tbey Whistle.

Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horfe you Rogues: giue me my Horfe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fal. Haue you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal,* help me to my horse, good Kings sonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparant-Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a left is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-bill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poin. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce:

Bardolfe, what newes?

Bar. Cafe ye, cafe ye; on with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To he hang'd.

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow I *Ned* and I, will walke lower; if they scape from you counter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir *Iohn* Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not *Iohn* of *Gaunt* your Grandfa but yet no Coward, *Hal.*

Prin. Wee'l leaue that to the prooffe.

Poin. Sirra Iacke, thy horse stands behinde the I when thou need'ft him, there thou shalt finde him. well, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prin. *Ned,* where are our disguises?

Poin. Heere hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, & euey man to his businesse.

Enter Trauellers.

Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our F downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot a while, and cal Legges.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Iesu bleffe vs.

Fal. Strike: down with them, cut the villains th a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they ha youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone: ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. Or cons, on, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, ye Grand Iurers, are ye? Wee'l iure ye ifaith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prin. The Theeues haue bound the True-men: could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merly to don, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter Moneth, and a good left for euer.

Poynes. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeues againe.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not to rand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set vpon They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to I The Theeues are scatted, and posselt with fear so I ly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes I low for an Officer. Away good *Ned,* *Falstaffe* swe death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along not for laughing, I should pittie him.

Poin. How the Rogue roar'd.

Exeunt

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well content be there, in respect of the loue I beare your bouje.

I be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of he beares your house. He shewes in this, he loues: Barne better then he loues our house. Let me e more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* at's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to o drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of tle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue nartaine, the Time it selfe vnforted, and your whole light, for the counterpoise of so great an Opposition.* to, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke- this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte, iends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, d Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this? y Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the course of the action. By this hand, if I were now Rascaill, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selve, Lord Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendour? not besides, the Douglas? Haue I not all their let-meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Mond are they not some of them fet forward already? Pagan Rascaill is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could y selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish d Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards

Enter bis Lady.

w Kate, I must leaue you within these two hours. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? it offence haue I this fortnight bin i'd woman from my Harries bed? (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee nacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe? ft thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth? t so often when thou sitt'st alone? ft thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes? en my Treasures and my rights of thee, ce-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly? iint-slumbers, I by thee haue watcht, ird thee murmure tales of Iron Warres: earmes of manage to thy bounding Steed, rage to the field. And thou hast talk'd s, and Retires; Trenches, Tents, adoes, Frontiers, Parapets, iskes, of Canon, Culuerin, ners ranfome, and of Souldiers slaine, the current of a headdy fight. it within thee hath bene so at Warre, is hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleepe, ds of sweate hath stood vpon thy Brow, bbles in a late-disturbed Streame; thy face strange motions haue appear'd, we see when men restraine their breath e great fodaine hast. O what portents are these? :aue businesse hath my Lord in hand, aust know it: else he loues me not. What ho; Is Gilliams with the Packet gone? He is my Lord, an hour agoe. Iath Butler brought those horses frō the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.
 Hot. What Horle? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not.
 Ser. It is my Lord.
 Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.
 La. But heare you, my Lord.
 Hot. What say'st thou my Lady?
 La. What is it carries you away?
 Hot. Why, my horse (my Loue) my horse.
 La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not such a deale of Splene, as you are toft with. In sooth Ile know your businesse *Harry*, that I will. I feare my Brother *Mortimer* doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go——
 Hot. So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Loue.
 La. Come, come, you Parquito, answer me directly vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeede Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tel me true.
 Hot. Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips. We must haue bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes, And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse. What say'st thou *Kate*? what wold'st thou haue with me?
 La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?
 Well, do not then. For since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?
 Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in iest, or no.
 Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
 And when I am a-horsebacke, I will sweare I loue thee infinitely. But hearken you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth, question me, Whether I go: nor reason whereabouts. Whether I must, I must: and to conclude, This Euening must I leaue thee, gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no further wife. Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are, But yet a woman: and for secrecie, No Lady clofer. For I will beleaue Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'st not know, And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.
 La. How so farre?
 Hot. Not an inch further. But harke you *Kate*, Whither I go, thither shall you go too: To day will I set forth, to morrow you. Will this content you *Kate*?
 La. It must of force.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.
 Poines. Where hast bene *Hall*?
 Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or fourefcore Hogheads. I haue founded the verie base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom*, *Dicke*, and *Francis*. They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curtesie: telling me flatly I am no proud lack like *Falstaffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command al the good Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; and when you breath in your watering, then they

they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in *one* quarter of an hour, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and six pence*, and, *You are welcome*: with this thril addition, *Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe Moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-roume, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon: step aside, and Ile shew thee a President.*

Poines. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon fir; looke downe into the Pomgar-net, Ralfe.

Prince. Come hither Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon fir.

Prin. Fiue yeares: Berlady a long Lease for the clin-king of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord fir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon fir.

Prin. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon fir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harken you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord fir, I would it had bene two.

Prin. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

Fran. O Lord fir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet will fullee. In Barbary fir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What fir?

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call?

Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a cal-

ling? Looke to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir Iohn with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore. Poines.

Enter Poines.

Poin. Anon, anon fir.

Prin. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harken yee, What cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed them. selues humors, since the old dayes of Goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon fir.

*Prin. That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is vp-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hot-spurre of the North, he that killes me some fixe or seauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and saies to his wife; *Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answers, some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Riue, sayes the drun- kard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.**

Enter Falstaffe.

Poin. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile sowe nether stockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worfe then a Cup of Sack with lime. A vil- lanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weauer, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Woolfsacke, what matter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Sub- iects afore thee like a stocke of Wilde-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horson round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and Poines there?

Prin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call the Coward: but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you

that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing : giue me them that will face me. *Cl.* Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk't last.

Falst. All's one for that. *He drinks.*

A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prince. What's the matter ?

Falst. What's the matter ? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Lack* ? where is it ?

Falst. Where is it ? taken from vs, it is : a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man ?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I neuer dealt better since I was a man : all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards : let them speake ; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Prince. Speake fir, how was it ?

Gad. We foure set vpon some dosen.

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Prin. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.

Gad. As we were sharing, some fixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.

Falst. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought yee with them all ?

Falst. All ? I know not what yee call all : but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish : if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde *Lack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heauen, you haue not murdered some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for ; I haue pepper'd two of them : Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse : thou knowest my olde word : here I lay, and thus I bore my point ; foure Rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

Prince. What, foure ? thou sayd'st but two, euen now.

Falst. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me ; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Targuet, thus.

Prince. Seuen ? why there were but foure, euen now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falst. Seuen, by these Hiltz, or I am a Villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

Falst. Doeest thou heare me, *Hal* ?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Lack*.

Falst. Doe so, for it is worth the listning too : these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more alreadie.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hose.

Falst. Began to giue me ground : but I followed me

close, came in foot and hand ; and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prin. O monstrous ! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two ?

Falst. But as the Deuill would haue it, three misbegotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me ; for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Claybrayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horson obscene greasie Tallow Catch.

Falst. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth, the truth ?

Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand ? Come, tell vs your reason : what say'st thou to this ?

Poin. Come, your reason *Lack*, your reason.

Falst. What, vpon compulsion ? No : were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion ? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-preffer, this Horse-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Fleish.

Falst. Away you Starueling, you Elfe-akin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-pissell, you stocke-fish : O for breth to vtter. What is like thee ? You Tailors yard, you sheath you Bow-case, you vile standing tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe : and when thou hast tyr'd thy selfe in base comparisnns, heare me speake but thus.

Poin. Marke lacke.

Prin. We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth : mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it : yea, and can shew it you in the Houfe. And *Falstasse*, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull-Calf. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick ? what deuce ? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame ?

Poin. Come, let's heare lacke : What tricke hast thou now ?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant ? Should I turne vpon the true Prince ? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules* : but beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince : Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct : I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life : I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Mony. Hoffesse, clap to the doores : watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry ? shall we haue a Play extempory.

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy runing away.

Fal. A, no more of that *Hall*, and thou louest me.

Enter Hoffesse.

Hoff. My Lord, the Prince ?

Prin.

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what say'st thou to me?

Hostesse. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would speake with you: hee sayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my Mother.

Falst. What manner of man is hee?

Hostesse. An old man.

Falst. What doth Grautie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I giue him his answere?

Prin. Prethee doe Iacke.

Falst. 'Faith, and Ile send him packing. *Exit.*

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*: you are Lyons too, you ranne away vpon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ranne when I saw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earnest, how came *Falstaffes* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, hee hackt it with his Dagger, and said, hee would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleuee it was done in fight, and perfwaded vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-grasse, to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare his moniftrous deuices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou stolest a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you see these Meteors? doe you behold these Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaffe.

Heere comes leane *Iacke*, heere comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, since thou saw'st thine owne Knee?

Falst. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waste, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of fighting and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father; you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and hee of Wales, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and swore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Crosse of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower*.

Falst. *Owen, Owen*; and his Sonne in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scots, *Douglas*, that runnes a Horse-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pistoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falst. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falst. Well, that *Rafcall* hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a *Rafcall* art thou then, to prayse him so for running?

Falst. A Horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinct.

Falst. I grant ye, vpon instinct: Well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew-Cappes more. *Worcester* is stolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffetting hold, wee shall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.

Falst. By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible as fear'd? thou being Heire apprant, could the World picke thee out three such Enemyes againe, as that Fiend *Douglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Deuill *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy instinct.

Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou commest to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answere.

Prin. Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine mee vpon the particulars of my Life.

Falst. Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Ioyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyses* vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falst. And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.

Hostesse. This is excellent sport, yfaith.

Falst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hostesse. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

Falst. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queen, For teares doe stop the foud-gates of her eyes.

Hostesse. O rare, hee doth it as like one of these harlotry Players, as euer I see.

Falst. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant-me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou so poynted at? Shall the blessed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and eate Black-berries? a question not to be askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purfes? a question to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many

our Land, by the Name of Pitch : this Pitch (as Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the comu-keepst : for Harry, now I doe not speake to rinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Paf-xt in Words onely, but in Woes also : and yet vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy, but I know not his Name.
What manner of man, and it like your Ma-

A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, arefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble and as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or (byrlady) to threecore; and now I remember mee, this *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewdly giuen, ues mee; for Harry, I see Vertue in his Lookes. The Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue *alstaffe*: him keepe with, the rest banish. And now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where hast thou this moneth?

Do'st thou speake like a King? doe thou stand and Ile play my Father.

Depose me : if thou do'st it halfe so grauely, so ly, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Well, heere I am set.

And heere I stand : iudge my Masters.

Now Harry, whence come you?

My Noble Lord, from East-cheape.

The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Yfaith, my Lord, they are false : Nay, Ile tickle young Prince.

Swarest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ke on me: thou art violently carryed away from there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a fan; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why conuerse with that Trunke of Humors, that Hunch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuff Cloake-Guts, that roasted Manning Tree Oxe with the in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Iniat Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? where-ood, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? where-ng, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villaine-erein Villanous, but in all things? wherein wor-n nothing?

I would your Grace would take me with you : eanes your Grace?

That villanous abhominable mis-leader of *alstaffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

My Lord, the man I know.

I know thou do'st.

But to say, I know more harme in him then in were to say more then I know. That hee is olde e the pittie) his white hayres doe witness it : hee is (sauing your reuerence) a Whore-ma-I vtterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, helpe the Wicked : if to be olde and merry, be a n many an olde Hoste that I know, is damn'd : at, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are sed. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish, banish *Paines* : but for sweete *Iacke Falstaffe*, *ke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Fal-* therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde *Iack* banish not him thy *Harryes* companie, banish

not him thy *Harryes* companie; banish plumpe *Iacke*, and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter *Bardolpb* running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most most monstrous Watch, is at the doore.

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

Enter the Hostesse.

Hostesse. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke : what's the matter?

Hostesse. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore : they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Falst. Do'st thou heare *Hal*, neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit : thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without in-finct.

Falst. I deny your *Maioir* : if you will deny the Sherife, so : if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp : I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falst. Both which I haue had : but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me. Exit.

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter *Sberife* and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sherife, what is your will with mee?

Sbe. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sbe. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe assure you, is not heere,

For I my selfe at this time haue imploy'd him :

And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will by to morrow Dinner time,

Send him to answere thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withall :

And so let me entreat you, leaue the house.

Sbe. I will, my Lord : there are two Gentlemen

Haue in this Robberie lost three hundred Markes.

Prince. It may be so : if he haue robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable : and so farewell.

Sbe. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

Sbe. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke.

Exit.

Prince. This oyle Rascall is knowne as well as *Poules*: goe call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaffe*? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snoring like a Horse.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath : search his Pockets. He

*He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth
certain Papers.*

Prince. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what be they? reade them.

Peto. Item, a Capon.

ii.s.ii.d.

Item, Sawce.

iiii.d.

Item, Sacke, two Gallons.

v.s.viii.d.

Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper.

ii.s.vi.d.

Item, Bread.

ob.

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is else, keepe close, we'll reade it at more aduantage: there let him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning: Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer,
Owen Glendower.*

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotsp. Lord *Mortimer*, and Cousin *Glendower*,
Will you sit downe?

And Vnckle *Worcester*; a plague vpon it,
I haue forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:

Sit Cousin *Percy*, fit good Cousin *Hotspurre*:

For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaster* doth speake of you,
His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in Heauen.

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotsp. Why so it would haue done at the same season,
if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe
had neuer bene borne.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glend. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did
tremble.

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shooke
To see the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie.
Diseas'd Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of vnurly Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement struiuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tumbles downe

Steeple, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diftemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glend. Cousin: of many men

I doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue

To tell you once againe, that at my Birth

The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,

The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:

These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,

And all the courses of my Life doe shew,

I am not in the Roll of common men.

Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,

That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,

Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,

Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,

And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hotsp. I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh:
Ile to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe.

Hotsp. Why so can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin; to command the
Deuill.

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuil,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,

And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.

Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable
Chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him
Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hotsp. Home without Bootes,

And in foule Weather too,

How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:

Shall wee diuide our Right,

According to our three-fold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it

Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto,

By South and East, is to my part assign'd:

All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,

And all the fertile Land within that bound,

To *Owen Glendower*: And deare Couze, to you

The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.

And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:

Which being sealed enterchangeably,

(A Businesse that this Night may execute)

To morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I,

And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth,

To meeete your Father, and the Scottish Power,

As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.

My Father *Glendower* is not readie yet,

Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteene dayes:

Within that space, you may haue drawne together

Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:

And in my Condu& shall your Ladies come,

From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue,

For there will be a World of Water shed,

Vpon

iring of your Wiues and you.
 e thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,
 equals not one of yours :
 s Riuier comes me cranking in,
 : from the best of all my Land,
 e Moone, a monstrous Cantle out.
 Currant in this place damnd vp,
 e smug and Siluer Trent shall runne,
 iannell, faire and euenly :
 vinde with such a deepe indent,
 if so rich a Bottome here.
 ot winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.
 a, but marke how he beares his course,
 me vp, with like aduantage on the other side,
 opposed Continent as much,
 her side it takes from you.
 a, but a little Charge will trench him here,
 North side winne this Cape of Land,
 runnes straight and euen.
 : haue it fo, a little Charge will doe it.
 : not haue it alter'd.
 ill not you ?
), nor you shall not.
 ho shall say me nay ?
 hy, that will I.
 t me not vnderstand you then, speake it in

an speake English, Lord, as well as you :
 yn'd vp in the English Court ;
 ; but young, I framed to the Harpe
 glifh Dittie, louely well,
 e Tongue a helpfull Ornament ;
 at was neuer seene in you.
 rry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
 be a Kitten, and cry mew,
 these same Meeter Ballad-mongers :
 heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,
 iccle grate on the Axle-tree,
 ould set my teeth nothing an edge,
 nuch, as mincing Poetrie ;
 forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge.
 me, you shall haue Trent turn'd.
 oe not care: He giue thrice so much Land
 -deferring friend ;
 ay of Bargaine, marke ye me,
 the ninth part of a hayre.
 ntures drawne? shall we be gone ?
 ie Moone shines faire,
 ay by Night :
 Writer ; and withall,
 your Wiues, of your departure hence :
 ny Daughter will runne madde,
 doteth on her Mortimer. *Exit.*
 ie, Cousin Percy, how you crosse my Fa-

annot chuse : sometime he angers me,
 me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
 ner Merlin, and his Prophecies ;
 agon, and a finne-lesse Fish,
 d Griffin, and a moulten Rauens,
 Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
 icale of skimble-skamble Stuffe,
 rom my Faith. I tell you what,
 last Night, at least, nine howres,
 vp the seuerall Deuils Names,
 is Lacqueyes :

I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
 But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
 As a tyred Horfe, a rayling Wife,
 Worfe then a smoakie Houfe. I had rather liue
 With Cheefe and Garlick in a Windmill farre,
 Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,
 In any Summer-Houfe in Christendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
 Exceeding well read, and profited,
 In strange Concealements :
 Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,
 And as bountifull, as Mynes of India.
 Shall I tell you, Cousin,
 He holds your temper in a high respect,
 And curbes himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,
 When you doe crosse his humor: faith he does.
 I warrant you, that man is not aliuie,
 Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
 Without the taste of danger, and reproofe :
 But doe not vse it oft, let me entreat you.

Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
 And since your comming hither, haue done enough,
 To put him quite besides his patience.
 You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault:
 Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you ;
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
 Defect of Manners, want of Government,
 Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdain :
 The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
 Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stayne
 Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation.

Hotsp. Well, I am school'd :
 Good-manners be your speede ;
 Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight, that angers me,
 My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.
Glend. My Daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you,
 Shee'le be a Souldier too, shee'le to the Warres.
Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy
 Shall follow in your Condu&t speedily.

Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.

Glend. Shee is desperate heere :
 A peeuis selfe-will'd Harlotry,
 One that no perswasion can doe good vpon.

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh
 Which thou pow'r'st down from these swelling Heauens,
 I am too perfect in : and but for shame,
 In such a parley should I answere thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
 And that's a feeling disputation :
 But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue,
 Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Makes

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With rauishing Diuision to her Lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will the runne madde.

The Lady speaks againe in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this.

Glend. She bids you,

On the wanton Ruffes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heauinesse;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progress in the East.

Mort. With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing:

By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.

Glend. Doe so:

And those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hotsp. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy
Lappe.

Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musicks playes.

Hotsp. Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderstands Welsh,
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous:
Byrlady hee's a good Musitian.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musicall,
For you are altogether governed by humors:
Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hotsp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in
Irish.

Lady. Would't haue thy Head broken?

Hotsp. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hotsp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.

Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Hotsp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hotsp. Peace, shee sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hotsp. Come, Ile haue your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hotsp. Not yours, in good sooth?

You sweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I liue;
And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
And giuest such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou neuer walk't further then Finsbury.
Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Veluet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hotsp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-
breast teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away

within these two howres: and so come in, when ye
will.

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but seale,
And then to Horfe immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must haue some priuate conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall presently haue neede of you.

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether Heauen will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice I haue done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'le breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,
Make me beleue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art match withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?

Prince. So please your Maiesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofe of many Tales deuis'd,
Which oft the Eare of Greatnesse needs must heare,
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. Heauen pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet, I was wonder'd at,

That

n would tell their Children, This is hee :
 could say; Where, Which is *Bullingbrooke*.
 n I stole all Courtesie from Heauen,
 ft my selfe in such Humilitie,
 id plucke Allegiance from mens hearts,
 owts and Salutations from their mouthes,
 the presence of the Crowned King.
 id keepe my Person fresh and new,
 ence like a Robe Pontificall,
 ne, but wondred at : and so my State,
 but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
 one by rarenesse such Solemnitie.
 pping King hee ambled vp and downe,
 illow Iesters, and rash Bauin Wits,
 ndled, and soone burnt, carded his State,
 his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
 great Name prophaned with their Scornes,
 e his Countenance, against his Name,
 at gybing Boyes, and stand the pish
 Beardlesse vaine Comparatiue ;
 Companion to the common Streetes,
 i himselfe to Popularitie :
 ng dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,
 feted with Honey, and began to loathe
 e of Sweetnesse, whereof a little
 en a little, is by much too much.
 he had occasion to be seene,
 but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
 ot regarded : seene but with such Eyes,
 and blunted with Communitie,
 no extraordinarie Gaze,
 s bent on Sunne-like Maiestie,
 shines seldome in admiring Eyes :
 er drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
 his Face, and rendred such aspect
 lie men vse to doe to their aduersaries,
 th his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 hat very Line, *Harry*, standest thou :
 hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge,
 e participation. Not an Eye
 vearie of thy common sight,
 ce, which hath desir'd to see thee more :
 ow doth that I would not haue it doe,
 inde it selfe with foolish tenderesse.
 . I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
 my selfe.

For all the World,
 art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
 from France set foot at *Rauenstpurgh* ;
 n as I was then, is *Percy* now :
 my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
 more worthy interest to the State
 u, the shadow of Succession ;
 Right, nor colour like to Right.
 fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,
 ead against the Lyons armed lawes ;
 ig no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
 cient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on
 y Battailes, and to brusing Armes.
 uer-dying Honor hath he got,
 enowned *Dowglas* ? whose high Deedes,
 ot Incurfions, and great Name in Armes,
 m all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,
 itarie Title Capitall.
 ath the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
 ath the *Hotspur* *Mars*, in swathing Clothes,

This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
 Discomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'ne him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,
 And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne.
 And what say you to this ? *Percy, Northumberland,*
 The Arch-bishops Grace of *Yorke, Dowglas, Mortimer,*
 Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
 But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee ?
 Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
 Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemy ?
 Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare,
 Bafe Inclination, and the start of Spleene,
 To fight against me vnder *Percies* pay,
 To dogge his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so :
 And Heauen forgieue them, that so much haue sway'd
 Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me :
 I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head,
 And in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
 When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
 And staine my fauours in a bloody Maske :
 Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,
 That this same Child of Honor and Renowne,
 This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-prayed Knight,
 And your vnthought-of *Harry* chance to meet :
 For every Honor fitting on his Helme,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head
 My shames redoubled. For the time will come,
 That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange
 His glorious Deedes for my Indignities :
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
 To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe :
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render euery Glory vp,
 Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,
 Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.
 This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here :
 The which, if I performe, and doe suruiue,
 I doe beseech your Maiestie, may salue
 The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature :
 If not, the end of Life cancels all Bands,
 And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,
 Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this :
 Thou shalt haue Charge, and soueraine trust herein.

Enter *Blunt*.

How now good *Blunt* ? thy Lookes are full of speed.
Blunt. So hath the Buinesse that I come to speake of.
 Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,
 That *Dowglas* and the English Rebels met
 The eleuenth of this moneth, at *Shrewsbury* :
 A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,
 (If Promises be kept on euery hand)
 As euer offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earle of *Westmerland* fet forth to day :
 With him my sonne, Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaster*,
 For this aduertisement is fise dayes old.
 On Wednesday next, *Harry* thou shalt set forward :
 On Thursday, wee our selues will march.
 Our meeting is *Bridgenorth*: and *Harry*, you shall march

f Through

Through Gloucestershire : by which account,
Our Businesse valued some twelve dayes hence,
Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete.
Our Hands are full of Businesse : let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolpb.

Falst. *Bardolpb,* am I not false away vilely, since this last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loofe Gowne : I am withered like an olde Apple *Iohn.* Well, Ile repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking : I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horfe, the in-side of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath bene the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sir *Iohn,* you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Falst. Why there is it : Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry : I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to be ; vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not about seuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not about once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times ; liued well, and in good compasse : and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *Iohn,* that you must needs bee out of all compasse ; out of all reasonable compasse, Sir *Iohn.*

Falst. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life : Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee ; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir *Iohn,* my Face does you no harme.

Falst. No, Ile be sworne : I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a *Memento Mori.* I neuer see thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and *Diues* that liued in Purple ; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face ; my Oath should bee, *By this Fire :* But thou art altogether giuen ouer ; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darkenesse. When thou ran'st vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horfe, if I did not thinke that thou hadst bene an *Ignis fatuus,* or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlasting Bone-fire-Light : thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne : But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostesse.

How now, Dame *Parlet* the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hostesse. Why Sir *Iohn,* what doe you thinke, Sir *Iohn?* doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my Houfe? I haue search'd, I haue enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant : the tight of a hayre was neuer lost in my houfe before.

Falst. Ye lye *Hostesse :* *Bardolpb* was shau'd, and lost many a hayre ; and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pick'd : goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hostesse. Who I? I defie thee : I was neuer call'd so in mine owne houfe before.

Falst. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hostesse. No, Sir *Iohn,* you doe not know me, Sir *Iohn* I know you, Sir *Iohn :* you owe me Money, Sir *Iohn,* at now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it : I boug you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falst. Doulas, filthy Doulas : I haue giuen them away to Bakers Wiues, and they haue made Boulten of them.

Hostesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell : You owe Money here besides, Sir *Iohn,* for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falst. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hostesse. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

Falst. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face : What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue lost a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marke.

Hostesse. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falst. How? the Prince is a lacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Truncbion like a Fife.

Falst. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What say'st thou, *Mistresse Quickly?* How does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honest man.

Hostesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.

Prince. What say'st thou, *Iacke?*

Falst. The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt : this Houfe is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, *Iacke?*

Falst. Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal?* Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifte, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord ; and I said, I heard your Grace say so : and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not?

Host. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Falst. There's

There's no more faith in thee than a stude Prune; more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox : and for an-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife Ward to thee. Go, you nothing : go.

Say, what thing? what thing?
What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.
I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou know it : I am an honest mans wife : and setting light-hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.
Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast otherwise.

Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?
What beast? Why an Otter.
An Otter, sir *Iohn*? Why an Otter?
Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes ere to haue her.

Thou art vnjust man in saying so ; thou, or anie nowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.
ce. Thou say'st true Hostesse, and he slanders thee offely.

So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other ougth him a thousand pound.

ce. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?
A thousand pound *Hal*? A Million. Thy loue is a Million : thou ow'st me thy loue.

Nay my Lord, he call'd you lacke, and said hee cudgell you.

Did I, *Bardolpb*?
Indeed Sir *Iohn*, you said so.
Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.
ce. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as rd now?

Why *Hal*? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I ut, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the of the Lyons Whelpe.

ce. And why not as the Lyon?
The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon : thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? may let my Girdle breake.

O, if it should. how would thy guttes fall about ses. But sirra : There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nesty, in this bosome of thine : it is all fill'd vppetuttes and Midriffes. Charge an honest Woman icking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but e Recknings, Memorandums of Bawdie-houfes, e poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee inded : if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie o-urries but these, I am a Villaine : And yet you will it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not?

Do'st thou heare *Hal*? Thou know'st in the state scency, *Adam* fell : and what should poore *Jacke* do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou seest, I haue esh then another man, and therefore more frailty. nseffe then you pickt my Pocket?

It appears so by the Story.
Hostesse, I forgie thee :
ke ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband,
to thy Seruants, and cherish thy Guests :
salt find me tractable to any honest reason:
rest, I am pacified still.
prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.

al, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad?
that answered?

Prin. O my sweet Beeffe :
I must still be good Angell to thee.
The Monie is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with vnwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Lacke*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had bene of Horfe. Where shal I finde one that can steale well? O, for a fine theefe of two and twentie, or thereabout : I am heynously vnprovided. Wel God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prin. *Bardolpb.*

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster To my Brother *Iohn*. This to my Lord of Westmerland, Go *Peto*, to horse : for thou, and I, Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

Lacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall At two a clocke in the afternoone, There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue Money and Order for their Fumiture. The Land is burning, *Percie* stands on hye, And either they, or we must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! braue world.
Hostesse, my breakfast, come :
Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Harrie Hotspurre, Worcester, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie, Such attribution should the *Dowglas* haue, As not a Souldiour of this seasons stampe, Should go so generall currant through the world. By heauen I cannot flatter : I desie

The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selse. Nay, take me to my word : approue me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honor :
No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will Beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast there? I can but thanke you.

Mess. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?
Why comes he not himselfe?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is greuous sicke.

Hot. How? haz he the leysure to be sicke now In such a iustling time? Who leads his power? Vnder whose Government come they along?

Mess. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth :

And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the fate of time had first beene whole,

Ere he by sicknesse had beene visited :

His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hotsp. Sicke 'now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect

The very Life-blood of our Enterprize,

'Tis catching hither, euen to our Campe.

He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,

That with our small coniunction we should on,

To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs :

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly possesse

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to vs.

Hotsp. A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off :

And yet, in faith, it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall finde it.

Were it good, to set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne

On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,

It were not good : for therein should we reade

The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope,

The very Lift, the very vtmost Bound

Of all our fortunes.

Dowg. Faith, and so wee should,

Where now remains a sweet reuerfion.

We may boldly spend, vpon the hope

Of what is to come in :

A comfort of retrement liues in this.

Hotsp. A Randeuous, a Home to flye vnto,

If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge

Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here:

The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt

Brookes no diuision : It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,

That wisedome, loyaltie, and meere dislike

Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.

And thinke, how such an apprehension

May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,

And breede a kinde of question in our cause :

For well you know, wee of the offering side,

Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,

And stop all fight-holes, euery loope, from whence

The eye of reason may pric in vpon vs :

This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,

That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,

Before not dreamt of.

Hotsp. You strayne too farre.

I rather of his absence make this vse :

It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,

A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,

Then if the Earle were here : for men must thinke,

If we without his helpe, can make a Head

To push against the Kingdome ; with his helpe,

We shall o're-turne it topsie-turvy downe :

Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

Dowg. As heart can thinke :

There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,

At this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotsp. My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soule.

Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.

The Earle of Westmerland, seuen thousand strong,

Is marching hither-wards, with Prince *Iohn*.

Hotsp. No harme: what more?

Vern. And further, I haue learn'd,

The King himselfe in person hath set forth,

Or hither-wards intended speedily,

With strong and mightie preparation.

Hotsp. He shall be welcome too.

Where is his Sonne,

The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,

And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,

And bid it passe?

Vern. All furnisht, all in Armes,

All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde

Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,

Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,

As full of spirit as the Month of May,

And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,

Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.

I saw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,

His Cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,

Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,

And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,

As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,

To turne and winde a fierie *Pegasus*,

And witch the World with Noble Horfemanship.

Hotsp. No more, no more,

Worse then the Sunne in March :

This prayse doth nourish Agues: let them come.

They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,

And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,

All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them :

The mayled *Mars* shall on his Altar sit

Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,

To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,

And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,

Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,

Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.

Harry to *Harry*, shall not Horse to Horse

Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse :

Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Vern. There is more newes :

I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his Power this foureteene dayes.

Dowg. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty found.

Hotsp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach vnto?

Vern. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be,

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The powres of vs, may serue so great a day.

Come, let vs take a muster speedily:

Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.

Dow. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare

Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt Ownes.

Scen

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Scæna Secunda.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolpb.

rdolpb, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a
ick, our Souldiers shall march through: wee'le
p-hill to Night.

'ill you giue me Money, Captaine?
y out, lay out.

is Bottle makes an Angell.

id if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it
ie, take them all, Ile answere the Coynage.
tenant *Peto* meete me at the Townes end.
will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a
et: I haue mis-vs'd the Kings Presse dam-
ue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie
ree hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me
ood Houfe-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire
traffed Batchelers, such as had bene ask'd
e Banes: such a Commoditie of warme slaues,
ue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; such as
port of a Caliuer, worfe then a struck-Foole,
Ide-Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes
with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger then
's, and they haue bought out their seruices:
my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Cor-
enants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as
asarus in the painted Cloth, where the Glut-
licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were
iers, but dis-carded vniust Seruingmen, youn-
to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and
le-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and
, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged,
-fac'd Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the
em that haue bought out their seruices: that
hinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd
tely come from Swine-keeping, from eating
-uskes. A mad fellow met me on the way,
, I had vnloadd all the Gibbets, and prest the

No eye hath seene such skar-Crowes: Ile
hrough Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay,
llaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if
ues on; for indeede, I had the most of them
n. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my
and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt to-
throwne ouer the shoulders like a Herald's
it sleeues: and the Shirt, to say the truth,
my Host of S. Albanes, or the Red-Nose
of Dauntry. But that's all one, they'le finde
igh on euery Hedge.

the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

low now blowne *Iack*? how now *Quilt*?
hat *Hal*? How now mad *Wag*, what a Deuill
in Warwickshire? My good Lord of West-
ry your mercy, I thought your Honour had al-
at Shrewsbury.

ith, Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time that I were
you too: but my Powers are there already.
can tell you, lookes for vs all: we must away

Falst. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to
steale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft
hath already made thee Butter: but tell me, *Lack*, whose
fellowes are these that come after?

Falst. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did neuer see such pittifull Rascals.

Falst. Tut, tut, good enough to tosse: foode for Pow-
der, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better:
tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

Westm. I, but Sir *Iohn*, me thinks they are exceeding
poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falst. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they
had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer
learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers
on the Ribbes bare. But sirra, make haste, *Percy* is already
in the field.

Falst. What, is the King encamp'd?

Westm. Hee is, Sir *Iohn*, I feare wee shall stay too
long.

Falst. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the begin-
ning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and
Vernon.

Hotsp. Wee'le fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Dowg. You giue him then aduantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hotsp. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

Vern. So doe wee.

Hotsp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Cousin be aduis'd, stirre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Dowg. You doe not counsaile well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no slander, *Douglas*: by my Life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,

If well-respected Honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsaile with weake feare,

As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues.

Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell,

Which of vs feares.

Dowg. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotsp. To night, say I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being mē of such great leading as you are
That you fore-see not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horfe

Of my Cousin *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your Vnckle *Worcesters* Horfe came but to day,

And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a Horfe is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hotsp. So are the Horfes of the Enemie

In generall iourney bated, and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours :
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

*The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir
Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hotsp. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt* :
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of vs loue you well : and euen those some
Enuie your great deseruings, and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an Enemie.

Blunt. And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anoynted Maiestie.
But to my Charge.

The King hath sent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You coniure from the Brest of Ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Haue any way your good Deferts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed
You shall haue your desires, with interest ;
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.

Hotsp. The King is kinde :
And well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe,
Did giue him that fame Royaltie he weares :
And when he was not fixe and twentie strong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vnminde Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the shore :
And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale ;
My Father, in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiu'd *Nortumberland* did leane to him.
The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gaued him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at *Rauenfpargh* :
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth ;
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This seeming Brow of Iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favourites, that the absent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,

When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hotsp. Then to the point.

In short time after, hee depos'd the King.
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life :
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,
Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd,
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ranfome, to lye forfeited :
Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnckle from the Councill-Boord,
In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out
This Head of safetie ; and withal, to prie
Into his Title : the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King ?

Hotsp. Not so, Sir *Walter*.

Wee'le with-draw a while :
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle
Bring him our purpose : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.

Hotsp. And't may be, so wee shall.

Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Yorke, and Sir Micbell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir *Micbell*, beare this sealed Briefe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin *Scroope*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.

If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.

Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe.

To morrow, good Sir *Micbell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayed Power,
Meetes with Lord *Harry* : and I feare, Sir *Micbell*,
What with the sicknesse of *Nortumberland*,
Whose Power was in the first proportion ;
And what with *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.

Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And

rch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
 pecciall head of all the Land together: *Ch*
 Prince of Wales, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,
 Noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
 many moe *Corriuals*, and deare men
 imation, and command in *Armes*.
r M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd
rch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
 to prevent the worst, Sir *Micbell* speed;
 Lord *Percy* thriue not, ere the King
 esse his power, he means to visit vs:
 e hath heard of our Confederacie,
 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:
 fore make hast, I must go write againe
 her Friends: and so farewell, Sir *Micbell*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*r the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
 Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt,
 and Falstaffe.*

vg. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
 e yon busky hill: the day lookes pale
 s distemperature.

ia. The Southerne winde
 play the Trumpet to his purposes,
 by his hollow whistling in the Leaves,
 is a Tempest, and a blust'ring day.

vg. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
 othing can seeme foule to those that win.

The Trumpet sounds.
Enter Worcester.

vg. How now my Lord of Worcester? 'Tis not well
 you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,
 w we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust,
 made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,
 ush our old limbes in vngentle Steele:
 is not well, my Lord, this is not well.

r. say you to it? Will you againe vnknit
 churlish knot of all-abhorred Warre?
 moue in that obedient Orbe againe,
 e you did giue a faire and naturall light,
 be no more an exhall'd Meteor,
 digne of Feare, and a Portent
 oached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times?

r. Heare me, my Liege:
 mine owne part, I could be well content
 ertaine the Lagge-end of my life
 quiet houres: For I do protest,
 e not fought the day of this dislike.

vg. You haue not fought it: how comes it then?
l. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

in. Peace, Chewet, peace.

or. It pleas'd your Maiefty, to turne your lookes
 our, from my Selfe, and all our Houfe;
 yet I must remember you my Lord,
 vere the first, and dearest of your Friends:
 ou, my staffe of Office did I breake
chards time, and poasted day and night
 teete you on the way, and kisse your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
 It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
 That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
 The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
 And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,
 That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
 Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
 The feate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of Lancaster,
 To this, we sware our aide: But in short space,
 It rain'd downe Fortune showing on your head,
 And such a floud of Greatnesse fell on you,
 What with our helpe, what with the absent King,
 What with the iniuries of wanton time,
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 And the contrarious Windes that held the King
 So long in the vn lucky Irish Warres,
 That all in England did repute him dead:
 And from this swarme of faire aduantages,
 You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
 To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
 Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster,
 And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so,
 As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,
 Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,
 Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke,
 That euen our Loue durst not come neere your sight
 For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing
 We were inforc'd for safety fake, to flye
 Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,
 Whereby we stand oppos'd by such meanes
 As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,
 By vnkinde vsage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.

Kin. These things indeede you haue articulated,
 Proclaim'd at Market Crofles, read in Churches,
 To face the Garment of Rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
 Of hurly burly Innouation:
 And neuer yet did Insurrection want
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:
 Nor moody Beggars, staruing for a time
 Of pell-mell hauocke, and confusion.

Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a foule
 Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
 If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
 The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world
 In praise of *Henry Percie*: By my Hopes,
 This present enterprize set off his head,
 I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
 More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,
 More daring, or more bold, is now aliuie,
 To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
 I haue a Truant beene to Chiuarly,
 And so I heare, he doth account me too:
 Yet this before my Fathers Maiefty,
 I am content that he shall take the oddes
 Of his great name and estimation,
 And will, to faue the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,
 Albeit, considerations infinite

Do make against it: No good Worter, no,
 We loue our people well; euen those we loue
 That are misled vpon your Cousins part:
 And will they take the offer of our Grace:
 Both he, and they, and you; yea, euery man
 Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.
 So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
 What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
 Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
 And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,
 We will not now be troubled with reply,
 We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
 The *Douglas* and the *Hotspurre* both together,
 Are confident against the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,
 For on their answer will we set on them;
 And God befriending vs, as our cause is iust. *Excunt.*

Manet Prince and Falstaffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell,
 And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that frendship
 Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time *Hal,* and all well.

Prin. Why, thou ow'st heauen a death.

Falst. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him
 before his day. What neede I bee so forward with him,
 that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour prickes
 me on. But how if Honour prickes me off when I come
 on? How then? Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an
 arme? No: Or take away the greese of a wound? No.
 Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Hon-
 our? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A
 trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wednes-
 day. Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it
 infensible then? yea, to the dead. But wil it not liue with
 the liuing? No. Why? Detraction wil not suffer it, there-
 fore Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so
 ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir *Richard,*
 The liberall kinde offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all vndone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
 The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
 He will suspect vs still, and finde a time
 To punish this offence in others faults:
 Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes;
 For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
 Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and lock'd vp,
 Will haue a wilde trick of his Ancestors:
 Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
 And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall,
 The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
 My Nephewes trespasse may be well forgot,
 It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,

And an adopted name of Ptiuiledge,
 A haire-brain'd *Hotspurre*, gouern'd by a Spleene:
 All his offences liue vpon my head,
 And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
 And his corruption being tane from vs,
 We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
 Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
 In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliuer what you will, Ile say 'tis so.
 Heere comes your Cousin.

Enter Hotspurre.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
 Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland.
 Vnkle, what newe?

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hot. Lord *Douglas*: Go you and tell him so.

Dow. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

Exit Douglas.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our greeuances,
 Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
 By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
 He calls vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
 With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Douglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown
 A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth:

And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
 And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
 And that no man might draw short breath to day,
 But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell mee,
 How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life
 Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,
 Vnlesse a Brother should a Brother dare
 To gentle exercise, and prooue of Armes.
 He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,
 Trimm'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,
 Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,
 Making you euer better then his praise,
 By still dispraising praise, valed with you:
 And which became him like a Prince indeed,
 He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
 And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,
 As if he mastred there a double spirit
 Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
 There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
 If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
 England did neuer owe so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his Wantonneffe.

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
 On his Follies: neuer did I heare
 Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.
 But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
 I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
 That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie.
 Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
 Better consider what you haue to do,
 That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,

Can

r blood vp with perfwasion.

Enter a Messenger. www.gutenberg.org/files/1001/1001.com.cn
Lord, heere are Letters for you.
I not reade them now.

On, the time of life is short;
at shortneffe basely, were too long.
Ie vpon a Dial's point,
at the arriuall of an houre,
wee, we liue to treade on Kings:
death, when Princes dye with vs.
Consciences, the Armes is faire,
intent for bearing them is iust.

Enter another Messenger.
Lord prepare, the King comes on apace.
I nke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
I 'e not talking: Onely this,
I in do his best. And heere I draw a Sword,
I hy temper I intend to staine
I:st blood that I can meeete withall,
I:sture of this perillous day.
I:nce Percy, and set on:
I:e lusty Instruments of Warre,
I:e Musicke, let vs all imbrace:
I:to earth, some of vs neuer shall,
I:ne do such a curtesie.

embrace, the Trumpets found, the King entereth
with his power, alarum vnto the battell. Then enter
Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

It is thy name, that in battell thus y^e crossest me?
I dost thou seeke vpon my head?
I:ow then my name is Douglas,
I:unt thee in the battell thus,
I:e tell me, that thou art a King.
I:hey tell thee true.
I:e Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
I:fe: for insted of thee King Harry,
I:hath ended him, so shall it thee,
I:yeeld thee as a Prisoner.

I:is not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
I:saist finde a King that will reuenge
I:nds death.

bt, Blunt is slaine, then enters Hotspur.

Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I:triumphed o're a Scot.
I:is done, all's won, here breathles lies the king
I:ere?

I:is Douglas? No, I know this face full well:
I:night he was, his name was Blunt,
I:irnish'd like the King himselfe.

I:foole: go with thy soule whether it goes,
I:Title hast thou bought too deere.
I:hou tell me, that thou wer't a King?
I:King hath many marching in his Coates.
I:w by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
I:ll his Wardrobe peece by peece,
I:t the King.

I:nd away,
I:rs stand full fairely for the day. *Exeunt*
I:larum, and enter Falstaffe solus.

I:ugh I could scape shot-free at London, I fear
I:re: here's no scoring, but vpon the pate. Soft
I: Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you:
I:nity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as hea-
I:en keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more
I:mine owne Bowelles. I haue led my rag of

Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my
I:50. left aliuie, and they for the Townes end, to beg dur-
I:ing life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword,
I:Many a Nobleman likes starke and stiffe
I:Vnder the houoes of vaunting enemies,
I:Whose deaths are vnreung'd. Prethy lend me thy sword
I:Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath awhile:
I:Turke Gregory neuer did such deeds in Armes, as I haue
I:done this day. I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I:prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay Hal, if Percy bee aliuie, thou getst not my
I:Sword; but take my Pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: What, is it in the Cafe?

Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to iest and dally now. *Exit.*

Throwes it at him.

Fal. If Percy be aliuie, Ile pierce him: if he do come in
I:my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let
I:him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning
I:honour as Sir Walter hath: Giue mee life, which if I can
I:faue, so: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an
I:end. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, excursions, enter the King, the Prince,
Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle
of Westmerland.

King. I prethee Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou bleed-
I:dest too much: Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. Iob. Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiesty make vp,
I:Least you retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so:
I:My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his Tent.

West. Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe:
I:And heauen forbid a shallow scratch should driue
I:The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
I:Where stain'd Nobility lyes troden on,
I:And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

Iob. We breath too long: Come cofin Westmerland,
I:Our duty this way lies, for heauens sake come.

Prin. By heauen thou hast deceiu'd me Lancaster,
I:I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:
I:Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, Iohn;
I:But now, I do respect thee as my Soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
I:With lustier maintenance then I did looke for
I:Of such an vngrowne Warriour.

Prin. O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Enter Douglas.

Dou. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:
I:I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
I:That weare those colours on them. What art thou
I:That counterfeit'st the person of a King?

King. The King himselfe: who Douglas grieues at hart

So

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
 And not the very King: I haue two Boyes
 Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the Field:
 But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
 I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.

Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
 And yett infaith thou bear'st thee like a King:
 But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be,
 And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K. being in danger,*
Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like
 Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits
 Of valiant Sberly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my Armes;
 It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
 Who neuer promifeth, but he meanes to pay.

They Fight, Douglas flyeth.
 Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
 Sir *Nicholas Gaussey* hath for succour sent,
 And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* straight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.
 Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
 And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
 In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.

Prin. O heauen, they did me too much iniury,
 That euer said I hearkned to your death.
 If it were so, I might haue let alone
 The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,
 Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,
 As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
 And sau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to Sir *Nicholas Gaussey*. *Exit*
Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

Prin. Thou speak'st it as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harrie Percie*.

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.
 I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy*,
 To share with me in glory any more:
 Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
 Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
 Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come
 To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,
 Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
 And all the budding Honors on thy Crest,
 Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay you shall finde no
 Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fight's with Falstaffe, who falls down
as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
 I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
 Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,
 They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:
 But thought's the slau of Life, and Life, Times foole;
 And Time, that takes suruey of all the world,
 Must haue a stop. O, I could Prophecie,
 But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
 Lyes on my Tongue: No *Percy*, thou art dust
 And food for—

Prin. For Wormes, braue *Percy*. Farewell great heart:
 Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
 When that this bodie did containe a spirit,

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
 But now two paces of the vilest Earth
 Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
 Beares not aliu so stout a Gentleman.
 If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,
 I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
 But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
 And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
 For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse.
 Adieu, and take thy praife with thee to heauen,
 Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
 But not remembered in thy Epitaph.
 What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
 Keepe in a little life? Poore lacke, farewell:
 I could haue better spar'd a better man.
 O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,
 If I were much in loue with Vanitie.
 Death hath not strucke so fat a Deere to day,
 Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
 Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
 Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percie* lye. *Exit.*

Falstaffe riseth vp.

Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile
 giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morow.
 'Twas time to counterfeit, or that hotte Termagant Scot,
 had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no coun-
 terfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the
 counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But
 to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be
 no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indee-
 dede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the
 which better part, I haue sau'd my life. I am affraide of
 this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee
 should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid hee would
 proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure:
 yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as
 well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie
 sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh
 come you along me. *Takes Hotspurre on his backe.*

Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother *Iohn*, full brauely hast thou sleht
 thy Maiden sword.

Iohn. But soft, who haue we heere?

Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
 Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliu?
 Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?

I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
 Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but
 if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a lacke: There is *Percy*,
 if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him
 kill the next *Percie* himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or
 Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen
 to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath,
 and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought
 a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee bele-
 ued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare
 the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death
 I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were a-
 liue, and would deny it, I would make him eate a pecc
 of my sword.

Iohn. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *Iohn*.

Come

Bring your luggage Nobly on your backe ;
 Part, if a lye may do thee grace,
 And it with the happiest teames I haue.

A Retreat is found.

Trumpets found Retreat, the day is ours :
 Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
 What Friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt*

He follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that re-
 me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again,
 How lesse ? For He purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue
 as a Nobleman should do. *Exit*

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpets found.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
 Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester &
 Vernon Prisoners.*

7. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
 I did Worcester, did we not send Grace,
 And teames of Loue to all of you ?
 Would'st thou turne our offers contrary ?
 The tenor of thy Kinsmans trust ?
 Knights vpon our party slaine to day,
 The Earle, and many a creature else,
 Are aliue this houre,
 A Christian thou had'st truly bene
 In our Armies, true Intelligence.
 What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to,

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
 Since not to be auoyded, it falls on mee.

King. Beare Worcester to death, and Vernon too :
 Other Offenders we will pause vpon.

Exit Worcester and Vernon.

How goes the Field ?

Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Douglas*, when hee saw
 The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
 The Noble *Percy* slaine, and all his men,
 Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest ;
 And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
 That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
 The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your Grace.
 I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then Brother *Iohn* of Lancaster,
 To you this honourable bounty shall belong :
 Go to the *Douglas*, and deliuer him
 Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free :
 His Valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,
 Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
 Euen in the bosome of our Aduersaries.

King. Then this remains : that we diuide our Power.
 You Sonne *Iohn*, and my Cousin Westmerland
 Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deereft speed
 To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate *Scroope*,
 Who(as we heare) are busily in Armes.
 My Selfe, and you Sonne *Harry* will towards Wales,
 To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of March.
 Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
 Meeting the Checke of such another day :
 And since this Businesse so faire is done,
 Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.





The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,

Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour.

R Pen your Eares: For which of you will stop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* speaks?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West
(Making the winde my Post-horse) still vnfold
The AGs commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:
I speake of Peace, while couert Enmitie
(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:
And who but *Rumour*, who but onely I
Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil't the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,
And no such matter? *Rumour*, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmises, Ieloufies, Coniectures;
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,
That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,
The still discordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize
Among my household? Why is *Rumour* heere?
I run before King *Harries* victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe yong *Hotspurres*, and his Troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To speake so true at first? My Office is
To noyfe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble *Hotspurres* Sword:
And that the King, before the *Douglas* Rage
Stoop'd his Annointed head, as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant-Townes,
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hotspurres* Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty sicke. The Postes come tying on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From *Rumours* Tongues,
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worfe then True-
wongs. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keeps the Gate heere ho?
Where is the Earle?
Por. What shall I say you are?
Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.
Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.
Nor. What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? Eu'ry minute now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.

L.Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.
Nor. Good, and heauen will.

L.Bar. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince *Harrie* slaine out-right: and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Douglas*. Yong Prince *Iohn*,
And *Westmerland*, and *Stafford*, fled the Field.
And *Harrie Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *Iohn*)
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cæsars* Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
L.Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came frō thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these newes for true.

Nor. Heere comes my Seruant *Trauers*, whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Trauers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaille from me.

Nor. Now *Trauers*, what good tidings comes frō you?

Tra.

y Lord, Sir *Iohn Umfreuill* turn'd me backe
 ll tydings; and (being better hors'd
 e. After him, came spurring head
 an (almost fore-spent with speed)
 'd by me, to breath his bloodied horfe.
 he way to Chester : And of him
 nd what Newes from Shrewsbury :
 ; that Rebellion had ill lucke,
 ong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
 he gaue his able Horfe the head,
 ng forwards strooke his able heeles
 : panting sides of his poore laide
 Rowell head, and starting so,
 in running, to deuoure the way,
 longer question.
 ta? Againe:
 ng *Harris Percies* Spurre was cold?
 urre, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
 l lucke?
 My Lord : Ile tell you what,
 Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
 : Honor, for a silken point
 : Barony. Neuer talke of it.
 should the Gentleman that rode by *Trauers*
 such instances of Losse?
 Who, he?
 ne holding Fellow, that had stolne
 he rode-on : and vpon my life
 duenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

a, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,
 re Nature of a Tragick Volume :
 he Strond, when the Imperious Flood
 witneft Vfurpation.
 , did't thou come from Shrewsbury?
 ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
 efull death put on his vglieft Maske
 ur party.
 ow doth my Sonne, and Brother?
 bl't; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke
 n thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
 a man, so faint, so spiritleffe,
 dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,
 ms Curtaine, in the dead of night,
 l haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
 found the Fire, ere he his Tongue :
 Percies death, ere thou report't it.
 would't say : Your Sonne did thus, and thus :
 er, thus . So fought the Noble *Douglas*,
 y greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
 end (to stop mine Eare indeed)
 a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
 h Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.
 Douglas is liuing, and your Brother, yet:
 Lord, your Sonne.
 Why, he is dead.
 ready tongue Suspition hath :
 t feares the thing, he would not know,
 istinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
 he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (*Morton*)
 thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,
 take it, as a sweet Disgrace,
 thee rich, for doing me such wrong.
 ou are too great, to be (by me) gainfaid :

Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.
Norb. Yet for all this, say not that *Percies* dead.
 I see a strange Confession in thine Eye :
 Thou shak't thy head, and hold't it Feare, or Sinne,
 To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so :
 The Tongue offends not, that reports his death :
 And he doth finne that doth belye the dead :
 Not he, which sayes the dead is not aliué :
 Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome Newes
 Hath but a loosing Office : and his Tongue,
 Sounds euer after as a fullen Bell
 Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.
L. Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead.
Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to beleuee
 That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene:
 But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,
 Rend'ring faint quittance (wearyed, and out-breath'd)
 To *Henrie Monmouth*, whose swift wrath beate downe
 The neuer-daunted *Percie* to the earth,
 From whence (with life) he neuer more sprung vp.
 In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,
 Euen to the dullest Peazant in his Campe)
 Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away
 From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
 For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd ;
 Which once, in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heauy Lead :
 And as the Thing, that's heauy in it selfe,
 Vpon enforcement, fleyes with greatest speede,
 So did our Men, heauy in *Hotspurres* losse,
 Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,
 That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,
 Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)
 Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester
 Too soone ta'ne prisoner : and that furious Scot,
 (The bloody *Douglas*) whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slaine th'apparence of the King,
 Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backs : and in his flight,
 Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,
 Is, that the King hath wonne : and hath sent out
 A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
 Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaster
 And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.
Norb. For this, I shall haue time enough to mourne.
 In Poyson, there is Physicke : and this newes
 (Hauing beene well) that would haue made me sicke,
 Being sicke, haue in some measure, made me well.
 And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weakned ioynts,
 Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle vnder life,
 Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire
 Out of his keepers armes : Euen so, my Limbes
 (Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,
 Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
 A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele
 Must gloue this hand. And hence thou fickle Quoife,
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.
 Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach
 The ragged'tt houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
 To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.
 Let Heauen kisse Earth : now let not Natures hand
 Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd : Let Order dye,
 And let the world no longer be a stage
 To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act :
 But let one spirit of the First-borne *Caine*

Reigne in all bofomes, that each heart being fet
On bloody Courfes, the rude Scene may end,
And darkneffe be the burier of the dead. (Honor.)

L. Bar. Sweet Earle, diuorce not wifedom from your

Mor. The liues of all your louing Complices
Leane-on your health, the which if you giue-o're
To stormy Paffion, muft perforce decay.

You caft th'euient of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And fumm'd the account of Chance, before you laid
Let vs make head : It was your prefurmize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're :

You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable
Of Wounds, and Scarres ; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where moft trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you fay go forth : and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could reftaine
The rifte-borne A^{ct}ion : What hath then befalne ?
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be ?

L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this loffe,
Knew that we ventur'd on fuch dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one :
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the refpect of likely perill fear'd,
And fince we are o're-fet, venture againe.

Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,
Mor. 'Tis more then time : And (my moft Noble Lord)

I heare for certaine, and do fpeake the truth :
The gentle Arch-bifhop of Yorke is vp
With well appointed Powres : he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,
But fhadowes, and the fhewes of men to fight.
For that fame word (Rebellion) did diuide
The a^{ct}ion of their bodies, from their foules,
And they did fight with queafineffe, conftrein'd
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our fide : but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bifhop
Turnes Infurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd fincere, and holy in his Thoughts :
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde :
And doth enlarge his Rifing, with the blood
Of faire King *Richard*, fcrap'd from Pomfret ftones,
Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Caufe :
Tels them, he doth beft ride a bleeding Land,
Gasping for life, vnder great *Bullingbrooke*,
And more, and leffe, do flocke to follow him.

Norb. I knew of this before. But to fpeake truth,
This prefent greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and counsell euery man
The apert way for fafety, and reuenge :
Get Pofts, and Letters, and make Friends with fpeed,
Neuer fo few, nor neuer yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what faies the Do^{ct}. to my water?

Pag. He faid fir, the water it felfe was a good healthy
water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more
difeafes then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all forts take a pride to gird at mee: the

braine of this foolifh compounded Clay-man, is r
to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more
inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty
felfe, but the caufe that wit is in other men. I do
walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhel
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into r
uice for any other reason, then to fet mee off, why
haue no iudgement. Thou horfon Mandrake, t
fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my h
was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now : but I w
you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde appar
fend you backe againe to your Mafter, for a Jewel
Iuenall (the Prince your Mafter) whose Chin is
fledg'd, I will fooner haue a beard grow in the Pa
my hand, then he fhall get one on his cheek: yet
not ficke to fay, his Face is a Face-Royall. Hea
finifh it when he will, it is not a haire amiffe yet :
keepe it ftill at a Face-Royall, for a Barber fhall
earne fix pence out of it; and yet he will be crowr
he had writ man euer fince his Father was a Batcl
He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almoft
mine, I can affure him. What faid *M. Dumbledon*,
the Satten for my fhort Cloake, and Slops ?

Pag. He faid fir, you fhould procure him bette
rance, then *Bardolfe* : he wold not take his Bond &
he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, n
Tongue be hotter, a horfon *Achitobel* ; a Rafcal
forfooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, as
ftand vpon Security ? The horfon smooth-pates d
weare nothing but high fhoes, and bunches of K
their girdles : and if a man is through with them
neft Taking-yp, then they muft ftand vpon Secu
had as liefe they would put Rats-bane in my mot
offer to ftoppe it with Security. I look'd hee thou
fent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I as
Knight) and he fends me Security. Well, he may
Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance :
lightneffe of his Wife fhines through it, and yet
he fee, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to lig
Where's *Bardolfe* ?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your
a horfe.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee
in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the St
were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.

Enter Chiefe Iuftice, and Seruant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that con
the Prince for ftriking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait clofe, I will not fee him.

Cb. Iuft. What's he that goes there ?

Ser. *Falstaffe*, and t' please your Lordship.

Iuft. He that was in queftion for the Robbery ?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath fince done good
at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going wit
Charge, to the Lord *Iohn of Lancafter*.

Iuft. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You muft fpeake louder, my Mafter is dea
Iuft. I am fure he is, to the hearing of any thin
Go plucke him by the Elbow, I muft fpeake with l

Ser. Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not
there not imployment? Doth not the K. lacke fubi
not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a ftan

e but one, it is worfe shame to begge, then to
worst fide, were it worfe then the name of Re-
tell how to make it.

u mistake me Sir.

hy fir? Did I say you were an honest man? Set-
Knight-hood, and my Souldier-ship aside, I had
throat, if I had said so.

pray you (Sir) then set your Knight-hood and
lier-ship aside, and giue mee leaue to tell you,
your throat, if you say I am any other then an
n.

giue thee leaue to tell me so? I lay a-side that
wes to me? If thou get'st any leaue of me, hang
u tak'ft leaue, thou wer't better be hang'd: you
nter, hence: Auant.

, my Lord would speake with you.

r *John Falstaffe*, a word with you.

y good Lord: giue your Lordship good time of
am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard
Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes
aduise. Your Lordship (though not clean past
hath yet some smack of age in you: some rel-
faltneffe of Time, and I most humbly beseech
ship, to haue a reuerend care of your health.

r *John*, I sent you before your Expedition, to
ie.

it please your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is
with some discomfort from Wales.

talke not of his Maiefty: you would not come
nt for you?

nd I heare moreouer, his Highnesse is false into
whorson Apoplexie. (you.

ll, heauen mend him. I pray let me speake with
his Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethar-
ging of the blood, a horson Tingling.

hat tell you me of it? be it as it is.

hath it originall from much greefe; from study
rbation of the braine. I haue read the cause of
in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafnesse.

thinke you are false into the disease: For you
what I say to you.

ery well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please
the disease of not Listning, the malady of not
that I am troubled withall.

o punish you by the heeles, would amend the
of your cares, & I care not if I be your Physitian
am as poore as *Job*, my Lord; but not so Patient:
ship may minister the Potion of imprisonment
respect of Pouertie: but how I should bee your
follow your prescriptions, the wife may make
n of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple it selfe.

sent for you (when there were matters against
our life) to come speake with me.

s I was then aduised by my learned Councel, in
of this Land-seruice, I did not come.

l, the truth is (fir *John*) you liue in great infamy
that buckles him in my belt, can't liue in lesse.
ur Meanes is very slender, and your waite great.
would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes
ter, and my waite slenderer.

ou haue misled the youthfull Prince.

he yong Prince hath misled mee. I am the Fel-
the great belly, and he my Dogge.

ll, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your
sice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer
ts exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the

vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-posing that Action.

Fal. My Lord?

(*Wolfe.*

Iust. But since all is wel, keep it so: wake not a sleeping

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Iu. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

Fal. A Waffell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did
say of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Iust. There is not a white haire on your face, but should
haue his effect of grauity.

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

Iust. You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like
his euill Angell.

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I
hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without,
weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go:
I cannot tell. Vertue is of so little regard in these Costor-
mongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnan-
cie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in
giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man
(as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not worth a
Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capaci-
ties of vs that are yong: you measure the heat of our Li-
uers, with the bitternes of your galls: & we that are in the
vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are waggas too.

Iust. Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of
youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charac-
ters of age? Haue you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yel-
low cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing
belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your
wit single? and euery part about you blasted with Anti-
quity? and wil you cal your selfe yong? *Fy, fy, fy, fir John.*

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & som-
thing a round belly. For my voice, I haue lost it with hal-
lowing and singing of Anthemes. To approue my youth
farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudge-
ment and vnderstanding: and he that will caper with mee
for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue
at him. For the boxe of th'eaie that the Prince gaue you,
he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensi-
ble Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion re-
pents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloth, but in new
Silke, and old Sacke.

Iust. Wel, heauen send the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heauen send the Companion a better Prince: I
cannot rid my hands of him.

Iust. Well, the King hath seuer'd you and Prince *Har-
ry*, I heare you are going with Lord *John* of Lancafter, a-
gainst the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thanke you pretty sweet wit for it: but
looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at
home) that our Armies ioyne not in a hot day: for if I take
but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat ex-
traordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing
but my Bottle, would I might neuer spit white againe:
There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head,
but I am thrust vpon it. Well, I cannot last euer.

Iust. Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen blesse your
Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound,
to furnish me forth?

Iust. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient
to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend mee to my
Cousin Westmerland.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man
can no more separate Age and Couetousnesse, then he can
part yong limbes and letchery: but the Gowt galles the

one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the Degrees prevent my curses. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancafter, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris *Ursula*, whome I haue weekly sworne to marry, since I percei'd the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne diseases to commodity.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Archiebishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.*

Ar. Thus haue you heard our causes, & kno our Means: And my most noble Friends, I pray you all Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes, And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied, How (in our Meanes) we should aduance our selues To looke with forhead bold and big enough Vpon the Power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present Musters grow vpon the File To five and twenty thousand men of choice: And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord Hastings) standeth thus Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold vp-head, without Northumberland:

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought to feeble, My judgement is, we should not step too farre Till we had his Assistance by the hand. For in a Theame so bloody fac'd, as this, Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord Bardolfe, for indeed It was yong *Hotspurres* case, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope, Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply, Flatt'ring himselfe with Proiect of a power, Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts, And so with great imagination (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death, And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But (by your leaue) it neuer yet did hurt, To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre, Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot, Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring, We see th'appearing buds, which to proue fruite, Hope giues not so much warrant, as Dispaire That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build, We first suruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we see the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cost of the Ereccion, Which if we finde out-weighes Ability, What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell In fewer offices? Or at least, desist To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke, (Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe, And set another vp) should we suruey The plot of Situation, and the Modell; Consent vpon a sure Foundation: Question Surueyors, know our owne estate, How able such a Worke to vndergo, To weigh against his Opposite? Or else, We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures, Vsing the Names of men, instead of men: Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through) Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Cost A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds, And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth) Should be still-borne: and that we now possesse The vtmost man of expectation: I thinke we are a Body strong enough (Euen as we are) to equal with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but five & twenty thousand?

Hast. To vs no more: nay not so much Lord Bardolfe. For his diuisions (as the Times do braul) Are in three Heads: one Power against the French, And one against *Glendower*: Perforce a third Must take vp vs: So is the vnfirm King In three diuided: and his Coffers found With hollow Pouerty, and Emptinesse.

Ar. That he should draw his severall strengths together And come against vs in full puissance Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so, He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancafter, and Westmerland: Against the Welch himselfe, and *Harrie Monmouth*. But who is substituted 'gainst the French, I haue no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on:

And publish the occasion of our Armes. The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice, Their ouer-greedy loue hath surfetted: An habitation giddy, and vnure Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. O thou fond Many, with what loud applause Did'st thou beate heauen with blessing *Bullingbrooke*, Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be? And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires, Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him, That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp. So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall *Richard*, And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit vp, And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times? They, that when *Richard* liu'd, would haue him dye, Are now become enamour'd on his graue. Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head When through proud London he came fighting on, After th'admired heeles of *Bullingbrooke*, Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agine,

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
Paſt, and to Come, James beſt; things Preſent, worſt.
Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?
Haſt. We are Times ſubiects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Hoſteſſe, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.
Hoſteſſe. Mr. Fang, haue you entred the Action?
Fang. It is enter'd.
Hoſteſſe. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a luſty yeoman?
 Will he ſtand to it?
Fang. Sirrah, wher's *Snare*?
Hoſteſſe. I, I, good M. *Snare*..
Snare. Heere, heere.
Fang. *Snare*, we muſt Arreſt Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.
Hoſt. I good M. *Snare*, I haue enter'd him, and all.
Sn. It may chance coſt ſome of vs our liues: he wil ſtab
Hoſteſſe. Alas the day: take heed of him: he ſtabd me
 in mine owne houſe, and that moſt beaſtly: he cares not
 what miſcheefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will
 foyn like any diuell, he will ſpare neither man, woman,
 nor childe.
Fang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.
Hoſteſſe. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.
Fang. If I but ſit him once: if he come but within my
 Vice.

Hoſt. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an
 infinitiue thing vpon my ſcore. Good M. *Fang* hold him
 ſure: good M. *Snare* let him not ſcape, he comes continually
 to Py-Corner (ſauiug your manhoods) to buy a ſad-
 dle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in
 Lombardſtreet, to M. *Smootbes* the Silkmán. I pra'ye, ſince
 my Exion is enter'd, and my Caſe ſo openly known to the
 world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke
 is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue
 borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin ſub'doff, and
 ſub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to
 be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, vnles
 a woman ſhould be made an Aſſe and a Beaſt, to beare e-
 uery Knaues wrong. *Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolſe.*
 Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmefey-Noſe *Bardolſe*
 with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. *Fang*,
 & M. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fal. How now? whoſe Mare's dead? what's the matter?
Fang. Sir *Iohn*, I arreſt you, at the ſuit of Miſt. *Quickly*.
Falſt. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolſe*: Cut me off the
 Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.
Hoſt. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there.
 Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue. Murder, murder,
 O thou Hony-ſuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods of-
 ficers, and the Kings? O thou hony-ſeed Rogue, thou art
 a honyfeed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Falſt. Keep them off, *Bardolſe*. *Fang.* A reſcu, a reſcu.
Hoſt. Good people bring a reſcu. Thou wilt not? thou
 wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempfeed.
Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fuſtil-
 lian: Ile tucke your Cataſtrophe. *Enter. Cb. Luſtice.*
Luſt. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, ho.
Hoſt. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beſeech my
 ſtand to me.

Cb. Luſt. How now ſir *Iohn*? What are you brauling here?
 Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſſe?
 You ſhould haue bene well on your way to Yorke.
 Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'ſt vpon him?

Hoſt. Oh my moſt worſhipfull Lord, and't pleaſe your
 Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eaſtcheap, and he is arre-
 ſted at my ſuit. *Cb. Luſt.* For what ſumme?

Hoſt. It is more then for ſome (my Lord) it is for all: all
 I haue, he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; hee hath
 put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his: but I will
 haue ſome of it out againe, or I will ride thee o' Nights,
 like the Mare.

Falſt. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue
 any vantage of ground, to get vp.

Cb. Luſt. How comes this, Sir *Iohn*? *Fy*, what a man of
 good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation?
 Are you not aſham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to ſo
 rough a courſe, to come by her owne?

Falſt. What is the groſſe ſumme that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry (if thou wer't an honeſt man) thy ſelfe, &
 the mony too. Thou didſt ſweare to mee vpon a parcell
 gilt Goblet, ſitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round
 table, by a ſea-cole fire, on Wedneſday in Whitſon week,
 when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a ſin-
 ging man of Windſor; Thou didſt ſweare to mee then (as I
 was waſhing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my
 Lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? Did not goodwife *Keecb*
 the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me goſſip *Quick-
 ly*? comming in to borrow a meſſe of Vinegar: telling vs,
 ſhe had a good diſh of Prawnes: whereby thou didſt deſire to
 eat ſome: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene
 wound? And didſt not thou (when ſhe was gone downe
 ſaires) deſire me to be no more familiar with ſuch poore
 people, ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me Madam?
 And didſt thou not kiſſe me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I
 put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canſt?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad ſoule: and ſhe ſayes
 vp & downe the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you. She
 hath bin in good caſe, & the truth is, poeury hath diftra-
 cted her: but for theſe fooliſh Officers, I beſeech you, I
 may haue redreſſe againſt them.

Luſt. Sir *Iohn*, ſir *Iohn*, I am well acquainted with your
 maner of wrenching the true cauſe, the falſe way. It is not
 a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come
 with ſuch (more then impudent) ſawcines from you, can
 thruſt me from a leuell conſideration. I know you ha' pra-
 ctis'd vpon the eaſie-yeelding ſpirit of this woman.

Hoſt. Yes in troth my Lord.

Luſt. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and
 vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do
 with ſterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this ſneape without
 reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcineſſe:
 If a man wil curt'ſie, and ſay nothing, he is vertuous: No,
 my Lord (your humble duty remēbred) I will not be your
 ſutor. I ſay to you, I deſire deliur'ance from theſe Officers
 being vpon haſty employment in the Kings Affaires.

Luſt. You ſpeake, as hauing power to do wrong: But
 answer in the effect of your Reputation, and ſatiſfie the
 poore woman.

Falſt. Come hither Hoſteſſe.

Enter M. Gower

Cb. Luſt. Now Maſter *Gower*; What newes?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and *Henric* Prince of Wales
 Are neere at hand: The reſt the Paper telles.

Falſt. As I am a Gentleman.

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more wordes of it
Hoſt. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I muſt be
 faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapiftry of my dy-
 ning Chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking : and for thy walles a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worih a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapistries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't set on to this.

Hof. Prethee (Sir *John*) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, Ile make other shift : you'l be a fool still.

Hof. Well, you shall haue it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I liue & Go with her, with her : hooke-on, hooke-on.

Hof. Will you haue *Doll Tearsheet* meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's haue her.

Cb. Just. I haue heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Cb. Ju. Where lay the King last night?

Mef. At Basingstoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Cb. Just. Come all his Forces backe?

Mef. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, five hundred Horse Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L?

Cb. Just. You shall haue Letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good M. *Gowre*.

Fal. My Lord.

Cb. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master *Gowre*, shall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.

I thanke you, good Sir *John*.

Cb. Just. Sir *John*, you loyter heere too long, being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master *Gowre*?

Cb. Just. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Gowre*, if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

Cb. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Points, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durst not haue attach'd one of so high blood.

Prin. It doth me: though it discolours the complexion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew wildly in me, to desire small Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince should not be so loofely studied,

as to remember so weake a Composition.

Prin. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got : for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede these humble considerations make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings y' haft? (Viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'st not Racket there, as thou haft not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, haue made a shift to eate vp thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd so hard, you should talke so idley? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sicke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Points*?

Poin. Yes : and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to : I stand the push of your one thing, that you'l tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is sicke : albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

Prin. Thou think'st me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as thou, and *Falstaffe*, for obduracie and perisistence. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sicke : and keeping such vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

Prin. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be euery mans thought : and thou art a blessed Fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes : neuer a mans thought in the world, keeps the Rode-way better then thine : euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so much ingrafted to *Falstaffe*.

Prin. And to thee.

Points. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands : and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes *Bardolfe*.

Prin. And the Boy that I gaue *Falstaffe*, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain haue not trans form'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saue your Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble *Bardolfe*.

Poin. Come you pernicious Asse, you bathfull Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? What a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window:

at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had
holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, & pee-
gh.

Hath not the boy profited?

Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away.

Away, you rascally *Althea* dreame, away.

Instruēt vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

Marry (my Lord) *Althea* dream'd, she was de-
a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream.

A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation:
is, Boy.

O that this good Blossome could bee kept from
Well, there is six pence to preferue thee.

If you do not make him be hang'd among you,
we shall be wrong'd.

And how doth thy Master, *Bardolpb*?

Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces
to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Deliu'er'd with good respect: And how doth the
us, your Master?

In bodily health Sir.

Marry, the immortall part needes a Phyitian:
moues not him: though that bee sicke, it dyes

I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with
dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you

etter. *John Falstaffe Knight*: (Euery man must
it, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe):
those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer
eir finger, but they say, there is som of the kings
t. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpon
to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrow-
am the Kings poore Cofin, Sir.

Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil fetch
upbet. But to the Letter: — *Sir John Falstaffe*,
o the Sonne of the King, neereſt his Faiber, *Harrie*
Wales, greeting.

Why this is a Certificate.

Peace.

ate the honourable *Romaines* in breuitie.

ure he meanes breuity in breath: short-winded.
I me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Bee
niliar with Pointz, for bee misuses thy Favours so
t be swares thou art to marrie his Sister *Nell*. Re-
le times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

ne, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou
wrest him. Iacke Falstaffe with my Familiars:

John with my Brothers and Sister: & Sir

John, with all Europe.

I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him

That's to make him eate twenty of his Words.
u vse me thus *Ned*? Must I marry your Sister?

May the Wench haue no worse Fortune. But I
l so.

Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, &
of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is
ter heere in London?

Yes my Lord.

Where suppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in
ranke?

At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.

What Company?

Epheſians my Lord, of the old Church.

Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistris *Quickly*, and M.
Doll Teara-sheet.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman
of my Masters.

Prin. Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the
Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale vpon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolpb*, no word to your
Master that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your silence.

Bar. I haue no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This *Doll Teara-sheet* should be some Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene
S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we see *Falstaffe* bestow himselfe to
night, in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?

Poin. Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and
waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declension: It
was loues case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low trans-
formation, that shall be mine: for in euery thing, the pur-
pose must weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned*. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland his Ladie, and Harrie
Percies Ladie.

North. I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:

Put not you on the visage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troublesome.

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will speake no more,
Do what you will: your Wisedome, be your guide.

North. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heauens sake, go not to these Warrs;

The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endeed'd to it, then now,

When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere *Harry*,

Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father

Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.

Who then perswaded you to stay at home?

There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.

For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it:

For His, it stucke vpon him, as the Sunne

In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light

Did all the Cheualrie of England moue

To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dresse themselues.

He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate:

And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)

Became the Accents of the Valiant.

For those that could speake low, and tardily,

Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse,

To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,

In Diet, in Affections of delight,

In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

He was the Marke, and Glaffe, Coppy, and Booke,
That fashion'd others. (And him), O wondrous! him,
 O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue
 (Second to none) vn-seconded by you,
 To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
 In dis-advantage, to abide a field,
 Where nothing but the sound of *Hotsfurs* Name
 Did seeme defensible: so you left him.
 Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong,
 To hold your Honor more precise and nice
 With others, then with him. Let them alone:
 The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.
 Had my sweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
 To day might I (hanging on *Hotsfurs* Necke)
 Haue talk'd of *Monmouth's* Graue.

North. Beshrew your heart,
 (Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,
 With new lamenting ancient Ouer-fights.
 But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
 Or it will seeke me in another place,
 And finde me worfe prouided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
 Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
 Haue of their Puissance made a little taite.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
 Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
 To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,
 First let them trye themselves. So did your Sonne,
 He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
 And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,
 To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
 That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen,
 For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: tis with my Minde
 As with the Tyde, swell'd vp vnto his height,
 That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.
 Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
 But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
 I will resolute for Scotland: there am I,
 Till Time and Vantage craue my company.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Drawer.* What hast thou brought there? *Apple-Iohns*? Thou know'st *Sir Iohn* cannot endure an *Apple-Iohn*.

2. *Draw.* Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish of *Apple-Iohns* before him, and told him there were five more *Sir Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leaue of these sixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then couer, and set them downe: and see if thou canst finde out *Sneakes* Noyse; *Mistris Teares* would faine haue some Musique.

2. *Draw.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and *Master Points*, anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, and Aprons, and *Sir Iohn* must not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* Then here will be old *Viu*: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2. *Draw.* Ile see if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit.*

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

Hof. Sweet-heart, me thinks now you are in an excellent good temperalitie: your Pulfidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you haue drunke too much Canaries, and that's a maruelous searching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Hof. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes *Sir Iohn*.

Enter Falstaffe.

Falf. When *Arthur* first in Court—(emptie the Iordan) and was a worthy King: How now *Mistris Dol*?

Hof. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-footh.

Falf. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are sick.

Dol. You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you give me?

Falf. You make fat Rascalls, *Mistris Dol*.

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make them, I make them not.

Falf. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Iewels.

Falf. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to serue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgerie brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd-Chambers brauely.

Hof. Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you: you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier Vessell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of *Burdeux-Stuffe* in him: you haue not seene a Hulke better stufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee *Lacke*: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient *Pistol* is below, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dst Rogue in England.

Hof. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: shut the doore, I pray you.

Falf. Do'st thou heare, *Hostesse*?

Hof. Pray you pacifie your selfe (*Sir Iohn*) there comes no Swaggerers heere.

Falf. Do'st

Falst. Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Hoff. Tilly-fally (Sir *Iohn* neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master *Tisk* the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee;) Master *Dombe*, our Minister, was by then: Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee) receiue those that are Ciuill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Guests you receiue: Receiue (sayes hee) no (swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would blesse you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Falst. Hee's no Swaggerer (*Hoffeste*): a tame Cheater, hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Grey-bound: hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call him vp (*Drawer*.)

Hoff. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest man my house, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue swagging; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Feele Masters, how I shake: looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, *Hoffeste*.

Hoff. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an *Aspen* Lease: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

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

Pist. 'Sauc you, Sir *Iohn*.

Falst. Welcome Ancient *Pistol*. Here (*Pistol*) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine *Hoffeste*.

Pist. I will discharge vpon her (Sir *Iohn*) with two Bullets.

Falst. She is *Pistol*-proofe (Sir) you shall hardly offend her.

Hoff. Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you (*Mistris Dorotbie*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorne you (scurie Companion) what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Master.

Pist. I know you, *Mistris Dorotbie*.

Dol. Away you Cut-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale Iugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.

Pist. I will murder your Ruffe, for this.

Hoff. No, good Captaine *Pistol*: not heere, sweete Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would truncheon you out, for taking their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them. You a Captaine? you slauie, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-houfe? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie stew'd-Pruines, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falst. Hearke thee hither, *Mistris Dol*.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Pist. Ile see her damn'd first: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not *Hiren* here?

Hoff. Good Captaine *Prefel* be quiet, it is very late: I beseeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

Pist. These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Asia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cæsar*, and with Caniballs, and Trojan Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare: shall wee fall soule for Toyes?

Hoff. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Pist. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes: Haue we not *Hiren* here?

Hoff. On my word (Captaine) there's none such here. What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denye her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis*.) Come, giue me some Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente*. Feare wee broad-sides? No, let the Fiend giue fire: Giue me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. *Pistol*, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee haue seene the seuen Starres.

Dol. Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such a Fustian Rascall.

Pist. Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo-way Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a shoue-groat shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe stayres.

Pist. What? shall wee haue Incision? shall wee embrew? then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull dayes: why then let grieuous, gaskly, gaping Wounds, vntwin'd the Sisters three: Come *Atropos*, I say.

Hoff. Here's good stufte toward.

Fal. Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee lack, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe stayres.

Hoff. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forswear keeping house, before Ile be in these terrors, and frights. So: Murder I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee lack be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah, you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.

Hoff. Are you not hurt i'th' Groyne? me thought hee made a shrewd Thrust at your Belly.

Fal. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Rascall's drunke: you haue hurt him (Sir) in the shoulder.

Fal. A Rascall to braue me.

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou sweat'ft? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou

art

art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth five of *Agamemnon*, and *tend* times better than the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A rascally Slaue, I will tosse the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st, Ile canuas thee betwene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-silver.

Dol. And thou follow'd'st him like a Church: thou whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Poinet disguised.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol*) doe not speake like a Deaths-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say *Poinet* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksburie Muffard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee plays at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinckes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioyn'd-stooles, and swears with a good grace, and wears his Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legges; and breeds no bate with telling of discrete stories: and such other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betwene their *Haber-de-poi*.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeeres out-lieue performance?

Fal. Kisse me *Dol*.

Prince. *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in Coniunction? What sayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie *Trigon*, his Man, be not lipping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'st giue me flatt'ring Buffes.

Dol. Nay truly, I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a scurvie young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I shall receiue Money on Thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late,

wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so: proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis*.

Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Poinet*, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life do'st thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hof. Oh, the Lord preferre thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen blesse that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Maieftie: by this light Flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merrymment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorson Candle-myne you, how vildly did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

Hof. 'Blessing on your good heart, and so shee is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse (*Hall*) on mine Honor, no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraye me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (*Hal*.)

Poin. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse (*Ned*) in the World: honest *Ned* none. I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and thy Father is to giue me thanks for it. No abuse (*Hal*:) none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest *Bardolph* (whose Zeale burnes in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin. Answer thou dead Elme, answer.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecouerable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Priuy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but rost Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill out-bids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, shee is in Hell alreadie, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether shee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hof. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No,

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not : I thinke thou art quit for that. ~~Marry, there is another Indictment~~ vpon thee, for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hos. All Victuallers doe so : What is a loyat of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent ?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What sayes your Grace ?

Falsh. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebels against.

Hos. Who knocks so lowd at doore ? Looke to the doore there, *Francis* ?

Enter Peto.

Prince. *Peto*, how now ? what newes ?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes, Come from the North : and as I came along, I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes, And asking euery one for Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Prince. By Heauen (*Paines*) I feele me much to blame, So idly to prophane the precious time, When Tempest of Commotion, like the South, Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads.

Giue me my Sword, and Cloake :

Falstaffe, good night.

Exit.

Falsh. Now comes in the sweetest Morfell of the night, and wee must hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore ? How now ? what's the matter ?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently, A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.

Falsh. Pay the Musicians, Sirrha : farewell Hostesse, farewell *Dol*. You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after : the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches : if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake : if my heart bee not readie to burst--- Well (*sweete Iacke*) haue a care of thy selfe.

Falsh. Farewell, farewell.

Exit.

Hos. Well, fare thee well : I haue knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come Pescod-time : but an honest, and truer-hearted man--- Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mistress *Teare-foot*.

Hos. What's the matter ?

Bard. Bid Mistress *Teare-foot* come to my Master.

Hos. Oh runne *Dol*, runne : runne, good *Dol*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick : But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters, And well consider of them : make good speed. *Exit.*

How many thousand of my poorest Subiects Are at this howre asleepe ? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe, Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe, And sleepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse ? Why rather (Sleepe) lyeest thou in smoakie Criba, Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee, And huist with buffing Night, syes to thy slumber, Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great ? Vnder the Canopies of costly State, And lull'd with founds of sweetest Melodie ? O thou dull God, why lyeest thou with the vilde, In loathsome Beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch, A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell ? Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast, Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines, In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge, And in the vilitation of the Windes, Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With deaff'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds, That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes ? Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude : And in the calmest, and most stillest Night, With all appliances, and meanes to boote, Deny it to a King ? Then happy Lowe, lye downe, Vneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords ?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:) Haue you read o're the Letters that I sent you ?

War. We haue (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome, How foule it is : what ranke Diseases grow, And with what danger, neere the Heart of it ?

War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd, Which to his former strength may be restor'd, With good aduice, and little Medicine : My Lord *Northumberland* will soone be cool'd.

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate, And see the reuolution of the Times Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent (Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe Into the Sea : and other Times, to see The beachie Girdle of the Ocean

Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes ; how Chances mocks

And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration

With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,

Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,

Did feast together ; and in two yeeres after,

Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,

This *Percie* was the man, neereest my Soule,

Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,

And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot :

Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of *Richard*

Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by

(You Cousin *Neuil*, as I may remember)

When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,

(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)

Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie:)

Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My

My Cousin *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne :
 (Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessitie so bow'd the State,
 That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kisse:)
 The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
 The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
 Shall breake into Corruption : so went on,
 Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
 And the diuision of our Amitie.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Liues,
 Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd :
 The which obseru'd, a man may prophetic
 With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
 As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
 And weake beginnings lye entreaured :
 Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time ;
 And by the necessarie forme of this,
 King *Richard* might create a perfect guesse,
 That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
 Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,
 Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,
 Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities ?
 Then let vs meete them like Necessities ;
 And that same word, euen now cries out on vs :
 They say, the Bishop and *Northumberland*
 Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord :)
 Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Echo,
 The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
 To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
 The Pow'rs that you already haue sent forth,
 Shall bring this Prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I haue receiud
 A certaine instance, that *Glendour* is dead.
 Your Maiestie hath bene this fort-night ill,
 And these vnseason'd howres perforce must adde
 Vnto your Sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsaile :
 And were these inward Warres once out of hand,
 Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow,
 Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfs.*

Sbal. Come-on, come-on, come-on : giue mee your
 Hand, Sir ; giue mee your Hand, Sir : an early stirrer, by
 the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin *Silence* ?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin *Shallow*.

Sbal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow ?
 and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter
Ellen ?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin *Shallow*.)

Sbal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William*
 is become a good Scholler ? hee is at Oxford still, is hee
 not ?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost.

Sbal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly : I
 was once of *Clements* Inne ; where (I thinke) they will
 talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie *Shallow* then (Cousin.)

Sbal. I was call'd any thing : and I would haue done
 any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and
 little *John Doit* of Staffordshire, and blacke *George Bare*,
 and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-sal-man, you
 had not foure such Swinge-bucklers in all the Innes of
 Court againe : And I may say to you, wee knew where
 the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at
 commandement. Then was *Jacke Falstaffe* (now Sir *Iohn*)
 a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Nor-*
folke.

Sil. This Sir *Iohn* (Cousin) that comes hither anon a-
 bout Souldiers ?

Sbal. The same Sir *Iohn*, the very same : I saw him
 breake *Scoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was
 a Crack, not thus high : and the very same day did I fight
 with one *Sampson Stock-fish*, a Fruiterer, behinde *Greys-*
Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent ! and to see
 how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead ?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Sbal. Certaine : 'tis certaine : very sure, very sure :
 Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke
 of Bullocks at *Stamford Fayre* ?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Sbal. Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne
 liuing yet ?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Sbal. Dead ? See, see : hee drew a good Bow : and
 dead ? hee shot a fine shoote. *Iohn* of Gaunt loved
 him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead ?
 hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at *Twelue-score*, and
 carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foure-
 teene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart
 good to see. How a score of *Ewes* now ?

Sil. Thereafter as they be : a score of good *Ewes*
 may be worth tenne pounds.

Sbal. And is olde *Double* dead ?

Enter Bardolpb and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *Iohn Falstaffes* Men (as I
 thinke.)

Sbal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice *Shallow* ?

Sbal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Esquire of this
 Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace :
 What is your good pleasure with me ?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you :
 my Captaine, Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* : a tall Gentleman, and a
 most gallant Leader.

Sbal. Hee greetes me well : (Sir) I knew him a
 good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight ?
 may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth ?

Bard. Sir, pardon : a Souldier is better accommoda-
 ted, then with a Wife.

Sbal. It is well said, Sir ; and it is well said, indeede,
 too : Better accommodated ? it is good, yea indeede it
 is : good phrases are surely, and euery where very com-
 mendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodate* :
 very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase
 call you it ? by this Day, I know not the Phrase : but
 I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a
 Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good
 Command. Accommodated : that is, when a man is
 (as they say) accommodated : or, when a man is, being
 whereby

e thought to be accommodated, which is an
hing. www.libtool.com.cn

Enter Falstaffe.

is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir
me your hand, giue me your Worships good
ft me, you looke well: and beare your yeares
Welcome, good Sir *Iohn*.

m glad to see you well, good M. *Robert Sbal-*
Sure-card as I thinke?
o fir *Iohn*, it is my Cofin *Silence*: in Commissi-
ce.

od M. *Silence*, it well befits you should be of
ur good Worship is welcome.

; this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you
e heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?
arry haue we fir: Will you fit?
t me fee them, I beseech you.

Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's
Let me fee, let me fee, let me fee: fo, fo, fo, fo:
Sir. *Rapbe Mouldie*: let them appeare as I call:
o fo, let them do fo: Let mee fee, Where is

leere, if it please you.

hat thinke you (Sir *Iohn*) a good limb'd fel-
strong, and of good friends.

hy name *Mouldie*?

Yea, if it please you.

s the more time thou wert vs'd.

ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moul-
vfe: very singular good. Well faide Sir *Iohn*,
aid.

icke him.

was prickt well enough before, if you could
e alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for
her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need
: prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe

to: peace *Mouldie*, you shall goe. *Mouldie*,
ou were spent.

pent?

Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you
are? For the other fir *Iohn*: Let me see: *Simon*

arry, let me haue him to sit vnder: he's like to
ouldier.

here's *Shadow*?

eere fir.

idow, whose sonne art thou?

ly Mothers sonne, Sir.

hy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fa-
w: fo the sonne of the Female, is the shadow
e: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers

o you like him, fir *Iohn*?

adow will serue for Summer: prickt him: For
number of shadowes to fill vppe the Muster-

omas *Wart*?

Where's he?

eere fir.

thy name *Wart*?

ea fir.

ou art a very ragged *Wart*.

Sbal. Shall I pricke him downe,
Sir *Iohn*?

Falst. It were superfluous: for his apparrel is built vp-
on his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pins: prick
him no more.

Sbal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it fir: you can doe it: I
commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Heere fir.

Sbal. What Trade art thou *Feeble*?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor fir.

Sbal. Shall I pricke him, fir?

Fal. You may:

But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd
you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Bat-
taile, as thou hast done in a Womans petticoate?

Feeble. I will doe my good will fir, you can haue no
more.

Falst. Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde
Couragious *Feeble*: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrath-
full Doue, or most magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the wo-
mans Taylor well Master *Sballow*, deepe Maister *Sbal-*
low.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might haue gone fir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that y^e might't
mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to
a priuate fouldier, that is the Leader of so many thou-
sands. Let that suffice, most Forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Falst. I am bound to thee, reuerend *Feeble*. Who is
the next?

Sbal. *Peter Bulcalse* of the Greene.

Falst. Yea marry, let vs see *Bulcalse*.

Bul. Heere fir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, prickt me *Bul-*
calse till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What? do't thou roare before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh fir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What diseafe hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold fir, a cough fir, which I caught
with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation
day, fir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne:
we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take such order,
that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Sbal. There is two more called then your number:
you must haue but foure heere fir, and so I pray you go in
with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot
carry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master
Sballow.

Sbal. O fir *Iohn*, doe you remember since wee lay all
night in the Winde-mill, in S Georges Field.

Falstaffe. No more of that good Master *Sballow*: No
more of that.

Sbal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Iane Night-*
worke aliuie?

Fal. She liues, M. *Sballow*.

Sbal. She neuer could away with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would alwayes say shee could
not abide M. *Sballow*.

Sbal. I could anger her to the heart: shee was then a
Bona-Roba. Doth she hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. *Sballow*.

Sbal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be
old:

old : certaine thee's old : and had Robin Night-works, by old Night-works, before I came to Clements Anne.

Sil. That's fiftie five yeeres agoe.

Sbal. Hah, Cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seene that, that this Knight and I haue seene : hah, Sir *Iohn*, said I well ?

Falst. Wee haue heard the Chymea at mid-night, Master *Sballow*.

Sbal. That wee haue, that wee haue ; in faith, Sir *Iohn*, wee haue : our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner ; come, let's to Dinner : Oh the dayes that wee haue seene. Come, come.

Bul. Good Master Corporate *Bardolpb*, stand my friend, and heere is foure *Harry* tenne shillings in French Crownes for you : in very truth, fir, I had as lief be hang'd fir, as goe : and yet, for mine owne part, fir, I do not care ; but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a desire to stay with my friends : else, fir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go-too : stand aside.

Mould. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend : shee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone : and she is old, and cannot helpe her selfe : you shall haue fortie, fir.

Bard. Go-too : stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once : wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a base minde : if it be my destinie, so : if it be not, so : no man is too good to serue his Prince : and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Falst. Come fir, which men shall I haue ?

Sbal. Foure of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you : I haue three pound, to free *Mouldie* and *Bull-calf*.

Falst. Go-too : well.

Sbal. Come, fir *Iohn*, which foure will you haue ?

Falst. Doe you chuse for me.

Sbal. Marry then, *Mouldie*, *Bull-calf*, *Feeble*, and *Sbadow*.

Falst. *Mouldie*, and *Bull-calf* : for you *Mouldie*, stay at home, till you are past service : and for your part, *Bull-calf*, grow till you come vnto it : I will none of you.

Sbal. Sir *Iohn*, Sir *Iohn*, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would haue you seru'd with the best.

Falst. Will you tell me (Master *Sballow*) how to chuse a man ? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature, bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man ? giue mee the spirit (Master *Sballow*.) Where's *Wart* ? you see what a ragged appearance it is : hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer : come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow, *Sbadow*, giue me this man : hee presents no marke to the Enemy, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife : and for a Retrait, how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, giue me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into *Warts* hand, *Bardolpb*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Trauerse : thus, thus, thus.

Falst. Come, manage me your Calyuer : so : very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said *Wart*, thou art a good Scab : hold, there is a Tester for thee.

Sbal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at *Clements* Inne, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arbans* Show : there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus : and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in : Rah, tah, tah, would hee say, Bownce would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come : I shall neuer see such a fellow.

Falst. These fellows will doe well, Master *Sballow*. Farewell Master *Silence*, I will not vse many wordes with you : fare you well, Gentlemen both : I thanke you : I must a dozen mile to night. *Bardolpb*, giue the Souldiers Coates.

Sbal. Sir *Iohn*, Heauen blesse you, and prosper your Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed : per-adventure I will with you to the Court.

Falst. I would you would, Master *Sballow*.

Sbal. Go-too : I haue spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Exit.

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bardolpb*, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iustices : I doe see the bottom of Iustice *Sballow*. How subiect wee old men are to this vice of Lying ? This same staru'd Iustice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and every third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at *Clements* Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantasticaly caru'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to any thicke sight) were inuincible. Hee was the very *Genius* of Famine : hee came euer in the rere-ward of the Fashion : And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *Iohn* of Gaunt, as if hee had bene sworne Brother to him : and Ile be sworne hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then hee burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men. I saw it, and told *Iohn* of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue trufs'd him and all his Apparell into an Eele-skinne : the Cafe of a Treble Hoe-boy was a Mansion for him : a Court : and now hath hee Land, and Becues. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne : and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, *Membray*, *Hastings*, *Westmerland*, *Colewile*.

Bisb. What is this Forreft call'd ?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree Forreft, and't shall please your Grace.

Bisb. Here stand (my Lords) and send discouerers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hast. Wee

1. Wee haue sent forth alreadie.
 . 'Tis well done.
 iends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)
 acquaint you, that I haue receiue'd
 ated Letters from *Northumberland*:
 cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.
 loth hee with his Person, with such Powers
 ght hold fortance with his Qualitie,
 hich hee could not leaue: whereupon
 retr'y'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
 stand; and concludes in heartie prayers,
 our Attempts may ouer-lie the hazard,
 carefull meeting of their Opposite.
 . Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,
 ash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

1. Now? what newes?
 7. West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
 dly forme, comes on the Enemie:
 y the ground they hide, I iudge their number
 or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.
 v. The iust proportion that we gaue them out.
 sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

1. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?
 v. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.
 1. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
 rince, Lord *John*, and Duke of Lancafter.
 2. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:
 doth concerne your comming?
 2. Then (my Lord)
 your Grace doe I in chiefe adresse
 ubstance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
 like it selfe, in bafe and abiect Routs,
 n by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,
 ountenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:
 f damn'd Commotion fo appeare,
 true, natie, and most proper shape,
 Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords)
 ot beene here, to dresse the ougly forme
 se, and bloodie Insurrection,
 your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,
 e Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,
 e Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
 e Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
 e white Inuestments figure Innocence,
 Joue, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.
 efore doe you so ill translate your selfe,
 f the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,
 he harsh and boytrous Tongue of Warre?
 ng your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,
 Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine
 lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.
 2. Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands.
 lly to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,
 with our surfetting, and wanton howres,
 brought our selues into a burning Feuer,
 wee must bleede for it: of which Disease,
 ate King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
 my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)
 : not on me here as a Physician,
 oe I, as an Enemie to Peace,

Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men:
 But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,
 To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse,
 And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainly.
 I haue in equall ballance iustly weigh'd,
 What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.
 Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
 By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
 And haue the summarie of all our Griefes
 (When time shall serue) to shew in Articles;
 Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,
 And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:
 When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,
 Wee are deny'd access vnto his Person,
 Euen by those men, that most haue done vs wrong.
 The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
 Whose memorie is written on the Earth
 With yet appearing blood; and the examples
 Of euery Minutes instance (present now)
 Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming Armes:
 Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
 But to establish here a Peace indeede,
 Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.

West. When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd?
 Wherein haue you beene galled by the King?
 What Peere hath beene suborn'd, to grate on you,
 That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke
 Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?

Bish. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,
 I make my Quarrell, in particular.

West. There is no neede of any such redresse:
 Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mow. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
 That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,
 And suffer the Condition of these Times
 To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?

West. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
 Construe the Times to their Necessities,
 And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,
 And not the King, that doth you iniuries.
 Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
 Either from the King, or in the present Time,
 That you should haue an ynch of any ground
 To build a Griefe on: were you not restor'd
 To all the Duke of *Norfolkes* Seignories,
 Your Noble, and right well-remembered Fathers?

Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,
 That neede to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?
 The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then,
 Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:
 And then, that *Henry Bullingbrooke* and hee
 Being mounted, and both rowled in their Seates,
 Their neighing Courfers daring of the Spurres,
 Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers do wne,
 Their eyes of fire, sparkling through fights of Steele,
 And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
 Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd
 My Father from the Brest of *Bullingbrooke*;
 O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
 (His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee threw)
 Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues,
 That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
 Haue since mis-carried vnder *Bullingbrooke*.

West. You speak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what. The Earle of Hereford was reputed then In England the most valiant Gentleman. Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue smil'd? But if your Father had bene Victor there, Hee ne're had borne it out of Countrey. For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce, Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue, Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on, And blest'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King. But this is meere digression from my purpose. Here come I from our Princely Generall, To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace, That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein It shall appeare, that your demands are iust, You shall enjoy them, every thing set off, That might so much as thinke you Enemies.

Mow. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer, And it proceeds from Pollicy, not Loue.

West. *Mowbray*, you ouer-weene to take it so: This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare. For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes, Vpon mine Honor, all too confident To giue admittance to a thought of feare. Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours, Our Men more perfect in the vse of Armes, Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best; Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good. Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley. *West.* That argues but the shame of your offence: A rotten Cafe abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full Commission, In very ample vertue of his Father, To heare, and absolutely to determine Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon?

West. That is intended in the Generals Name: I mule you make so slight a Question.

Bisb. Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule, For this contains our generall Grieuances: Each seuerall Article herein redress'd, All members of our Cause, both here, and hence, That are insinew'd to this Action, Acquitted by a true substantiall forme, And present execution of our wills, To vs, and to our purposes confin'd, Wee come within our awfull Banks againe, And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

West. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords, In fight of both our Battailes, wee may meete At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame, Or to the place of difference call the Swords, Which must decide it.

Bisb. My Lord, wee will doe so.

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me, That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

Hast. Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace Vpon such large termes, and so absolute, As our Conditions shall consist vpon, Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.

Mow. I, but our valuation shall be such, That every slight, and false-deriued Cause, Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason, Shall, to the King, taste of this Action: That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue, Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,

That euen our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe, And good from bad finde no partition.

Bisb. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie Of daintie, and such picking Grieuances: For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death, Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life. And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane, And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie, That may repeat, and Historie his losse, To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes, Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land, As his mis-doubts present occasion: His foes are so en-rooted with his friends, That plucking to vnfixe an Enemie, Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend. So that this Land, like an offenseiue wife, That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes, As he is striking, holds his Infant vp, And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme, That was vprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods, On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke The very Instruments of Chastisement: So that his power, like to a Fangleffe Lion May offer, but not hold.

Bisb. 'Tis very true: And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshal) If we do now make our attonement well, Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited) Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so: Here is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.

Enter Westmerland.

West. The Prince is here at hand: pleasefeth your Lordship To meet his Grace, iust distance 'twenee our Armies?

Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.

Bisb. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince John.

John. You are wel encountred here (my cosin *Mowbray*) Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop, And so to you Lord *Hastings*, and to all. My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you, When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell) Encircled you, to heare with reuerence Your exposition on the holy Text, Then now to see you heere an Iron man Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme, Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death: That man that sits within a Monarches heart, And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his fauor, Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King, Alack, what Mischiefs might hee set abroad, In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop, It is euen so. Who hath not heard it spoken, How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen? To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament; To vs, th' imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe: The very Opener, and Intelligencer, Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen, And our dull workings. O, who shall beleuee, But you mis-vse the reuerence of your Place, Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen, As a false Favorite doth his Princes Name, In deedes dis-honorable? You haue taken vp,

Vnder

re counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,
iefts of Heauens Substitute, my Father,
h against the Peace of Heauen, and him,
re vp-swarmed them.
Good my Lord of Lancaſter,
: here againſt your Fathers Peace :
told my Lord of Weſtmerland)
re (miſ-order'd) doth in common ſence
s, and cruſh vs, to this monſtrous Forme,
our ſafetie vp. I ſent your Grace
: els, and particulars of our Griefe,
ch hath been with ſcorne ſhou'd from the Court :
: this Hydra-Sonne of Warre is borne,
angerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleepe,
unt of our moſt juſt and right deſires ;
: Obedience, of this Madneſſe cur'd,
imely to the foot of Maieſtie.

If not, wee readie are to try our fortunes,
iſt man.

And though wee here fall downe,
re Supplies, to ſecond our Attempt :
aiſſ-carry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
ſucceſſe of Miſchiefe ſhall be borne,
re from Heire ſhall hold this Quarrell vp,
ingland ſhall haue generation.

You are too ſhallow (*Haſtings*)
o ſhallow,

I the bottoſe of the after-Times.

pleaſeth your Grace, to anſwere them direſtly,
e-forth you doe like their Articles.

I like them all, and doe allow them well :
are here, by the honor of my blood,
ers purpoſes haue bene miſtooke,
e, about him, haue too lauſhly
his meaning, and Authoritie.

, theſe Griefes ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt :
/ Life, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
e your Powers vnto their ſeueral Counties,
will ours : and here, betweene the Armies,
rke together friendly, and embrace,
their eyes may beare thoſe Tokens home,
ſtored Loue, and Amitie.

I take your Princely word, for theſe redreſſes.

I giue it you, and will maintaine my word :
reupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie
ves of Peace : let them haue pay, and part :
it will well pleaſe them.

re Captaine. *Exit.*

To you, my Noble Lord of Weſtmerland.
I pledge your Grace :

ou knew what paines I haue beſtow'd,
le this preſent Peace,

ild drinke freely : but my loue to ye,
w it ſelſe more openly hereafter.

I doe not doubt you.

I am glad of it.

o my Lord, and gentle Couſin *Mowbray*.

You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,

o, on the ſodaine, ſomething ill.

Againſt ill Chances, men are euer merry,

ineſſe fore-runnes the good euent.

herefore be merry (*Cooze*) ſince ſodaine ſorrow

o ſay thus : ſome good thing comes to morrow.

leleue me, I am paſſing light in ſpirit.

So much the worſe, if your owne Rule be true.

Iohn. The word of Peace is render'd : hearke how
they ſhout.

Mow. This had been chearefull, after Victorye.

Bijb. A Peace is of the nature of a Conqueſt :

For then both parties nobly are ſubdu'd,

And neither partie loofer.

Iohn. Goe (my Lord)

And let our Army be diſcharged too :

And good my Lord (ſo pleaſe you) let our Traines

March by vs, that wee may peruſe the men *Exit.*

Wee ſhould haue coop'd withall.

Bijb. Goe, good Lord *Haſtings* :

And ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by. *Exit.*

Iohn. I truſt (Lords) wee ſhall lye to night together.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Now Couſin, wherefore ſtands our Army ſtill ?

Weſt. The Leaders hauing charge from you to ſtand,

Will not goe off, vntill they heare you ſpeake.

Iohn. They know their duties. *Enter Haſtings.*

Haſt. Our Army is diſpers'd :

Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their courſe

Eaſt, Weſt, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,

Each hurries towards his home, and ſporting place.

Weſt. Good tidings (my Lord *Haſtings*) for the which,

I doe arreſt thee (Traytor) of high Treafon :

And you Lord Arch-biſhop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,

Of Capitall Treafon, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding juſt, and honorable ?

Weſt. Is your Aſſembly ſo ?

Bijb. Will you thus breake your faith ?

Iohn. I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redreſſe of theſe ſame Grievances

Whereof you did complaine ; which, by mine Honor,

I will performe, with a moſt Chriſtian care.

But for you (Rebels) looke to taſte the due

Meet for Rebellion, and ſuch Aſts as yours.

Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe Armes commence,

Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.

Strike vp our Drummes, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray,

Heauen, and not wee, haue ſafely fought to day.

Some guard theſe Traytors to the Block of Death,

Treaſons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Colleuile.

Falſt. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are

you? and of what place, I pray ?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir :

And my Name is *Colleuile* of the Dale.

Falſt. Well then, *Colleuile* is your Name, a Knight is

your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Colleuile* ſhall

ſtill be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dun-

geon your Place, a place deepe enough : ſo ſhall you be

ſtill *Colleuile* of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* ?

Falſt. As good a man as he ſir, who ere I am : doe yee

yeelde ſir, or ſhall I ſweate for you? if I doe ſweate, they

are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death,

therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do ober-

uance to my mercy.

Col. I thinke you are Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, & in that thought

yeeld me.

Fal. I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of

mine, and not a Tongue of them all, ſpeakes anie other

word but my name : and I had but a belly of any indiffe-

rencie, I were ſimply the moſt actiue fellow in Europe :

my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere

comes our Generall.

www.LitPrint.com Enter Prince John, and Westmerland.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now :
Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westmerland.
Now Falstaffe, where haue you benee all this while ?
When eery thing is ended, then you come.
These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time, or other, breake some Gallowes back.

Falst. I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee thus : I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet ? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought ? I haue speeded hither with the very extremest ynch of possibilitie. I haue fowndred nine score and odde Postes : and heere (trauell-tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *John Colleuille* of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemie : But what of that ? hee saw mee, and yielded : that I may iustly say with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came.

John. It was more of his Courtesie, then your deseruing.

Falst. I know not : heere hee is, and heere I yeeld him : and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the rest of this dayes deedes ; or I sweare, I will haue it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (*Colleuille* kissing my foot :) To the which course, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me ; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleuee not the Word of the Noble : therefore let mee haue right, and let desert mount.

John. Thine's too heauie to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name *Colleuille* ?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebell art thou, *Colleuille*.

Falst. And a famous true Subiect tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither : had they benee rul'd by me,
You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

Falst. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou like a kinde fellow, gau'st thy selfe away ; and I thanke thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

John. Haue you left pursuit ?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

John. Send *Colleuille*, with his Confederates,

To Yorke, to present Execution.

Blunt, leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit with *Colleuille*.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)

I heare the King, my Father, is fore sicke.

Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,
Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him :

And wee with sober speede will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe through Gloucestershire : and when you come to Court, stand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, *Falstaffe* : I, in my condition,
Shall better speake of you, then you deserue. Exit.

Falst. I would you had but the wit : 'twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this fame young sober-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot make him laugh : but that's no maruaile, hee drinks no Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come to any prooue : for thinne Drinke doth so ouer-coole their blood, and making many Fifth-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sickeesse : and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards ; which some of vs should be too, but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it : it ascends me into the Braine, dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours, which enuiron it : makes it apprehensue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapes ; which deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood : which before (cold, and fetled) left the Liuer white, and pale ; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowardize : but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extremes : it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme : and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster me all to their Captaine, the Heart ; who great, and pufft vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage : and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-work) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vse. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant : for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle I would teach them, should be to forswear thinne Potions, and to addict themselves to Sack. Enter *Bardolph*.
How now *Bardolph* ?

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

Falst. Let them goe : Ile through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire : I haue him already tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwick, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue successfull end To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.
Our Nauie is address'd, our Power collect'd,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested,
And eery thing lyes leuell to our wish ;
Onely wee want a little personall Strength :
And pawse vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoake of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie Shall soone enjoy.

King. Hen-

Humphrey, (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is
e, your Brother?
thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind-

And how accompanied?
doe not know (my Lord.)
Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with

to (my good Lord) hee is in prefence heere.
What would my Lord, and Father?
Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence.
nce thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?
; thee, and thou do'st neglect him (*Thomas*.)
t a better place in his Affection,
thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)
le Offices thou may'st effect
ition (after I am dead)
: his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.
e omit him not: blunt not his Loue,
: the good advantage of his Grace,
ng cold, or carelesse of his will.
s gracious, if hee be obseru'd:
a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand
Day) for melting Charitie:
ithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,
rous as Winter, and as sudden,
s congealed in the Spring of day.
er therefore must be well obseru'd:
m for faults, and doe it reuerently,
u perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth:
; moodie, giue him Line, and scope,
his passions (like a Whale on ground)
l themselves with working. Learne this *Thomas*,
; shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,
of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:
vnited Vessell of their Blood
with Venome of Suggestion,
perforce, the Age will powre it in)
er leake, though it doe worke as strong
um, or rash Gun-powder.
I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.
Why art thou not at Windfor with him (*Tho-*

Hee is not there to day: hee dines in Lon-

And how accompanied? Canst thou tell

With *Points*, and other his continuall fol-

Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:
(the Noble Image of my Youth)
pread with them: therefore my grieffe
: it selfe beyond the howre of death.
d weepes from my heart, when I doe shape
es imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes,
en Times, that you shall looke vpon,
am sleeping with my Ancestors.
n his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,
age and hot-Blood are his Counsaillors,
seanes and lauish Manners meete together;
: what Wings shall his Affections flye
fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?
My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:
ce but studies his Companions,
range Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,
ifull, that the most immodest word

Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,
Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse,
But to be knowne, and hated. So, like groffe termes,
The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memorie
Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue,
By which his Grace must mete the liues of others,
Turning past-euills to aduantages.

King. 'Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe
In the dead Carrion.

Enter Westmerland.

Who's heere? *Westmerland*?

West. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse
Added to that, that I am to deliuer.
Prince Iohn, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop, *Scroope*, *Hastings*, and all,
Are brought to the Correction of your Law.
There is not now a Rebels Sword vnsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Oliue every where:
The manner how this Action hath bene borne,
Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,
With every courfe, in his particular.

King. O *Westmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird,
Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings
The lifting vp of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes.

Harc. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie:
And when they stand against you, may they fall,
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*,
With a great Power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the Sherife of Yorkshire ouerthrowne:
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This Packet (please it you) contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good newes
Make me sicke?

Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?
Shce eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode,
(Such are the poore, in health) or elle a Feast,
And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,
That haue abundance, and enioy it not.)
I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,
And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maiestie,

Glo. Oh, my Royall Father.

West. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke
vp.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits
Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie,
Stand from him, giue him ayre:
Hee'le straight be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,
Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde,
Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,
So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obserue
Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:
The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere
Had found some Moneths asleepe, and leap'd them ouer.

Clar. The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:
And the old folke (Times doting Chroniclers)
Say it did so, a little time before
That our great Grand-fire *Edward* sick'd, and dy'de.

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King reco-

Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.

King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence
Into some other Chamber: softly pray.

Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)

Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand

Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.

War. Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.

King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

P.Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.

P.Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none
abroad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P.Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet?

Tell it him.

Glo. Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.

P.Hen. If hee be sicke with Ioy,

Hee'le recouer without Phyticke.

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)

Sweet Prince speake lowe,

The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.

Clar. Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.

War. Will't please your Grace to goe along with vs?

P.Hen. No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King.

Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,

Being so troublefome a Bed-fellow?

O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!

That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide,

To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,

Yet not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,

As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)

Snores out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie!

When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st fit

Like a rich Armory, worne in heat of day,

That scald'f't with safetie: by his Gates of breath,

There lyes a downey feather, which stirres not:

Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse downe

Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is sound indeede: this is a sleepe,

That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'd

So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,

Is Teares, and heaue Sorrowes of the Blood,

Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tenderesse,

Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteouly.

My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,

Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)

Deriues it selfe to me. Loe, heere it fits,

Which Heauen shall guard:

And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,

It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.

This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,

As 'tis left to me.

Exit.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Maiestie? how fares your
Grace?

King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords)?

Clar. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
Who vnderooke to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let me
see him.

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee
stayd.

King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my
Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it
heere.

King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence:
Goe seeke him out.

Is hee so haſtie, that hee doth suppose

My sleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)

Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes

With my diseafe, and helpes to end me.

See Sonnes, what things you are:

How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,

When Gold becomes her Obiect?

For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers

Haue broke their sleepees with thoughts,

Their braines with care, their bones with industry.

For this, they haue ingrossed and pyl'd vp

The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieued Gold:

For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to inueſt

Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:

When, like the Bee, culling from euerie flower

The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,

Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue;

And like the Bees, are murdered for our paines.

This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements,

To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,

Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,

Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,

With such a deepe demeanure, in great forrow,

That Tyranny, which neuer quafft but blood,

Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife

With gentle eye-drops. Hee is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (Harry.)

Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone.

Exit.

P.Hen. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.

King. Thy wish was Father (Harry) to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.

Do'st thou so hunger for my emptie Chayre,

That thou wilt needs inueſt thee with mine Honors,

Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!

Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will ouer-whelme thee.

Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie

Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,

That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.

Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres

Were thine, without offence: and at my death

Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation.

Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'd'st me not,

And thou wilt haue me dye assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast wetted on thy stonie heart,

To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.

What's canst thou not forbear me halfe an howre?

Then

bee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,
 e merry. *Bels ring to thy care.*
 art Crowned, not that I am dead.
 Teares, that should bedew my Hearse
 Balme, to sanctifie thy head :
 pound me with forgotten dust.
 which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes :
 me my Officers, breake my Decrees ;
 time is come, to mocke at Forme.
 fitt is Crown'd : Vp Vanity,
 all State : All you sage Counsaillers, hence :
 English Court, assemble now
 Region, Apes of Idlenessse.
 bor-Confines, purge you of your Scum :
 Ruffian that swill sweare? drinke? dance?
 night? Rob? Murder? and commit
 finnes, the newest kinde of wayes?
 he will trouble you no more :
 all double gill'd, his trebble guilt.
 all giue him Office, Honor, Might :
 t Harry, from curb'd Licenſe pluckes
 e of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge
 his tooth in euery Innocent.
 : Kingdome (sicke, with ciuill blowes)
 my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
 thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
 it be a Wildernesse againe,
 h Wolues (thy old Inhabitants.
) pardon me (my Liege)
 Teares,
 impediments vnto my Speech,
 tall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
 th greefe) had spoke, and I had heard
 of it so farre. There is your Crowne,
 t wears the Crowne immortally,
 it yours. If I affect it more,
 or Honour, and as your Renowne,
 more from this Obedience rise,
 most true, and inward duteous Spirit
 his prostrate, and exterior bending.
 nesse with me, when I heere came in,
 no course of breath within your Maiestie,
 : strooke my heart. If I do faine,
 i my present wildenesse, dye,
 liue, to shew th'incredulous World,
 change that I haue purposed.
 o looke on you, thinking you dead,
 almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)
 o the Crowne (as hauing sense)
 pbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
 on the body of my Father,
 thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.
 fine in Charraſt, is more precious,
 ife, in Med'cine potable :
 most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,
 ie Bearer vp.
 loyall Liege)
 . I put it on my Head,
 it (as with an Enemie,
 before my face murdred my Father)
 ll of a true Inheritor.
 infect my blood with Ioy,
 r Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,
 ll, or vaine spirit of mine,
 he least Affection of a Welcome,
 inment to the might of it,

Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,
 And make me, as the poorest Vassalle is,
 That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.

King. O my Sonne!

Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,
 That thou might'st ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue,
 Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.

Come hither *Harrie*, sit thou by my bedde,
 And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell
 That euer I shall breath : Heauen knowes, my Sonne)
 By what by-pathes, and indireſt crook'd-wayes
 I met this Crowne : and I my selfe know well
 How troublesome it fate vpon my head.

To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,
 Better Opinion, better Confirmation :
 For all the foyle of the Atchieuement goes
 With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,
 But as an Honour snatch'd with boyf'rour hand,
 And I had many liuing, to vpbraide
 My gaine of it, by their Assistances,
 Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,
 Wounding supposed Peace.

All these bold Feares,
 Thou seest (with perill) I haue answered :
 For all my Reigne, hath bene but as a Scene
 Acting that argument. And now my death
 Changes the Moode : For what in me, was purchas'd,
 Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayer fort.

So thou, the Garland wear'st successiually.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,
 Thou art not firme enough, since greefes are Greene :
 And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends
 Haue but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
 By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd,
 And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare
 To be againe displac'd. Which to auoyd,
 I cut them off : and had a purpose now
 To leade out many to the Holy Land;
 Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke
 Too neere vnto my State.

Therefore (my *Harrie*)
 Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes
 With Forraigne Quarrels : that Action hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former dayes.
 More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of Speech is vtterly deni'de mee.
 How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgieue :
 And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.

Prince. My gracious Liege :

You wonne it, wore it : kept it, gaue it me,
 Thea plaine and right must my possession be ;
 Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
 'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

*Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
 and Warwick.*

King. Looke, looke,
 Heere comes my *Iohn* of Lancaster:

Iohn. Health, Peace, and Happinesse,
 To my Royall Father.

King. Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace
 (Sonne *Iohn* :

But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
 From this bare, wither'd Truncke. Vpon thy fight
 My worldly businesse makes a period.

Where

Where is my Lord of Warwicke ?

Prin. My Lord of Warwicke.

King. Doth any name particular, belong
Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd ?

War. 'Tis call'd *Ierusalem*, my Noble Lord.

King. Laud be to heauen :

Euen there my life must end.

It hath beene prophes'de to me many yeares,

I should not dye, but in *Ierusalem* :

Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.

But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye :

In that *Ierusalem*, shall *Harry* dye.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

*Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe,
Page, and Dauid.*

Sbal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.
What *Dauy*, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, *M. Robert Shallow*.

Sbal. I will not excuse you : you shall not be excused.
Excuses shall not be admitted : there is no excuse shall
serue : you shall not be excus'd.

Why *Dauie*.

Dauie. Heere sir.

Sbal. Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, let me see (*Dauy*) let me see :
William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir *Iohn*, you shall
not be excus'd.

Dauy. Marry sir, thus : those Precepts cannot bee
seru'd : and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with
Wheate ?

Sbal. With red Wheate *Dauy*. But for *William Cook* :
are there no yong Pigeons ?

Dauy. Yes Sir.

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shoeing,
And Plough-Irons.

Sbal. Let it be cast, and payde : Sir *Iohn*, you shall
not be excus'd.

Dauy. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee
had : And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of *Williams*
Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Hinckley*
Fayre ?

Sbal. He shall answer it :

Some Pigeons *Dauy*, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes : a
ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshaws,
tell *William Cooke*.

Dauy. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir ?

Sbal. Yes *Dauy* :
I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a
penny in purse. Vse his men well *Dauy*, for they are ar-
rant Knaues, and will backe-bite.

Dauy. No worse then they are bitten. sir : For they
haue maruellous fowle linnen.

Sballow. Well conceited *Dauy* : about thy Businesse,
Dauy.

Dauy. I beseech you sir,
To countenance *William Ujfor* of *Woncot*, against *Cle-*
ment Parkes of the hill.

Sbal. There are many Complaints *Dauy*, against that
Ujfor, that *Ujfor* is an arrant Knaue, on my know-
ledge.

Dauy. I graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue Sir :
But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue some
Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir,
is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue
seru'd your Worships truely sir, these eight yeares : and
if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue,
against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with
your Worships. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir,
therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Counte-
nanc'd.

Sbal. Go too,

I say he shall haue no wrong : Looke about *Dauy*.

Where are you Sir *Iohn* ? Come, off with your Boots.

Giue me your hand *M. Bardolfe*.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Sbal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master

Bardolfe : and welcome my tall Fellow :

Come Sir *Iohn*.

Falstaffe. Ile follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow*.
Bardolfe, looke to our Horsses. If I were saw'de into

Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded
Hermites staues, as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull
thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits,
and his : They, by obseruing of him, do beare themselves
like foolish Iustices : Hee, by conuersing with them, is
turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirits are
so married in Coniunction, with the participation of So-
ciety, that they flocke together in consent, like so ma-
ny Wilde-Geefe. If I had a suite to Master *Shallow*, I
would humour his men, with the imputation of being
neere their Master. If to his Men, I would currie with
Master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his
Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ig-
norant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of
another : therefore, let men take heede of their Compan-
ie. I will deuise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to
keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing
out of fixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Ac-
tions, and he shall laugh with *Interuallums*. O it is much
that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a left (with a sadde
brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache
in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face
be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

Sbal. Sir *Iohn*.

Falst. I come Master *Shallow*, I come Master *Shallow*.

Exeunt

Scœna Secunda.

*Enter the Earke of Warwicke, and the Lord
Chiefe Iustice.*

Warwicke. How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whe-
ther away ?

Cb. Iust. How doth the King ?

Warw. Exceeding well : his Cares
Are now, all ended.

Cb. Iust. I hope, not dead.

Warw. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purposes, he liues no more.

Cb. Iust. I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him
The seruice, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.
 I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
 vpon the condition of the Time,
 annot looke more hideously vpon me,
 iane drawne it in my fantasie.

Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucester,
 and Clarence.

Heere come the heauy Issue of dead *Harrie*:
 he liuing *Harrie* had the temper
 he worst of these three Gentlemen:
 ny Nobles then, should hold their places,
 ft strike faile, to Spirits of vilde sort?
 ¶ Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.
 Good morrow Cofin Warwick, good morrow.
Cl. Good morrow, Cofin.
 We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.
 We do remember: but our Argument
 heauy, to admit much talke.
 ell: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy
 l. Peace be with vs, least we be heuier.
 ¶, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:
 re swears, you borrow not that face
 ng sorrow, it is sure your owne.
 Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,
 d in coldest expectation.
 orrier, would 'twere otherwise.
 el, you must now speake Sir *Iohn Falstaffe faire*,
 wimmes against your streame of Quality.
 l. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
 'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
 er shall you see, that I will begge
 , and fore-stall'd Remission.
 and vpriight Innocency fayle me,
 : King (my Master) that is dead,
 him, who hath sent me after him.
 Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henrie.

. Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty
 This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,
 o easie on me, as you thinke.
 you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:
 ie English, not the Turkish Court:
rab, an *Amurab* succeeds,
 y, *Harry*: Yet be sad (good Brothers)
 eake truth) it very well becomes you:
 o Royally in you appears,
 ill deeply put the Fashion on,
 re it in my heart. Why then be sad,
 taine no more of it (good Brothers)
 ynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.
 y Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)
 ar Father, and your Brother too:
 ut beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;
 e that *Horrie's* dead, and so will I.
 y liues, that shall conuert those Teares
 er, into houres of Happinesse.
 c. We hope no other from your Maiesty.
 You all looke strangely on me: and you most,
 I thinke) assur'd, I loue you not.
 . I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)
 iesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.
 'How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
 indignities you laid vpon me?

What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison
 Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?
 May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Cb. Iust. I then did vse the Person of your Father:

The Image of his power, lay then in me,
 And in th'administration of his Law,
 Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,
 Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
 The Maiesty, and power of Law, and iustice,
 The Image of the King, whom I presented,
 And strooke me in my very Seate of Judgement:
 Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
 I gaue bold way to my Authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
 To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?
 To plucke downe iustice from your awefull Bench?
 To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword
 That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?
 Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,
 And mocke your workings, in a Second body?
 Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:
 Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:
 Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,
 See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;
 Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdain'd:
 And then imagine me, taking you part,
 And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:
 After this cold considerance, sentence me;
 And, as you are a King, speake in your State,
 What I haue done, that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my Lieges Soueraigntie.

Prin. You are right iustice, and you weigh this well:

Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:

And I do wish your Honors may encrease,
 Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:
 Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,
 That dares do iustice, on my proper Sonne;
 And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,
 That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,
 Into the hands of iustice. You did commit me:
 For which, I do commit into your hand,
 Th'vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:
 With this Remembrance; That you vse the same
 With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit
 As you haue done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
 You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
 My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare,
 And I will stoope, and humble my Intent,
 To your well-practis'd, wife Directions.
 And Princes all, belecue me, I beseech you:
 My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
 (For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
 And with his Spirits, sadly I suruiue,
 To mocke the expectation of the World;
 To frustrate Prophecies, and to race out
 Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
 After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
 Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
 Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
 And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.
 Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
 And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,

That

That the great Body of our State may go
 In equall ranke, with the best gouern'd Nation,
 That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
 In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.
 Our Coronation done, we will accite
 (As I before remembred) all our State,
 And heauen (configing to my good intents)
 No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,
 Heauen shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe,
 Page, and Pistoll.*

Sbal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an
 Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graf-
 fing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth. (Come Co-
 fin *Silence*, and then to bed.

Fal. You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Sbal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, beggars all
Sir Iohn: Marry, good ayre. Spread *Dauy*, spread *Dauie*:
 Well said *Dauie*.

Falff. This *Dauie* serues you for good vses: he is your
 Seruingman, and your Husband.

Sbal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var-
 let, *Sir Iohn:* I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A
 good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come
 Cofin.

Sil. Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate,
 and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie
 yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie
 Lads rome heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among
 so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good *M. Silence*, Ile giue
 you a health for that anon.

Sbal. Good *M. Bardolfe*: some wine, *Dauie*.

Da. Sweet sir, sit: Ile be with you anon: most sweete
 sir, sit. Master Page, good *M. Page*, sit: Proface. What
 you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare,
 the heart's all.

Sbal. Be merry *M. Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour
 there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.

For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall:

'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
 And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke *M. Silence* had bin a man of this
 Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I haue beene merry twice and once, ere
 now.

Dauy. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Sbal. *Dauie*.

Dau. Your Worship: Ile be with you fraight. A cup
 of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briake and fine, & drinke
 vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well said, *M. Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of
 the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, *M. Silence*.

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you
 mile to the bottom.

Sbal. Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'st an
 thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome m
 little tyne thee, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke t
M. Bardolfe, and to all the Cauileres about London.

Dau. I hope to see London, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might see you there, *Dauie*.

Sbal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you no
M. Bardolfe?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Sbal. I thanke thee: the knaue will sticke by thee, I
 can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, sir.

Sbal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry.
 Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal. Why now you haue done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samings*. Is't
 not fo?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then say an old man can do fomwhat

Dau. If it please your Worshippe, there's one *Pistoll*
 come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now Pistoll?

Piff. Sir *Iohn*, 'aue you sir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Pistoll?

Piff. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good,
 sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in
 the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of
 Barlon.

Piff. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward
 base. Sir *Iohn*, I am thy Pistoll, and thy Friend: helte
 skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and
 luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of
 price.

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this
 World.

Piff. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
 I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
 Let King *Couitba* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Piff. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons*?
 And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Sbal. Honest Gentleman,

I know not your breeding.

Piff. Why then Lament therefore.

Sbal. Giue me pardon, Sir.

If sir, you come with newes from the Court, I take it, there
 is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale
 them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.

Piff. Vnder which King?

Besonian, speake, or dye.

Sbal. Vnder King *Harry*.

Piff. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fift?

Sbal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Piff. A footra for thine Office.

Sir Iohn, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,
Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.
 When Pistoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like
 The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pisf. As haile in doore.

The things I speake, are iust.

Fal. Away *Bardolfe*, Saddle my Horfe,

Maister *Robert Shallow*, choofe what Office thou wilt In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pisfol*, I will double charge thee With Dignities.

Bard. O ioyfull day :

I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Pisf. What? I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carrie Maister *Silence* to bed : Maister *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward. Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet *Pisfoll* : Away *Bardolfe* : Come *Pisfoll*, vnter more to mee : and withall deuise something to do thy selfe good . Boote, boote Maister *Shallow*, I know the young King is sick for mee. Let vs take any mans Horfies : The Lawes of England are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which haue bene my Friendes : and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Pisf. Let Vultures vil'de feize on his Lungs also :

Where is the life that late I led, say they?

Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hoffesse Quickly, Dol Teare-sweete, and Beadles.

Hoffesse. No, thou arrant knaue : I would I might dy, that I might haue thee hang'd : Thou hast drawne my shoulder out of ioynt.

Off. The Constables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee : and thee shall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath bene a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-vifag'd Rascall, if the Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villaine.

Hoff. O that Sir *Iohn* were come, hee would make this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite of her Wombe might miscarry.

Officer. If it do, you shall haue a dozen of Cushions againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you both go with me : for the man is dead, that you and *Pisfoll* beate among you.

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I will haue you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blew-Bottel'd Rogue : you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you be not swing'd, Ile forswear halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you thee-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoff. O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel of sufferance, comes ease.

Dol. Come you Rogue, come :

Bring me to a Iustice.

Hoff. Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Hoff. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come you thinne Thing :

Come you Rascall.

Off. Very well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1. *Groo.* More Rushes, more Rushes.

2. *Groo.* The Trumpets haue sounded twice.

1. *Groo.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation. *Exit Groo.*

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pisfoll, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falstaffe. Stand heere by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as he comes by : and do but marke the countenance that hee will giue me.

Pisfol. Olesse thy Lungs, good Knight.

Falst. Come heere *Pisfol*, stand behind me. O if I had had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poore shew doth better : this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him.

Sbal. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

Pisf. It doth so.

Fal. My deuotion.

Pisf. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night, And not to deliberate, not to remember, Not to haue patience to shift me.

Sbal. It is most certaine.

Fal. But to stand stained with Trauaile, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.

Pisf. 'Tis *semper idem* : for *absque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all in euery part.

Sbal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pisf. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts is in base Durance, and contagious prison : Hall'd thither by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for *Dol* is in. *Pisfoll*, speakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliuer her.

Pisfol. There roar'd the Sea : and Trumpet Clangour sounds.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the Fifth, Brothers, Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Falst. Saue thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royall *Hall*.

Pisf. The heuens thee guard, and keepe, most royall Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Saue thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine man.

Ch. Iust. Haue you your wits?

Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falst. My King, my loue ; I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers: How ill white haire become a Foole, and Iester?

I haue

I haue long dream'd of such a kinde of man,
 So surfeit-swelld, so old, and so prophane:
 But being awake, I do despise my dreame.
 Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
 Leauē gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
 For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
 Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne left,
 Prefume not, that I am the thing I was,
 For heauen doth know (so shall the world perceiue)
 That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
 So will I those that kept me Companie.
 When thou dost heare I am, as I haue bin,
 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't
 The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
 Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
 As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,
 Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.
 For competence of life, I will allow you,
 That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
 And as we heare you do reforme your selues,
 We will according to your strength, and qualities,
 Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
 To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Fal. Master *Sballow*, I owe you a thousand pound.

Sbal. I marry Sir *Iohn*, which I beseech you to let me haue home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, *M. Sballow*, do not you grieue at this: I shall be sent for in priuate to him: Looke you, he must seeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Sbal. I cannot well perceiue how, vnlesse you should giue me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with Straw. I beseech you, good Sir *Iohn*, let mee haue fīue hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Sbal. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner: Come Lieutenant *Pistol*, come *Bardolfe*, I shall be sent for soone at night.

Cb. Iust. Go carry Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* to the Fleete, Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Cb. Iust. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone: Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spera me contento.*

Exit. Manet Lancaster and Chiefe Iustice.

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings: He hath intent his wonted Followers Shall all be very well prouided for: But all are banisht, till their conuerations Appeare more wise, and modest to the world.

Cb. Iust. And so they are.

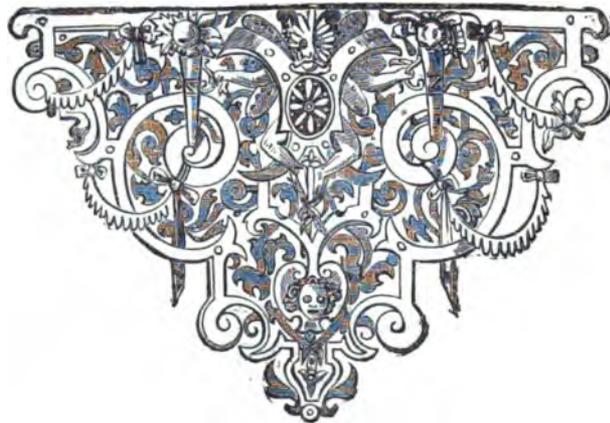
Iohn. The King hath call'd his Parliament, My Lord.

Cb. Iust. He hath.

Iohn. I will lay odde, that ere this yeere expire, We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natiue fire As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing, Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King. Come, will you hence?

Exunt

FINIS.





EPILOGVE.



IRST, my Feare: then, my Curtsie: last, my Speech. My Feare, is your Displeasure: My Curtsie, my Dutie: And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good speech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to say, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose, and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately beere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors lose. Heere I promist you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do) promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to vse my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gentewomen beere, haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentewomen, which was neuer seene before, in such an Assembly.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate, our humble Authbor will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Falstaffe shall dye of a sweat, vnlesse already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.



THE ACTORS NAMES.

REMOVR the Prefentor.
 King *Henry* the Fourth.
 Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henrie* the Fift.
 Prince *Iohn* of Lancaster. }
Humbrey of Gloucester. } Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, & brethren to *Henry* 5.
Thomas of Clarence. }

Northumberland. }
 The Arch Byshop of Yorke. }
 Mowbray. }
 Haftings. } Opposites against King *Henrie* the
 Lord Bardolfe. } Fourth.
 Trauers. }
 Morton. }
 Coleuile. }

Warwicke. }
 Westmerland. }
 Surrey. } Of the Kings
 Gowre. } Partie.
 Harecourt. }
 Lord Chiefe Iustice. }

Pointz. }
 Falstaffe. }
 Bardolphe. } Irregular
 Pistoll. } Humorists.
 Peto. }
 Page. }

Shallow. } Both Country
 Silence. } Iustices.
 Daue, Seruant to Shallow.
 Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants
 Mouldie. }
 Shadow. } Country Soldiers
 Wart. }
 Feeble. }
 Bullcalfe. }

Drawers
 Beadles.
 Groomes

Northumberland's Wife.
 Percies Widdow.
 Hostesse Quickly.
 Doll Teare-sheete.
 Epilogue.





The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Enter Prologue.

*A Muse of Fire, that would ascend
brightest Heaven of Invention :
me for a Stage, Princes to Act,
narcs to behold the swelling Scene.
ld the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
e Port of Mars, and at his beeles
, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
employment. But pardon, Gentles all :
arrayed Spirits, that bath dar'd,
worthy Scaffold, to bring forth
a Obiect. Can this Cock-Pit bold
e fields of France ? Or may we cramme
in Woodden O, the very Causes
affright the Ayre at Agincourt ?
: face a crooked Figure may
ittle place a Million,
s, Cyphers to this great Account,*

*On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose big, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts ajunder.
Peese out our imperfections with your thoughts :
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them,
Printing their proud Hoofes in the receiuing Earth :
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there : Lumping o're Times ;
Turning th'accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Howre-glasse : for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus to this Historie ;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to beare, kindly to iudge our Play.*

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant.

Y Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleveth yere of y last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
But that the scambling and vnquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
s. But how my Lord shall we resist it now ?
v. It must be thought on: if it passe against vs,
the better halfe of our Possession :
e Temporall Lands, which men deuout
ment haue giuen to the Church,
ey strip from vs ; being valu'd thus,
as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
ene Earles, and fiftene hundred Knights,
and two hundred good Esquires :
eliefe of Lazars, and weake age
:at faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
ed Almes-houses, right well supply'd :
he Coffers of the King beside,
nd pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.
/y. This would drinke deepe.
ant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.
/y. But what preuention ?

Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Bish. Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church.

Bish. Cant. The courtes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too : yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending Adam out of him ;
Leauing his body as a Paradise,
T'incelop and containe Celsstiall Spirits.
Neuer was such a sodaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heedy currance scowring faults :
Nor neuer Hydra-headed Wilfulnesse
So soone did loofe his Seat ; and all at once ;
As in this King.

Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.

Bish. Cant. Hearre him but reason in Diuinitie ;
And all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate :
Hearre him debate of Common-wealth Affaires ;
You would say, it hath been all in all his study :
Lift his discourse of Warre ; and you shall heare
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique.

Turne

Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addition was to Courtes vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any studie,
Any retyrement, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holefome Berryes thriue and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,
Vnseene, yet cressiue in his facultie.

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He seemes indifferent:
Or rather swaying more vpon our part,
Then cherishing th'exhibitors against vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,
Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie:
Sae that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The seueralls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant
Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.*

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exeter. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him, good Vnckle.

Westm. Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously vnfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are euery one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,
As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

B. Cant. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,

That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pbaramond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* Land, the French vnjustly gloze
To be the Realme of France, and *Pbaramond*
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.

Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:
Where *Charles* the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certaine French:
Who holding in disdain the German Women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establist then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Mesfen*.

Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
After defunction of King *Pbaramond*,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie six: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred five. Besides, their Writers say,
King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
Did as Heire Generall, being descended
Of *Blisbild*, which was Daughter to King *Clorbair*,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne

Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
 ne and **Stock of Charles the Great:** **CN**
 de with some shewes of truth,
 e truth it was corrupt and naught,
 else as th'Heire to th' Lady *Lingars*,
Arlemaine, who was the Sonne
 Imperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
 Great: also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
 Heire to the Vturper *Capet*,
 e quiet in his conscience,
 'rowne of France, 'till satisfied,
 ene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
 the Lady *Ermengare*,
Arles the foresaid Duke of Loraine:
 Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
 to the Crowne of France.
 re as is the Summers Sunne,
 tle, and *Hugh Capet*'s Clayme,
 ' satisfaction, all appeare
 ght and Title of the Female:
 igs of France vnto this day.
 ould hold vp this Salique Law,
 Highnesse clayming from the Female,
 se to hide them in a Net,
 ' imbarre their crooked Titles,
 u and your Progenitors.
 with right and conscience make this claim?
 e sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:
 ke of *Numbers*: is it writ,
 ' dyes, let the Inheritance
 he Daughter. Gracious Lord,
 owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
 to your mightie Ancestors:
 Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,
 ou clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
 t Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
 rench ground play'd a Tragedie,
 on the full Power of France:
 st mightie Father on a Hill
 to behold his Lyons Whelp
 d of French Nobilitie.
 sh, that could entertaine
 ir Forces, the full pride of France,
 r halfe stand laughing by,
 ke, and cold for action.
 e remembrance of these valiant dead,
 puissant Arme renew their Feats;
 eire, you sit vpon their Throne:
 Courage that renowned them,
 eines: and my thrice-puissant Liege
 May-Morne of his Youth,
 its and mightie Enterprises.
 Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
 that you should rowle your selfe,
 ner Lyons of your Blood. (might;
 now your Grace hath cause, and means, and
 lighnesse: neuer King of England
 her, and more loyall Subiects,
 aue left their bodies here in England,
 on'd in the fields of France.
 et their bodies follow my deare Liege
 nd Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
 f, we of the Spirituallie
 Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
 e Clergie at one time
 of your Ancestors.

King. We must not onely arme t'insuade the French,
 But lay downe our proportions, to defend
 Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
 With all aduantages.

Bish. Can. They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,
 Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
 Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the courting snatchers onely,
 But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
 Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs:
 For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
 Neuer went with his forces into France,
 But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
 Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
 With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
 Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,
 Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes:
 That England being emptie of defence,
 Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B. Can. She hath bin thẽ more fear'd thẽ harm'd, my Liege:
 For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
 When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
 And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
 Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
 But taken and impounded as a Stray,
 The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,
 To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
 And make their Chronicle as rich with praye,
 As is the Owle and bottome of the Sea
 With funken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries.

Bish. Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
 For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
 To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
 Playing the Mouffe in absence of the Cat,
 To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.

Exet. It followes theu, the Cat must stay at home,
 Yet that 'is but a crush'd necessity,
 Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty theeves.
 While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
 Th'aduised head defends it selfe at home:
 For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 Like Musicke.

Can. Therefore doth heauen diuide
 The state of man in diuers functions,
 Setting endeouour in continual motion:
 To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
 Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees,
 Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
 The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
 They haue a King, and Officers of sorts,
 Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
 Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
 Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings,
 Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet budde:
 Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
 To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
 Who busied in his Maiesties surueyes
 The singing Mafons building roofes of Gold,
 The ciuill Citizens kneading vp the hony;
 The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
 Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:

The sad-ey'd Justice with his furlie humme,
 Deliuering ore to Executors pale!!
 The lazie yawning Drone : I this inferre,
 That many things hauing full reference
 To one consent, may worke contrariouly,
 As many Arrowes loofed feuerall wayes
 Come to one marke : as many wayes meet in one towne,
 As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea ;
 As many Lynes close in the Dials center :
 So may a thousand actions once a foote,
 And in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
 Diuide your happy England into foure,
 Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
 And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
 Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
 The name of hardinesse and policie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
 Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe
 And yours, the noble finewes of our power,
 France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
 Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l fit,
 (Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
 Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
 Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
 Tombleffe, with no remembrance ouer them :
 Either our History shall with full mouth
 Speake freely of our Act, or else our graue
 Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,
 Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our faire Cousin Dolphin : for we heare,
 Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
 Freely to render what we haue in charge :
 Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
 The Dolphins meauing, and our Embasie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
 Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect
 As is our wretches fetted in our prisons,
 Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,
 Tell vs the Dolphin's minde.

Amb. Thus than in few :

Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
 Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
 Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
 In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
 Sayes, that you fauour too much of your youth,
 And bids you be aduis'd : There's nought in France,
 That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne :
 You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
 He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
 This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
 Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime
 Heare no more of you. This the Dolphin speakes.

King. What Treasure Vncle ?

Exc. Tennis balles, my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
 His Present, and your paines we thanke you for :
 When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
 We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
 Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
 With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well,
 How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
 Not measuring what vs we made of them.
 We neuer valew'd this poore seat of England,
 And therefore liuing hence, did giue our selfe
 To barbarous license : As 'tis euer common,
 That men are merriest, when they are from home.
 But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
 Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
 When I do rowle me in my Throne of France.
 For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,
 And plodded like a man for working dayes :
 But I will rise there with so full a glorie,
 That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
 Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
 And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
 Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his soule
 Shall stand sore charged, for the waitefull vengeance
 That shall flye with them : for many a thousand widow
 Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands;
 Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe:
 And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
 That shal haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.
 But this lyes all within the wil of God,
 To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
 Tel you the Dolphin, I am comming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace : And tell the Dolphin,
 His left will fauour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.
 Conuey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exc. This was a merry Message.

King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it :
 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
 That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition :
 For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
 Saue those to God, that runne before our businesse.
 Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
 Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,
 That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
 More Feathers to our Wings : for God before,
 Wee'le chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.
 Therefore let every man now taske his thought,
 That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
 And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes :
 Now thriue the Armourers, and Honors thought
 Reignes solely in the breast of euery man.
 They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;
 Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
 With winged heeles, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,
 And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
 With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
 Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
 The French aduis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
 Seeke to diuert the English purposes.
 O England: Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
 Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What

rightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 I thy children kinde and naturall:
 thy fault France hath in thee found out,
 of hollow bosomes, which he fills
 eacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
Richard Earle of Cambridge, and the second
ord Scroope of Masbam, and the third
was Grey Knight of Northumberland,
 r the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
 'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
 their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
 and Treason hold their promises,
 ake ship for France; and in Southampton.
 our patience on, and wee' digest
 e of distance; force a play:
 nme is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
 ng is set from London, and the Scene
 ransported (Gentles) to Southampton,
 the Play-houfe now, there must you sit,
 nce to France shall we conuey you safe,
 ng you backe: Charming the narrow seas
 you gentle Paffe: for if we may,
 ot offend one stomacke with our Play.
 the King come forth, and not till then,
 uthampton do we shift our Scene.

Exit

ter Corporall *Nym*, and Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.

Well met Corporall *Nym*.

Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.

What, are Ancient *Pistol* and you friends yet?

For my part, I care not: I say little: but when
 all serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
 I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out
 on: it is a simple one, but what though? It will
 ceafe, and it will endure cold, as another mans
 vill: and there's an end.

I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends,
 'I bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't
 od Corporall *Nym*.

Faith, I will liue so long as I may, that's the cer-
 'it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe
 y: That is my rest, that is the rendezuous of it.

It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to
sickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you
 ith-plaint to her.

I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men
 epe, and they may haue their throats about them
 time, and some say, kniues haue edges: It must
 may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee
 xde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot

Enter *Pistol*, & *Quickly*.

Heere comes Ancient *Pistol* and his wife: good
 ill be patient heere. How now mine Hoaste *Pi-*

Bafe Tyke, cal'st thou mee Hoste, now by this
 swaere I scorne the terme: nor shall my *Nel* keep

No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge
 rd a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue
 / by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee
 : we keepe a Bawdy-houfe straight. O welliday
 f he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adulte-
 murther committed.

Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing
Nym. Pish.

Pish. Pish for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur
 of Island.

Host. Good Corporall *Nym* shew thy valor, and put
 vp your sword.

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would haue you solus.

Pish. Solus, egegrious dog? O Viper vile; The solus
 in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and
 in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
 perdy; and which is worfe, within thy nastie mouth. I
 do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pi-*
stols cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot coniuere mee: I
 haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you
 grow fowle with me *Pistol*, I will scoure you with my
 Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke
 off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as
 I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pish. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
 The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
 Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes
 the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a sol-
 dier.

Pish. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
 Giue me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me giue: Thy spiritres
 are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire
 termes, that is the humor of it.

Pistol. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I desie thee a-
 gaine. O hound of Creet, think'ft thou my spoufe to get?
 No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-
 famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressids* kinde, *Doll*
Teare-sheete, she by name, and her espoufe. I haue, and I
 will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely thee: and
Pauca, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoast *Pistol*, you must come to my May-
 ster, and your Hostesse: He is very sicke, & would to bed.
 Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do
 the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very illl.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Host. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one
 of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good *Huf-*
band come home presently.

Exit

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must
 to France together: why the diuel should we keep kniues
 to cut one anothers throats?

Pish. Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle
 on.

Nym. You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you
 at Betting?

Pish. Bafe is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I will haue: that's the humor of it.

Pish. As manhood shal compound: push home. Draw

Bard. By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust,
 Ile kill him: By this sword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course
Bar. Coporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be friends,
 and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: pre-
 thee put vp.

Pish. A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and
 Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe
 shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by *Nymme*, &
Nymme shall liue by me, is not this iust? For I shal Sut-
 ler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee
 thy hand.

Nym. I shall haue my Noble?

Piff. ~~W~~^Win cash, most iustly payd.

Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to sir *Iohn*: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.

Piff. *Nym.*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fractured and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passeth some humors, and carrees.

Piff. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will lue.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.

Bed Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and euen they do bear themselves, As if allegiance in their bosomes fate

Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours; That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboard. My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of *Masbam*, And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts: Thinke you not that the powes we beare with vs Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the execution, and the acte, For which we haue in head assembled them.

Sero. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded We carry not a heart with vs from hence, That grows not in a faire consent with ours: Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not with Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd, Than is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect That fits in heart-greefe and vneasinesse Vnder the sweet shade of your government.

Kni. True: those that were your Fathers enemies, Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness, And shall forget the office of our hand Sooner then quittance of desert and merit, According to the weight and worthinesse.

Sero. So seruice shall with steeld finewes toyle, And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope To do your Grace incessant seruices.

King. We Iudge no lesse. Vnkle of *Exeter*, Inlarge the man committed yesterday, That rayl'd against our person: We consider It was excesse of Wine that set him on, And on his more aduce, We pardon him.

Sero. That's mercy, but too much security: Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

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

Gray. Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life, After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me, Are heauy Orisons' gainst this poore wretch: If little faults proceeding on distemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested, Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man, Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care And tender preservation of our person Wold haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes, Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one my Lord, Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Sero. So did you me my Liege.

Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne.

King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours: There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Masbam*, and Sir Knight: *Gray* of *Nortumberland*, this fame is yours: Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse. My Lord of *Westmerland*, and Vnkle *Exeter*, We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen? What see you in those papers, that you loofe So much complexion? Looke ye how they change: Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there, That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood Out of appurance.

Cam. I do confesse my fault, And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Gray. Sero. To which all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late, By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill'd: You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy, For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes, As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you: See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres, These English monsters: My Lord of *Cambridge* heere, You know how apt our loue was, to accord To furnish with all appertinents Belonging to his Honour; and this man, Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd And sworne vnto the practises of France To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which, This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Vs Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O, What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell, Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature? Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes, That knew'st the very bottome of my soule, That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde, Would'st thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vse? May it be possible, that forraigne hyer Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange, That though the truth of it stands off as grosse As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it. Treason, and murther, euer kept together, As two yooke diuels sworne to cythers purpose, Working so grossely in an naturall cause, That admiration did not hoope at them. But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther: And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was That wrought vpon thee so preposterously, Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And

is that suggest by treasons,
 vntill vp damnation,
 colours, and with formes being fetcht
 semblances of piety :
 nper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
 nstance why thou shouldst do treason,
 thee with the name of Traitor.
 ermon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 s Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
 ne to vastie Tartar backe,
 gions, I can neuer win
 as that Englishmans.
 hou with ielousie infected
 of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
 ou : seeme they graue and learned ?
 ou. Come they of Noble Family ?
 ou. Seeme they religious ?
 ou. Or are they spare in diet,
 e passion, or of mirth, or anger,
 it, not swearing with the blood,
 eck'd in modest complement,
 ith the eye, without the eare,
 ed iudgement trusting neither,
 ely boulted didst thou seeme :
 ill hath left a kinde of blot,
 ull fraught man, and best indued
 ition, I will weepe for thee.
 of thine, me thinks is like
 Man. Their faults are open,
 the answer of the Law,
 : them of their praaises.
 t thee of High Treason, by the name of
 f Cambridge .
 of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Marsham.
 of High Treason by the name of *Thomas*
Northumberland.
 rposes, God iustly hath discover'd,
 y fault more then my death,
 h your Highnesse to forgiue,
 ody pay the price of it.
 , the Gold of France did not seduce,
 admit it as a motiue,
 ffe& what I intended :
 nked for preuention,
 ance heartily will reioyce,
 , and you, to pardon mee.
 did faithfull subiect more reioyce
 r of most dangerous Treason,
 is houre ioy ore my selfe,
 a damned enterprize ;
 ot my body, pardon Soueraigne.
 quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence
 ir'd against Our Royall person,
 enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
 olden Earnest of Our death :
 ould haue sold your King to slaughter,
 l his Peeres to seruitude,
 ppression, and contempt,
 Kingdome into desolation :
 rson, seeke we no reuenge,
 gdomes safety wuist so tender,
 u fought, that to her Lawes
 ou. Get you therefore hence,
 e wretches) to your death:
 of, God of his mercy giue

You patience to indure, and true Repentance
 Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence.
 Now Lords for France : the enterprife whereof
 Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.
 We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
 To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
 But euery Rubbe is smoothed on our way.
 Then forth, deare Countreyemen : Let vs deliuer
 Our Puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,
 No King of England, if not King of France. *Flourish*.
Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolpb, Boy, and Hostesse.
Hostesse. 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring
 thee to Staines.
Pistoll. No : for my manly heart dotherne. *Bardolpb*,
 be blythe : *Nim*, rowse thy vaunting Veines : *Boy*, briisle
 thy Courage vp : for *Falstaffe* hee is dead, and wee must
 erne therefore.
Bard. Would I were with him, wherefomere hee is,
 eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.
Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell : hee's in *Arburs*
Bosome, if euer man went to *Arburs Bosome* : a made a
 finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome
 Child : a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n
 at the turning o'th'Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with
 the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fin-
 gers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was
 as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of Greene fields. How now
Sir Iohn (quoth I ?) what man? be a good cheare : so a
 cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times : now I,
 to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God ; I
 hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any
 such thoughts yet : so a bad me lay more Clothes on his
 feet : I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
 were as cold as any stone : then I felt to his knees, and so
 vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.
Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack.
Hostesse. I, that a did.
Bard. And of Women.
Hostesse. Nay, that a did not.
Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incar-
 nate.
Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-
 lour he neuer lik'd.
Boy. A said once, the Deule would haue him about
 Women.
Hostesse. A did in some fort (indeed) handle Women :
 but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of
 Babylon.
Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vpon
Bardolpb's Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning
 in Hell.
Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire:
 that's all the Riches I got in his seruice.
Nim. Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from
 Southampton.
Pist. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes :
 Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables : Let Sences
 rule : The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes
 are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast
 is the onely Dogge : My Ducke, therefore *Caueso* bee
 thy Counsaillor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yoke-
 fellows in Armes, let vs to France, like Horfe-
 leeches

Exit.

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholefome food, they say.

Piff. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Piff. Let Huswiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee command.

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt

Flourish.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs, And more then carefully it vs concernes, To answer Royally in our defences. Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine, Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth, And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch To lyne and new repaire our Townes of Warre With men of courage, and with meanes defendant: For England his approaches makes as fierce, As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe. It fits vs then to be as prouident, As feare may teach vs, out of late examples Left by the fatal and neglected English, Vpon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father, It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe: For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome, (Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question) But that Defences, Musters, Preparations, Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, As were a Warre in expectation. Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth, To view the sick and feeble parts of France: And let vs doe it with no shew of feare, No, with no more, then if we heard that England Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance: For, my good Liege, there is so idly King'd, Her Scepter so phantastically borne, By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth, That feare attends her not.

Conf. O peace, Prince Dolphin, You are too much mistaken in this King: Question your Grace the late Embassadors, With what great State he heard their Embassie, How well supply'd with Noble Councillors, How modest in exception; and withall, How terrible in instant resolution: And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent, Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*, Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly; As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable. But though we thinke it so, it is no matter: In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh The Enemy more mightie then he seemes, So the proportions of defence are fill'd: Which of a weake and niggardly proiection, Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King *Harry* strong: And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him. The Kindred of him hath bene slesht vpon vs:

And he is bred out of that bloodie straine, That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes: Witnesse our too much memorable shame, When *Cressy* Battell fatally was strucke, And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales: Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne, Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from *Harry* King of England, Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie.

King. Weele giue them present audience. Goe, and bring them.

You see this Chase is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursuit: for coward Dogs Most spend their mouths, whē what they seem to threaten Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne Take vp the English short, and let them know Of what a Monarchie you are the Head: Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne, As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie: He wills you in the Name of God Almighty, That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heaven, By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne, And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times, Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know 'Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Clayme, Picket from the worme-holes of long-vanish't dayes, Nor from the dust of old Obliuion rakt, He sends you this most memorabell Lyne, In euery Branch truly demonstratiue; Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree: And when you find him euenly deriu'd From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors, *Edward* the third; he bids you then resigne Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held From him, the Natiue and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it. Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming, In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ioue*: That if requiring faile, he will compell. And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord, Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre Opens his vastie Iawes: and on your head Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes, The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes, For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers, That shall be swallowed in this Controuersie. This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message: Valesse the Dolphin be in presence here; To whom expressly I bring greeting to.

King. For

we will confider of this further:
 If you beare our full intent
 other of England.
 he Dolphin,
 him: what to him from England?
 and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,
 that may not mis-become
 under, doth he prize you at.
 King: and if your Fathers Highnesse
 int of all demands at large,
 ter Mock you sent his Maiestie;
 to so hot an Answer of it,
 I Wombie Vaultages of France
 r Trespas, and returne your Mock
 nt of his Ordinance.

if my Father render faire returne,
 will: for I desire
 ides with England.
 matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
 m with the Paris-Balls.
 make your Paris Louer shake for it,
 streffe Court of mightie Europe:
 you'le find a difference,
 ects haue in wonder found,
 romise of his greener dayes,
 nasters now: now he weighs Time
 nost Graine: that you shall reade
 .offes, if he stay in France.
 orrow shall you know our mind at full.

Flourish.

h vs with all speed, leaft that our King
 selfe to question our delay;
 l in this Land already.
 lbe soone dispatch, with faire conditions.
 small breathe, and little pawfe,
 ters of this confluence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.
 gin'd wing our swift Scene flies,
 so lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
 ou haue seene
 inted King at Douer Peer,
 oyaltie: and his braue Fleet,
 reamers, the young *Phebus* sayning;
 Fancies: and in them behold,
 open Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
 I Whistle, which doth order giue
 us'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
 inuisible and creeping Wind,
 Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
 fie Surge. O, doe but thinke
 the Riuaige, and behold
 nconstant Billowes dauncing:
 this Fleet Maiesticall,
 urse to Harflew. Follow, follow:
 inds to sternage of this Nauie,
 : England as dead Mid-night, still,
 Grandfires, Babies, and old Women,
 not arriu'd to pyth and puiffance:
 whose Chin is but enricht

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choyse-drawne Cavaliers to France?
 Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
 Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
 With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
 Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back:
 Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
 Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
 With Lynstock now the diuellish Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.
 And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.

Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more vnto the Breach,
 Deare friends, once more;
 Or close the Wall vp with our English dead:
 In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
 As modest stillnesse, and humilitie:
 But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
 Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
 Stiffen the sinewes, commune vp the blood,
 Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
 Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:
 Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
 Like the Brasse Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
 As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
 O're-hang and iutty his confounded Base,
 Swill'd with the wild and waftfull Ocean.
 Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nostrill wide,
 Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,
 Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proofoe:
 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
 Haue in these parts from *Morne* till *Euen* fought,
 And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,
 That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
 Be Coppy now to me of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
 Whose Lymes were made in England; shew vs here
 The mettell of your Pasture: let vs sweare,
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
 For there is none of you so meane and base,
 That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.
 I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
 Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
 Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
 Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and *S. George*.

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolpb, Pistoll, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.
Nim. Pray thee Corporall, stay, the Knocks are too
 hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Cafe of Liues:
 the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song
 of it.

Pist. The plaine-Song is most iust: for humors doe a-
 bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and
 dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne
 immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-houfe in London, I
 would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie.

Pist. And

Pif. And I: If wishes would preuayle with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I high.

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

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auant you Cullions.

Pif. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vse lenitie sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors. *Exit.*

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three Swathers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: for *Bardolpb*, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pifoll*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breaks Words, and keeps whole Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolpb* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halpence. *Nim* and *Bardolpb* are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs. I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I must cast it vp. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the concauities of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athuerfarie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by *Chefhu*, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Mackmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By *Chefhu* he is an Assc, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorrice, and Captaine Lamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine *Lamy*, with him.

Welch. Captaine *Lamy* is a maruellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

ledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Chefhu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine *Iames*.

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Irisb. By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish giue ouer, the Trompet found the Retreat. By my Hand I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: it ish giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, so Chrish faue me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill done: by my Hand tish ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion: that fall I mary.

Irisb. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish faue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breach, and we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for vs all: so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ayle de gud seruice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valorously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Irisb. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascal. What ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vse me, looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irisb. I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Chrish faue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault.

A Parley.

Gower. The Towne founds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end. *Exit.*

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet resolues the Governour of the Towne? This is the latest Parle we will admit:

There-

re to our best mercy give your felues,
to men proud of destruction,
to our worst : for as I am a Souldier,
e that in my thoughts becomes me best ;
in the batt'rie once againe,
ot leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,
her ashes she lye buried.
ites of Mercy shall be all shut vp,
e flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
tie of bloody hand, shall raunge
onfscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grass
ed faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
it then to me, if impious Warre,
l in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
h his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,
ct to waite and desolation ?
it to me, when you your felues are cause,
pure Maydens fall into the hand
and forcing Violation ?
eyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,
lowne the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere ?
as bootlesse spend our vaine Command
'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,
Precepts to the *Leuiatban*, to come ashore.
re, you men of Harflew,
tty of your Towne and of your People,
yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
wes the filthy and contagious Clouds
ly Murder, Spoyle, and Villany.
why in a moment looke to see
ad and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
he Locks of your shrill-shriking Daughters:
thers taken by the siluer Beards,
ir most reuerend Heads dash't to the Walls :
ked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,
the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
ake the Clouds; as did the Wiues of Iewry,
ds bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
y you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?
ie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Gouverneur.

. Our expectation hath this day an end :
lphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
s vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
: so great a Siege : Therefore great King,
d our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy :
ir Gates, dispose of vs and ours,
no longer are defensible.

Open your Gates: Come Vnckle *Exeter*,
and enter Harflew ; there remaine,
tifie it strongly 'gainst the French :
cy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
nter coming on, and Sicknesse growing
ir Souldiers, we will retire to Calis.
t in Harflew will we be your Guest,
ow for the March are we address't.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

. Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas
age.

. *En peu Madame.*

. *Le te prie m'enseignien, il faut que ie apprend a par-
vient appelle vous le main en Anglois ?
e. Le main il & appelle de Hand.*

Katb. De Hand.

Alice. E le doytz.

*Kat. Le doytz, ma foy le oublie, e doyt mayz, ie me soumeray
le doytz ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.*

*Alice. Le main de Hand, le doytz le Fingres, ie pense que ie
jus le bon escolier.*

*Katb. I'ay gaynie diux mots d' Anglois viftement, coment
appelle vous le ongles?*

Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

*Katb. De Nayles escoute : dites moy, si ie parle bien : de
Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.*

Alice. C'est bien dit Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.

Katb. Dites moy l' Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Katb. E de coudee.

Alice. D' Elbow.

*Katb. D' Elbow : le men say le repiticio de tous les mots
que vous mavez, apprins des a present.*

Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme le pense.

*Katb. Excuse moy Alice escoute, d' Hand, de Fingre, de
Nayles, d' Arme, de Bilbow.*

Alice. D' Elbow, Madame.

*Katb. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d' Elbow, coment ap-
pelle vous le col.*

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Katb. De Nick, e le menton.

Alice. De Cbin.

Katb. De Sin : le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.

*Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre bonneur en verite vous pronoun-
cies les mots ausi droit, que le Natifs d' Angleterre.*

*Katb. Le ne doute point d' apprendre par de grace de Dieu,
& en peu de temps.*

Alice. N' aue vos y desia oublie ce que ie vous a enseignie.

*Katb. Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d' Hand, de
Fingre, de Maylees.*

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Katb. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sans vostre bonneur d' Elbow.

*Katb. Ainsi de ie d' Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin : coment ap-
pelle vous les pied & de roba.*

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

*Katb. Le Foot, & le Count : O Seigneur Dieu, il sont le
mots de son mauuais corruptible grosse & impudique, & non
pour le Dames de Honneur d' user : le ne voudray prononcer ce
mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, so le
Foot & le Count, neant moyz, le recitera vn autrefois ma lecon
ensemble, d' Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d' Arme, d' Elbow, de
Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.*

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Katb. C'est assez pour une foyez, alons nous a diner.

Exit.

*Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the
Constable of France, and others.*

King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuer Some.
Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let vs not liue in France : let vs quit all,
And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolpb. O Dieu viuant : Shall a few Sprayes of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and sauage Stock,
Spirt vp so suddenly into the Clouds,
And ouer-looke their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards:
Mort du ma vie, if they march along
Vnfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,

To

To buy a slobby and a durty Farme
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

Const. *Dieu de Battailes*, where haue they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd lades, their Barly broth,
Decoet their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Isyckles
Vpon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Natie Lords.

Dolpbin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly say,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodies to the Lust of English Youth,
To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.

Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schoolles,
And teach *Lauolta's* high, and swift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are most loftie Run-awayes.

King. Where is *Montoy* the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabretb, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanjon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Jaques Cbattillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beumont, *Grand Pree*, *Rouffi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lezrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Cbaraloyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:
Barre *Harry* England, that sweeps through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Ruff on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vassall Seat,
The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhemwe vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.

Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
Hee'le drop his heart into the sinck of feare,
And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ransome.

King. Therefore Lord Constable, hast on *Montoy*,
And let him say to England, that we send,
To know what willing Ransome he will giue.
Prince *Dolpbin*, you shall stay with vs in Roan.

Dolpb. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.

King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower
and Fluellen.*

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from
the Bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-
mitted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Ag-*

memon, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule,
and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing,
and my vttermoost power. He is not, God be prayfed and
blessed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge
most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an an-
chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
conscience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and
hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see
him doe as gallant seruice.

Gower. What doe you call him?

Flu. Hee is call'd anchient *Piffoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piffoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piff. Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me fauours: the
Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flu. I, I praye God, and I haue merited some loue at
his hands.

Piff. *Bardolpb*, a Souldier firme and found of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie
Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddesse blind, that
stands vpon the rolling restlesse Stone.

Flu. By your patience, anchient *Piffoll*: Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also
with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of
it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie,
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a
Spherical Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles:
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descrip-
tion of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Piff. Fortune is *Bardolpb's* foe, and frownes on him:
for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned
death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exter*
hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of litle price.
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce;
and let not *Bardolpb's* vitall thred bee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Anchient *Piffoll*, I doe partly vnderstand your
meaning.

Piff. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Anchient, it is not a thing to reioyce
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire
the Duke to vse his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be vsed.

Piff. Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Piff. The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I
remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Flu. Ile assure you, a vt'red as prauise words at the
Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very
well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is serue.

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such
fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and
they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done;
at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
uoy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who dis-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they
conne perfitly in the phraze of Warre; which they tricke

new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Ge-
Cut, and a horrid Sute of the Campe, will doe a-
forming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonder-
be thought on: but you must learne to know such
of the age, or else you may be maruellously mi-

I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue
not the man that hee would gladly make shew to
rld hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell
minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I
eake with him from the Pridge.

*Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his
poore Souldiers.*

God plesse your Maiestie.
How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?
I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter
y gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is
f, looke you, and there is gallant and most prau-
: marry, th'athuerfarie was haue possession of
lge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of
s Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie,
ce is a prau man.

What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*?
The perdition of th'athuerfarie hath beene very
easonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the
ath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be ex-
or robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maie-
w the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes,
obs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his
ad it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and
is red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's

Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off:
giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through
intrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-
iothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French
led or abused in disdainfull Language; for when
and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler
er is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountjoy.
Mountjoy. You know me by my habitt.
Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of

Mountjoy. My Masters mind.
Vnfold it.
Mountjoy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry*
and, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe:
age is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him,
ald haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee
: not good to bruise an iniurie, till it were full
ow wee speake vpon our Q, and our voyce is im-
: England shall repent his folly, see his weak-
nd admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore con-
his ransome, which must proportion the losses we
orne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we
igested; which in weight to re-answer, his petti-
ould bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is
re; for th'effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his
me too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his
erfon kneeling at our feet, but a weakie and worth-
tisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for
ion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-
ion is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master;
my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.
Mount. Mountjoy.

King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,
But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confesse so much
Vnto an enemy of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,
That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am;
My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke;
My Army, but a weakie and sickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountjoy*.
Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe,
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,
We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so *Mountjoy*, fare you well.
The summe of all our Answer is but this:
We would not seeke a Battaille as we are,
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliuer so: Thankes to your High-
nesse.

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.
King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the Riuier wee'le encampe our selues,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
Orleance, Dolpb, with others.*

Const. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World:
would it were day.

Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my
Horse haue his due.

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolpb. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con-
stable, you talke of Horse and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any
Prince in the World.

Dolpb. What a long Night is this? I will not change
my Horse with any that treades but on foure postures:
ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
hayres: *le Cheual volante*, the Pegasus, *ches les narines de
feu*. When I bestryde him, I soare, I am à Hawke: he trots
the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest
horne of his hoofe, is more Muscicall then the Pipe of
Hermes.

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolpb. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast
for *Perseus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele-
ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on-
ly in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee
is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades you may call
Beasts.

i

Const. In-

Conf. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse. [btool.com.cn](http://www.btool.com.cn)

Dolpb. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Cousin.

Dolpb. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deserued prayse on my Palfray : it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all : 'tis a subiect for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on : And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne , to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistresse.

Dolpb. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistresse.

Orleance. Your Mistresse beares well.

Dolpb. Me well, which is the prescript prayse and perfection of a good and particular Mistresse.

Conf. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse shrewdly shooke your back.

Dolpb. So perhaps did yours.

Conf. Mine was not bridled.

Dolpb. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strait Stroffers.

Conf. You haue good iudgement in Horsemanship.

Dolpb. Be warn'd by me then : they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs : I had rather haue my Horse to my Mistresse.

Conf. I had as liue haue my Mistresse a lade.

Dolpb. I tell thee Constable, my Mistresse weares his owne hayre.

Conf. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

Dolpb. *Le chien est retourne a son propre vemissement est la leuye lauee au boubier:* thou mak'it vie of any thing.

Conf. Yet doe I not vie my Horse for my Mistresse, or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

Conf. Starres my Lord.

Dolpb. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conf. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolpb. That may be, for you beare a many superflously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

Conf. Eu'n as your Horse beares your prayses, who would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismounted.

Dolpb. Would I were able to loade him with his desert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English Faces.

Conf. I will not say so, for feare I should be fac't out of my way : but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Prisoners?

Conf. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolpb. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my selfe. *Exit.*

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Conf. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Conf. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.

Orleance. He is simply the most actiue Gentleman of France.

Conf. Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing.

Orleance. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Conf. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name still.

Orleance. I know him to be valiant.

Conf. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleance. What's hee?

Conf. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Conf. By my faith Sir, but it is : neuer any body saw it, but his Lacquey : 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orleance. Ill will neuer sayd well.

Conf. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendship.

Orleance. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill his due.

Conf. Well plac't : there stands your friend for the Deuill : haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Pox of the Deuill.

Orleance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.

Conf. You haue shot ouer.

Orleance. 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fiftene hundred paces of your Tents.

Conf. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpree.

Conf. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore Harry of England : hee loaps not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleance. What a wretched and peeuish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so farre out of his knowledge.

Conf. If the English had any apprehension, they would runne away.

Orleance. That they lack : for if their heads had any intellectuall Armour, they could neuer weare such heauie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breeds very valiant Creatures ; their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable courage.

Orleance. Foolish Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Russian Beare, and haue their heads crudd like rotten Apples : you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakfast on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Conf. Iust, iust : and the men doe sympathize with the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives : and then giue them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleance. 1,

we. I, but these English are shrowly out of
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Then shall we finde to morrow, they haue only
es to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to
come, shall we about it ?

we. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten
ill haue each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

ertaine coniecture of a time,
reeping Murmure and the poring Darke
: wide Vessell of the Vniuerse.
amp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
mme of eyther Army silylly founds ;
e fixt Centinels almost receiue
ret Whispers of each others Watch.
wers fire, and through their paly flames
ttaile sees the others vंबर'd face.
reatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
: the Nights dull Eare : and from the Tents,
mourers accomplishing the Knights,
the Hammers closing Riuetts vp,
sadfull note of preparation.
untrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
: third howre of drowisie Morning nam'd,
of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
ifident and ouer-justie French,
low-rated English play at Dice ;
ide the creepie-tardy-gated Night,
ce a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
ully away. The poore condemned English,
crifices, by their watchfull Fires
ntly, and inly ruminat
rmings danger : and their gesture sad,
g lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
ed them vnto the gazing Moone
y horridde Ghosts. O now, who will behold
yall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
g from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent ;
: cry, Prayfe and Glory on his head :
h he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
:m good morrow with a modest Smyle,
is them Brothers, Friends, and Countrey men.
is Royall Face there is no note,
ead an Army hath enrounded him ;
h he dedicate one iot of Colour
ie wearie and all-watched Night :
hly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
hearefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie :
ery Wretch, pining and pale before,
ng him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
esse vniuerfall, like the Sunne,
rall Eye doth giue to euery one,
g cold feare, that meane and gentle all
as may vnworthinesse define.
touch of Harry in the Night,
our Scene must to the Battaile flye :
O for pitty, we shall much disgrace,
ure or siue most vile and ragged foyles,
ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt : Yet sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother Bedford : God Almighty,
There is some soule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obseruingly distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to vs all ; admonishing,
That we should dresse vs fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turfe of France.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased :
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowisie Graue, and newly moue
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.

Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas : Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe ;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my Pauillion.

Gloster. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace ?

King. No, my good Knight :
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England :
I and my Bosome must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleffe thee, Noble
Harry. *Exeunt.*

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speake'st cheare-
fully. *Enter Pistoll.*

Pist. *Che vous la ?*

King. A friend.

Pist. Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
bale, common, and popular ?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke ?

King. Euen so: what are you ?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fist
most valiant : I kisse his durtie shooe, and from heart-
string I loue the lovely Bully. What is thy Name ?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy? a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew ?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen ?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon
S. Davies day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe
that day, least he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. And his Kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then.

King. I thank you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd. *Exit.*

King. It forts well with your fierceness.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*.

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vniuersall World, when the true and ancient Prerogatives and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in *Pompeys* Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwise.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Ass and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Ass and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conscience now?

Gow. I will speake lower.

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

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *Iohn Bates*, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine serue you?

King. Vnder Sir *Iohn Erpingham*.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinke he of our estate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to be walsh off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of feare; least hee, by shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but I belecue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wish himselfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the

King: I thinke hee would not wish himselfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens liues saued.

King. I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him here alone: howfoeuer you speake this to feele other mens minds, me thinke I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being iust, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects: if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King himselfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaille, shall ioyn together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them; some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children rawly left: I am asfeard, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaille: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all proportion of subiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Sea; the imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be imposed vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, vnder his Masters command, transporting a summe of Money, be assailed by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not so: The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Souldiers: some (peradventure) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periuiric; some, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before gored the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and outrunne Nature punishment; though they can out-strip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men are punished, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprovidid, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Euey Subiects Durie is the Kings, but euey Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore should euey Souldier in the Warres doe as euey sicke man in his Bed, wash euey Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not finne to thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-lie that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. Ts

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ranfom'd.

Will. I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully : but when our throats are cut, hee may be ranfom'd, and wee ne're the wiser.

King. If I liue to see it, I will neuer trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then : that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure can doe against a Monarch : you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather : You'le neuer trust his word after ; come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproofe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe ?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet : Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Gloue : Giue mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap : if euer thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If euer I liue to see it, I will challenge it.

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

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word : fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrells enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exit Souldiers.

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their shoulders : but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules, Our Debts, our carefull Wiues, Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King : We must beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse, Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose fence No more can feele, but his owne wringing.

What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect, That priuate men enjoy ?

And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too, Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie ?

And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie ?

What kind of God art thou ? that suffer'st more Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.

What are thy Rents ? what are thy Commings in ?

O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.

What ? is thy Soule of Odoration ?

Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme, Creating awe and feare in other men ?

Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd, Then they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet, But poyson'd flatterie ? O, be sick, great Greatnesse, And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.

Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out With Titles blowne from Adulation ?

Will it giue place to flexure and low bending ? Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee, Command the health of it ? No, thou prouid Dreame, That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose.

I am a King that find thee : and I know, 'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball, The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperiall, The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle, The farfed Title running 'fore the King, The Throne he sits on : nor the Tyde of Pompe, That beates vpon the high shore of this World :

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie ; Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiefticall, Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue :

Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind, Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread, Neuer sees horride Night, the Child of Hell :

But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set, Sweates in the eye of *Phobus* ; and all Night Sleepes in *Elmum* : next day after dawne,

Doth rise and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horse, And followes so the euen-running yeere

With profitable labour to his Graue :

And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch, Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.

The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace, Enioyes it ; but in grosse braine little wots,

What watch the King keepe, to maintaine the peace ;

Whofe howres, the Pefant best aduantage.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles iecalous of your absence, Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together At my Tent : Ile be before thee.

Erp. I shall doo't, my Lord. *Exit.*

King. O God of Battailes, steele my Souldiers hearts, Possesse them not with feare : Take from them now

The fence of reckning of th'opposed numbers :

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,

O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault

My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.

I *Richards* body haue interred new,

And on it haue bestowd more contrite teares,

Then from it issued forced drops of blood.

Five hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,

Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp

Toward Heauen, to pardon blood :

And I haue built two Chaurtries,

Where the sad and solemne Priests sing still

For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe :

Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth ;

Since that my Penitence comes after all,

Imploing pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Gloucesters* voyce ? I :

I know thy errand, I will goe with thee :

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

Exeunt.

Enter the Dolphin, Orleans, Ramburs, and
www.libtool.org Beaumont.

Orleans. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolpb. Monte Cbeual: My Horfe, Verlot Lacquay: Ha.

Orleans. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolpb. Via les ewes & terre.

Orleans. Rien puis le air & feu.

Dolpb. Cein, Cousin Orleans. Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable?

Const. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Seruice neigh.

Dolpb. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides, That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, wil you haue them weep our Horfes blood? How shall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Messenger.

Messeng. The English are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Const. To Horfe you gallant Princes, straight to Horfe.

Doe but behold yond poore and starued Band, And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules, Leaving them but the shales and huskes of men.

There is not worke enough for all our hands,

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines,

To giue each naked Curtleax a stayne,

That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,

And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them,

The vapour of our Valour will o're-terne them.

'Tis positiuie against all exceptions, Lords,

That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pefants,

Who in vnecessary action swarme

About our Squares of Battaile, were enow

To purge this field of such a hilding Foe;

Though we vpon this Mountaines Basis by,

Tooke stand for idle speculation:

But that our Honours must not. What's to say?

A very little little let vs doe,

And all is done: then let the Trumpets found

The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:

For our approach shall so much dare the field,

That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Grandpree.

Grandpree. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?

Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones,

Ill-faouredly become the Morning field:

Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose,

And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully.

Bigge Mars seemes banquet in their begger'd Hoast,

And faintly through a rustie Beuer peepes.

The Horsemens sit like fixed Candlesticks,

With Torch-staues in their hand: and their poore Iades

Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:

The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,

And in their pale dull mouthes the lymold Bitt

Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse.

And their executors, the knauish Crowes,

Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.

Description cannot sute it selfe in words,

To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile,

In life so liuelesse, as it shewes it selfe.

Const. They haue said their prayers,

And they stay for death.

Dolpb. Shall we goe send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,

And giue their fasting Horfes Prouender, And after fight with them?

Const. I stay but for my Guard: on To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take, And vse it for my hate. Come, come away, The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. Exunt.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham
with all his Hoast: Salisbury, and
Westmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Battaile.

West. Of fighting men they haue full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's fue to one, besides they all are fresh.

Salib. Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes.

God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;

Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,

My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farwell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee:

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

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

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse, Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England,

That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wishes so?

My Cousin Westmerland. No, my faire Cousin:

If we are markt to dye, we are enow

To doe our Country losse: and if to liue,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

Gods will, I pray thee with not one man more.

By Ioue, I am not couetous for Gold,

Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost:

It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires.

But if it be a sinne to couet Honor,

I am the most offending Soule aliuie.

No 'faith, my Couze, with not a man from England:

Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor,

As one man more me thinks would share from me,

For the best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one more:

Rather proclaime it (Westmerland) through my Hoast,

That he which hath no stomack to this fight,

Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,

And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse:

We would not dye in that mans companie,

That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.

This day is call'd the Feast of Crispian:

He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,

And rowfe him at the Name of Crispian.

He that shall see this day, and liue old age,

Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,

And say, to morrow is Saint Crispian.

Then will he strip his fleuce, and shew his skarres:

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:

But hee'll remember, with aduantages,

What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,

Harry

King, Bedford and Exeter,
 and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 flowing Cups freshly remembered.
 Shall the good man teach his sonne:
 The Christian shall ne're goe by,
 I say to the ending of the World,
 it shall be remembered;
 O happy few, we band of brothers:
 For he that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall by my brother be as noble
 as gentle his Condition,
 And as my kinsman as my soueraine,
 as my selfe as he, my brother as my
 soueraine: And he that shalbe
 true to me, shall be true to his
 Soueraine: And he that steales from
 me, shall be a thief to his Soueraine:
 And he that killeth me, shall kille
 his Soueraine: Therefore let vs
 be true, for we haue bound our
 soules together, and hee that
 doth wrong vs, wrongs our selfe:
 Therefore be true, as you shall
 finde us true, therefore be true,
 as we shall be true to you.

Enter Salisbury.

Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
 For here are brauely in their battailes set,
 With all expedience charge on vs.
 All things are ready, if our minds be so.
 Forrish the man, whose mind is backward now.
 For thou do'it not wish more helpe from England,

For odds will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
 For more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.
 For by you thou hast vnwith fise thousand men:
 For as me better, then to wish vs one.
 For your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montiey.

For ce more I come to know of thee King Harry,
 For ransomme thou wilt now compound,
 For most assured Ouertrow:
 For ly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
 For as must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
 For able desires thee, thou wilt mind
 For vers of Repentance; that their Soules
 For a peacefull and a sweet retyre
 For these fields: where(wretches)their poore bodies
 For and fester.

Who hath sent thee now?

The Constable of France.

For pray thee beare my former Answer back:
 For wchicque me, and then sell my bones.
 For why should they mock poore fellows thus?
 For that once did sell the Lyons skin
 For beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

For our bodyes shall no doubt

For be Graues: vpon the which, I trust

For esse liue in Brasse of this dayes worke.

For that leaue their valiant bones in France,

For men, though buried in your Dunghills,

For be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,

For their honors reeking vp to Heauen,

For their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,

For whereof shall breed a Plague in France.

For an abounding valour in our English:

For dead, like to the bullets crasing,

For t into a second course of mischiefe,

For relapse of Mortalitie.

For make proudly: Tell the Constable,

For t Warriors for the working day:

For esse and our Gilt are all besmyrcht

For ie Marching in the painefull field.

For t a piece of feather in our Hoast:

For ment(I hope)we will not flye:

And time hath worne vs into slouenrie.

But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:

And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,

They'll be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck

The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,

And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,

As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then

Will soone be leuyed.

Herauld, saue thou thy labour:

Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld;

They shall haue none, I sweare, but these my ioynts:

Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,

Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And fo fare thee well:

Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more. Exit.

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ransome.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge

The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, braue Yorke.

Now Souldiers march away,

And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. Exeunt.

Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Pist. Yeeld Curre.

French. *Je pense que vous estes le Gentilhomme de bon qualitee.*

Pist. Qualitie calmeie culture me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. *O Seigneur Dieu.*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome.

French. *O prenez misericordie aye pitiez de moy.*

Pist. Moy shall not serue, I will haue fortie Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in dropes of Crimson blood.

French. *Est il impossible d'escapper le force de ton bras.*

Pist. Brasse, Curre: thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer't me Brasse?

French. *O pardonne moy.*

Pist. Say't thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this slaue in French what is his Name.

Boy. *Escoute comment estes vous appelle?*

French. *Mounseur le Fer.*

Boy. He sayes his Name is M. Fer.

Pist. M. Fer: Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: discusse the same in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. *Que dit il Mounseur?*

Boy. *Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout assure de coupes vostre gorge.*

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge permafay pesant, vnlesse thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.

French. *O le vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma pardonner, le suis le Gentilhomme de bon maison, garde ma vie, & le vous donneray deux cent escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He

Boy. He prays you to saue his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ranfome he will giue you two hundred Crownes.

Piff. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il ?

Boy. Encore qu'il et contra son Iurement, de pardonner aucune prisonner: neant-mons pour les escues que vous layt a promett, il est content a vous donner le liberte le franchisement.

Fre. Sur mes genoux se vous donnez milles remerciens, et le me estime beureux que le intombe, entre les main. d'un Cbeualier le peuse le plus braue valiant et tres distinie signieur d'Angleterre.

Piff. Expound vnto me boy.

Boy. He giues you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (so he thinkes) the most braue, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

Piff. As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow mee.

Boy. Saue vous le grand Capitaine?

I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so emptie a heart: but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie one may payre his nayles with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes. *Exit.*

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.

Con. O Diable.

Orl. O figure le iour et perdia, toute et perdie.

Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,

Reproach, and euerlasting shame *A short Alarm.*

O meschante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Dol. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues: Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent too, for his ranfome?

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame, Let vs dye in once more backe againe, And he that will not follow *Burbon* now, Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore, Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge, His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now, Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

Orl. We are enow yet liuing in the Field, To smother vp the English in our throngs, If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng; Let life be short, else shame will be too long. *Exit.*

Alarm. Enter the King and his trayne, with Prisoners.

King. Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countermen, But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maiefty

King. Liues he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting, From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,

Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side, (Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)

The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.

Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer

Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,

And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gathes

That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.

He cries aloud; Tarry my Coffin Suffolke,

My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen:

Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-breft:

As in this glorious and well-foughten field

We kept together in our Chiuallrie.

Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,

And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord,

Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,

So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke

He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,

And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A Testament of Noble-ending-loue:

The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd,

But I had not so much of man in mee,

And all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gau me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not,

For hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to.

But hearken, what new alarm is this same?

The French haue re-enforc'd their scatter'd men:

Then euery souldiour kill his Prisoners,

Giue the word through. *Alarm*

Exit

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressly against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue-ry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliuie, and the Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done this slaughter: besides they haue burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd euery souldiour to cut his prisoners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was borne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower*: What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the pig was borne?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the gear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, saue the phrase is a litle variations.

Gow. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is borne.

I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of
d, I warrant you shall finde in the comparifons be-
Macedon & Monmouth, that the fituations looke
both alike. There is a Riuer in Macedon, & there
noreouer a Riuer at Monmouth, it is call'd Wye at
utb : but it is out of my praines, what is the name
ther Riuer : but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers
fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you
Alexanders life well, Harry of Monmouthes life is
fter it indifferent well, for there is figures in all
Alexander God knowes, and you know, in his
ad his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and
odes, and his displeafures, and his indignations,
) being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in
a and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend

Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd
his friends.

It is not well done (marke you now) to take the
t of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak
the figures, and comparifons of it : as Alexander
friend Clytus, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; fo
rry Monmouth being in his right wittes, and his
dgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the
illy doubler : he was full of iests, and gypes, and
es, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.

Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

That is he : Ile tell you, there is good men porne
mouth.

Heere comes his Maiesty.

*Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon
with prifoners. Flourish.*

I was not angry fince I came to France,
his infant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
ou vnto the Horfemen on yond hill :
will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
le the field : they do offend our fight.
I do neither, we will come to them,
like them sker away, as swift as ftones
d from the old Assyrian flings :
wee'l cut the throats of those we haue,
t a man of them that we shall take,
ste our mercy. Go and tell them fo.

Enter Montjoy.

Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege
His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

How now, what meanes this Herald ? Knowst
thou not,

haue fin'd these bones of mine for ranfome ?
thou againe for ranfome ?

No great King :

to thee for charitable Licenfes,
e may wander ore this bloody field,
te our dead, and then to bury them,
our Nobles from our common men.
ay of our Princes (woe the while)
wn'd and foak'd in mercenary blood :
ur vulgar drench their peasant limbes
l of Princes, and with wounded fteds
-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
ut their armed heeles at their dead mafters,
them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
r the field in safety, and difpofe
r dead bodies.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horfemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God, and not our strength for it :
What is this Castle call'd that ftands hard by.

Her. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crifpin Crifpianus.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please
your Maiesty) and your great Vncle Edward the Placke
Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought
a most prauie pattle here in France.

Kin. They did Fluellen.

Flu. Your Maiesty faves very true : If your Maiesties
is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good feruice in a
Garden where Leekees did grow, wearing Leekees in their
Monmouth cape, which your Maiesty know to this houre
is an honourable badge of the feruice : And I do beleue
your Maiesty takes no fcorne to weare the Leeke vppon
S. Tauias day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor :
For I am Welch you know good Countreiman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wath your Maie-
sties Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that :
God pleffe it, and preferue it, as long as it pleases his
Grace, and his Maiesty too.

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen.

Flu. By Iefhu, I am your Maiesties Countreiman, I
care not who know it : I will confesse it to all the Orid, I
need not to be ashamed of your Maiesty, praised be God
fo long as your Maiesty is an honest man.

King. Good keepe me fo.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King.

Kin. Souldier, why wear'ft thou that Gloue in thy
Cappe ?

Will. And't please your Maiesty, tis the gage of one
that I should fight withall, if he be aliuie.

Kin. An Englishman ?

Will. And't please your Maiesty, a Rascall that swag-
ger'd with me last night : who if aliuie, and euer dare to
challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe
a'th ere : or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he
swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliuie) I will
strike it out soundly.

Kin. What thinke you Captaine Fluellen, is it fit this
souldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine elfe, and't please
your Maiesty in my conscience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great
fort quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Ientleman as the diuel is,
as Lucifer and Belzebub himfelfe, it is necessary (looke
your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath : If hee
bee periur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a
villaine and a lacke fawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd
vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law

King. Then keepe thy vow firrab, when thou meet'ft
the fellow.

Will. So, I wil my Liege, as I liue.

King. Who feru'ft thou vnder ?

Will.

Will. Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literated in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege.

Exit.

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanfon* and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanfon*, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreefd at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

Exit.

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.

The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour, May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare.

It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick*:

If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word; Some sodaine mischiefe may arise of it:

For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant, And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder, And quickly will returne an iniurie.

Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.

Goe you with me, Vnckle of *Exeter*.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuersall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will giue Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alanfons*.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

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

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, heere is, praysd be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maiestie.

Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which

your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alanfon*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowlie Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanfon*, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Conscience now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;

Looke, heere is the fellow of it:

'Twas I indeed thou promis'd't to strike,

And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answer for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestie.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man: witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowlineffe: and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you bene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes, And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow, And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe, Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes: And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's mettell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and diffentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you be so pathfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now Herald, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaught'rd French.

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Vnckle?

Exe. *Charles* Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King, *John* Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchiquald*: Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead One hundred twentie six: added to these, Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen, Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which, Fieue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights. So that in these ten thousand they haue lost, There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries: The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And

ntlemen of blood and qualitie.
 mes of those their Nobles that lye dead:
Delabreth, High Constable of France,
 f *Chatillon*, Admirall of France,
 ster of the Crosse-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,
 lafter of France, the braue Sir *Guicbard Dolpbin*,
 ke of *Alanfon*, *Antonie* Duke of *Brabant*,
 ither to the Duke of *Burgundie*,
 ward Duke of *Barr*: of lustie Earles,
 ee and *Rouffe*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
 t and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Leffrale*.
 s a Royall fellowship of death.
 s the number of our English dead?
 the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,
 rrd *Kely*, *Dauy Gam* Elquire;
 fe of name: and of all other men,
 and twentie.

d, thy Arme was heere:
 : to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
 we all: when, without stratagem,
 laine shock, and euen play of Battaille,
 r knowne fo great and little losse?
 part and on th'other, take it God,
 none but thine.

'Tis wonderfull.
 Come, goe me in proceffion to the Village:
 it death proclaymed through our Hoast,
 of this, or take that praye from God,
 s his onely.

is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell
 ny is kill'd?

Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
 d fought for vs.

Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.

Doe we all holy Rights:
 e be fung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
 d with charitie enclosed in Clay:
 n to Callice, and to England then,
 e're from France arriu'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Cborus.

fe to those that haue not read the Story,
 nay prompt them: and of such as haue,
 y pray them to admit th'excuse
 , of numbers, and due course of things,
 :annot in their huge and proper life,
 presented. Now we beare the King
 Callice: Graunt him there; there teene,
 im away vpon your winged thought.,
 : the Sea: Behold the English beach
 the flood; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,
 houts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
 ike a mightie Whiffer 'fore the King,
 o prepare his way: So let him land,
 mnly see him set on to London.
 a pace hath Thought, that euen now
 y imagine him vpon Black-Heath:
 hat his Lords desire him, to haue borne
 fed Helmet, and his bended Sword
 im, through the Citie: he forbids it,

Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride;
 Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent,
 Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
 In the quick Forge and working-houfe of Thought,
 How London doth powre out her Citizens,
 The Maior and all his Brethren in best fort,
 Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
 With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,
 Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæsar* in:
 As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
 Were now the Generall of our gracious Emperre,
 As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
 Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
 How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
 To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
 Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.
 As yet the lamentation of the French
 Inuites the King of Englands stay at home:
 The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
 To order peace betweene them: and omit
 All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,
 Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France:
 There must we bring him; and my selfe haue play'd
 The *interim*, by remembering you 'tis past.
 Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
 After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.

Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your
 Leeke to day? *S. Dauies* day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore
 in all things: I will tell you asse my friend, Captaine
Gower; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowfie, praggling
Knaue Pistoll, which you and your selfe, and all the World,
 know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no
 merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and
 fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke:
 it was in a place where I could not breed no contention
 with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap
 till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
 piece of my desires.

Enter Pistoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turkey-
 cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turkey-
 cocks. God plesse you aunchient *Pistoll*: you scuruie low-
 fie Knaue, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, base
 Troian, to haue me sold vp *Parcas* fattall Web? Hence;
 I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scuruie lowfie Knaue, at
 my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate,
 looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not
 loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
 digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you
 to eate it.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes bim.*
 Will you be so good, scauld Knaue, as eate it?

Pist. Base Troian, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You say very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods
 will is: I will desire you to liue in the meane time, and
 eate your Victuals: come, there is sawce for it. You
 call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make
 you

you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gour. Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxcombe.

Piff. Must I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Piff. By this Leeke, I will most horribly reuenge I eate and eate I sweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to sweare by.

Piff. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

Flu. Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to see Leeke heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Piff. Good.

Flu. I, Leeke is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Piff. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

Piff. I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgells, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgells: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale your pate. *Exit*

Piff. All hell shall stirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vpon an honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophée of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds any of your words. I haue seene you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the natiue garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit*

Piff. Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now? Newes haue I that my Doll is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendezous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and there Ile steale:

And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres, And swore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel, the King, the Duke of Bourgogne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met; Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wishes To our most faire and Princely Cosine Katherine: And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriud, We do salute you Duke of *Burgogne*, And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, fairely met, So are you Princes (English) euery one.

Quee. So happy be the Issue brother Ireland Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hitherto haue borne In them against the French that met them in their bent, The fatall Balls of murdering Basiliskes: The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Quee. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall loue.

Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeouers, To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview; Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witness. Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You haue congregated: let it not disgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view, What Rub, or what Impediment there is, Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace, Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and ioyfull Births, Should not in this best Garden of the World, Our fertile France, put vp her louely Visage? Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd, And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes, Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.

Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart, Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd, Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre, Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas, The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary, Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rusts, That should deracinate such Sauagery: The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clouer, Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke; Conceiues by idlenesse, and nothing teemes, But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keksyes, Burres, Looking both beautie and vtilitie; And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges, Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildnesse. Euen so our Houses, and our selues, and Children, Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time, The Sciences that should become our Country; But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will, That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood, To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre, And euery thing that seemes vnnaturall. Which to reduce into our former fauour, You are assembled: and my speech entreats, That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace Should not expell these inconueniences, And blesse vs with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace, Whose want giues growth to th'imperfections Which you haue cited; you must buy that Peace With full accord to all our iust demands, Whose Tenures and particular effects You haue enchedul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet There is no Answer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before so vr'd, Lyes in his Answer.

I haue but with a curfellarie eye
 't the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace
 t some of your Councell presently
 vs once more, with better heed
 ey them; we will suddenly
 accept and peremptorie Answer.
 l. Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle *Exeter*,
 er *Clarence*, and you Brother *Gloucester*,
 and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
 with you free power, to ratifie,
 or alter, as your Wisdome best
 auantageable for our Dignitie,
 in or out of our Demands,
 e configne thereto. Will you, faire Sister,
 the Princess. or stay here with vs?
 ur gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
 Womans Voyce may doe some good,
 ticles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on.
 l. Yet leaue our Cousin *Katherine* here with vs,
 capitall Demand, compris'd
 e fore-ranke of our Articles.
 he hath good leaue. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manet King and Katherine.
 Faire *Katherine*, and most faire,
 ouchsafe to teach a souldier termes,
 ill enter at a Ladyes eare,
 le his Loue-suit to her gentle heart.
 our Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake
 and.
) faire *Katherine*, if you will loue me soundly
 French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-
 rokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you
Kate?
Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.
 An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an

Que dit il que le suū semblable a les Anges?
Tuy uerayment (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.
 l said so, deare *Katherine*, and I must not blush
 it.
) bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de

What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of
 all of deccits?

Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of de-
 is de Princesse.

The Princesse is the better English-woman:
 te, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am
 canst speake no better English, for if thou
 thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that
 ldst thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my
 I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but di-
 ay, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther,
 y, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Giue
 nswer, ysaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bar-
 w say you, Lady?

Sauf vostre bonneur, me vnderstand well.
 Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to
 your sake, *Kate*, why you vndid me: for the one
 ither words nor measure; and for the other, I
 trength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in

If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by
 nto my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe;
 : correction of bragging be it spoken, I should
 ape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my

Loue, or bound my Horse for her fauours, I could lay on
 like a Butcher, and fit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off. But
 before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out
 my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in protestation;
 onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vse till vrg'd,
 nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow
 of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth Sunne-bur-
 ning? that neuer lookes in his Glasse, for loue of any
 thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake
 to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this,
 take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but
 for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And
 while thou liu'st, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and
 vncoyned Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right,
 because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for
 these fellows of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselues
 into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reason themselues
 out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is
 but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will
 stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will
 grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
 hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the
 Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it
 shines bright, and neuer changes, but keeps his course
 truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me? and
 take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King.
 And what say'st thou then to my Loue? speake my faire,
 and fairely, I pray thee.

Katb. Is it possible dat I sould loue de ennemie of
 Fraunce?

King. No, it is not possible you should loue the Ene-
 mie of France, *Kate*; but in louing me, you should loue
 the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I
 will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine:
 and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours
 is France, and you are mine.

Katb. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am
 sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife
 about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; *Le*
quand sur le possession de Fraunce, Et quand vous auez le pos-
session de moy. (Let mee see, what then? Saint Dennis bee
 my speede) *Donc vostre est Fraunce, Et vous estes mienne.*
 It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to
 speake so much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in
 French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.

Katb. *Sauf vostre bonneur, le Francois ques vous parlez, il*
Et melieus que l'Anglois le quel le parle.

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy speaking of
 my Tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must
 needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'st
 thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue
 mee?

Katb. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? He
 aske them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night,
 when you come into your Closet, you'le question this
 Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to
 her dispraise those parts in me, that you loue with your
 heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather
 gentle Princesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou
 beest mine, *Kate*, as I haue a suuing Faith within me tells
 me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou
 must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder:
 Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint Dennis and Saint
 George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,

k that

that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. (Shall we not ? what say'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise : doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeauour for your French part of such a Boy ; and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuin deesse.*

Kate. Your Maiestee aue fause Frenche enough to deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now sye vpon my false French: by mine Honor in true English, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and vntempering effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stubborn out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Katherine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empreffe, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry of England*, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou haue me?

Kate. Dat is as it shall please *de Roy mon pere.*

King. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate.*

Kate. Den it fall also content me.

King. Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kate. *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may soy: Je ne veus point que vous abbaisse vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indignie Ieruiteur excuse moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate.*

Kate. *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisees deuant leur nopcese il net pas le costume de Fraunce.*

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en Anglish.

King. To kisse.

Lady. Your Maiestee entendre bettre que moy.

King. It is not a fashon for the Maids in Fraunce to kisse before they are marryed, would she say?

Lady. *Ouy verayment.*

King. O *Kate*, nice Customes curst to great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyft of a Countreyes fashon: wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the libertie that follows our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashon of your

Country, in denying me a Kisse: therefore and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in you: *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar them, then in the Tongues of the French Countrey: they should sooner perswade *Harry of England* generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere cor Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God saue your Maiestie, my Royall teach you our Princeesse English?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Cou perfectly I loue her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is shee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my on is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the Heart of Flatterer about me, I cannot so easily the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if you for that. If you would coniuere in her, make a Circle: if coniuere vp Loue in her in likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. blame her then, being a Maid, yet roe'd ouer Virgin Crimson of Modestie, if shee deny the: of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Countrey consent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord will teach her to know my meaning: for Maiden Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flies at a mew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes; they will endure handling, which before would be looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, as Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Countrey the latter end, and shee must be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many French Citie for one faire French Maid that stan way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them truly: the Citie turn'd into a Maid; for all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre tread.

England. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Countrey talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that the way for my Wish, shall shew me the way Will.

France. Wee haue consented to all termes son.

England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

Wife. The King hath graunted every Article: His Daughter first; and in sequele, all, According to their firme propos'd natures.

Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:
 your Maiestie demands, That the King of France
 any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall
 our Highnesse in this forme, and with this additi-
 on: *Nostre trescher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre*
de Fraunce: and thus in Latine; *Præclarissimus*
Her Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.

e. Nor this I haue not Brother so deny'd,
 request shall make me let it passe.
nd. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
 one Article ranke with the rest,
 reupon giue me your Daughter.
 Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp
 me, that the contending Kingdomes
 ce and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
 iuy of each others happinesse,
 se their hatred; and this deare Coniunction
 eighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
 sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre aduance
 ding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.
 Amen.

Now welcome *Kate*: and beare me witnesse all,
 re I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Flourish.

God, the best maker of all Marriages,
 e your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
 and Wife being two, are one in loue,
 ere 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spoufall,
 uer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie,

Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
 Thrust in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes,
 To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
 That English may as French, French Englishmen,
 Receiue each other. God speake this Amen.

All. Amen.

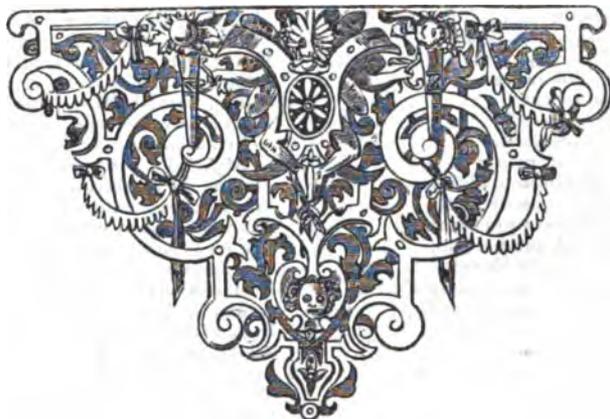
King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
 My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
 And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues.
 Then shall I sweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
 And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be.

Senet. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
 Our bending Author hath purfu'd the Story,
 In little roome confining mightie men,
 Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
 Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued
 This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
 By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued:
 And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
 Of France and England, did this King succeed:
 Whose State so many had the managing,
 That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
 Which oft our Stage hath showne; and for their sake,
 In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.





The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warwicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

BVng be y^e heauens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your crysell Tresses in the Skie,
And with them scourge the bad reuolting Stars,
That haue consented vnto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fift, too famous to liue long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Gloster. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deseruing to command,
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and droue back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne're list vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer shall reuiue:
Vpon a Wooden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
Or shall we thinke the subtil-witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verses haue contriu'd his end.

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings,
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his fight.

The Battailles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Gloster. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.

None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe,

Winch. *Gloster*, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and Realme.
Thy Wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloster. Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these larres, & rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;
In stead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auayle not, now that *Henry's* dead,
Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck,
Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I inuocate:
Prosper this Realme, keep it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then *Iulius Caesar*, or bright---

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guyen, Champagne, Rheimes, Orleans,
Paris, Guylors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou man, before dead *Henry's* Coarset
Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Gloster. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeilded vp?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd?

Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine seuerall Factions:
And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would haue lingring Warres, with little cost;
Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bed. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giue me my steeld Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermissiue Miseries.

Enter

Enter to them another Messenger.
 I view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
 Plotted from the English quite,
 petty Townes, of no import.
 Charles is crowned King in Rheimes:
 of Orleance with him is ioyn'd:
 of Aniou, doth take his part,
 Alanfon flyeth to his side. *Exit.*
 Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
 all we flye from this reproach?
 will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
 ou be slacke, Ile fight it out.
 why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?
 as I muster'd in my thoughts,
 ready France is ouer-run.

Enter another Messenger.
 gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
 ou now bedew King Henries hearfe,
 as you of a dismall fight,
 about Lord Talbot, and the French.
 wherein Talbot ouercame, is't so?
 no: wherein Lord Talbot was o'rethrown:
 since Ile tell you more at large.
 August last, this dreadfull Lord,
 in the Siege of Orleance,
 carce six thousand in his troupe,
 twentie thousand of the French
 compassed, and set vpon:
 did he to enranke his men.
 likes to set before his Archers:
 eof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
 in the ground confusedly,
 Horfemen off, from breaking in.
 three houres the fight continued:
 it Talbot, about humane thought,
 sers with his Sword and Lance.
 sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
 and euery where enrag'd, he flew.
 exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes,
 the Army stood agaz'd on him.
 spying his vndaunted Spirit,
 Talbot, cry'd out amaine,
 on the Bowels of the Battaile.
 Conquest fully been seal'd vp,
 if Staffe had not play'd the Coward.
 he Vauward, plac't behinde,
 to relieue and follow them,
 l, not hauing struck one stroake.
 he generall wrack and maffacre:
 e they with their Enemies.
 n, to win the Dolphins grace,
 t with a Speare into the Back,
 ance, with their chiefe assembled strength,
 fume to looke once in the face.
 Talbot slaine then? I will flay my selfe,
 y here, in pompe and ease,
 a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
 and foe-men is betray'd.
 no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,
 ales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
 rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.
 Ransome there is none but I shall pay.
 Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
 shall be the Ransome of my friend:
 in Lords Ile change for one of ours.

Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,
 Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
 To keepe our great Saint Georges Feast withall.
 Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
 3. Mess. So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,
 The English Army is growne weake and faint:
 The Earle of Salisbury craueth supply,
 And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,
 Since they so few, watch such a multitude.
 Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry sworne:
 Eyther to quell the Dolphin vtterly,
 Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.
 Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leaue,
 To goe about my preparation. *Exit Bedford.*
 Glos. Ile to the Tower with all the haft I can,
 To view th' Artillerie and Munition,
 And then I will proclayme young Henry King.
Exit Glosfer.
 Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
 Being ordayn'd his speciall Gouvernor,
 And for his safetie there Ile best deuise. *Exit.*
 Wincb. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
 I am left out; for me nothing remains:
 But long I will not be lack out of Office.
 The King from Eltam I intend to send,
 And sit at chiefeft Sterne of publike Weale.
Exit.

Sound a Flourish.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reigneir, marching
 with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. Mars his true mouing, euen as in the Heauens,
 So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
 Late did he shine vpon the English side:
 Now we are Victors, vpon vs he smiles,
 What Townes of any moment, but we haue?
 At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance:
 Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,
 Faintly besiege vs one houre in a moneth.
 Alan. They want their Porredge, & their fat Bul Beeces:
 Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,
 And haue their Prouender ty'd to their mouthes,
 Or pittous they will looke, like drowned Mice.
 Reigneir. Let's rayse the Siege: why liue we idly here?
 Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:
 Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd Salisbury,
 And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
 Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.
 Charles. Sound, found Alarum, we will rush on them.
 Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
 Him I forgiue my death, that killeth me,
 When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye. *Exeunt.*
 Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the
 English, with great losse.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reigneir.

Charles. Who euer saw the like? what men haue I?
 Dogges, Cowards, Daftards: I would ne're haue fled,
 But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.
 Reigneir. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide,
 He fighteth as one weary of his life:
 The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
 Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey.

k 3

Alanf. Froy-

Alanfon. *Froyfard*, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Oliuers* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne :
More truly now may this be verified ;
For none but *Samfons* and *Goliaffes*
It fendeth forth to skirmish : one to tenne ?
Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e're suppose,
They had fuch courage and audacitie ?
Charles. Let's leaue this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them ; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'le teare downe, then forake the Siege.
Reignier. I thinke by some odde Gimmors or Deuice
Their Armes are fet, like Clocks, still to strike on ;
Else ne're could they hold out fo as they doe :
By my confent, wee'le euen let them alone.
Alanfon. Be it fo.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin ? I haue newes
for him.

Dolpb. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to vs.

Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appal'd.
Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence ?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,
Ordayned is to rayse this tedious Siege,
And driue the English forth the bounds of France :
The Spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome :
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in ? beleue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallible.

Dolpb. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,
Reignier stand thou as Dolphin in my place ;
Question her proudly, let thy Lookes be sterne,
By this means shall we found what skill she hath.

Enter Ioane Pamel.

Reignier. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous
feats ?

Pamel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me ?
Where is the Dolphin ? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though neuer seene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me ;
In priuate will I talke with thee apart :
Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while.

Reignier. She takes vpon her brauely at first dash.

Pamel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepherds Daughter,
My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art :
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Loe, whilest I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Maieftie,
Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie :
Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.
In compleat Glory she reueal'd her selfe :
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,
That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.

Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer vnpremeditated :
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Resolue on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolpb. Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes:
Onely this prooffe Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me ;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Pamel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at Touraine, in *S. Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dolpb. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.

Pamel. And while I liue, Ile ne're fye from a man.

Here they fight, and Ioane de Pamel ouercomes.

Dolpb. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of *Debora*.

Pamel. Christs Mother helpe me, else I were too
weake.

Dolpb. Who e're helpe thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent *Pamel*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy seruant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.

Pamel. I must not yeeld to any rights of *Loeue*,
For my Profession's sacred from aboute :
When I haue chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.

Dolpb. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate
Thrall.

Reignier. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

Alanfon. Doubtlesse he shriues this woman to her smock,
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.

Reignier. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keeps so
meane ?

Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reignier. My Lord, where are you? what deuise you on?
Shall we giue o're Orleans, or no ?

Pamel. Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,
Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard.

Dolpb. What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight
it out.

Pamel. Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.
This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayse :
Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
Since I haue entred into these Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,
Disperfed are the glories it included :
Now am I like that proud insulting Ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bare at once.

Dolpb. Was *Mabomet* inspired with a Doue?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,
Nor yet *S. Philips* daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of *Venus*, false downe on the Earth,
How may I reuerently worship thee enough ?

Alanfon. Leaue off delayes, and let vs rayse the
Siege.

Reignier. Wo-

.Woman, do what thou canst to saue our honors,
 em from Orleans, and be immortalis'd!
 Presently wee'll try : come, let's away about it,
 het will I trust, if thee proue false. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloster, with his Seruing-men.

am come to suruey the Tower this day ;
 ries death, I feare there is Conueyance :
 e these Warders, that they wait not here ?
 : Gates, 'tis Gloster that calls.
der. Who's there, that knocks fo' imperiously ?
1. Man. It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.
der. Who ere he be, you may not be let in.
1. Villaines, answer you fo' the Lord Protector ?
der. The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
 no otherwise then wee are will'd.
 Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
 one Protector of the Realme, but I :
 p the Gates, Ile be your warrantize ;
 : flowted thus by dunghill Groomes ?
*losters men rusht at the Tower Gates, and Wooduile
 the Lieutenant speaks within.*
ile. What noyse is this? what Traytors haue
 ?
 iutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare ?
 : Gates, here's Gloster that would enter.
1. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
 inall of Winchester forbids :
 n I haue expresse commandement,
 u nor none of thine shall be let in.
 ajnt-hearted Wooduile, prizest him 'fore me?
Winchester, that haughtie Prelate,
 lenry our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke ?
 no friend to God, or to the King :
 Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.
1st. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,
 : burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchester
 and his men in Tawney Coates.*

1st. How now ambitious Vmpbeir, what meanes

Piel'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be

. I doe, thou most vsurping Proditor,
 Protector of the King or Realme.
 stand back thou manifest Conspirator,
 t contriu'd 'st to murder our dead Lord,
 t giu'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,
 t thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
 roceed in this thy insolence.
 Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot :
 Damascus, be thou curst Cain,
 y Brother Abel, if thou wilt.
 I will not slay thee, but Ile driue thee back :
 let Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
 carry thee out of this place.
 Doe what thou dar'st, I heard thee to thy

What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face ?
 1, for all this priuiledged place,
 ts to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,
 o tuggle it, and to cuffe you soundly.
 y feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:

In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
 Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.
Winch. Gloster, thou wilt answer this before the
 Pope.

Gloft. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
 Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay ?
 Thee Ile chafe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
 Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

*Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men,
 and enter in the burly-burly the Maior
 of London, and his Officers.*

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
 Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.

Gloft. Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs:
 Here's Beauford, that regards nor God nor King,
 Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his vse.

Winch. Here's Gloster, a Foe to Citizens,
 One that still motions Warre, and neuer Peace,
 O're-charging your free Purfes with large Fines ;
 That seekes to ouerthrow Religion,
 Because he is Protector of the Realme ;
 And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,
 To Crowne himselfe King, and suppress the Prince.

Gloft. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.
Here they skirmish againe.

Maior. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
 But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst, cry :

*All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day,
 against Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command
 you, in his Highnesse Name, to repays to your severall dwell-
 ling places, and not to weare, handle, or vse any Sword, Wea-
 pon, or Dagger hence-forward, vpon paine of death.*

Gloft. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law :
 But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.

Winch. Gloster, wee'll meet to thy cost, be sure :
 Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke.

Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
 This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill.

Gloft. Maior farewell : thou doo'st but what thou
 may'st.

Winch. Abhominable Gloster, guard thy Head,
 For I intend to haue it ere long. *Exeunt.*

Maior. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
 Good God, these Nobles should such stomacks beare,
 I my selfe fight not once in fortie yeere. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Master Gunner of Orleans, and
 his Boy.*

M. Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
 And how the English haue the Suburbs wonne.

Boy. Father I know, and oft haue shot at them,
 How e're vnfortunate, I mis'd my ayme.

M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
 Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,
 Something I must doe to procure me grace :
 The Princes espysals haue informed me,
 How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,
 Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,
 In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,
 And thence discouer, how with most aduantage
 They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault.
 To intercept this inconuenience,
 A Peece of Ordnance 'gainst it I haue plac'd,

And

And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,
If I could see them. (Now doe) thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouvernors.

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
Ile neuer trouble you, if I may spye them.

*Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,
with others.*

Salib. Talbot, my life, my ioy, againe return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?
Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the braue Lord Ponton de Santrayle,
For him was I exchanging, and ransom'd.
But with a baser man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me:
Which I disdain'g, scorn'd, and craued death,
Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But O, the trecherous *Falstaffe* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salib. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-
tain'd.

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique spectacle to all:

Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd stoncs out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others flye,
None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great feare of my Name'mongst them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And spurne in pieces Potts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
That walkt about me euery Minute while:
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salib. I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs looke in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir *Thomas Gargraue*, and Sir *William Glansdale*,
Let me haue your expresse opinions,
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gargraue. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands
Lords.

Glansdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the
Bridge.

Tal. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled.

*Here they shot, and
Salisbury falls downe.*

Salib. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners.

Gargraue. O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man.

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?
Speake *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst, speake:

Exit.

Exit.

How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?
Accur'd Tower, accur'd fatal Hand,
That hath contriud this wofull Tragedie.

In thirteene Battailles, *Salisbury* o'recame:
Henry the Fift he first trayn'd to the Warres.
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,
His Sword did ne're leaue striking in the field.
Yet liu'ft thou *Salisbury*? though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,
If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands.

Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargraue*, hast thou any life?
Speake vnto *Talbot*, nay, looke vp to him.
Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not dye whiles—

He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to auenge me on the French.

Plantaginet I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.
What firre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.
The Dolphin, with one *Ioane de Pussel* ioy'n'd,
A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,
Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

Here Salisbury listeth himselfe vp, and groanes.

Tal. Heare, heare, how dying *Salisbury* doth groane,
It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.

Frenchmen, Ile be a *Salisbury* to you.
Pussel or *Pussel*, Dolphin or Dog-fish,
Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.

Conuey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,
And then wee'le try what these daftard Frenchmen dare.
Alarum. Execunt.

*Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,
and driueth him: Then enter Ioane de Pussel,
driuing Englishmen before her.*

Then enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chafeth them.

Enter Pussel.

Here, here shee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:
Deuill, or Devils Dam, Ile coniure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st.

Pussel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace
thee. *Here they fight.*

Tal. Heauens, can you suffer Hell so to preuaile?
My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,
But I will chafstife this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Pussel. *Talbot* farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe victuall Orleance forthwith:

*A short Alarum: then enter the Towne
with Souldiers.*

take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.
 goe, cheare vp thy hungry-starued men,
Salisbury to make his Testament,
 Day is ours, as many more shall be. *Exit.*
b. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
 w not where I am, nor what I doe;
 tch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal*,
 back our troupes, and conquers as the lifts:
 es with smoake, and Doues with noyforme stench,
 rom their Hyues and Houfes driuen away.
 call'd vs, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges,
 like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.

Alarum.
 e Countrey-men, eyther renew the fight,
 ue the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
 nce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons stead:
 e run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe,
 orfe or Oxen from the Leopard,
 u flye from your oft-subdued flaues.

Alarum. Here another Skirmish.
 I not be, retyre into your Trenches:
 ill consented vnto *Salisburys* death,
 one would strike a stroake in his reuenge.
 is entred into Orleance,
 ght of vs, or ought that we could doe.
 uld I were to dye with *Salisbury*,
 hame hereof, will make me hide my head.

Exit Talbot.
Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Pussel, Dolpbin, Reignier, Alanfon, and Souldiers.

al. Advance our waving Colours on the Walls,
 'd is Orleance from the English.
Ioane de Pussel hath perform'd her word.
pb. Diuine Creature, *Afrees*' Daughter,
 shall I honour thee for this successe?
 romises are like *Adonis* Garden,
 one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
 e, triumph in thy glorious Prophetsse,
 er'd is the Towne of Orleance,
 blessed hap did ne're befall our State.
uir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
 ighout the Towne?
 in command the Citizens make Bonfires,
 east and banquet in the open streets,
 ebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.
af. All France will be repleat with mirth and ioy,
 they shall heare how we haue play'd the men.
pb. 'Tis *Ioane*, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
 hich, I will diuide my Crowne with her,
 ll the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
 in procession sing her endless prayse.
 eiyer *Pyramis* to her Ile reare,
Rhodopbe's or *Memphis* euer was.
 morie of her, when she is dead,
 shes, in an Vrne more precious
 the rich-iewel'd Coffer of *Darius*,
 ported, shall be at high Festiuals:
 the Kings and Queenes of France.
 nger on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
ane de Pussel shall be France's Saint.
 in, and let vs Banquet Royally,
 this Golden Day of Victorie.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
 If any noyse or Souldier you perceiue
 Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
 Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.
Sent. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors
 (When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds)
 Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling
 Ladders: Their Drummes beating a
 Dead March.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
 By whose approach, the Regions of *Artoys*,
Wallon, and *Picardy*, are friends to vs:
 This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
 Hauing all day carow'd and banquetted,
 Embrace we then this opportunitie,
 As fitting best to quittance their deceite,
 Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
 Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,
 To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.

Bur. Traitors haue neuer other company.
 But what's that *Pussel* whom they tearme so pure?
Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid? And be so martiall?
Bur. Pray God she proue not masculin ere long:
 If vnderneath the Standard of the French
 She carry Armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and conuerse with spirits.
 God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
 Let vs resolute scale their flinty bulwarkes.

Bed. Ascend braue *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,
 That we do make our entrance severall wayes:
 That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
 The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his graue.
 Now *Salisbury*, for thee and for the right
 Of English *Henry*, shall this night appeare
 How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.
Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

*The French leape ore the walles in their spirits. Enter
 severall wayes, Bastard, Alanfon, Reignier,
 halfe ready, and halfe vnready.*

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnreadie so?
Bast. Vnready? I and glad we scap'd so well.
Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,
 Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.
Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
 Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize

More

More venturous, or desperate then this.

Basf. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heauens sure fauour him.

Alanf. Here commeth *Charles*, I maruell how he sped?

Enter Charles and Ioane.

Basf. Tut, holy *Ioane* was his defensue Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Damer?

Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,

Make vs partakers of a little gayne,

That now our losse might be ten times so much?

Ioane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?

At all times will you haue my Power alike?

Sleeping or waking, must I still preuayle,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improuident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,

This sudden Mischiefe neuer could haue falne.

Charl. Duke of *Alanfon*, this was your default,

That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,

Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.

Alanf. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not bene thus shamefully surpris'd.

Basf. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night

Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieuing of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?

Ioane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,

How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:

And now there rests no other shift but this,

To gather our Souldiors, scatter'd and disperc't,

And lay new Plat-formes to endamage them.

Exeunt.

Alarm. *Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot:*
they flye, leauing their Clothes behind.

Sould. Ile be so bold to take what they haue left:

The Cry of *Talbot* serues me for a Sword,

For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,

Vsing no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,

Whose pitchy Mantle ouer-vayl'd the Earth.

Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *Retreat.*

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,

And here aduance it in the Market-Place,

The middle Centre of this cursed Towne.

Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:

For euery drop of blood was drawne from him,

There hath at least fise Frenchmen dyed to night.

And that hereafter Ages may behold

What ruine happened in reuenge of him,

Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect

A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:

Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,

Shall be engrau'd the sacke of Orleans,

The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,

And what a terror he had bene to France.

But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,

I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-come Champion, vertuous *Ioane* of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,

Row'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,

They did amongst the troupes of armed men,

Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discern,

For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,

Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,

When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,

Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doues,

That could not liue afunder day or night.

After that things are set in order here,

Wee'll follow them with all the power we haue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne

Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts

So much applauded through the Realme of France?

Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?

Mess. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of *Ouergne*,

With modestie admiring thy Renowne,

By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe

To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,

That she may boast she hath beheld the man,

Whose glory fills the World with loud report.

Burg. Is it euen so? Nay, then I see our *Warres*

Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,

When Ladyes craue to be encountred with.

You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.

Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men

Could not preuayle with all their Oratorie,

Yet hath a Womans kindnesse ouer-rul'd:

And therefore tell her, I returne great thanks,

And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your Honors beare me company?

Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:

And I haue heard it sayd, Vnbidden Guests

Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)

I meane to proue this Ladyes courtesie.

Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.

Whispers.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Countesse.

Count. Porter, remember what I gaue in charge,

And when you haue done so, bring the Keyes to me.

Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,

As Scythian *Tomyrus* by *Cyrus* death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,

And his atchievements of no lesse account:

Faine would mine eyes be witnessse with mine eares,

To giue their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,

By Message crau'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?

Mess. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?

Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad?

That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?

I see Report is fabulous and false.

I should haue seene some *Hercules*,
Hector, for his grim aspect,
 e proportion of his strong knit Limbes,
 is a Child, a silly Dwarf: :
 be, this weake and writhled shirme
 rike such terror to his Enemies.
 Madame, I haue bene bold to trouble you:
 your Ladyship is not at leysure,
 me other time to visit you.

What meanes he now?
 him, whither he goes?
 itay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craues,
 the cause of your abrupt departure?
 Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,
 certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.
 If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.
 Prisoner? to whom?

To me, blood-thirstie Lord:
 hat cause I trayn'd thee to my Houfe.
 e thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
 y Gallery thy Picture hangs:
 the substance shall endure the like,
 ll chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,
 : by Tyrannie these many yeeres
 our Countrey, flaine our Citizens,
 our Sonnes and Husbands captiuate.
 Ha, ha, ha.

Laughst thou Wretch?
 h shall turne to moane.
 I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
 e, that you haue ought but *Talbot's* shadow,
 : to practise your feueritie.
 Why? art not thou the man?
 I am indeede.

Then haue I substance too.
 No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:
 deceiu'd, my substance is not here;
 you see, is but the smallest part,
 t proportion of Humanitie:
 Madame, were the whole Frame here,
 ich a spacious loftie pitch,
 ofe were not sufficient to contain't.

This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
 e here, and yet he is not here:
 these contrarieties agree?

That will I shew you presently.
*Inds his Horne, Drummes strike vp, a Peake
 of Ordenance: Enter Souldiers.*

you Madame? are you now perswaded,
Talbot is but shadow of himselfe?
 e his substance, finewe, armes, and strength,
 ick he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
 our Cities, and subuertes your Townes,
 moment makes them desolate.

. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse,
 ou art no lesse then Fame hath bruid,
 e then may be gathered by thy shape.
 refumption not prouoke thy wrath,
 sorry, that with reuerence
 entertaine thee as thou art.
 Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconster
 de of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
 vard composition of his body.
 u haue done, hath not offended me:
 r satisfaction doe I craue,

But onely with your patience, that we may
 Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you haue,
 For Souldiers stomacks alwayes serue them well.

Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
 To feast so great a Warrior in my Houfe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset,
 Poole, and others.*

York. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
 What meanes this silence?

Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
 The Garden here is more conuenient.

York. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
 Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th'error?

Suff. Faith I haue bene a True in the Law,
 And neuer yet could frame my will to it,
 And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.

Som. Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then be-
 tweene vs.

War. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
 Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
 Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
 Between two Horfes, which doth beare him best,
 Between two Girles, which hath the merriest eye,
 I haue perhaps some shallow spirit of Iudgement:
 But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,
 Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.

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

Som. And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,
 So cleare, so shining, and so euident,
 That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.

York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,
 In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts:
 Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
 And stands vpon the honor of his birth,
 If he suppose that I haue pleaded truth,
 From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
 But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
 Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.

War. I loue no Colours: and without all colour
 Of base insinuating flatterie,
 I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet*.

Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young *Somerset*,
 And say withall, I thinke he held the right.

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
 Till you conclude, that he vpon whose side
 The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree,
 Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master *Vernon*, it is well obiected:
 If I haue fewest, I subscribe in silence.

York. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case,
 I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,
 Giuing my Verdict on the white Rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
 Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,
 And fall on my side so against your will.

Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
 Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
 And keepe me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on, who else?

Lawyer. Vn-

Lawyer. Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you ;
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

Yorke. Now *Somerſet*, where is your argument ?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

Yorke. Meane time your cheeks doe counterfeit our Roses:
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing
The truth on our ſide.

Som. No *Plantagenet* :

'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Blush for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confeſſe thy error.

Yorke. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerſet* ?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet* ?

Yorke. I, ſharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eates his falſhood.

Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,
That ſhall maintaine what I haue ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeene.

Yorke. Now by this Maiden Bloſſome in my hand,
I ſcorne thee and thy faſhion, peeuiſh Boy.

Suff. Turne not thy ſcornes this way, *Plantagenet*.

Yorke. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and ſcorne both him and
thee.

Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,
We grace the Yeoman, by conuerſing with him.

Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet* :

His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England :
Spring Cretleſſe Yeomen from ſo deepe a Root ?

Yorke. He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,
Or durſt not for his crauen heart ſay thus.

Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Chriſtendom.

Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes ?

And by his Treason, ſtand'ſt not thou attained,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry ?
His Treſpas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

Yorke. My Father was attached, not attained,
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor ;

And that Ile proue on better men then *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.

For your partaker *Poole*, and you your ſelfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,

To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion :
Looke to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou ſhalt finde vs ready for thee ſtill :
And know vs by theſe Colours for thy Foes,
For theſe, my friends in ſight of thee ſhall weare.

Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,
Vntill it wither with me to my Grate,
Or flouriſh to the height of my Degree.

Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition :
And ſo farwell, vntill I meet thee next. *Exit.*

Som. Haue with thee *Poole* : Farwell ambitious *Richard*. *Exit.*

Yorke. How I am brau'd, and muſt perforce endure
it ?

Warw. This blot that they obieſt againſt your Houſe,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,

Call'd for the Truce of *Wincheſter* and *Glouceſter* :

And if thou be not then created *Yorke*,
I will not liue to be accounted *Warwicke*.

Meane time, in ſignall of my loue to thee,
Againſt proud *Somerſet*, and *William Poole*,

Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.
And here I propheticke: this brawle to day,

Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall ſend betweene the Red-Roſe and the White,
A thouſand Soules to Death and deadly Night.

Yorke. Good Maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That thou on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.

Ver. In your behalfe ſtill will I weare the ſame.

Lawyer. And ſo will I.

Yorke. Thankes gentle.

Come, let vs foure to Dinner : I dare ſay,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.

Exeunt.

*Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chaire,
and Laylor.*

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelfe.

Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,

So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment :

And theſe gray Locks, the Purſuiuants of death,

Nefor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Neer-like end of *Edmund Mortimer*.

Theſe Eyes, like Lampes, whoſe waſting Oyle is ſpent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.

Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,

And pyth-leſſe Armes, like to a withered Vine,

That droupes his ſappe-leſſe Branches to the ground.

Yet are theſe Feet, whoſe ſtrength-leſſe ſtay is numme,

(Vnable to ſupport this Lumpe of Clay)

Swift-winged with deſire to get a Graue,

As witting I no other comfort haue.

But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come ?

Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come :

We ſent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,

And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.

Mort. Enough : my Soule ſhall then be ſatiſfied.

Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.

Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reigne,

Before whoſe Glory I was great in Armes,

This loathſome ſequeſtration haue I had ;

And euen ſince then, hath *Richard* bene obſcur'd,

Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.

But now, the Arbitrator of Deſpaires,

luſt Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miſeries,

With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſſe me hence :

I would his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,

That ſo he might recouer what was loſt.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.

Mort. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come ?

Rich. I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs'd,

Your Nephew, late deſpised *Richard*, comes.

Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,

And in his Boſome ſpend my latter gaſpe.

Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,

That I may kindly giue one fainting Kiſſe.

And now declare ſweet Stem from *Yorke*s great Stock,

Why diſt thou ſay of late thou wert deſpis'd ?

Rich. Firſt

leane thine aged Back against mine Arme,
 ease, Ile tell thee my Disease.
 argument vpon a Case,
 there grew 'twixt *Somerfet* and me:
 ich tearmes, he vs'd his lauish tongue,
 brayd me with my Fathers death;
 ouie set barres before my tongue,
 re like I had requited him.
 good Vnckle, for my Fathers sake,
 f a true *Plantagenet*,
 liance sake, declare the cause
 Earle of Cambridge, loft his Head.
 hat cause (faire Nephew) that imprifon'd me,
 letayn'd me all my flowing Youth,
 athsome Dungeon, there to pyne,
 Infrument of his deceafe.
 fcouer more at large what cause that was,
 norant, and cannot guesse.
 will, if that my fading breath permit,
 approach not, ere my Tale be done.
 fourth, Grandfather to this King,
 Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,
 gotten, and the lawfull Heire
 King, the Third of that Descent.
 ofe Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,
 Vfurpation moft vniust,
 my aduancement to the Throne.
 mou'd these Warlike Lords to this,
 at (young *Richard* thus remou'd,
 Heire begotten of his Body)
 text by Birth and Parentage:
 Mother, I deriued am
 i Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
 ward the Third; whereas hee,
 of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
 fourth of that Heroick Linee.
 as in this haughtie great attempt,
 red, to plant the rightfull Heire,
 ibertie, and they their Liues.
 this, when *Henry* the Fift
 g his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;
 r, Earle of Cambridge, then deriud
 us *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
 ny Sister, that thy Mother was;
 pittie of my hard distresse,
 Army, weening to redeeme,
 install'd me in the Diademe:
 rest, so fell that Noble Earle,
 eheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
 he Title rested, were supprest.
 f which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.
 ue; and thou feest, that I no Issue haue,
 ny fainting words doe warrant death:
 y Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather:
 wary in thy studious care.
 by graue admonishments preuayle with me:
 thinks, my Fathers execution
 g lesse then bloody Tyranny.
 ich silence, Nephew, be thou politick,
 d is the Houfe of *Lancaster*,
 Mountaine, not to be remou'd.
 y Vnckle is remouing hence,
 doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
 continuance in a settled place.
 Vnckle, would some part of my young yeeres
 redeeme the passage of your Age.

Mort. Thou do'st then wrong me, as y slaughterer doth,
 Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill.
 Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good,
 Onely giue order for my Funerall.
 And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
 And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Dyes.*
Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
 In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
 And like a Hermite ouer-past thy dayes.
 Well, I will locke his Councell in my Brest,
 And what I doe imagine, let that rest.
 Keepers conuey him hence, and I my selfe
 Will see his Buryall better then his Life. *Exit.*
 Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
 Choakt with Ambition of the meaner sort.
 And for those Wrongs, those bitter Injuries,
 Which *Somerfet* hath offer'd to my House,
 I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.
 And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
 Eyther to be restored to my Blood,
 Or make my will th'aduantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloster, Wincheste, Warwick,
Somerfet, *Suffolk*, *Richard Plantagenet*. *Gloster* offers
 to put up a Bill. *Wincheste* snatches it, teares it.

Winch. Com'ft thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
 With written Pamphlets, studiously deuiz'd?
Humsfrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
 Or ought intend't to lay vnto my charge,
 Doe it without inuention, suddenly,
 As I with sudden, and extemporall speech,
 Purpose to answer what thou canst obiect.
Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place comands my patience,
 Or thou should'st finde thou hast dis-honor'd me.
 Thinke not, although in Writing I prefer'd
 The manner of thy vile outrageous Crymes,
 That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Penne.
 No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickednesse,
 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious prancs,
 As very Infants prattle of thy pride.
 Thou art a most pernicious Vsurer,
 Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,
 Lasciuious, wanton, more then well becomes
 A man of thy Profession, and Degree.
 And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifest?
 In that thou layd'st a Trap to take my Life,
 As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
 Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
 The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt
 From enuius mallice of thy swelling heart.
Winch. *Gloster*, I doe desie thee. Lords vouchsafe
 To giue me hearing what I shall reply.
 If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerse,
 As he will haue me: how am I so poore?
 Or how haps it, I seeke not to aduance
 Or rayse my selfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.
 And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace
 More then I doe? except I be prouok'd.
 No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
 It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
 It is because no one should sway but hee,
 No one, but hee, should be about the King;
 And that engenders Thunder in his breast,

1

And

And makes him rore these Accufations forth.

But he shall know I am as good.

Gloft. As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,

But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Gloft. Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest?

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Gloft. Yes, as an Out-law in a Cattle keepes,
And vseth it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Vnreuerent Gloucester.

Gloft. Thou art reuerent,

Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remedie this.

Warw. Roame thither then.

My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.

Som. I, see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:

Me thinks my Lord should be Religious,

And know the Office that belongs to such.

Warw. Me thinks his Lordship should be humbler,

It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.

Warw. State holy, or vnhallo'd, what of that?

Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,

Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:

Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?

Else would I haue a fling at *Winchester*.

King. Vnckles of *Gloster*, and of *Winchester*,

The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,

I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,

To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.

Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,

That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?

Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,

Ciuill diffention is a viperous Worme,

That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

*A noyse within, Downe with the
Tawny-Coats.*

King. What tumult's this?

Warw. An Vpror, I dare warrant,

Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,

Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:

The Bishop, and the Duke of *Glosters* men,

Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,

Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;

And banding themselves in contrary parts,

Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,

That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:

Our Windows are broke downe in euery Street,

And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray' Vnckle *Gloster* mitigate this strife.

1. *Seruing.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'll fall
to it with our Teeth.

2. *Seruing.* Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Skirmish againe.

Gloft. You of my household, leaue this peeuisish broyle,
And let this vnaccustom'd fight aside.

3. *Seru.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Iust, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,

Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:

And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,

So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,

To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,

Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,

And haue our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes.

1. *Seru.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin againe.

Gloft. Stay, stay, I say:

And if you loue me, as you say you doe,

Let me perswade you to forbear a while.

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.

Can you, my Lord of *Winchester*, behold

My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?

Who should be pittifull, if you be not?

Or who should stude to preferre a Peace,

If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester*,

Except you meane with obstinate repulfe

To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme.

You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,

Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.

Gloft. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,

Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest

Should euer get that priuiledge of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of *Winchester*, the Duke

Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,

As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:

Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?

Gloft. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.

King. Fie Vnckle *Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,

That Mallice was a great and grieuous sinne:

And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?

But proue a chiefe offendor in the same.

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:

For shame my Lord of *Winchester* relent;

What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of *Gloster*, I will yeeld to thee

Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.

Gloft. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.

See here my Friends and louing Countrey men,

This token serueth for a Flagg of Truce,

Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:

So helpe me God, as I disseemble not.

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of *Gloster*,

How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.

Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,

But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done.

1. *Seru.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

2. *Seru.* And so will I.

3. *Seru.* And I will see what Physick the Tauerne af-
fords. *Exeunt.*

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We doe exhibite to your Maiestie.

Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*: for sweet Prince,

And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,

You haue great reason to doe *Richard* tight,

Especially for those occasions

At *Eltam Place* I told your Maiestie.

King. And

And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force :
 e my louing Lords, out pleasure is
 hard be restored to his Blood.
 . Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
 his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.
 . As will the rest, so willethe *Winchester*.
 If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,
 he whole Inheritance I giue,
 h belong vnto the House of *Yorke*,
 ience you spring, by Lineall Descent.
 Thy humble seruant voves obedience,
 nble seruice, till the point of death.
 Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
 eguardon of that dutie done,
 ee with the valiant Sword of *Yorke* :
Richard, like a true *Plantagenet*,
 created Princely Duke of *Yorke*.
 And so thriue *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,
 ny dutie springs, so perish they,
 idge one thought against your Maiesty.
 Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke*.
 Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Yorke*.
 Now will it best auaille your Maiesty,
 : the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France :
 ience of a King engenders loue
 : his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,
 -animates his Enemies.
 When *Gloster* sayes the word, King *Henry* goes,
 dly counsaile cuts off many Foes.
 Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse.
Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.
 I, we may march in England, or in France,
 ng what is likely to ensue :
 : diffention growne betwixt the Peeres,
 nder fained ashes of forg'd loue,
 l at last breake out into a flame,
 d members rot but by degree,
 :s and flesh and sinewes fall away,
 his base and enuious discord breed.
 r I feare that fatall Prophecie,
 n the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fift,
 he mouth of every sucking Babe,
 ry borne at Monmouth should winne all,
 ry borne at Windfor, loose all :
 : so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish,
 : may finish, ere that haplesse time. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

*ter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiors with
 Sacks upon their backs.*
 . These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
 which our Pollicy must make a breach.
 ed, be wary how you place your words,
 ke the vulgar sort of Market men,
 ne to gather Money for their Corne.
 ue entrance, as I hope we shall,
 t we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,
 signe giue notice to our friends,
 arles the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City,
 And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,
 Therefore wee'le knock. *Knock.*

Watch. Cbe la.
Pucell. Peajsans la poure gens de Fraunce,
 Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.
Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.
Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the
 ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.
Charles. Saint *Dennis* bleffe this happy Stratageme,
 And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan.

Bastard. Here entred *Pucell*, and her Practisants :
 Now she is there, how will she specifie ?
 Here is the best and safest passage in.

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
 Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,
 No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred.

*Enter Pucell on the top, tbrusting out a
 Torch burning.*
Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
 That ioyneth Roan vnto her Countrey men,
 But burning fatall to the *Talbonites*.

Bastard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
 The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Reuenge,
 A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Deferre no time, delays haue dangerous ends,
 Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,
 And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarum.*

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excurfion.
Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,
 If *Talbot* but suriue thy Trecherie.
Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,
 Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe vnwares,
 That hardly we escap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*

*An Alarum: Excurfions. Bedford brought
 in sick in a Chayre.*

*Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell,
 Charles, Bastard, and Reigneir on the Walls.*

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
 I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,
 Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.

'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?
Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,
 I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
 And make thee curse the Haruest of that Corne.

Charles. Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that
 time.

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Treason.

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
 Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,
 Within a Chayre.

Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,
 Incompass'd with thy lustfull Paramours,
 Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
 And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead?
 Damsell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,
 Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.

Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,
 If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whisper together in counsell.
 God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?
 1 2 *Talb. Dare*

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?
Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles,
 To try if that our owne be ours, or no.

Talb. I speake not to that rayling *Hecate*,
 But vnto thee *Alanfon*, and the rest.
 Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?

Alanf. Seignior no.

Talb. Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,
 Like Pefant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
 And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.

Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get vs from the Walls,
 For *Talbot* meanes no goodnesse by his Lookes.
 God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you
 That wee are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.*

Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
 Or else reproach be *Talbot's* greatest fame.
 Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of thy House,
 Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,
 Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.

And I, as sure as English *Henry* liues,
 And as his Father here was Conqueror;
 As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,
 Great *Cordelions* Heart was buryed;
 So sure I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye.

Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy
 Vowes.

Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
 The valiant Duke of *Bedford*: Come my Lord,
 We will bestow you in some better place,
 Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age.

Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, doe not so dishonour me:
 Here will I sit, before the Walls of *Roan*,
 And will be partner of your weale or woe.

Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let vs now perfwade you.

Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
 That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
 Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
 Me thinkes I should reuiue the Souldiors hearts,
 Because I euer found them as my selfe.

Talb. Vndaunted spirit in a dying breast,
 Then be it so: Heauens keepe old *Bedford* safe.
 And now no more adoe, braue *Burgonie*,
 But gather we our Forces out of hand,
 And set vpon our boasting Enemie. *Exit.*

*An Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir Iohn
 Falstaffe, and a Captaine.*

Capt. Whither away Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, in such hast?
Falst. Whither away? to saue my selfe by flight,
 We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.

Capt. What? will you flye, and leaue Lord *Talbot*?

Falst. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to saue my life.

Exit.

Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. *Exit.*

*Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alanfon, and
 Charles flye.*

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please,
 For I haue seene our Enemies ouerthrow.
 What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
 Are glad and faine by flight to saue themselues.

Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

*An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and
 the rest.*

Talb. Loft, and recovered in a day againe,
 This is a double Honor, *Burgonie*:
 Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie.

Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
 Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
 Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.

Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucel* now?
 I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.

Now where's the Bastards braues, and *Charles* his glikes?
 What all amorst? *Roan* hangs her head for grieft,
 That such a valiant Company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the Towne,
 Placing therein some expert Officers,
 And then depart to Paris, to the King,
 For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.

Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgonie*.

Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
 The Noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd,
 But see his Exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*.

A brauer Souldier neuer couched Launce,
 A gentler Heart did neuer sway in Court.
 But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
 For that's the end of humane miserie. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanfon, Pucell.

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
 Nor grieue that *Roan* is so recovered:
 Care is no cure, but rather corrosiue,
 For things that are not to be remedy'd.
 Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
 And like a Peacock sweep along his tayle,
 Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
 If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Charles. We haue been guided by thee hitherto,
 And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
 One sudden Foyle shall neuer breed distrust.

Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,
 And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alanf. Wee'le set thy Statue in some holy place,
 And haue thee reuerenc't like a blessed Saint.
 Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.

Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth *Ioane* deuise:
 By faire perfwasions, mixt with sugred words,
 We will entice the Duke of *Burgonie*
 To leaue the *Talbot*, and to follow vs.

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
 France were no place for *Henries* Warriors,
 Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs,
 But be extirped from our Prouinces.

Alanf. For euer should they be expuls'd from France,
 And not haue Title of an Earledome here.

Pucell. Your Honors shall perceiue how I will worke,
 To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drumme sounds a sarre off.

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceiue
 Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English March.

There goes the *Talbot*, with his Colours spread,
 And all the Troupes of English after him.

French

French March.

Reeward comes the Duke and his
faour makes him lagge behinde.
Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets found a Parley.

A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.
Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?
The Princely Charles of France, thy Countrey-

What say'st thou Charles? for I am marching

Speake Pucell, and enchaunt him with thy

braue Burgonie, vndoubted hope of France,
A humble Hand-maid speake to thee.
peake on, but be not ouer-tedious.
ooke on thy Countrey, look on fertile France,
e Cities and the Townes defac't,

Ruine of the cruell Foe,
the Mother on her lowly Babe,
th doth close his tender-dying Eyes.

oping Maladie of France :

Wounds, the most vnaturall Wounds,
u thy selfe hast giuen her wofull Brest.
thy edged Sword another way,
: that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe :

of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,
ee thee more then streames of forraigne gore.

ue therefore with a flood of Teares,

away thy Countries stayned Spots.

ither she hath bewitcht me with her words,

makes me suddenly relent.

ides, all French and France exclaimes on thee,

by Birth and lawfull Progenie.

It thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,

not trust thee, but for profits sake?

her hath set footing once in France,

a'd thee that Instrument of Ill,

but English Henry, will be Lord,

be thrust out, like a Fugitive?

minde, and marke but this for prooffe:

ie Duke of Orleance thy Foe?

ie not in England Prisoner?

they heard he was thine Enemy,

im free, without his Ranfome pay'd,

f Burgonie and all his friends.

ou fight'st against thy Countrey-men,

l with them will be thy slaughter-men.

e, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,

the rest will take thee in their armes.

I am vanquished :

ghtie wordes of hers

ed me like roaring Cannon-shot,

me almost yeeld vpon my knees.

: Countrey, and sweet Countrey-men :

accept this heartie kind embrace.

and my Power of Men are yours.

Talbot, Ile no longer trust thee.

Done like a Frenchman : turne and turne a-

Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes

. And doth beget new Courage in our

ucell hath brauely play'd her part in this,

leserue a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let vs on, my Lords,
And ioyne our Powers,
And seeke how we may preiudice the Foe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke,
Somerset, Warwick, Exeter : To them, with
his Souldiors, Talbot.*

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arriall in this Realme,
I haue a while giuen Truce vnto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.
In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses,
Twelue Cities, and seuen walled Townes of strength,
Beside fise hundred Prisoners of esteeme;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet :
And with submissiue loyaltie of heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, Vnckle Gloucester,
That hath so long bene resident in France?

Gloster. Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord.

When I was young (as yet I am not old)

I doe remember how my Father said,

A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword.

Long since we were resolu'd of your truth,

Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre :

Yet neuer haue you tasted our Reward,

Or benee reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,

Because till now, we neuer saw your face.

Therefore stand vp, and for these good delerts,

We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,

And in our Coronation take your place.

Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Vernon and Bassett.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke
Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?

Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The enuious barking of your sawcie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as Yorke.

Vern. Hearke ye: not so: in witnesse take ye that.

Strikes him.

Bass. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
But Ile vnto his Maiestie, and craue,
I may haue libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see, Ile meet thee to thy cost.

Vern. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you,
And after meete you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.

www.AeliusQuantus.n Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Talbot, and Governour Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne vpon his head.

Win. God saue King Henry of that name the sixt.

Glo. Now Governour of Paris take your oath,

That you elect no other King but him;

Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends,

And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend

Malicious practises against his State :

This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,

To haste vnto your Coronation :

A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands,

Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee :

I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next,

To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge,

Which I haue done, because (vnworthily)

Thou wast installed in that High Degree.

Pardon me Princely Henry, and the rest :

This Dastard, at the battell of Poitiers,

When (but in all) I was fixe thousand strong,

And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,

Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.

In which assault, we lost twelue hundred men.

My selfe, and diuers Gentlemen beside,

Were thete surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.

Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse :

Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare

This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no ?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill beseming any common man ;

Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,

Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth ;

Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,

Such as were growne to credit by the warres :

Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,

But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.

He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,

Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight,

Prophaning this most Honourable Order,

And should (if I were worthy to be Iudge)

Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,

That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight :

Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.

And now Lord Protector, view the Letter

Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd
his Stile ?

No more but plaine and bluntly ? (To the King.)

Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne ?

Or doth this churlish Supercription

Pretend some alteration in good will ?

What's heere ? I haue vpon especiall cause,

Mou'd with compassion of my Countries wracke,

Together with the pittifull complaints

Of such as your oppression feedes vpon,

Forsoaken your pernicious Faction,

And ioyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.

O monstrous Treachery : Can this be so ?

That in alliance, amity, and oathes,

There should be found such false dissembing guile ?

King. What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt ?

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe ?

Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.

King. Why then Lord Talbot there shal talk with him,

And giue him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you (my Lord) are you not content ?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But y I am preuented,

I should haue begg'd I might haue bene employd.

King. Then gather strength, and march vnto him

straight :

Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treason,

And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still

You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Bassu.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.

Bas. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.

Yorke. This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine (sweet Henry) fauour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to speak.

Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,

And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom ?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong, wherof you both complain

First let me know, and then Ile answer you.

Bas. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,

This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,

Vpbraided me about the Rose I weare,

Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaues

Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes :

When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,

About a certaine question in the Law,

Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him :

With other vile and ignominious tearmes.

In confutation of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,

I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)

For though he seame with forged queint conceits

To set a glosse vpon his bold intent,

Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,

And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,

Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower,

Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart.

Yorke. Will not this malice Somerset be left ?

Som. Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, wil out,

Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in brainsicke men,

When for so slight and friuolous a cause,

Such factious æmulations shall arise ?

Good Cousins both of Yorke and Somerset,

Quiet your selues (I pray) and be at peace.

Yorke. Let this disension first be tried by fight,

And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,

Betwixt our selues let vs decide it then.

Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.

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

Bass.

Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord.
 Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,
 if ye with your audacious prate,
 stuous vassals, are you not asham'd
 his immodest clamorous outrage,
 ble and disturbe the King, and Vs?
 a my Lords, me thinks you do not well
 e with their peruerse Obiections:
 esse to take occasion from their mouthes,
 : a mutiny betwixt your selues,
 perswade you take a better course.

It greeces his Highnesse,
 y Lords, be Friends.

: Come hither you that would be Combatants:
 irth I charge you, as you loue our fauour,
 forget this Quarrell, and the cause.

o my Lords: Remember where we are,
 ce, amongst a fickle wauering Nation:
 perceyue dissention in our lookes,
 at within our selues we disagree;
 ill their grudging stomackes be prouok'd
 ill Disobedience, and Rebell?
 What infamy will there arise,
 forraigne Princes shall be certified,
 r a toy, a thing of no regard,
 enries Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,
 d themselues, and lost the Realme of France?

ike vpon the Conquest of my Father,
 ser yeares, and let vs not forgoe
 r a trifle, that was bought with blood.

be Vmper in this doubtfull strife:
 reason if I weare this Rose,
 y one should therefore be suspitious
 incline to Somerset, than Yorke:
 e my kinmen, and I loue them both.

they may vpbray'd me with my Crowne,
 (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
 r discretions better can perswade,

am able to instruct or teach:
 before, as we hither came in peace,
 s still continue peace, and loue.

f Yorke, we institute your Grace
 ur Regent in these parts of France:
 od my Lord of Somerset, vnite
 roopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,
 e true Subiects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
 resfully together, and digest
 rgy Choller on your Enemies.

fe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
 me respit, will returne to Calice;
 ence to England, where I hope ere long
 resent by your Victories,
 barles, Alanfon, and that Traiterous rout.

Exeunt. Manes Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.

My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King
 (me thought) did play the Orator.)

: And so he did, but yet I like it not,
 he weares the badge of Somerset.

. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not,
 resume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.

. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,
 flayres must now be managed. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Manes Exeter.

Well didst thou Richard to suppress the voice:
 the passions of thy heart burst out,
 we should haue seene decipher'd there

More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,
 Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:
 But howsoere, no simple man that sees
 This iarring discord of Nobilitie,
 This shouldering of each other in the Court,
 This factious bandying of their Fauourites,
 But that it doth preface some ill euent.
 'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
 But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuision,
 There comes the ruine, there begins confusion. *Exit.*

*Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme,
 before Burdeaux.*

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,
 Summon their Generall vnto the Wall. *Sounds.*

Enter Generall aloft.

English *John Talbot* (Captaines) call you forth,
 Seruant in Armes to Harry King of England,
 And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
 Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours,
 And do him homage as obedient Subiects,
 And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
 But if you frowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
 Who in a moment, eeuē with the earth,
 Shall lay your stately, and ayre-brauing Towers,
 If you forsake the offer of their loue.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
 Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,
 The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
 On vs thou canst not enter but by death:
 For I protest we are well fortified,
 And strong enough to issue out and fight.
 If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.
 On either hand thee, there are Squadrons pitcht,
 To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
 And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,
 But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face:
 Ten thousand French haue tane the Sacrament,
 To ryue their dangerous Artillerie
 Vpon no Christian soule but English *Talbot*:
 Loc, there thou standst a breathing valiant man
 Of an inuincible vnconquer'd spirit:
 This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,
 That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
 For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,
 Finish the proceffe of his sandy houre,
 These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
 Sings heauy Mucicke to thy timorous soule,
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit*

Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemy:
 Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
 O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,
 How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
 A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
 If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
 Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
 But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,

Turne

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
 And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay :
 Sell euery man his life as deere as mine,
 And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.
 God, and S. George, Talbot and Englands right,
 Proper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

*Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke
 with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.*

Yorke. Are not the Speedy Scouts return'd againe,
 That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin ?

Mess. They are return'd my Lord, and giue it out,
 That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
 To fight with Talbot as he march'd along.
 By your espysals were discouered

Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
 Which ioy'd with him, and made their march for
 (Burdeaux

Yorke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerset,
 That thus delays my promised supply
 Of horsemen, that were leui'd for this siege.
 Renowned Talbot doth expect my ayde,
 And I am lowtd by a Traitor Villaine,
 And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier :
 God comfort him in this necessity :
 If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messenger.

2. Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,
 Neuer so needfull on the earth of France,
 Spurre to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
 Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,
 And hem'd about with grim destruction :
 To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,
 Else farwell Talbot, France, and Englands honor.

Yorke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
 Doth stop my Cornets, were in Talbots place,
 So should wee saue a valiant Gentleman,
 By forfeiting a Traitor, and a Coward :
 Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
 That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.

Mess. O send some succour to the distressed Lord.

Yorke. He dies, we loose : I breake my warlike word :
 We mourne, France smiles : We loose, they dayly get,
 All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

Mess. Then God take mercy on braue Talbots soule,
 And on his Sonne yong Iohn, who two houres since,
 I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father ;
 This seuen yeeres did not Talbot see his sonne,
 And now they meete where both their liues are done.

Yorke. Alas, what ioy shall noble Talbot haue,
 To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Graue :
 Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,
 That sundred friends greete in the houre of death.

Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, Bloys, Poytiers, and Toures, are wonne away,
 Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Mess. Thus while the Vulture of sedition,
 Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,
 Sleeping neglectiō doth betray to losse :
 The Conquest of our scarfe-cold Conqueror,
 That euer-liuing man of Memorie,
Henric the first : Whiles they each other crosse,
 Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse.

Exit

Enter Somerset with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now :
 This expedition was by Yorke and Talbot,
 Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
 Might with a fall of the very Towne
 Be buckled with : the ouer-daring Talbot
 Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor
 By this vnbeedfull, desperate, wilde aduerture :
 Yorke set him on to fight, and dye in shame,
 That Talbot dead, great Yorke might beare the name.

Cap. Heere is Sir William Lucie, who with me
 Set from our ore-match forces forth for ayde.

Som. How now Sir William, whether were you sent ?

Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L. Talbot,
 Who ring'd about with bold aduertise,
 Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset,
 To beate assaying death from his weake Regions,
 And whiles the honourable Captaine there
 Drops bloody swet from his warre-wearied limbes,
 And in aduantage lingring lookes for rescue,
 You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,
 Keepe off aloofe with worthlesse emulation :
 Let not your priuate discord keepe away
 The leui'd succours that should lend him ayde,
 While he renowned Noble Gentleman
 Yeld vp his life vnto a world of odde.
 Orleance the Bastard, Charles, Burgundie,
 Alanjon, Reignard, compasse him about,
 And Talbot perissheth by your default.

Som. Yorke set him on, Yorke should haue sent him
 ayde.

Luc. And Yorke as fast vpon your Grace exclaimes,
 Swearing that you with-hold his leui'd hoast,
 Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lyes : He might haue sent, & had the Horse
 I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Loue,
 And take soule scorne to fawne on him by sending.

Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
 Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded Talbot :
 Neuer to England shall he beare his life,
 But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen frait :
 Within fixe houres, they will be at his ayde.

Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,
 For flye he could not, if he would haue fled :
 And flye would Talbot neuer though he might.

Som. If he be dead, braue Talbot then adieu.

Lu. His Fame liues in the world . His Shame in you.
Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong Iohn Talbot, I did send for thee
 To tutor thee in stratagems of Warre,
 That Talbots name might be in thee reuiu'd,
 When saplesse Age, and weake vnble limbes
 Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
 But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
 Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death,
 A terrible and vnauoyded danger :
 Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
 And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape
 By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

Iohn. Is my name Talbot ? and am I your Sonne ?

Shall

I I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,
 not her Honorable Name,
 : a Bastard, and a Slaue of me:
 rld will say, he is not *Talbot* blood,
 ely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.
 Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be slaine.
 He that flies so, will ne're returne againe.
 If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.
 Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:
 He is great, so your regard should be;
 : h vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
 y death, the French can little boast;
 they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 innot stayne the Honor you haue wonne,
 e it will, that no Exploit haue done.
 for Vantage, every one will sweare:
 bow, they'le say it was for feare.
 no hope that euer I will stay,
 ft howe I shrinke and run away:
 my knee I begge Mortalitie,
 hen Life, preferu'd with Infamie.
 Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?
 I, rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.
 Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe.
 To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.
 Part of thy Father may be sau'd in thee.
 No part of him, but will be shame in mee.
 Thou neuer hadst Renowme, nor canst not lose it.
 Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?
 Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from y' staine.
 You cannot witness for me, being slaine.
 be so apparant, then both flye.
 And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?
 was neuer tainted with such shame.
 And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?
 : can I be feuered from your side,
 n your selfe, your selfe in twaine diuide:
 , doe what you will, the like doe I;
 I will not, if my Father dye.
 Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,
 : eclipse thy Life this afternoone:
 ie by side, together liue and dye,
 ile with Soule from France to Heauen flye. *Exit.*

*Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne
 is bemo'd about, and Talbot
 rescues him.*

Saint George, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
 gent bath with *Talbot* broke his word,
 : vs to the rage of France his Sword.
 s *Iohn Talbot*? pause, and take thy breath,
 see Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.
 O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
 : thou gau'ft me first, was lost and done,
 thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,
 letermind time thou gau'ft new date.
 hen frō the *Dolphins* Crest thy Sword struck fire,
 'd thy Fathers heart with prou'd desire
 'fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
 'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
 vne *Alanson*, *Orleanse*, *Burgundie*,
 m the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.
 ull Bastard *Orleanse*, that drew blood
 ee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
 irft fight, I soone encountred,
 exchanging blowes, I quickly shed

Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
 Bepoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
 And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
 Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
 Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my braue Boy.
 Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
 Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:
 Art thou not wearie, *Iohn*? How do'st thou fare?
 Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and fie,
 Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chiuallrie?
 Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,
 The helpe of one stands me in little dead.
 Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our liues in one small Boat.
 If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
 To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.
 By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,
 'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.
 In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name,
 My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
 All these are sau'd, if thou wilt flye away.

Iohn. The Sword of *Orleanse* hath not made me smart,
 These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
 On that aduantage, bought with such a shame,
 To saue a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
 Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
 The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye:
 And like me to the pesant Boyes of France,
 To be Shames scorne, and subiect of Mischance.
 Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,
 And if I flye, I am not *Talbot*'s Sonne.
 Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
 If Sonne to *Talbot*, dye at *Talbot*'s foot.

Talb. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creet,
 Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
 And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride. *Exit.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter old
 Talbot led.*

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
 O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *Iohn*?
 Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,
 Young *Talbot*'s Valour makes me smile at thee.
 When he perceiu'd me shrinke, and on my Knee,
 His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee,
 And like a hungry Lyon did commence
 Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:
 But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
 Tendring my ruine, and assayl'd of none,
 Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clustring Battaile of the French:
 And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
 His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
 My *Icarus*, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.

Seru. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.
Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'ft vs here to scorn,
 Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
 Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
 In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie.

O thou whose wounds become hard faoured death,
 Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
 Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
 Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinks, as who should say,
 Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
 My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
 Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
 Now my old armes are yong *John Talbots* graue. *Dyes*

*Enter Charles, Alanfon, Burgundie, Bastard,
 and Pucell.*

Char. Had Yorke and Somersset brought rescue in,
 We should haue found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the yong whelp of *Talbots* raging wood,
 Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood.
Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I said:
 Thou Maiden youth, be vanquish't by a Maide.
 But with a proud Maiesticall high scorene
 He answer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
 To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:
 So rushing in the bowels of the French,
 He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.
Bar. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:
 See where he lyes inherced in the armes
 Of the most bloody Nurser of his harmes.
Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones assunder,
 Whose life was Englands glory, *Gaſſa's* wonder.
Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we haue fled
 During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucie.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
 To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissiue message art thou set?
Lucy. Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:
 We English Warriours wot not what it means.
 I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
 And to suruey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
 But tell me whom thou seek'st?
Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
 Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
 Created for his rare successe in Armes,
 Great Earle of *Walsford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
 Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Vrcbinfield*,
 Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
 Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furniuall* of *Sbeffield*,
 The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
 Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George*,
 Worthy *S. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
 Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixt,
 Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.
Puc. Heere's a silly stately stile indeede:
 The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
 Writes not so tedious a Stile as this.
 Him that thou magnifi'ft with all these Titles,
 Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.
Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens ony Scourge,
 Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemesis*?
 Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
 That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
 Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
 It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
 Were but his Picture left amongst you here,

It would amaze the proudest of you all.
 Giue me their Bodies, that I may beare them hence,
 And giue them Buriall, as befeemes their worth.

Pucel. I thinke this vpstart is old *Talbots* Ghost,
 He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit:
 For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
 They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.

Char. Go take their bodies hence.

Lucy. He beare them hence: but from their ashes shall
 be reard

A Phenix that shall make all France assear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what y' wi
 And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
 All will be ours, now bloody *Talbots* slaine. *Exit.*

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
 The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?

Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
 They humbly sue vnto your Excellence,
 To haue a godly peace concluded of,
 Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the ony meanes
 To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
 And stablish quietnesse on euery side.

King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
 It was both impious and vnnaturall,
 That such immanity and bloody strife
 Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.

Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
 And surer binde this knot of amitie,
 The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to *Charles*,
 A man of great Authoritie in France,
 Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
 In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.

King. Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
 And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
 Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
 Yet call th'Embassadors, and as you please,
 So let them haue their answeres euery one:
 I shall be well content with any choyce
 Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
 And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree?
 Then I perceiue, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie.
 If once he come to be a Cardinall,
 Hee'll make his cap coequall with the Crowne.

King. My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites
 Haue bin consider'd and debated on,
 Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
 And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,
 To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which

by my Lord of Winchester we meane
transported presently to France.

And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
and the valew of her Dower,
which intend she shall be Englands Queene.
In argument and prooffe of which contract,
for this Jewell, pledge of my affection,
my Lord Protector see them guarded,
fely brought to Dower, wherein ship'd
them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*

Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receiue
some of money which I promised
be deliuered to his Holinesse,
gathing me in these graue Ornaments.
I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure.
Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
inferiour to the proudest Peere;
y of Gloster, thou shalt well perceiue,
either in birth, or for authoritie,
shop will be ouer-borne by thee:
er make thee sfoope, and bend thy knee,
e this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt*

Scœna Tertia.

*Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alançon, Bastard,
Reignier, and Ioue.*

These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:
d, the stout Parisians do reuolt,
and againe vnto the warlike French.
Then march to Paris Royall Charles of France,
sepe not backe your powers in dalliance.
Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
ine combate with their Pallaces.

Enter Scout.

Successē vnto our valiant Generall,
oppinnesse to his accomplices.
What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.
The English Army that diuided was
to parties, is now conioyn'd in one,
eanes to giue you battell presently.
Somewhat too sodaine Sira, the warning is,
will presently prouide for them.

I trust the Ghost of Talbot is not there:
e is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.
Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.
ind the Conquest Charles, it shall be thine:
ry fret, and all the world repine.

Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.
Exeunt. Alarum. Excurfions.

Enter Ioue de Pucell.

The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
elpē ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
choise spirits that admonish me,
ue me signes of future accidents. *Thunder.*
eedy helpers, that are substitutes

Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues prooffe
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.

They waite, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
He lop a member off, and giue it you,
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do condiscend to helpe me now.

They hang their beads.

No hope to haue redresse? My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.

They shake their beads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,
Before that England giue the French the foyle.

They depart.

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vale her lofty plumed Crest,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*

*Excurfions. Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to
hand. French flye.*

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,
Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be:

Yor. Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischeefe light on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy
tongue.

Puc. I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile.

Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake
Exeunt.

*Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret
in his hand.*

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
Games on ber.

Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.

Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art allotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets saue,

Oh stay:

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
 Yet if this ferule vsage once offend,
 Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going*
 Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe,
 My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
 As playes the Sunne vpon the glassie streames,
 Twinkling another counterfetted beame,
 So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
 Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:
 Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
 Eye *De la Pole*, disable not thy selfe:
 Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans fight?
 I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such,
 'Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
 What ranfome must I pay before I passe?
 For I perceiue I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
 Before thou make a triall of her loue?
M. Why speak'st thou not? What ranfome must I pay?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
 She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranfome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
 Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were best to leaue him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at randon: sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me:
Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
 Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
 And peace established betwene these Realmes.
 But there remains a scruple in that too:
 For though her Father be the King of *Neples*,
 Duke of *Aniour* and *Mayne*, yet is he poore,
 And our Nobility will scorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdaine they ne're so much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
 Madam, I haue a secret to reueale.
Mar. What though I be intral'd, he seems a knight
 And will not any way dishonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
 And then I need not craue his curtesie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tush, women haue bene captiua ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say gentle Princeesse, would you not suppose
 Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
 Than is a slaue, in base seruility:
 For Princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
 If happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concernes his freedome vnto mee?
Suf. Ile vndertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
 To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
 And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
 If thou wilt condiscend to be my
Mar. What?

Suf. His loue.
Mar. I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
 To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife,
 And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.
 How say you Madam, are ye so content?
Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
 And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
 Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.
Sound. Enter *Reignier* on the *Wallis*.
 See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
 I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
 Or to exclaime on Fortunes sicklenesse.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
 Consent, and for thy Honor giue consent,
 Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
 Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:
 And this her easie held imprisonment,
 Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?
Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,
 That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.
Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
 To giue thee answer of thy iust demand.
Suf. And heere I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Reignier*.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
 Command in *Aniour* what your Honor pleases.
Suf. Thankes *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Childe,
 Fit to be made companion with a King:
 What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite?
Reig. Since thou dost daigne to woe her little worth,
 To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
 Vpon condition I may quietly
 Enjoy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Aniour*,
 Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
 My daughter shall be *Henries*, if he please.
Suf. That is her ranfome, I deliuer her,
 And those two Counties I will vndertake
 Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
 As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
 Giue thee her hand for signe of plightd faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of France, I giue thee Kingly thanks,
 Because this is in Trafficke of a King.
 And yet me thinkes I could be well content
 To be mine owne Attorney in this case.
 Ile ouer then to England with this newes.
 And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
 So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe
 In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
 The Christian Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & praier,
 Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret*. *She is going.*
Suf. Farewell sweet Madam: but hearken you *Margaret*,
 No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
 A Virgin, and his Seruant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,

But

dame, I must trouble you againe,
 ng Token to his Maestie. *www.Mahno1.com.cn*
 Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
 et taint with loue, I send the King.
 And this withall. *Kisse ber.*
 That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
 I such peeuishtokens to a King.
 Oh wert thou for my selfe: but *Suffolke* stay,
 sayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
 Minotaurs and vgly Treasons lurke,
 Henry with her wonderous praise.
 e thee on her Vertues that surmount,
 turall Graces that extinguish Art,
 their semblance often on the Seas,
 hen thou com'st to kneele at *Henries* feete,
 sayest bereaue him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepbeard, Pucell.
 Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.
 Ah *Iane*, this kills thy Fathers heart out-right,
 sought euery Country farre and neere,
 w it is my chance to finde thee out,
 behold thy timelesse cruell death:
 , sweet daughter *Iane*, Ile die with thee.
 Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
 scended of a gentler blood.

ot no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
 Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not fo
 get her, all the Parish knowes:
 other liueth yet, can testifie
 the first fruite of my Bach'ler-ship.

Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
 . This argues what her kinde of life hath benee,
 and vile, and so her death concludes.
 Fye *Iane*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
 owes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
 thy fake haue I shed many a teare:
 e not, I prythee, gentle *Iane*.

l. Pezant auant. You haue surn'd this man
 ofe, to obscure my Noble birth.

'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,
 rne that I was wedded to her mother.
 downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrl.
 ou not stoope? Now curst be the time
 satiuitie: I would the Milke
 other gaue thee when thou suck't her brest,
 a little Rats-bane for thy fake.
 when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,
 some rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
 ou deny thy Father, curst Drab?

er, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
 . Take her away, for she hath liu'd too long,
 he world with vicious qualities.
 'irst let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;
 , begotten of a Shepherd Swaine,
 d from the Progeny of Kings.
 s and Holy, chosen from aboue,
 ration of Celestiall Grace,
 ce exceeding myracles on earth.
 had to do with wicked Spirits.
 that are polluted with your lustes,
 with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
 and tainted with a thousand Vices:
 you want the grace that others haue,
 ge it straight a thing impossible
 passe Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.

No misconceyued, *Ione of Aire* hath benee
 A Virgin from her tender infancie,
 Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
 Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
 Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.

Yorke. I, I: away with her to execution.

War. And hearke ye first: because she is a Maide,
 Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
 Place barrelles of pitch vpon the fatall stake,
 That so her tortute may be shortned.

Puc. Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?
 Then *Ione* discouet thine infirmity,
 That wartanteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
 I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
 Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
 Although ye hale me to a violent death.

Yor. Now heauen forsend, the holy Maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.
 Is all your strickt precisenesse come to this?

Yorke. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,
 I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well go too, we'll haue no Bastards liue,
 Especially since *Charles* must Father it.

Puc. You are decey'd, my childe is none of his,
 It was *Alanfon* that inioy'd my loue.

Yorke. *Alanfon* that notorious Macheuile?
 It dyes, and if it had a thousand liues.

Puc. Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,
 'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
 But *Raignier* King of *Naples* that preuayl'd.

War. A married man, that's most intollerable.

Yor. Why here's a Gyrl: I think she knowes not wel
 (There were so many) whom she may accuse.

War. It's signe she hath benee liberal! and free.

Yor. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.
 Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
 Vse no intreaty, for it is in vaine.

Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curse.
 May neuer glosious Sunne reflex his beames
 Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
 But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death
 Inuiron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,
 Drive you to break your necks, or hang your selues. *Exit*

Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,
 Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greeete your Excellence
 With Letters of Commission from the King.
 For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
 Mou'd with remorse of these out-ragious broyles,
 Haue earnestly implor'd a generall peace,
 Betwixt our Nation, and the aspyring French;
 And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
 Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.

Yorke. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,
 After the slaughter of so many Peeres,
 So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
 That in this quarrell haue benee ouerthrowne,
 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
 Haue we not lost most part of all the Townes,
 By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherie,
 Our great Progenitors had conquered:
 Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe
 The vtter losse of all the Realme of France.

War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace

It shall be with such strict and seuerer Couenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, Bassard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selues,
What the conditions of that league must be.

Torke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
By sight of these our balefull enemies.

Win. *Charles*, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* giues consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Countrie of distressefull Warre,
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles*, vpon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priuiledge of a priuate man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am possesse
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquish't,
Detraect so much from that prerogatiue,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe
That which I haue, than coueting for more
Be cast from possibilty of all.

Torke. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret meanes
Vn-d intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to comprimize,
Stand'st thou aloofe vpon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou vsurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cauill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglect'd, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To saue your Subiects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly seene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues.

War. How sayst thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It Shall:
Onely refer'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.

Tor. Then sweare Allegance to his Maiesty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

*Enter Suffolke in conference with the King,
Glocester, and Exeter.*

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues settled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driuen by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriue
Where I may haue fruition of her Loue.

Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficial tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The cheefe perfections of that lovely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to vtter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to rauish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Diuine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
To Loue, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.

King. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne're presume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent,
That *Marg'et* may be Englands Royall Queene.

Glo. So should I giue consent to flatter Sinne,
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd
Vnto another Lady of esteeme,
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes
By reason of his Aduersaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glocester. Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more
then that?

Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.

Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Ierusalem,
And of such great Authority in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegance.

Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Because he is neere Kinsman vnto *Charles*.

Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dowre,
Where *Reignier* sooner will receyue, than giue.

Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.
Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Pezants bargain for their Wiues,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Must

companion of his Nuptiall bed.
 efore Lords, since he affects her most;
 All these reasons bindeth vs,
 inions she should be preferr'd.
 is wedlocke forced? but a Hell,
 of discord and continuall strife,
 the contrarie bringeth blisse,
 patterne of Celestiall peace.
 would we match with Henry being a King,
 garet, that is daughter to a King:
 lesse feature, ioyned with her birth,
 her fit for none, but for a King.
 nt courage, and vndaunted spirit,
 en in women commonly is seene)
 ver our hope in issue of a King.
 r, sonne vnto a Conqueror,
 to beget more Conquerors,
 Lady of so high resolute,
 re Margaret) he be link'd in loue.
 ld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
 rgaret shall be Queene, and none but shee.
 Whether it be through force of your report,
 e Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
 r youth was neuer yet attaind
 passion of inflaming loue,
 tell: but this I am assur'd,

I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,
 Such fierce alarmes both of Hope and Feare,
 As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.
 Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
 Agree to any couenants, and procure
 That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
 To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd
 King Henries faithfull and annointed Queene.
 For your expences and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather vp a tenth.
 Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
 I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
 And you (good Vnckle) banish all offence:
 If you do ceaseure me, by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sodaine execution of my will.
 And so conduct me, where from company,
 I may reuolue and ruminare my greefe. *Exit.*

Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at first and last. *Exit Gloucester.*
Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes
 As did the youthfull Paris once to Greece,
 With hope to finde the like euent in loue,
 But prosper better than the Troian did:
 Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
 But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit*

FINIS.





The second Part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Good Duke HUMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets : Then Hoboyes.

*Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beau-
ford on the one side.*

*The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham,
on the other.*

Suffolke.

S by your high Imperiall Maiefty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace ;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Toures*,
In presence of the Kings of *France*, and *Sicill*,
The Dukes of *Orleanse*, *Calaber*, *Britaigne*, and *Alanfon*,
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Bishops
I haue perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd,
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,
In fight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliuier vp my Title in the Queene
To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did represent :
The happiest Gift, that euer *Marquesse* gaue,
The Fairest Queene, that euer King receiu'd.

King. *Suffolke* arise. Welcome *Queene Margaret*,
I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue
Then this kinde kisse : O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulnessse :
For thou hast giuen me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly blessings to my soule,
If Simpaty of Loue vnite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night ; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine *Alder lieft* Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder termes, such as my wit affords,
And ouer ioy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did rauish, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wisedomes Maiefty,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes,
Such is the Fulnessse of my hearts content.
 Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.

All kneel. Long liue *Q. Margaret*, Englands happines.
Queene. We thanke you all. *Flourish*

Suf. My Lord Proteſtor, so it please your Grace,
Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King *Charles*,
For eighteene moneths concluded by consent.

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, *It is agreed betweene the French K.*
Charles, and *William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke*, *Am-
bassador for Henry King of England*, That the said Henry ſhal
eſpouſe the Lady *Margaret*, daughter vnto *Reignier King of
Naples*, *Sicillia*, and *Jerusalem*, and Crowne her *Queene of
England*, ere the thirtieth of May next enſuing.

Item, That the *Dutchey of Aniou*, and the *County of Main*,
ſhall be releas'd and deliuer'd to the King her father,

King. Vnkle, how now ?

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some sodaine qualme hath strucke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

King. Vnckle of Winchester, I pray read on.

Win. Item, *It is further agreed betweene them*, That the
Dutcheſſe of Aniou and Maine, ſhall be releas'd and deliuer'd
ouer to the King her Father, and ſhee ſent ouer of the King of
Englands owne proper Coſt and Charges, without hauing any
Dowry.

King. They please vs well. Lord *Marques* kneel down,
We heere create thee the first Duke of *Suffolke*,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cofin of *Yorke*,
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths
Be full expyr'd. Thankes Vnckle Winchester,
Gloſter, *Yorke*, *Buckingham*, *Somerſet*,
Salisbury, and *Warwicke*.

We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all speede prouide
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manet ibe rest.

Glo. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humfrey* must vnload his grieſe :
Your grieſe, the common grieſe of all the Land.
What? did my brother *Henry* ſpend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres ?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field :
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance ?
And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits,

To

policy what *Henrie* got :
 our felues, *Somerfet*, *Buckingham*,
Salisbury, and victorious *Warwicke*,
 he scarres in France and Normandie:
 he Vnckle *Beauford*, and my selfe,
 Learned Councell of the Realme,
 sitting, sat in the Councell house,
 debating too and fro
 and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
 as Highnesse in his infancie,
 Paris in despight of foes,
 these Labours, and these Honours dye ?
 Conquest, *Bedfords* vigilance,
 of Warre, and all our Councell dye ?
 England, shamefull is this League,
 marriage, cancelling your Fame,
 names from Bookes of memory,
 Characters of your Renowne,
 monuments of Conquer'd France,
 as all had neuer bin.

hew, what meanes this passionate discourse?
 tion with such circumstance :
 'tis ours ; and we will keepe it still.
 ckle, we will keepe it, if we can :
 s impossible we should.

new made Duke that rules the roost,
 the Dutchy of *Aniou* and *Mayne*,
 the King *Reignier*, whose large style
 with the leannesse of his purfe.

by the death of him that dyed for all,
 ies were the Keyes of *Normandie* :
 re weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant sonnet
 greefe that they are past recouerie.
 he hope to conquer them againe,
 ould shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
 aine ? My selfe did win them both :
 ces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
 Citties that I got with wounds,
 againe with peacefull words ?

r Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,
 he Honor of this Warlike Isle :
 he haue torne and rent my very hart,
 he had haue yeelded to this League.
 but Englands Kings haue had
 ces of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,
 g *Henry* giues away his owne,
 ith her that brings no vantages.
 proper iest, and neuer heard before,
 he should demand a whole Fifteenth,
 he Charges in transporting her :
 aue staid in France, and ster'd in France

Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
 asure of my Lord the King.

Lord of Winchester I know your minde.
 speeches that you do mislike :
 reference that doth trouble ye,
 I out, proud Prelate, in thy face
 ie : If I longer stay,
 in our ancient bickerings :
 well, and say when I am gone,
 France will be lost ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*
 there goes our Protector in a rage :
 to you he is mine enemy :
 n enemy vnto you all,

And no great friend, I feare me to the King ;
 Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
 And heyre apparant to the English Crowne :
 Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage,
 And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
 There's reason he should be displeas'd at it :
 Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
 Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
 What though the common people fauour him,
 Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster*,
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
 Iesu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
 With God preferue the good Duke *Humfrey* :
 I feare me Lords, for all this flattering gloss,
 He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why should he then protect our Soueraigne ?
 He being of age to gouerne of himselfe.

Cosin of Somersfet, ioyne you with me,
 And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
 Wee'l quickly hoise Duke *Humfrey* from his seat.

Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,
 Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently. *Exit Cardinall.*

Som. Cosin of Buckingham, though *Humfries* pride
 And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,
 Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinall,
 His insolence is more intollerable
 Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
 If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector.

Buc. Or thou, or I Somersfet will be Protectors,
 Despite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall.

Exit Buckingham, and Somersfet.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
 While these do labour for their owne preferment,
 Behooes it vs to labor for the Realme.
 I neuer saw but *Humfrey* Duke of Gloster,
 Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman :
 Oft haue I seene the haughty Cardinall.
 More like a Souldier then a man o'th'Church,
 As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
 Swear like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe
 Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.

Warwicke my sonne, the comfort of my age,
 Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping,
 Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons,
 Excepting none but good Duke *Humfrey*.
 And Brother *Yorke*, thy Acts in Ireland,
 In bringing them to ciuill Discipline :
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
 When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
 Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
 Ioyned we together for the publike good,
 In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
 With Somersfets and Buckinghams Ambition,
 And as we may, cherish Duke *Humfries* deeds,
 While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God helpe *Warwicke*, as he loues the Land,
 And common profit of his Country.

Yor. And so sayes *Yorke*,
 For he hath greatest cause.

Salisbury. Then lets make hast away,
 And looke vnto the maine.

Warwicke. Vnto the maine ?
 Oh Father, *Maine* is lost,
 That *Maine*, which by maine force *Warwicke* did winne,
 And would haue kept, so long as breath did last:

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

Exit Warwick, and Salisbury. Manet Yorke.

*Yorke. Anjou and Maine are given to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of Normandie
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone :*
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and giue to Curtezans,
Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the silly Owner of the goods
Weepes ouer them, and wrings his haplesse hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to sterue, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke must fit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Landes are bargain'd for, and sold :
Me thinks the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand *Albæa* burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of *Calidon* :
Anjou and Maine both giuen vnto the French ?
Cold newes for me : for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile Englands soile.
A day will come, when Yorke shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuils* parts,
And make a shew of loue to proud Duke *Humfrey*,
And when I spy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit :
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be still a-while, till time do serue :
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To prie into the secrets of the State,
Till *Henrie* surfetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be salne at iarres :
Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

Elian. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load ?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humfrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Fauours of the world ?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the fullen earth,
Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy sight ?
What seest thou there ? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world ?
If so, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too short ? Ile lengthen it with mine,
And hauing both together heau'd it vp,
Wee'l both together lift our heads to heauen,
And neuer more abate our fight so low,

As to vouchsafe one glance vnto the ground.

Hum. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost loue thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts :
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.

My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.

Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With sweet rehearfall of my mornings dreame ?

Hum. Me thought this staffe mine Office-badge in
Court

Was broke in twaine : by whom, I haue forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinal,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of Somersset,
And *William de la Pole* first Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a stick of Glosters groue,
Shall loofe his head for his presumption.
But list to me my *Humfrey*, my sweete Duke :
Me thought I fate in Seate of Maiefty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Westminster,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crown'd,
Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.

Hum. Nay *Elinor*, then must I chide outright :
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme ?
And the Protector's wife belou'd of him ?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
About the reach or compasse of thy thought ?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete ?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

Elian. What, what, my Lord ? Are you so chollericke
With *Elianor*, for telling but her dreame ?
Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my selfe,
And not be check'd.

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride vnto *S. Albons*,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.

Hu. I go. Come *Nell* thou wilt ride with vs? *Ex. Hum.*

Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster beares this base and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remoue these tedious stumbling blockes,
And smooth my way vpon their headlesse neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be slacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *Lobn*; nay feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hum.*

Hum. Iesus preserue your Royall Maiefty.

Eli. What saist thou? Maiefty : I am but Grace.

Hum. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* aduice,
Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.

Eli. What saist thou man? Hast thou as yet confer'd
With *Margerie Iordane* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger Bollingbrooke* the Coniurer ?
And will they vndertake to do me good ?

Hum. This they haue promised to shew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,

That

all make answere to such Questions,
our Grace shall be propounded him.
or. It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Questions:
from Saint *Albones* we doe make returne,
see these things effected to the full.
we, take this reward, make merry man
y Confederates in this weightie cause.

Exit Elianor.

Hume must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
nd shall: but how now, Sir *Iohn Hume*?
your Lips, and giue no words but Mum,
in esse asketh silent secrecie.
Elianor giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
not come amisse, were she a Deuill.
e I Gold flies from another Coast:
ot say, from the rich Cardinall,
the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;
e finde it so: for to be plaine,
nowing Dame *Elianors* aspiring humor)
red me to vnder-mine the Duchesse,
ze these Coniurations in her brayne.
A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
Suffolke and the Cardinalls Broker,
you take not heed, you shall goe neere
hem both a payre of craftie Knaues.
it stands: and thus I feare at last,
nauerie will be the Duchesse Wracke,
Attainture, will be *Humbreyes* fall:
it will, I shall haue Gold for all.

Exit

Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armors
Man being one.

My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Pro-
ill come this way by and by, and then wee may
ur Supplications in the Quill.

Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good
u bleffe him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with
be the first sure.

Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk,
my Lord Protector.

How now fellow: would't any thing with me?

I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my
ctector.

To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplica-
his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *Iohn*
, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my House,
is, and Wife and all, from me.

Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede.
yours? What's heere? Against the Duke of
, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How
Knaue?

Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our
owneship.

Against my Master *Thomas Horner*, for saying,
e Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the

What say'st thou? Did the Duke of Yorke
was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Master
t he was, and that the King was an Vfurper.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Seruant.

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Purse-
uant presently: wee'le heare more of your matter before
the King. *Exit.*

Queene. And as for you that loue to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.

Tearc the Supplication.

Away, base Cullions: *Suffolke* let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone. *Exit.*

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guise?

Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?

Is this the Government of Britaines Ile?

And this the Royaltie of *Albions* King?

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

Vnder the surly *Glosters* Governance?

Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,

And must be made a Subiect to a Duke?

I tell thee *Poole*, when in the Citie *Tours*

Thou ran't a-tilt in honor of my Loue,

And stol't away the Ladies hearts of France;

I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee,

In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:

But all his minde is bent to Holinesse,

To number *Aue-Maries* on his Beades:

His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,

His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Wit,

His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues

Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.

I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls

Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,

And fet the Triple Crowne vpon his Head;

That were a State fit for his Holinesse.

Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cause

Your Highnesse came to England, so will I

In England worke your Graces full content.

Queene. Beside the haughtie Protector, haue we *Beauford*

The imperious Churchman; *Somerset, Buckingham,*

And grumbling *Yorke*: and not the least of these,

But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of these, that can doe most of all,

Cannot doe more in England then the *Newils*:

Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple Peeres.

Queene. Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,

As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:

She sweepes it through the Court with troupes of Ladies,

More like an Empreffe, then Duke *Humbreyes* Wife:

Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:

She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,

And in her heart she scornes our Pouertie:

Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her?

Contemptuous base-borne Callot as she is,

She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t'other day,

The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,

Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,

Till *Suffolke* gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madame, my selfe haue lym'd a Bush for her,

And plac't a Quier of such enticing Birds,

That she will light to listen to the Lays,

And neuer mount to trouble you againe.

So let her rest: and Madame list to me,

For I am bold to counsaile you in this;

Although we fancie not the Cardinall,

Yet must we ioyne with him and with the Lords,

Till we haue brought Duke *Humbrey* in disgrace.

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit :
So one by one wee'le weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Sennet.

*Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Bucking-
bam, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwick,*
and the Ducheſſe.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerſet*, or *Yorke*, all's one to me.
Yorke. If *Yorke* haue ill demean'd himſelfe in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regent-ſhip.
Som. If *Somerſet* be vnworthy of the Place,
Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him.
Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Diſpute not that, *Yorke* is the worthyer.
Card. Ambitious *Warwicke*, let thy betters ſpeake.
Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this preference are thy betters, *Warwicke*.
Warw. *Warwicke* may liue to be the beſt of all.
Salub. Peace Sonne, and ſhew ſome reaſon *Buckingham*
Why *Somerſet* ſhould be preferred in this?
Queene. Becauſe the King forſooth will haue it ſo.
Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himſelfe
To giue his Cenſure: Theſe are no Womens matters.
Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleaſure will reſigne my Place.
Suff. Reſigne it then, and leaue thine inſolence.
Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath daily run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Haue beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraignty.
Card. The Commons haſt thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.
Som. Thy ſumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attyre
Haue coſt a maſſe of publique Treasurie.
Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution
Vpon Offenders, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Queene. Thy ſale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the ſuſpect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
Exit Humfrey.
Giue me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?
She giues the Ducheſſe a box on the eare.
I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?
Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles,
I could ſet my ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas againſt her will.
Duch. Againſt her will, good King? looke to't in time,
Shee'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place moſt Maſter weare no Breches,
She ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Eliano*r vnreueug'd.
*Exit Eliano*r.
Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Eliano*r,
And liſten after *Humfrey*, how he proceedes:
Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no ſpurres,
Shee'le gallop farre enough to her deſtruction.
Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your ſpightfull falſe Obiections,
Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie ſo deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie loue my King and Country.
But to the matter that we haue in hand:
I ſay, my Soueraigne, *Yorke* is meeſteſt man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.

Suff. Before we make eleſtion, giue me leaue
To ſhew ſome reaſon, of no little force,
That *Yorke* is moſt vnmeet of any man.

Yorke. He tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am vnmeet.
Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,

My Lord of *Somerſet* will keepe me here,
Without Diſcharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Laſt time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was beſieg'd, famiſht, and loſt.

Warw. That can I witneſſe, and a fouler fact
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.

Suff. Peace head-strong *Warwicke*.

Warw. Image of Pride, why ſhould I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Becauſe here is a man accuſed of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuſe himſelfe.

Yorke. Doth any one accuſe *Yorke* for a Traytor?

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

Suff. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, this is the man
That doth accuſe his Maſter of High Treason;
His words were theſe: That *Richard*, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne,
And that your Maieſtie was a Vſurper.

King. Say man, were theſe thy words?

Armorer. And't ſhall pleaſe your Maieſtie, I neuer ſayd
nor thought any ſuch matter: God is my witneſſe, I am
faulſely accuſ'd by the Villaine.

Peter. By theſe tenne bones, my Lords, hee did ſpeake
them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were ſcow-
ring my Lord of Yorke's Armor.

Yorke. Baſe Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
He haue thy Head for this thy Traytors ſpeech:
I doe beſeech your Royall Maieſtie,
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.

Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I ſpake the
words: my accuſer is my Prentice, and when I did cor-
rect him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his
knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witneſſe
of this; therefore I beſeech your Maieſtie, doe not caſt
away an honeſt man for a Villaines accuſation.

King. Vnckle, what ſhall we ſay to this in law?

Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge:
Let *Somerſet* be Regent o're the French,
Becauſe in *Yorke* this breeds ſuſpition;
And let theſe haue a day appointed them
For ſingle Combat, in conuenient place,
For he hath witneſſe of his ſeruants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfreyes* doome.

Som. I

I humbly thanke your Royall Maiestie.
wer. And I accept the Combat willingly.
r. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake
 my case: the spight of man preuayleth against me.
 I haue mercy vpon me, I shall neuer be able to
 blow: O Lord my heart.
sf. Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.
 Away with them to Prison: and the day of
 t, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come
 we'll see thee sent away.
Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.

r. Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you ex-
 performance of your promises.
g. Master Hume, we are therefore prouided: will
 dyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?
r. I, what else? feare you not her courage.
ng. I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of
 ncible spirit: but it shall be conuenient, Master
 that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie be-
 ad so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.
Exit Hume.
Jordan, be you prostrate, and grouell on the
John Southwell reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Elianor aloft.

wer. Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To
 re, the sooner the better.
 . Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:
 Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,
 ne of Night when Troy was set on fire,
 me when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle,
 pirts walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graues;
 me best fits the worke we haue in hand.
 ie, fit you, and feare not: whom wee rayse,
 ill make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

*doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,
 Bullingbrooke or Southwell reads, Coniuro
 te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens
 terribly: then the Spirit
 riseth.*

it. Ad sum.
b. *Asmatb,* by the eternall God,
 name and power thou tremblest at,
 re that I shall aske: for till thou speake,
 halt not passe from hence.
r. Aake what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and

ng. First of the King: What shall of him be-

r. The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:
 n out-lieue, and dye a violent death.
ng. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?
r. By Water shall he dye, and take his end.
ng. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?
r. Let him thun Castles,
 all be vpon the sandie Plaines,
 where Castles mounted stand.
 one, for more I hardly can endure.
ng. Discend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake:
 iend auoide.
Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham
 with their Guard, and breake in.*

Yorke. Lay hands vpon these Traytors, and their trash:
 Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch.
 What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale
 Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines;
 My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
 See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Eliamor. Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King,
 Iniurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause.

Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this?
 Away with them, let them be clapt vp clofe,
 And kept asunder: you Madame shall with vs.
Stafford take her to thee.

Wee'll see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
 All away. *Exit.*

Yorke. Lord Buckingham, me thinks you watcht her well:
 A pretty Plot, well chosen to build vpon.
 Now pray my Lord, let's see the Deuils Writ.
 What haue we here? *Reades.*

*The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:
 But him out-lieue, and dye a violent death.*
 Why this is iust, *Asio* *Æacida Romanos vincere posse.*
 Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By Water shall be dye, and take his end.
 What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

*Let him thunne Castles,
 Safer shall be vpon the sandie Plaines,
 Then where Castles mounted stand.*
 Come, come, my Lords,
 These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
 And hardly vnderstood.

The King is now in progresse towards Saint Albones,
 With him, the Husband of this louely Lady:
 Thither goes these Newes,
 As fast as Horse can carry them:
 A sorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shall giue me leaue, my Lord of York,
 To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.

Yorke. At your pleasure, my good Lord.
 Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Seruingman.
 Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
 To suppe with me to morrow Night. Away.
Exeunt.

*Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and
 Suffolke, with Faulknors bawling.*

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,
 I saw not better sport these feuen yeeres day:
 Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high,
 And ten to one, old *Ioane* had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
 And what a pytch the flew about the rest:
 To see how God in all his Creatures workes,
 Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.

Suff. No maruell, and it like your Maiestie,
 My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well,
 They know their Master loues to be aloft,
 And beares his thoughts about his Faulcons Pitch.

Gloß. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde,
 That mounts no higher then a Bird can fore:

Card. I thought as much, hee would be about the
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Gloß. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that?
Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?

King. The Treasurie of euerlasting Ioy.

Card. Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts
Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart,
Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,
That smooth't it fo with King and Common-weale.

Gloß. What, Cardinall?

Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie?

Tantæne animi Cælestibus iræ, Church-men so hot?

Good Vnckle hide such mallice:

With such Holynesfe can you doe it?

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes

So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.

Gloß. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,

An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.

Gloß. Why *Suffolke*, England knowes thine insolence.

Queene. And thy Ambition, *Gloster*.

King. I prythee peace, good *Queene*,
And whet not on these furious Peeres,
For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make

Against this proud Protector with my Sword.

Gloß. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.

Card. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Gloß. Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,

In thine owne person answer thy abuse.

Card. I, where thou dar'st not peepe:

And if thou dar'st, this Euening,

On the East side of the Groue.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Beleuee me, Cousin *Gloster*,
Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly,
We had had more sport.

Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Gloß. True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd?

The East side of the Groue:

Cardinall, I am with you.

King. Why how now, Vnckle *Gloster*?

Gloß. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.

Now by Gods Mother, Priest,

Hee shaue your Crowne for this,

Or all my Fence shall fayle.

Card. *Medice teipsum*, Protector see to't well, protect
your selfe.

King. The Windes grow high,

So doe your Stomacks, Lords:

How irkesome is this Musick to my heart?

When such Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony?

I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gloß. What meanes this noyse?

Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Mi-
racle.

One. Forfooth, a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine,

Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his sight,

A man that ne're saw in his life before.

King. Now God be prays'd, that to beleueing Soules
Gives Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren,
bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.*

Card. Here comes the Townes-men, on Procession,
To present your Highnesse with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
Although by his sight his sinne be multiplied.

Gloß. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King,
His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.

What, haft thou beene long blinde, and now restor'd?

Simp. Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.

Wife. I indeede was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship.

Gloß. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'st haue
better told.

King. Where wert thou borne?

Simp. At Barwick in the North, and't like your
Grace.

King. Poore Soule,
Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee:
Let neuer Day nor Night vnhalloved passe,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow,
Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion,
To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knowes of pure Deuotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my sleepe, by good Saint *Albon*:

Who said; *Symon*, come, come offer at my Shrine,
And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Most true, forfooth:

And many time and oft my selfe haue heard a Voyce,
To call him so.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. I, God Almighty helpe me.

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.

Gloß. How long haft thou beene blinde?

Simp. O borne so, Master.

Gloß. What, and would'st climbe a Tree?

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

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

Gloß. 'Masse, thou lou'dst Plummes well, that would'st
venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some
Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my
Life.

Gloß. A subtile Knaue, but yet it shall not serue:
Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and
Saint *Albones*.

Gloß. Say't thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake
of?

Simp. Red Master, Red as Blood.

Gloß. Why that's well said: What Colour is my
Gowne of?

Simp. Black forfooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is
of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see.

Gloß. But

But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a

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Neuer before this day, in all his life.

Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Alas Master, I know not.

What's his Name?

I know not.

For his?

No indeede, Master.

What's thine owne Name?

Saunders Simpoxe, and if it please you, Master.

Then Saunde, sit there,

'ft Knaue in Christendome.

dft beene borne blinde,

h'ft as well haue knowne all our Names,

name the feuerall Colours we doe weare.

distinguiſh of Colours :

lyly to nominate them all,

ſſible.

Saint Albone here hath done a Miracle :

ſe ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,

I reſtore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

O Master, that you could?

My Maſters of Saint Albones,

not Beades in your Towne,

gs call'd Whippes?

Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Then ſend for one preſently.

Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither ſtraight.

Exit.

How fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.

Alas, if you meane to ſaue your ſelfe from Whippinge ouer this Stoole, and runne away.

Alas Master, I am not able to ſtand alone :

about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Well Sir, we muſt haue you finde your Legges. die, whippe him till he leape ouer that ſame

I will, my Lord.

Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Alas Master, what ſhall I doe? I am not able to

the Beadle bath hit him once, he leapes ouer the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

) God, ſeeſt thou this, and beareſt ſo long?

It made me laugh, to ſee the Villaine runne.

ollow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

It thē be whipt through euery Market Towne, come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Exit.

hke Humfrey ha's done a Miracle to day.

ue: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

ut you haue done more Miracles then I :

in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

What Tidings with our Couſin Buckingham?

uch as my heart doth tremble to vnfold :

raughtie perſons, lewdly bent,

Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady Elianor, the Proteſtors Wife,

The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,

Haue practis'd dangerouſly againſt your State,

Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,

Whom we haue apprehended in the Faſt,

Rayſing vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,

Demanding of King Henries Life and Death,

And other of your Highneſſe Priuie Councell,

As more at large your Grace ſhall vnderſtand.

Card. And ſo my Lord Proteſtor, by this meanes

Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.

This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge ;

'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.

Gloſt. Ambitious Church-man, leaue to afflickt my heart :

Sorrow and grieſe haue vanquiſht all my powers ;

And vanquiſht as I am, I yeeld to thee,

Or to the meaneſt Groome.

King. O God, what miſchieſes work the wicked ones? Heaping confuſion on their owne heads thereby.

Queene. Gloſter, ſee here the Taincture of thy Neſt,

And looke thy ſelfe be faultleſſe, thou wert beſt.

Gloſt. Madame, for my ſelfe, to Heauen I doe appeale,

How I haue lou'd my King, and Common-weale :

And for my Wife, I know not how it ſtands,

Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard.

Noble ſhee is : but if ſhee haue forgot

Honor and Vertue, and conuers't with ſuch,

As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie ;

I baniſh her my Bed, and Companie,

And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,

That hath diſ-honored Gloſters honeſt Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will reſe vs here :

To morrow toward London, back againe,

To looke into this Buſineſſe thorowly,

And call theſe foule Offendours to their Anſweres ;

And poyſe the Cauſe in Juſtice equal Scales,

Whoſe Beame ſtands ſure, whoſe rightfull cauſe preuailes.

Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Enter Yorke, Salubury, and Warwick.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of Salisburie & Warwick,

Our ſimple Supper ended, giue me leaue,

In this cloſe Walke, to ſatiſſie my ſelfe,

In crauing your opinion of my Title,

Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.

Salub. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.

Warw. Sweet Yorke begin: and if thy clayme be good,

The Neuills are thy Subiects to command.

Yorke. Then thus :

Edward the third, my Lords, had ſeuē Sonnes :

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 Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaſter ;

The fiſt, was Edmond Langley, Duke of Yorke ;

The ſixt, was Thomas of Woodſtock, Duke of Gloſter ;

William of Windſor was the ſeuenth, and laſt.

Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,

And left behinde him Richard, his onely Sonne,

Who after Edward the third's death, reign'd as King,

Till Henry Bullingbrooke, Duke of Lancaſter,

The eldeſt Sonne and Heire of Iohn of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the Name of Henry the fourth,

Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,

Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence ſhe came,

And

And him to Pumphret; where, as all you know,
Harmeleffe *Richard* was murder'd traiterously.

Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of *Lancaster* the Crowne.

Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For *Richard*, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Issue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd.
Salub. But *William* of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.

Yorke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,
Had Issue *Pbillion*, a Daughter,
Who marryed *Edmond Mortimer*, Earle of March:
Edmond had Issue, *Roger*, Earle of March;
Roger had Issue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Elianos*.

Salub. This *Edmond*, in the Reigne of *Bullingbrooke*,
As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne,
And but for *Owen Glendour*, had beene King;
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.
But, to the rest.

Yorke. His eldest Sister, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Marryed *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to *Roger*, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who marryed *Pbillion*, sole Daughter
Vnto *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?
Henry doth clayme the Crowne from *John* of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, *Yorke* claymes it from the third:
Till *Lionels* Issue fayles, his should not reigne.
It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.
Then Father *Salisbury*, kneele we together,
And in this priuate Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Botb. Long liue our Soueraigne *Richard*, Englands King.

Yorke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be stayn'd
With heart-blood of the House of *Lancaster*:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and silent secrecie.
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of *Suffolkes* infolence,
At *Beaufords* Pride, at *Somerjets* Ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
Till they haue snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey*:
'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
Shall finde their deaths, if *Yorke* can propheticie.

Salub. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde at full.

Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of *Warwick*
Shall one day make the Duke of *Yorke* a King.

Yorke. And *Neuill*, this I doe assure my selfe,
Richard shall liue to make the Earle of *Warwick*
The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,
with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.*

King. Stand forth Dame *Elianos Cobham*,
Glosters Wife:

In fight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;
From thence, vnto the place of Execution:
The Witch in *Smithfield* shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallowes.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Despoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir *John Stanly*, in the Ile of Man.

Elianos. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my Death.

Gloster. *Elianos*, the Law thou seest hath iudged thee,
I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah *Humfrey*, this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;
Sorrow would follace, and mine Age would ease.

King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of *Gloster*,
Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feete:
And goe in peace, *Humfrey*, no lesse belou'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeeeres
Should be to be protected like a Child,
God and King *Henry* gouerne Englands Realme:
Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Gloster. My Staffe? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the same resigne,
As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster:

Queene. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen,
And *Humfrey*, Duke of *Gloster*, scarce himselfe,
That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;
His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lopt off.
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in *Henries* hand.

Suff. Thus droupes this loftie Pyne, & hangs his sprays,
Thus *Elianos* Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.

Yorke. Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.

Queene. I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de.

King. A Gods Name see the Lyfts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

Yorke. I neuer saw a fellow worfe bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter

*one Doore the Armourer and his Neighbors, drinking
so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a
me before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge
ed to it; and at the other Doore his Man, with a
me and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.*

gbor. Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drinke to you
p of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe
ugh.

gbor. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of
o.

gbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere
r: drinke, and feare not your Man.

rer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all,
ge for *Peter*.

nt. Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not a-

nt. Be merry *Peter*, and feare not thy Master,
r credit of the Prentices.

I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray
I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this
Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne;
ll, thou shalt haue my Hammer: and here *Tom*,
the Money that I haue. O Lord blesse me, I pray
r I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee
rnt so much fence already.

Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
what's thy Name?

Peter forfooth.

Peter? what more?

Thumpe.

Thumpe? Then see thou thumpe thy Master

rer. Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon
is instigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my selfe
ft man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will
death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King,
Queene: and therefore *Peter* haue at thee with a
ight blow.

Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double.
Crumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

rer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confesse, I confesse Trear-

Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God,
good Wine in thy Masters way.

O God, haue I ouercome mine Enemies in this
? O *Peter*, thou hast preuayl'd in right.

Goe, take hence that Traytor from our fight,
his death we doe perceiue his guilt,
d in Iustice hath reueal'd to vs
th and innocence of this poore fellow,
he had thought to haue murder'd wrongfully.
ollow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish. Exeunt.

*Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in
Mourning Cloakes.*

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud:
er Summer, euermore succedes
Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
s and loyes abound, as Seasons fleet.
it's a Clock?

Tenne, my Lord.

Gloß. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,
To watch the comming of my punisht Duchesse:
Vnneath may shee endure the Flintie Streets,
To treade them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke
The abiekt People, gazing on thy face,
With enuious Lookes laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy prowd Chariot-Wheeles,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare
My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries.

*Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Taper
burning in her hand, with the Sberife
and Officers.*

Seru. So please your Grace, wee'le take her from the
Sherife.

Gloßer. No, stirre not for your liues, let her passe
by.

Elianor. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude doe point,
And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah *Gloßer*, hide thee from their hatefull lookes,
And in thy Closet pent vp, rue my shame,
And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloß. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this grieffe.

Elianor. Ah *Gloßer*, teach me to forget my selfe:

For whilest I thinke I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;
Me thinkes I should not thus be led along,
Mayl'd vp in shame, with Papers on my back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce

To see my teares, and heare my deepe-fet groanes.
The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the enuious people laugh,
And bid me be aduised how I treade.

Ah *Humfrey*, can I beare this shamefull yoake?
Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World,
Or count them happy, that enioyes the Sunne?

No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.
Sometime Ile say, I am Duke *Humfrefes* Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilest I, his forlorne Duchesse,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock
To euery idle Rascall follower.

But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame,
Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death
Hang ouer thee, as sure it shortly will.
For *Suffolke*, he that can doe all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all,
And *Yorke*, and impious *Beauford*, that false Priest,
Haue all lym'd BUSHES to betray thy Wings,
And slye thou how thou canst, they'le tangle thee.
But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be snar'd,
Nor neuer seeke preuention of thy foes.

Gloß. Ah *Nell*, forbear: thou ayme't all awry.
I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twentie times so many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.
Would'ft haue me rescue thee from this reproach?

n

Why

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
 But I in danger for the breach of Law.
 Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell*;
 I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
 These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne:

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament,
 Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.

Gloſt. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?
 This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there.

My Nell, I take my leaue: and Master Sherife,
 Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.

Sb. And't please your Grace, here my Commission staves:
 And Sir *John Stanley* is appointed now,
 To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

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

Stanly. So am I giuen in charge, may't please your
 Grace.

Gloſt. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
 You vse her well: the World may laugh againe,
 And I may lye to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her.
 And so Sir *John*, farewell.

Elianor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not fare-
 well?

Gloſt. Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Gloſter.

Elianor. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
 For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death;
 Death, at whose Name I oft haue benee afear'd,
 Because I with'd this Worlds eternitie.

Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
 I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;
 Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
 There to be vs'd according to your State.

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

Stanley. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke *Humfrefyes* Lady,
 According to that State you shall be vs'd.

Elianor. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
 Although thou hast benee Conduct of my shame.

Sberife. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

Elianor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:
 Come *Stanley*, shall we goe?

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
 Throw off this Sheet,

And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney.

Elianor. My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:
 No, it will hang vpon my richest Robes,
 And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.
 Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison. *Exeunt*

*Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,
 Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick,*
to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloſter is not come:
 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
 What e're occasion keeps him from vs now.

Queene. Can you not see? or will ye not obserue
 The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?
 With what a Maiestie he beares himselfe,
 How insolent of late he is become,
 How proud, how peremptorie, and vnlike himselfe.
 We know the time since he was milde and affable,
 And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
 Immediately he was vpon his Knee,

That all the Court admir'd him for submission.

But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
 When euery one will giue the time of day,
 He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,
 And passeth by with stiffe vnbowd Knece,
 Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs.

Small Curres are not regarded when they grynne,
 But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
 And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.

First note, that he is neere you in discent,
 And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,
 Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
 And his aduantage following your deceafe,
 That he should come about your Royall Person,
 Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell.

By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
 And when he please to make Commotion,

'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
 Now'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,
 Suffer them now, and they'll o're-grow the Garden,
 And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.

The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,
 Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.

If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
 Which feare, if better Reason can supplant,
 I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
 My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
 Reproue my allegation, if you can,
 Or else conclude my words effectually.

Suff. Well hath your Highnesse seene into this Duke:

And had I first benee put to speake my minde,
 I thinke I should haue told your Graces Tale.

The Duchesse, by his subornation,
 Vpon my Life began her diuellish practises:

Or if he were not priuie to those Faults,
 Yet by reuting of his high discent,
 As next the King, he was successiue Heire,
 And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
 Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sick Duchesse,
 By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.
 Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
 And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.
 The Fox barkes not, when he would steale the Lambe.
 No, no, my Soueraigne, *Gloſter* is a man
 Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
 Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?

Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
 Leuie great summes of Money through the Realme,
 For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer sent it?

By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.
Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknowne,
 Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humfrey*.

King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
 To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,
 Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my conscience,
 Our Kinsman *Gloſter* is as innocent,
 From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,
 As is the sucking Lambe, or harmelesse Doue:
 The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,
 To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance:
 Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,
 For hee's disposed as the hatefull Rauens.
 Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,

enclin'd as is the rauenous Wolues.
 not steale a shepe, that meanes deceit?
 I, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
 the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Enter *Somerſet*.

Ill health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.
 Welcome Lord *Somerſet*: What Newes from

hat all your Interest in thoſe Territories,
 hereſt you: all is loſt.
 Old Newes, Lord *Somerſet*: but Gods will be

old Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
 as I hope for fertile England.
 My Blossomes blaſted in the Bud,
 My pillers eate my Leaues away:
 Remedie this gear ere long,
 Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter *Glouceſter*.

Ill happineſſe vnto my Lord the King:
 My Liege, that I haue ſtay'd ſo long.
 My *Gloſter*, know that thou art come too ſoone,
 Thou wert more loyall then thou art:
 Thou'ſt thee of High Treafon here.
 Well *Suffolke*, thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
 For my Countenance for this Arreſt:
 Spotted, is not eaſily daunted.
 Spring is not ſo free from mudde,
 Care from Treafon to my Soueraigne.
 Accuſe me? wherein am I guiltie?
 'Tis thought, my Lord,
 Tooke Bribes of France,
 Protector, ſtay'd the Souldiers pay,
 Whereof, his Highneſſe hath loſt France.
 'Tis it but thought ſo?
 Why that thinke it?
 'Tis the Souldiers of their pay,
 Had one penny Bribe from France.
 'Tis God, as I haue watcht the Night,
 'Tis Night, in ſtudying good for England.
 That ere I wreſted from the King,
 That I hoorded to my uſe,
 That againſt me at my Tryall day.
 A Pound of mine owne proper ſtore,
 Would not taxe the needie Commons,
 Purſued to the Garrifons,
 Ask'd for reſtitution.
 'Tis ſerues you well, my Lord, to ſay ſo much.
 I ſay no more then truth, ſo helpe me God.
 In your Protectorſhip, you did deuife
 Tortures for Offendors, neuer heard of,
 And was defam'd by Tyrannie.
 'Tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
 All the fault that was in me:
 Had melt at an Offendors teares,
 My words were Ranſome for their fault:
 They were a bloody Murtherer,
 A felonious Theefe, that ſteec'd poore paſſengers,
 And ſeem'd them condigne puniſhment:
 'Tis indeede, that bloodie finne, I tortur'd
 My Felon, or what Treſpas elſe.
 My Lord, theſe faults are eaſie, quickly anſwer'd:
 My other Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
 Which you cannot eaſily purge your ſelfe.

I doe arreſt you in his Highneſſe Name,
 And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
 To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Gloſter, 'tis my ſpeciall hope,
 That you will cleare your ſelfe from all ſuſpence,
 My Conſcience tells me you are innocent.

Gloſt. Ah gracious Lord, theſe dayes are dangerous:
 Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
 And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
 Foule Subornation is predominant,
 And Equitie exil'd your Highneſſe Land.
 I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:
 And if my death might make this Iland happy,
 And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,
 I would expend it with all willingneſſe.
 But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
 For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no perill,
 Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.

Beaufords red ſparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
 And *Suffolke* cloudie Brow his ſtormie hate;
 Sharpe *Buckingham* vnburthens with his tongue,
 The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart:
 And dogged *York*, that reaches at the Moone,
 Whoſe ouer-weening Arme I haue pluckt back,
 By falſe accuſe doth leuell at my Life.
 And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the reſt,
 Cauſeleſſe haue lay'd diſgraces on my head,
 And with your beſt endeouour haue ſtirr'd vp
 My liefeſt Liege to be mine Enemy:
 I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
 My ſelfe had notice of your Conuenticles,
 And all to make away my guiltleſſe Life.
 I ſhall not want falſe Witneſſe, to condemne me,
 Nor ſtore of Treafons, to augment my guilt:
 The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,
 A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.
 If thoſe that care to keepe your Royall Perſon
 From Treafons ſecret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
 Be thus vpbroyded, chid, and rated at,
 And the Offendor graunted ſcope of ſpeech,
 'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here
 With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?
 As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſweare
 Falſe allegations, to o'rethrow his ſtate.

Qu. But I can giue the loſer leaue to chide.
Gloſt. Farre truer ſpoke then meant: I loſe indeede,
 Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe,
 And well ſuch loſers may haue leaue to ſpeake.

Buck. Hee'le wreſt the fence, and hold vs here all day.
 Lord Cardinall, he is your Priſoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.
Gloſt. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his Crutch,
 Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.
 Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy ſide,
 And Wolues are gnarling, who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
 Ah that my feare were falſe, ah that it were;
 For good King *Henry*, thy decay I feare. *Exit Gloſter*.

King. My Lords, what to your wiſdomes ſeemeth beſt,
 Doe, or vndoe, as if our ſelfe were here.

Queene. What, will your Highneſſe leaue the Parlia-
 ment?

King. I *Margaret*: my heart is drown'd with grieſe,
 Whoſe ſtound begins to ſlowe within mine eyes;
 My Body round engyrt with miſerie:

For what's more miserable then Discontent?

Ah, Vnckle *Humfrey*, in thy face I see
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie;
And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come,
That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowring Starre now enuies thy estate?
That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
Doe seeke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life.
Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strayes,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
Euen for remorselesse haue they borne him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,
And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;
Euen so my selfe bewayles good *Glosters* case
With sad vnhelpfull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
So mightie are his vow'd Enemies.

His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none. *Exit.*

Queene. Free Lords:

Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
Too full of foolish pittie: and *Glosters* shew
Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowing Banke,
With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
Beleeue me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;
This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.

Card. That he should dye, is worthie pollicie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.

Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:
The King will labour still to saue his Life,
The Commons haply rise, to saue his Life;
And yet we haue but triuiall argument,
More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.

Yorke. So that by this, you would not haue him dye.

Suff. Ah *Yorke*, no man aliue, so faine as I.

Yorke. 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reason for his death.
But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:
Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,
As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?

Queene. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.

Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,
To make the Fox surueyor of the Fold?
Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly posted ouer,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimfon blood,
As *Humfrey* prou'd by Reasons to my Liege.
And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:
Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtletie,
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preferue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.

Card. But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And Ile prouide his Executioner,
I tender to the safetie of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queene. And so say I.

Yorke. And I: and now we three haue spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword,
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
For being Greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe.
What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?

Yorke. That *Somerfet* be sent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be employ'd,
Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *Yorke*, with all his farre-fet pollicie,
Had bene the Regent there, in stead of me,
He neuer would haue stay'd in France so long.

Yorke. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
Mens flesh preferu'd so whole, doe seldome winne.

Qu. Nay then, this sparke will proue a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good *Yorke*; sweet *Somerfet* be still.
Thy fortune, *Yorke*, hadst thou bene Regent there,
Might happily haue prou'd farre worfe then his.

Yorke. What, worfe then naught? nay, then a shame
take all.

Somerfet. And in the number, thee, that withest
shame.

Card. My Lord of *Yorke*, trie what your fortune is:
Th'vniciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely, from each Countie some,
And trie your hap against the Irishmen?

Yorke. I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie.

Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his consent,
And what we doe establish, he confirms:
Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.

Yorke. I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will see perform'd.
But now returne we to the false Duke *Humfrey*.

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:
And so breake off, the day is almost spent,
Lord *Suffolke*, you and I must talke of that euent.

Yorke. My

te. My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes
stow I expect my Souldiers, l.com.cn
ere Ile shippe them all for Ireland.

Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. *Exeunt.*

Manet Yorke.

te. Now Yorke, or neuer, steele thy fearfull thoughts,
change misdoubt to resolution;

if thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;

to death, it is not worth th'enjoying:

le-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,

nde no harbor in a Royall heart.

thē Spring-time showres, comes thought on thought,
ot a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.

ayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,

is tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.

Nobles, well: 'tis politickly done,

nd me packing with an Hoast of men:

me, you but warme the starued Snake,

herihit in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

men I lackt, and you will giue them me;

it kindly: yet be well assur'd,

ut sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.

s I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,

stirre vp in England some black Storme,

lowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:

his fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,

the Golden Circuit on my Head,

o the glorious Sunnes transparent Beames,

lme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.

or a minister of my intent,

seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,

ade of Ashford,

like Commotion, as full well he can,

the Title of *John Mortimer*.

and haue I seene this stubborn *Cade*

: himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,

ought so long, till that his thighes with Darts

almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:

at the end being rescued, I haue seene

apre vpright, like a wilde Morisco,

ing the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.

sten, like a shag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,

be conuerfed with the Enemye,

ndiscouer'd, come to me againe,

iuen me notice of their Villanies.

deuill here shall be my substitute;

at *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,

in gate, in speech he doth resemble.

is, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,

hey affect the Houfe and Clayme of *Yorke*.

to be taken, rackt, and tortured;

is, no paine they can inflict vpon him,

nake him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.

at he thriue, as 'tis great like he will,

hen from Ireland come I with my strength,

ape the Haruest which that Rasfall sow'd.

umfrey; being dead, as he shall be,

leury put apart: the next for me. *Exit.*

*Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the
Murder of Duke Humfrey.*

Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
ue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.

Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done?

uer heare a man so penitent? *Enter Suffolke.*

Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?

1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead.

Suff. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my Houfe,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:

The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.

Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,

According as I gaue directions?

1. 'Tis, my good Lord.

Suff. Away, be gone.

Exeunt.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene,
Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with
Attendants.*

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight:

Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,

If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*

King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all

Proceed no straiter gainst our Vnckle *Gloster*,

Then from true euidence, of good esteeme,

He be approu'd in practise culpable.

Queene. God forbid any Malice should preuayle,

That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:

Pray God he may acquit him of suspition.

King. I thanke thee *Nell*, these wordes content mee
much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?

Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, *Suffolke*?

Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloster* is dead.

Queene. Marry God forfend.

Card. Gods secret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

King fouds.

Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is
dead.

Sam. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose.

Qu. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes.

Suff. He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient.

King. Oh Heauenly God.

Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious *Henry* com-
fort.

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a Rauens Note,

Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres:

And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chafe away the first-conceiued sound?

Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,

Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say,

Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.

Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight:

Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie

Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World.

Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;

Yet doe not goe away: come Basiliske,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:

For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy;

In life, but double death, now *Gloster*'s dead.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?

Although the Duke was enemye to him,

Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:

And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,

Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,

Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life;

I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with grones,
 Looke pale as *Prim-rose* with blood-drinking fighes;
 And all to haue the Noble Duke aliue.
 What know I how the world may deeme of me?
 For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
 It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,
 So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
 And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
 This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappy,
 To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.

King. Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.

What, dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me:
 What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deaf?
 Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
 Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe?
 Why then Dame *Elleanor* was neere thy ioy.
 Erect his Statue, and worship it,
 And make my Image but an Ale-houfe signe.
 Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,
 And twice by aukward winde from Englands banke
 Droue backe againe vnto my Native Clime.
 What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
 Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,
 Nor set no footing on this vnkinde Shore.
 What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,
 And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Canes,
 And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore,
 Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:
 Yet *Aeolus* would not be a murderher,
 But left that hatefull office vnto thee.
 The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
 Knowing that thou wouldst haue me drown'd on shore
 With teares as salt as Sea, through thy vnkindnesse.
 The splitting Rockes cower'd in the sinking sides,
 And would not dash me with their ragged fides,
 Because thy stinty heart more hard then they,
 Might in thy Pallace, perish *Elleanor*.
 As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
 When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate vs backe,
 I stood vpon the Hatches in the storme:
 And when the duskie sky, began to rob
 My earnest-gaping-sight of thy Lands view,
 I tooke a costly Jewell from my necke,
 A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,
 And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiu'd it,
 And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart:
 And euen with this, I lost faire Englands view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
 And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,
 For loosing ken of *Albions* wish'd Coast.
 How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue
 (The agent of thy soule inconstancie)
 To sit and watch me as *Africanus* did,
 When he to madding *Dido* would vnfold
 His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.
 Am I not witch like her? Or thou not false like him?
 Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elinor*,
 For *Henry* weepes, that thou dost liue so long.

Noyse within. Enter *Warwicke*, and many
 Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
 That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterously is murdered

By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beaufords* meanes:
 The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees
 That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe,
 And care not who they sting in his reuenge.
 My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,
 Vntill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good *Warwick*, 'tis too true,
 But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*:
 Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes,
 And comment then vpon his sodaine death.

War. That shall I do my Liege; Stay *Salsburie*
 With the rude multitude, till I returne.

King. O thou that iudgett all things, stay my thoughts:
 My thoughts, that labour to perwade my soule,
 Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:
 If my suspect be false, forgie me God,
 For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:
 Faine would I go to chafe his palie lips,
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine
 Vpon his face an Ocean of salt teares,
 To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deaf trunkes,
 And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling:
 But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies,

Bed put forth.

And to suruey his dead and earthy Image:
 What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

War. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this
 body.

King. That is to see how deepe my graue is made,
 For with his soule fled all my worldly solace:
 For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soule intends to liue
 With that dread King that tooke our state vpon him,
 To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curse,
 I do beleue that violent hands were laid
 Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, sworne with a solemn tongue:
 What instance giues Lord *Warwicke* for his vow.

War. See how the blood is setled in his face.
 Oft haue I seene a timely-parted Ghost,
 Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,
 Being all descended to the labouring heart,
 Who in the Conscience that it holds with death,
 Attracts the same for aydance 'gainst the enemy,
 Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
 To blush and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
 But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
 His eye-balles further out, than when he liued,
 Staring full gastly, like a strangled man:
 His hayre vprear'd, his nostrils stretcht with struggling:
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
 And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdude.
 Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sticking,
 His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged,
 Like to the Summers Corne by Tempest lodged:
 It cannot be but he was murdered heere,
 The least of all these signes were probable.

Suf. Why *Warwicke*, who should do the D. to death?
 My selfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
 And we I hope 'tis, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vowed D. *Humfries* foes,
 And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
 'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
 And 'tis well seene, he found an enemy.

Queen. Than you belike suspect these Noblemen,
 As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timelesse death.

War.

Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh,
 aft-by, a Butcher with an Axe, *Exit.*
 I speck, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
 the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest,
 imagine how the Bird was dead,
 the Kytte soare with ynbloudied Beake?
 spitious is this Tragedie.
 e you the Butcher, *Suffolke*? where's your Knife?
 I tearm'd a Kytte? where are his Tailons?
 veare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
 a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,
 be scowred in his rancorous heart,
 era me with Murthers Crimfon Badge.
 I dar'ft, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
 faultie in Duke *Humfrefes* death.
 What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolke* dare

e dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
 to be an arrogant Controller,
Suffolke dare him twentie thousand times.
 Madame be still : with reuerence may I say,
 word you speake in his behalfe,
 to your Royall Dignitie.
 unt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
 dy wrong'd her Lord so much,
 er tooke into her blamefull Bed
 ie vatatur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
 with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,
 of the *Neuils* Noble Race.
 ut that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
 old rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
 hee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 my Soueraignes preface makes me milde,
 ilfe murd'rous Coward, on thy Knees
 : begge pardon for thy passed speach,
 was thy Mother that thou meant'ft,
 thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;
 all this fearefull Homage done,
 thy hyre, and fend thy Soule to Hell,
 blood-sucker of sleeping men.
 hou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
 is presence thou dar'ft goe with me.
 way euen now, or I will drag thee hence:
 though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
 me seruike to Duke *Humfrefes* Ghost.

Exeunt.

hat stronger Breast-plate then a heart vntainted?
 ie arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iust;
 it naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
 nscience with Iniuftice is corrupted.

A noyse within.

What noyse is this?

*Enter Suffolke and Warwick, with their
 Weapons drawn.*

Why how now Lords?
 hfull Weapons drawn,
 r preference? Dare you be so bold?
 : tumultuous clamor haue we here?
 ie trayt'rous *Warwick*, with the men of Bury,
 n me, mightie Soueraigne.

Enter Salisbury.

Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your

Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
 Vnlesse Lord *Suffolke* straight be done to death,
 Or banished faire Englands Territories,
 They will by violence tear him from your Pallace,
 And torture him with grieuous lingring death.
 They say, by him the good Duke *Humfrefe* dy'de:
 They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;
 And meere instinct of Loue and Loyaltie,
 Free from a stubborne opposite intent,
 As being thought to contradict your liking,
 Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
 They say, in care of your most Royall Person,
 That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,
 And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,
 In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;
 Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,
 Were there a Serpent scene, with forked Tongue,
 That slyly glyded towards your Maiestie,
 It were but necessarie you were wak't:
 Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,
 The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall.
 And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
 That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
 From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolke* is;
 With whose inuenomed and fatal sting,
 Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,
 They say is shamefully bereft of life.

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

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolitht Hindes,
 Could send such Message to their Soueraigne:
 But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To shew how queint an Orator you are.
 But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
 Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
 Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or wee will all
 breake in.

King. Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
 I thanke them for their tender louing care;
 And had I not bene cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:
 For sure, my thoughts doe hourelly prophetic,
 Mischance vnto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes.
 And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare,
 Whose farre-vnworthie Deputie I am,
 He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,
 But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

Qu. Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolke*.

King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolke*.
 No more I say: if thou do'ft pleade for him,
 Thou wilt but adde encrease vnto my Wrath.
 Had I but sayd, I would haue kept my Word;
 But when I sweare, it is irreuoicable:
 If after three dayes space thou here bee'ft found,
 On any ground that I am Ruler of,
 The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.
 Come *Warwick*, come good *Warwick*, goe with mee,
 I haue great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Qu. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,
 Hearts Discontent, and lowre Affliction,
 Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:
 There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,
 And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your steps.

Suff. Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations,
 And let thy *Suffolke* take his heauie leaue.

Queene. Eye

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

Suf. A plague vpon them : wherefore should I curse them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would inuent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,
Deliu'er'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distraet :
I, euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke.
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest teath they taste :
Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees :
Their cheefest Prospec't, murd'ring Basiliskes :
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings :
Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hiss,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Comfort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell—

Q. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue ?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares :
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To wash away my wooll Monuments.
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st thinke vpon these by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand signes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
'Tis but furniz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfets, thinking on a want :
I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,
Aduenrure to be banished my selfe :
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speake not to me ; euen now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye ;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence,
A Wildernesse is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thy heauenly company :
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
With euery feuerall pleasure in the World :
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I can no more : Liue thou to ioy thy life ;
My selfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'st.

Enter Vaux.

Queene. Whether goes *Vaux* so fast ? What newes I prethee ?

Vaux. To signifie vnto his Maiesty,
That Cardinall *Beauford* is at point of death :
For sodainly a greuous sicknesse tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talke, as if Duke *Humfries* Ghost
Were by his side : Sometime, he calles the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his ouer-charged soule,
And I am sent to tell his Maiestie,
That euen now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Go tell this heauy Message to the King. *Exit*
Aye me ! What is this World ? What newes are these ?
But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore losse,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my foules Treasure ?
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee ?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares ?
Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,
And in thy sight to dye, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?
Here could I breath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers dugges betwene it's lips.
Where from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close vp mine eyes :
To haue thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth :
So should'st thou eyther turne my flying soule,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in iest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death :
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queen. Away : Though parting be a fretfull corosue,
It is applied to a deathfull wound.
To France sweet Suffolke : Let me heare from thee :
For wherefoere thou art in this worlds Globe,
Ile haue an *Itis* that shall finde thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A Iewell lockt into the woollst Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a splitted Barke, so sunder we :
This way fall I to death.

Q. This way for me. *Exeunt*

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinall in bed.

King. How fare's my Lord ? Speake *Beauford* to thy Soueraigne.

Ca. If thou best death, Ile giue thee Englands Treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.

King. Ah, what a signe it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is seene so terrible.

War. *Beauford*, it is thy Soueraigne speakes to thee.

Beau. Bring me vnto my Trial when you will.
Dy'de he not in his bed ? Where should he dye ?
Can I make men liue where they will or no ?
Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.
Alieue againe ? Then shew me where he is,
Ile giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb

downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands vp right,
 time-twigs set to catch my winged soule:
 he some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
 the strong poyson that I bought of him.
 Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,
 with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
 ste away the busie meddling Fiend,
 eyes strong siege vnto this wretches soule,
 om his bofome purge this blacke dispaire.
 See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
 Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.
 Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.
 ar'd'nall, if thou think'st on heauens blisse,
 p thy hand, make signall of thy hope.
 and makes no signe: Oh God forgie him.
 So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.
 Forbear to iudge, for we are sinners all.
 p his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,
 t vs all to Meditation. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goet off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

The gaudy blabbing and remorsfull day,
 into the bofome of the Sea:
 ow loud howling Wolues arouse the Iades
 ragge the Tragicke melancholy night:
 with their drowisie, slow, and flagging wings
 dead-mens graues, and from their misty lawes,
 foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:
 ore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
 ilst our Pinnacle Anchors in the Downes,
 hall they make their ranfome on the sand,
 h their blood staine this discoloured shore.
 ; this Prisoner freely giue I thee,
 ou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
 her *Walter Whitmore* is thy share.
ent. What is my ranfome Master, let me know.
 A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head
 e. And so much shall you giue, or off goes yours.
 . What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,
 are the name and port of Gentlemen?
 th the Villaines throats, for dy you shall:
 us of those which we haue lost in fight,
 ater-poy's'd with such a pettie summe.
 nt. He giue it fir, and therefore spare my life.
 nt. And so will I, and write home for it straight.
 tm. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
 erefore to reuenge it, shalt thou dye,
 should these, if I might haue my will.
 Be not so rash, take ranfome, let him liue.
 Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
 e at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.
 e. And so am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore*.
 ow? why starts thou? What doth death affright?
 Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:
 ing man did calculate my birth,
 ld me that by Water I should dye:
 not this make thee be bloody-minded,
 me is *Gualtier*, being rightly founded.
 . *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
 yet did base dishonour blurre our name,
 h our sword we wip'd away the blot.
 ore, when Merchant-like I sell reuenge,
 oe my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
 proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
 The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole*.
Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragges?
Suf. I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.
Lieu. But loue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be,
 Obscure and lowsie Swaine, King *Henries* blood.
Suf. The honourable blood of Lancafter
 Must not be shed by such a iaded Groome:
 Haft thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?
 Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
 And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.
 How often hast thou waited at my cup,
 Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
 When I haue feasted with Queene *Margaret*?
 Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-falne,
 I, and alay this thy abortiue Pride:
 How in our voyding Lobby hast thou stood,
 And duly wayted for my comming forth?
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
 And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak Captaine, shall I stab the forlorne Swain.
Lieu. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base slauie, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Lieu. Conuey him hence, and on our long boats side,
 Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy owne.
Lieu. *Poole*, Sir *Poole*? Lord,
 I kennell, puddle, sinke, whose filth and dirt
 Troubles the siluer Spring, where England drinks:
 Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
 For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme:
 Thy lips that kist the Queene, shall sweep the ground:
 And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Humphries* death,
 Against the fenseliefe windes shall grin in vaine,
 Who in contempt shall hisse at thee againe.
 And wedded be thou to the Haggas of hell,
 For daring to affye a mighty Lord
 Vnto the daughter of a worthlesse King,
 Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:
 By diuelliish policy art thou growne great,
 And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gorg'd,
 With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
 By thee *Aniou* and *Maine* were sold to France.
 The false reuolting Normans thorough thee,
 Dildaine to call vs Lord, and *Piccardie*
 Hath slaine their Gouvernors, surpriz'd our Forts,
 And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
 The Princely Warwicke, and the *Neuils* all,
 Whose dreadfull swords were neuer drawne in vaine,
 As hating thee, and rising vp in armes.
 And now the House of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,
 By shamefull murder of a guiltlesse King,
 And lofty proud ineroaching tyranny,
 Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopeful colours
 Aduance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, struing to shine;
 Vnder the which is writ, *I. uisus nubibus*.
 The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
 And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
 Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
 And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder
 Vpon these paltry, seruile, abiect Drudges:
 Small things make base men proud. His Villaine heere,
 Being Captaine of a Pinnacle, threatens more
 Then *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian Pyrate.
 Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues:
 It is impossible that I should dye

By

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.

Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Message from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waite me safely crosse the Channell.

Lieu. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must waite thee to thy death.

Suf. *Pine gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.
What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope.

1. Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him, speake him fair.

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:
Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.

Farre be it, we should honor such as these
With humble suite: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:
And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,
Then stand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.

True Nobility, is exempt from feare:

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:

Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may neuer be forgot.

Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.

A Romane Sworde, and Bandetto slaue

Murder'd sweet *Tully*. *Brutus* Bastard hand

Stab'd *Iulius Cæsar*. Saueage Islanders

Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.

Lieu. And as for these whose rancome we haue set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:

Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.

Manet the first Gent. Enter Walter with the body.

Wal. There let his head, and liuelesse bodie lye,
Vntill the Queene his Mistris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1. Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle,

His body will I beare vnto the King:

If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,

So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.

Enter Beuis, and Iohn Holland.

Beuis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a
Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.

Hol. They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.

Beuis. I tell thee, *Lacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to
dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new
nap vpon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say,
it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen
came vp.

Beuis. O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in
Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather
Aprons.

Beuis. Nay more, the Kings Councill are no good
Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocati-
on: which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be la-
bouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

Beuis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a
braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them: There's *Best's* Sonne, the
Tanner of Wingham.

Beuis. Hee shall haue the skinned of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Beuis. Then is sin stricke downe like an Ox, and in-
quities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weauer.

Beu. Argo, their thred of life is spun.

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

Drumme. *Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer,
and a Srowyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. Wee Iohn Cade, so tearm'd of our supposed Fa-
ther.

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired
with the Spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com-
mand silence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*.

Butch. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife defended of the *Lacies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many
Laces.

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her
furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there
was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a
house but the Cade.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weauer. A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I haue seene him whipt
three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither sword, nor fire.

Wea. He neede not feare the sword, for his Coate is of
proofe.

But. But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, be-
ing burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and
Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seuen
halfe peny Loaves sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot,
shall haue ten hoopes, and I will make it Fellony to drinck
small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in
Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to graffe: and when I am
King, as King I will be.

All. God saue your Maiesty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There shall bee no
mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will
apparrell them all in one Liuery, that they may agree like
Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lament-
ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should
be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore,
should vndoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say,
'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and
I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's
there?

Enter a Clarke.

Weauer. The Clarke of Chartam: hee can write and
reade, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous.

Wea. We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

Cade.

Here's a Villaine.

Ha's a Booke, in his pocket with red Letters in't
Nay then he is a Coniurer.
Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court

I am sorry for't : The man is a proper man of
nour : vlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die.
her firrah, I must examine thee : What is thy

. Emanuell.

They vse to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill
with you.

Let me alone : Dost thou vse to write thy name?
hou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dea-
?

. Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought
I can write my name.

He hath confest : away with him : he's a Villaine
traitor.

Away with him I say : Hang him with his Pen
-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clarke

Enter Michael.

Where's our Generall?

Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother
ry, with the Kings Forces.

Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe : he
ncountred with a man as good as himselfe. He
night, is a?

No.

To equall him I will make my selfe a knight pre-
fise vp Sir *Iohn Mortimer*. Now haue at him.

*Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother,
with Drum and Soldiers.*

Rebellious Hinds, the filth and feum of Kent,
or the Gallowes : Lay your Weapons downe,
your Cottages : forsake this Groomee.

; is mercifull, if you reuolt.

but angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,
forward : therefore yeeld, or dye.

As for these filken-coated slaues I passe not,
no good people, that I speake,

me (in time to come) I hope to raigne :
rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer,
thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

And what of that?

Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March,
he Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?
fir.

By her he had two children at one birth.

'hat's false.

Is there's the question ; But I say, 'tis true :

of them being put to nurse,

begger-woman stolne away,

parent of his birth and parentage,

Bricklayer, when he came to age.

am I, deny it if you can.

I say, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

fir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, &
es are aliue at this day to testifie it : therefore
it.

Staf. And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes,
that speakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we : therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Iacke Cade, the D. of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I inuented it my selfe. Go too Sir-
rah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake *Hen-
ry* the fifth, (in whose time, boyes went to Span-counter
for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but Ile
be Protector ouer him.

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord *Sayes*
head, for selling the Dukedome of *Maine*.

Cade And good reason : for thereby is England main'd
And faine to go with a staffe, but that my puiffance holds
it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath
gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch : &
more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is
a Traitor.

Staf. O grosse and miserable ignorance.

Cade. Nay answer if you can : The Frenchmen are our
enemies : go too then, I ask but this : Can he that speakes
with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councillour, or
no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'l haue his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not preuaile,
Assaile them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout euery Towne,
Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with *Cade*,
That those which flye before the battell ends,
May euen in their Wiues and Childrens fight,
Be hang'd vp for example at their doores :

And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that loue the Commons, follow me:
Now shew your selues men, 'tis for Liberty.

We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman:

Spare none, but such as go in clouted hooen,

For they are thrifty honest men, and such

As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs.

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

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine.

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

But. Heere fir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, &
thou behaued'st thy selfe, as if thou hadst bene in thine
owne Slaughter-house: Therefore thus will I reward thee,
the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt
haue a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speake truth, thou deseru'st no lesse.

This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bod-
ies shall be dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to
London, where we will haue the Maiors sword born be-
fore vs.

But. If we meane to thriue, and do good, breake open
the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.

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

*Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Sus-
folkes bead, the Duke of Buckingham, and the
Lord Say.*

Queene. Oft haue I heard that greefe softens the mind,
And

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
 Thinke therefore on reuenge, and cease to weepe.
 But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this.
 Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:
 But where's the body that I should imbrace?

Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels
 Supplication?

King. Ile send some holy Bishop to intreat:
 For God forbid, so many simple soules
 Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,
 Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
 Will parley with *Iacke Cade* their Generall.
 But stay, Ile read it ouer once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louely face,
 Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,
 And could it not inforce them to relent,
 That were vnworthy to behold the same.

King. Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath sworne to haue thy
 head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall haue his.

King. How now Madam?
 Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
 I feare me (*Loue*) if that I had bene dead,
 Thou would'st not haue mourn'd so much for me.

Qu. No my *Loue*, I should not mourne, but dye for
 thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in
 such haste?

Mes. The Rebels are in Southwatke: Fly my Lord:
Iacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord *Mortimer*,
 Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* house,
 And calles your Grace *Vsurper*, openly,
 And vowes to Crowne himselfe in *Westminster*.
 His Army is a ragged multitude
 Of *Hindes* and *Pezants*, rude and mercilesse:
 Sir *Humfrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
 Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
 All *Schollers*, *Lawyers*, *Courtiers*, *Gentlemen*,
 They call false *Caterpillers*, and intend their death.

King. Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.

Buc. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
 Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of *Suffolke* now aliuie,
 These *Kentish* Rebels would be soone appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the *Traitors* hateth thee,
 Therefore away with vs to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Graces person be in danger:
 The fight of me is odious in their eyes:
 And therefore in this City will I stay,
 And liue alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. *Iacke Cade* hath gotten *London-bridge*.
 The *Citizens* flye and forsake their houses:
 The *Rascall* people, thirsting after prey,
 Ioyned with the *Traitor*, and they ioyntly sweare
 To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will succor vs.

Qu. My hope is gone, now *Suffolke* is deceaft.

King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the *Kentish* Rebels

Buc. Trust no body for feare you betrayd.

Say. The trust I haue, is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Exit omnes.

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

Scales. How now? Is *Iacke Cade* slaine?

1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:
 For they haue wonne the *Bridge*,
 Killing all those that withstand them:
 The *L. Maior* craues ayd of your Honor from the *Tower*
 To defend the City from the *Rebels*.

Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,
 But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,
 The *Rebels* haue assay'd to win the *Tower*.
 But get you to *Smithfield*, and gather head,
 And thither I will send you *Matbew Goffe*.
 Fight for your *King*, your *Country*, and your *Liues*,
 And so farwell, for I must hence againe.

Exit

*Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his
 staffe on London stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
 And heere sitting vpon *London Stone*,
 I charge and command, that of the *Cities* coast
 The pissing *Conduit* run nothing but *Clarret Wine*
 This first yeare of our raigne.
 And now henceforward it shall be *Treason* for any,
 That calles me other then *Lord Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. *Iacke Cade*, *Iacke Cade*.

Cade. Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*

But. If this Fellow be wise, hee'l neuer call yee *Iacke
 Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
 in *Smithfield*.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
 But first, go and fet *London Bridge* on fire,
 And if you can, burne downe the *Tower* too.
 Come, let's away. *Exit omnes.*

*Alarums. Matbew Goffe is slaine, and all the rest.
 Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company.*

Cade. So first: now go some and pull downe the *Suoy*:
 Others to'th *Innes* of *Court*, downe with them all.

Hut. I haue a suite vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Bee it a *Lordshippe*, thou shalt haue it for that
 word.

But. Onely that the *Lawes* of *England* may come out
 of your mouth.

John. Masse 'twill be fore *Law* then, for he was thrust
 in the mouth with a *Speare*, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *John*, it wil be stinking *Law*, for his breath
 stinkes with eating toasted cheefe.

Cade. I haue thought vpon it, it shall bee so. Away,
 burne all the *Records* of the *Realme*, my mouth shall be
 the *Parliament* of *England*.

John. Then we are like to haue biting *Statutes*
 Vnlesse his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in *Com-
 mon.* *Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the *Lord Say*,
 which sold the *Townes* in *France*. He that made vs pay
 one and twenty *Fifteenes*, and one shilling to the pound,
 the last *Subsidie*.

Enter

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times :
 Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now
 within point-blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall.
 anst thou answer to my Maiesty, for giuing vp of
 die vnto Mounseur *Bafmeu*, the Dolphine of
 'Be it knowne vnto thee by these presence, euen
 fence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beefome
 it sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou
 iou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of
 lme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole : and where-
 e, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the
 id the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd,
 trary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou
 lt a Paper-Mill. It will be proued to thy Face,
 ou hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a
 and a Verbe, and such abominable wordes, as
 ftian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appoin-
 ices of Peace, to call poore men before them, a-
 tters they were not able to answer. Moreouer,
 it put them in prison, and because they could not
 hou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for
 ise they haue benee most worthy to liue. Thou
 : in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

What of that?

Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare
 e, when honest men then thou go in their Hofe
 iblets.

. And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for ex-
 that am a butcher.

You men of Kent.

What say you of Kent.

Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Away with him, away with him, he speaks La-

Hear me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you
 ill :

the Commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
 d the ciuel'ft place of all this lse :
 the Contry, because full of Riches,
 ople Liberal, Valiant, Actiue, Wealthy,
 makes me hope you are not void of pity.

ot *Maine*, I lost not *Normandie*,
 recouer them would loose my life :

with fauour haue I alwayes done,
 and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.
 saue I ought exacted at your hands?

maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
 its haue I bestow'd on learned Clearkes,
 my Booke preferr'd me to the King.
 ing Ignorance is the curse of God,
 dge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.
 you be posselt with diuellish spirits,
 not but forbear to murder me :
 ingue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings
 r behoofe.

Tut, when struck'ft thou one blow in the field?
 Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I struck
 hat I neuer saw, and strucke them dead.

O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde

these cheekes are pale for watching for your good
 Giue him a box o'th'care, and that will make 'em
 ne.

Say. Long sitting to determine poore mens causes,
 Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help
 of hatchet.

Dicke. Why dost thou quiuer man?

Say. The Palfie, and not feare prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddas at vs, as who should say, Ile be
 euen with you. Ile see if his head will stand steddier on
 a pole, or no : Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me : wherein haue I offended most?

Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.

Are my Chests fill'd vp with extorted Gold?

Is my Apparrell sumptuous to behold?

Whom haue I injur'd, that ye seeke my death?

These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodhedding,
 This breast from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.
 O let me liue.

Cade. I feele remorse in my selfe with his words : but
 Ile bridle it : he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so
 well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vn-
 der his Tongue, he speakes not a Gods name. Goe, take
 him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then
 breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir *James Cromer*,
 and strike off his head, and bring them both vppon two
 poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countrimen : If when you make your prair's,
 God should be so obdurate as your selues :
 How would it fare with your departed soules,
 And therefore yet relent, and saue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye : the
 proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on
 his shoulders, vnlesse he pay me tribute : there shall not
 a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her Mayden-
 head ere they haue it : Men shall hold of mee in Capite.
 And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free
 as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dicke. My Lord,
 When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commodi-
 ties vpon our billes?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the beads.

Cade. But is not this brauer :

Let them kisse one another : For they lou'd well
 When they were aliuie. Now part them againe,
 Least they consult about the giuing vp
 Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,
 Deferre the spoile of the Citie vntill night :
 For with these borne before vs, in steed of Maces,
 Will we ride through the streets, & at euery Corner
 Haue them kisse. Away. *Exit*

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade,
and all his rabblement.

Cade. Vp Fifth-streete, downe Saint Magnes corner,
 kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames :

Sound a parley.

What noife is this I heare?

Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley
 When I command them kill?

o

Enter

www. | Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee: Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled, And heere pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countermen, will ye relent And yeeld to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you, Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths. Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon, Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiesty. Who hateth him, and honors not his Father, Henry the fift, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King. *Cade.* What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so braue? And you base Pezants, do ye beleuee him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke. I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out these Armes til you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are all Recreants and Daftards, and delight to liue in slauerie to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with burthens, take your houfes ouer your heads, rauish your Wiues and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so Gods Curffe light vpon you all.

All. Wee'l follow *Cade*,
Wee'l follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the sonne of *Henry* the fift, That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him. Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meaneft of you Earles and Dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too: Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile, Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs. Wer't not a shame, that whilst you liue at iarre, The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you? Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuill broyle, I see them Lording it in London streets, Crying *Villigo* vnto all they meete. Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry, Then you should stoupe vnto a Frenchmans mercy. To France, to France, and get what you haue lost: Spare England, for it is your Natiue Coast: *Henry* hath mony, you are strong and manly: God on our side, doubt not of *Victorie*.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro, as this multitude? The name of *Henry* the fift, haies them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leaue mee desolate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying: in despite of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie middest of you, and heauens and honor be witnesse, that no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to my heeles. *Exit*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him, And he that brings his head vnto the King, Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exeunt some of them.

Follow me souldiers, wee'l deuise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Quene, and
Somerset on the Tarras.*

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.
King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter Multitudes with Halters about their
Neckes.*

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen set ope thy euerlasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thanks and praise.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Country:
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be infortunate,
Assure your selues will neuer be vokinde:
And so with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your feuerall Countries.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be aduertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array.
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and Yorke
distrest,

Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boarded with a Pyrate.
But now is *Cade* driuen backe, his men dispierc'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, Ile send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be dismist from him.

Somerset. My Lord,
Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Country good.

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Enter

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live on Ambitions: sic on my selfe, that have a
I yet am ready to famish. These five daies have
in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all
ry is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that
have a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I
no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall have
into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or
llet another while, which is not amisse to coole
smacke this hot weather: and I think this word
borne to do me good: for many a time but for
my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill;
a time when I have bene dry, & braucly mar-
bath fer'd me infeede of a quart pot to drinke
ow the word Sallet must ferue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court,
enjoy such quiet walkes as these?
I inheritance my Father left me,
h me, and worth a Monarchy.
It to waxe great by others warning,
wealth I care not with what enuy:
that I have maintaines my state,
the poore well pleased from my gate.
Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me
, for entering his Fee-simple without leaue. A
thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes
ng by carrying my head to him, but Ile make
Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword
it pin ere thou and I part.
Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be,
ee not, why then should I betray thee?
ough to breake into my Garden,
a Theefe to come to rob my grounds:
my walles infight of me the Owner,
wilt braue me with these sawcie termes?
Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was
and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I have
reate these five dayes, yet come thou and thy
and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore
ay God I may neuer eate grasse more.
Say, it shall nere be said, while England stands,
wander Iden an Esquire of Kent,
des to combat a poore famisht man.
y stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
u canst out-face me with thy lookes:
to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:
is but a finger to my fist,
: a sticke compared with this Truncheon,
shall fight with all the strength thou hast,
ne arme be heaued in the Ayre,
: is digg'd already in the earth:
rds, whose greatnesse answer's words,
ny sword report what speech forbears.
By my Valour: the most compleate Champi-
er I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or
ut the burly bon'd Clowne in chins of Beefe,
leepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees
ft be turn'd to Hobnails.

Heere they Fight.

aine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten

thousand diuelles come against me, and giue me but the
ten meales I haue lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither
Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do
dwell in this house, because the vnconquered soule of
Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I haue slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.

Cade. Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell
Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all
the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any,
am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour. Dyes.

Id. How much thou wrong'f me, heauen be my iudge;
Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So with I, I might thrust thy soule to hell.
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles
Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy graue,
And there cut off thy most vngracious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leauing thy trunk for Crowes to feed vpon. Exit.

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with
Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And plucke the Crowne from feeble Henries head,
Ring Belles aloud, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
Ah *Santa Maiefas!* who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot giue due action to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a soule,
On which Ile tosse the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me?
The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

Buc. Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well.

Yor. Humfrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.

Buc. A Messenger from Henry, our dread Liege,
To know the reason of these Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am,
Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworne,
Should raise so great a power without his leaue?
Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?

Yor. Scarce can I speake, my Choller is so great.
Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint,
I am so angry at these abiect tearmes.
And now like *Ajax Telamonius*,
On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie.
I am farre better borne then is the king:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
But I must make faire weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weake, and I more strong.
Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
That I haue giuen no answer all this while:
My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither,

Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.

Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part :

But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yielded vnto thy demand :
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

Yorke. Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner ?

Buck. Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner.

Yorke. Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.

Souldiers, I thanke you all : disperse your selues :

Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field ,
You shall haue pay, and every thing you wish.

And let my Soueraigne, vertuous *Henry*,
Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,
He send them all as willing as I liue :

Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I haue
Is his to vse, so Somerset may die.

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,
We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme ?

Yorke. In all submission and humility,
Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse.

K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring ?

Yor. To heaue the Traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebell *Cade*,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so meane condition
May passe into the presence of a King :
Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of *Cade* ? Great God, how iust art thou ?
Oh let me view his Visage being dead,

That liuing wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him ?

Iden. I was, an't like your Maiesty.

King. How art thou call'd ? And what is thy degree ?

Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.

Buc. So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse
He were created Knight for his good seruice.

King. *Iden*, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight :
We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.

Iden. May *Iden* liue to merit such a boutie,
And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham. Somerset comes with th' Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

Yor. How now ? is Somerset at libertie ?

Then Yorke vnloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset ?
Falsse King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse ?

King did I call thee ? Not thou art not King :
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne :

Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,
Whose Smile and Frowne, like to *Achilles* Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.

Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes :
Giue place : by heauen thou shalt rule no more
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.

Som. O monstrous Traitor ! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne :
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.

Yorke. Wold'st haue me kneele ? First let me ask of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man :

Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale :
I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,
They'l pawne their swords of my infranchisement.

Qu. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amaine,
To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

Yorke. O blood-bespotted Neopolitan,
Out-cast of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge,
The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, He warrant they'l make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile.

Clif. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.

Yor. I thanke thee *Clifford* : Say, what newes with thee ?

Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke :
We are thy Soueraigne *Clifford*, kneele againe ;
For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,
But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.

King. I *Clifford*, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.

Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Qu. He is atrested, but will not obey :
His sonnes (he sayes) shall giue their words for him.

Yor. Will you not Sonnes ?

Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will serue.

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shall.

Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere ?

Yorke. Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.

I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor :
Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares,
That with the very shaking of their Chaines,
They may astonish these fell-lurking Curres,
Bid *Salsbury* and *Warwicke* come to me.

*Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and
Salsbury.*

Clif. Are these thy Beares ? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death,
And manacle the *Berard* in their Chaines,
If thou dar'st bring them to the bayting place.

Rich. Oft haue I seene a hot ore-weening Curre,
Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betwene his legges and cride,
And such a peece of seruice will you do,

ppose your felues to match Lord Warwicke.
Hence heape of wrath, (soule indigested) lumpe,
kced in thy manners, as thy shape.
Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.
Take heede leaft by your heate you burne your

Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
abury, shame to thy filuer haire,
ad misleader of thy brain-sicke sonne,
vilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?
ake for sorrow with thy Spectacles?
re is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
banisht from the frostie head,
shall it finde a harbour in the earth?
ou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,
ume thine honourable Age with blood?
t thou old, and want't experience?
efore doest abuse it, if thou hast it?
me in dutie bend thy knee to me,
wes vnto the graue with mickle age.
My Lord, I haue considered with my selfe
tle of this most renowned Duke,
my conscience, do repute his grace
htfull heyre to Englands Royall feate.
Haft thou not sworne Allegiance, vnto me?
I haue.

Canst thou dispense with heauen for such an oath?
It is great sinne, to sweare vnto a sinne:
ater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:
un be bound by any solemne Vow
mur'drous deede, to rob a man,
e a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,
e the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
g the Widdow from her custom'd right,
ue no other reason for this wrong,
t he was bound by a solemne Oath?
A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.
Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.
e. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
solu'd for death and dignitie.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true
You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,
pe thee from the Tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
ny thou canst coniure vp to day:

at Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
I but know thee by thy hous'd Badge.
Now by thy Fathers badge, old *Neuils* Crest,
mpant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,
y Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
t Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,
eepes his leaues inspight of any storme,
affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
ad it vnder foot with all contempt,
t the Bearard, that protects the Beare.

Clif. And so to Armes victorious Father,
ll the Rebels, and their Complices.

ie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,
I shall sup with Iesu Christ to night.

Clif. Foule stygmaticke that's more then thou
!!

If not in heauen, you'll surely sup in hell. *Exeunt*
Enter Warwicke.

Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,

Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.

Yor. The deadly handed Clifford slew my Steed:
But match to match I haue encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Euen of the bonnie beast he loued so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of vs the time is come.

Yor. Hold Warwick: seek thee out some other chace
For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.

War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst:
As I intend Clifford to thrive to day,
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassail'd. *Exit War.*

Clif. What seest thou in me Yorke?

Why dost thou pause?

Yorke. With thy braue bearing should I be in loue,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme,
But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.

Yorke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,
As I in iustice, and true right expresse it.

Clif. My soule and bodie on the action both.

Yor. A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.

Clif. *La fin Corrone les eumenes.*

Yor. Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for y^e art still,
Peace with his soule, heauen if it be thy will.

Enter yong Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,
Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,
Whom angry heauens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no selfe-loue: nor he that loues himselfe,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premised Flames of the Last day,
Knit earth and heauen together.

Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities, and pettie sounds
To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)
To loose thy youth in peace, and to atcheue
The Siluer Liurey of aduised Age,
And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus
To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares:
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginnall,
Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,
And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pitty.
Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde *Medea* yong *Abfirtis* did.
In cruelty, will I seeke out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house:
As did *Aeneas* old *Anchyses* beare,
So beare I thee vpon my manly shoulders:
But then, *Aeneas* bare a liuing load;

Nothing fo heauy as these woes of mine.

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Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there :
For vnderneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in S. Albons, Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death :
Sword, hold thy temper ; Heart, be wrathfull still :
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.

King. Can we outrun the Heauens ? Good Margaret stay.

Qu. What are you made of ? You'l nor fight nor fly :
Now is it manhood, wisedome, and defence,
To giue the enemy way, and to secure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum a farre off.

If you be tane, we then should see the bottoome
Of all our Fortunes : but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stoppt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye :
But flye you must : Vncureable discomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will liue
To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away.

Exeunt

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwick and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

Yorke. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush of Time :
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,
If Salsbury be loft.

Rich. My Noble Father :
Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,
Three times befrid him : Thrice I led him off,
Perfwaded him from any further act :
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to
By'th' Masse so did we all. I thanke you Richard.
God knowes how long it is I haue to liue :
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You haue defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repaying Nature.

Yorke. I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament :
Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.
What sayes Lord Warwick, shall we after them ?

War. After them : nay before them if we can :
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall. *Exeunt*

FINIS.





The third Part of Henry the Sixt,

with the death of the Duke of Y O R K E.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Alarum.

r Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Mountague, Warwick, and Souldiers.

Warwicke.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?
Pl. While we pursu'd the Horfmen of y North,
 He slyly stole away, and left his men:
 Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,

Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,
 I vp the drouping Army, and himselfe.
Clifford and Lord *Stafford* all a-breft
 à our maine Battailes Front: and breaking in,
 y the Swords of common Souldiers slaine.

Lord *Stafford's* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
 r slaine or wounded dangerous.

his Beauer with a down-right blow:
 his is true (Father) behold his blood,
int. And Brother, here's the Earle of *Wiltshires*
 I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd. (blood,

Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
Richard hath best deferu'd of all my sonnes:
 our Grace dead, my Lord of *Somerfet*?

Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn of Gaunt*.

Thus do I hope to shake King *Henries* head.

And so doe I, victorious Prince of *Yorke*.

I see thee seated in that Throne,
 now the House of *Lancaster* vsurpes,
 by Heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.

the Pallace of the fearefull King,

is the Regall Seat: possesse it *Yorke*,

is thine, and not King *Henries* Heires.

Assist me then, sweet *Warwicke*, and I will,
 her we haue broken in by force.

Wee'le all assist you: he that flies, shall dye:

Thanks gentle *Norfolk*, stay by me my Lords,
 souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

They goe vp.

And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
 he seeke to thrust you out perforce.

The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
 she thinkes we shall be of her counsaile,
 as or blowes here let vs winne our right.

Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.

The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Plantagenet, Duke of *Yorke*, be King,

And bashfull *Henry* depos'd, whose Cowardize
 Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leaue me not, my Lords be resolute,
 I meane to take possession of my Right.

Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loues him best,
 The proudest hee that holds vp *Lancaster*,
 Dares stirre a Wing, if *Warwicke* shake his Bells.
 He plant *Plantagenet*, root him vp who dares:
 Resolue thee *Richard*, clayme the English Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King *Henry*, *Clifford*, *Northumberland*,
Westmerland, *Exeter*, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell fits,
 Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,
 Backt by the power of *Warwicke*, that false Peere,
 To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
 Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,
 And thine, Lord *Clifford*, & you both haue vow'd reuenge
 On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

Northumb. If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.

Clifford. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourne in
 Steele.

Westm. What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down,
 My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of *Westmerland*.

Clifford. Patience is for Poultrones, such as he:

He durst not sit there, had your Father liu'd.

My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament

Let vs assaile the Family of *Yorke*.

North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie fauours them,

And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?

Westm. But when the Duke is slaine, they'le quickly
 flye.

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from *Henries* heart,
 To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.

Cousin of *Exeter*, frownes, words, and threats,

Shall be the Warre that *Henry* meanes to vse.

Thou factious Duke of *Yorke* descend my Throne,

And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,

I am thy Soueraigne.

Yorke. I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of
Yorke.

Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.

Exet. Thy

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.
Warw. *Exeter* thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,
 In following this vsurping *Henry*.
Clifford. Whom should hee follow, but his naturall
 King?
Warw. True *Clifford*, that's *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*.
Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?
Yorke. It must and shall be so, content thy selfe.
Warw. Be Duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.
Westm. He is both King, and Duke of *Lancaster*,
 And that the Lord of *Westmerland* shall maintaine.
Warw. And *Warwick* shall disproue it. You forget,
 That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
 And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
 Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.
Northumb. Yes *Warwicke*, I remember it to my griefe,
 And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.
Westm. *Plantagenet*, of thee and these thy Sonnes,
 Thy Kinmen, and thy Friends, Ile haue more liues
 Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.
Cliff. Vrge it no more, lest that in stead of words,
 I send thee, *Warwicke*, such a Messenger,
 As shall reuenge his death, before I stirre.
Warw. Poore *Clifford*, how I scorne his worthlesse
 Threats.
Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?
 If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.
Henry. What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?
 My Father was as thou art, Duke of *Yorke*,
 Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of *March*.
 I am the Sonne of *Henry the Fifth*,
 Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoupe,
 And seiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.
Warw. Talke not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:
 When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.
Rich. You are old enough now,
 And yet me thinkes you loose:
 Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurers Head.
Edward. Sweet Father doe so, set it on your Head.
Mount. Good Brother,
 As thou lou'st and honorest Armes,
 Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus.
Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the
 King will flye.
Plant. Sonnes peace.
Henry. Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to
 speake.
Warw. *Plantagenet* shal speake first: Heare him Lords,
 And be you silent and attentiu too,
 For he that interrupts him, shall not liue.
Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,
 Wherein my Grandfire and my Father sat?
 No: first shall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;
 I, and their Colours often borne in France,
 And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,
 Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?
 My Title's good, and better farre then his.
Warw. Proue it *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.
Hen. *Henry* the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.
Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.
Henry. I know not what to say, my Titles weake:
 Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?
Plant. What then?
Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
 For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,

Resign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,
 Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.
Plant. He rose against him, being his Soueraigne,
 And made him to resigne his Crowne perforce.
Warw. Suppose, my Lords, he did it vnconstrayn'd,
 Thinke you 'twere preiudiciall to his Crowne?
Exet. No: for he could not so resigne his Crowne,
 But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.
Henry. Art thou against vs, Duke of *Exeter*?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?
Exet. My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.
Henry. All will revolt from me, and turne to him.
Northumb. *Plantagenet*, for all the Clayme thou lay'st,
 Thinke not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.
Warw. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.
Northumb. Thou art deceiu'd:
 'Tis not thy Southerne power
 Of *Essex*, *Norfolke*, *Suffolke*, nor of *Kent*,
 Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
 Can set the Duke vp in despite of me.
Clifford. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
 Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence:
 May that ground gape, and swallow me aliue,
 Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father.
Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my heart.
Plant. *Henry* of *Lancaster*, resigne thy Crowne:
 What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?
Warw. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of *Yorke*,
 Or I will fill the Houfe with armed men,
 And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he sits,
 Write vp his Title with vsurping blood.
*He stampes with his foot, and the Soldiers
 shew themselves.*
Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*, heare but one word,
 Let me for this my life time reigne as King.
Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heir:
 And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'st.
Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*
 Enjoy the Kingdome after my decease.
Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your
 Sonne?
Warw. What good is this to England, and himselfe?
Westm. Base, fearefull, and depaying *Henry*.
Clifford. How hast thou iniur'd both thy selfe and vs?
Westm. I cannot stay to heare these Articles.
Northumb. Nor I.
Clifford. Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these
 Newes.
Westm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
 In whose cold blood no sparke of Honor bides.
Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the Houfe of *Yorke*,
 And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.
Cliff. In dreadfull Warre may'st thou be overcome,
 Or liue in peace abandon'd and despis'd.
Warw. Turne this way *Henry*, and regard them not.
Exeter. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not
 yeeld.
Henry. Ah *Exeter*.
Warw. Why should you fight, my Lord?
Henry. Not for my selfe Lord *Warwick*, but my Sonne,
 Whom I vnaturally shall dis-inherite.
 But be it as it may: I here entayle
 The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,
 Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,
 To cease this Ciuill Warre: and whil'st I liue,

me as thy King, and Soueraigne:
her by Treason nor Hostilitie,
to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.

This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
Long liue King Henry: Plantagenet embrace

And long liue thou, and these thy forward

Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Accurft be he that seekes to make them foa.

Senet. Here they come downe.

Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.

And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.

And I to Norfolk with my followers.

And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.

And I with grieffe and forrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.

Heere comes the Queene,

ookes bewray her anger:

away.

Exter so will I.

Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.

Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.

Who can be patient in such extreames?

Ashed man, would I had dy'de a Maid?

Or seene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,

Thou hast prou'd so vnnaturall a Father.

deseru'd to loofe his Birth-right thus?

Thou but lou'd him halfe so well as I,

That paine which I did for him once,

Thou hast, as I did with my blood;

Thou wilt haue left thy dearest heart-blood there,

When he haue made that sauage Duke thine Heire,

Inherited thine onely Sonne.

Father, you cannot dis-inherite me:

King, why should not I succede?

Pardon me *Margaret*, pardon me sweet Sonne,

Be of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me.

Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?

To heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,

Stand vpon thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,

And vnto the House of Yorke such head,

Thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.

Thou shalt haue him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,

But to make thy Sepulcher,

Thou shalt be made into it farre before thy time?

Thou art Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,

Thou art *Alconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,

Thou art made Protector of the Realme,

Thou shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes

Thou shalt be safe? Such safetie findes

Henry. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.

Queene. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

Henry. Gentle Sonne *Edward*, thou wilt stay me?

Queene. I, to be murder'd by his Enemies.

Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,
Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.

Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.

Henry. Poore Queene,

How loue to me, and to her Sonne,

Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.

Reueng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,

Whose haughtie spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,

Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.

The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:

Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;

Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

Exet. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

Exit.

Flourish. Enter *Richard*, *Edward*, and
Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngest, giue mee leaue.

Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.

Mount. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife?
What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

Edward. No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.

Yorke. About what?

Rich. About that which concernes your Grace and vs,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.

Yorke. Mine Boy? not till King *Henry* be dead.

Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.

Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enjoy it now:

By giuing the House of *Lancaster* leaue to breathe,

It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.

Yorke. I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly reigne.

Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.

Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.

Yorke. I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.

Richard. Ile proue the contrary, if you'le heare mee speake.

Yorke. Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.

Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke

Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,

That hath authoritie ouer him that sweares.

Henry had none, but did vsurpe the place.

Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and friuolous.

Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,

How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,

Within whose Circuit is *Elisium*,

And all that Poets faine of Blisse and Ioy.

Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,

Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de

Euen in the luke-warme blood of *Henries* heart.

Yorke. *Richard* ynough: I will be King, or dye.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprife.

Thou

Thou *Richard* shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
 And tell him privily of our intent.
 You *Edward* shall vnto my Lord *Cobham*,
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
 In them I trust: for they are Souldiers,
 Wittie, courteous, liberall, full of spirit.
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more?
 But that I seeke occasion how to rise,
 And yet the King not priuie to my Drift,
 Nor any of the House of *Lancaſter*.

Enter *Gabriel*.

But stay, what Newes? Why comm'ſt thou in such
 poſte?

Gabriel. The Queene,
 With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
 Intend here to beſiege you in your Caſtle.
 She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:
 And therefore fortiſie your Hold, my Lord.

Yorke. I, with my Sword.
 What? think'ſt thou, that we feare them?
Edward and *Richard*, you ſhall ſtay with me,
 My Brother *Mountague* ſhall poſte to London.
 Let Noble *Warwicke*, *Cobham*, and the reſt,
 Whom we haue left Proteſtors of the King,
 With powrefull Pollicie ſtrengthen themſelues,
 And truſt not ſimple *Henry*, nor his Oathes.

Mount. Brother, I goe: He winne them, feare it not.
 And thus moſt humbly I doe take my leaue.

Exit *Mountague*.

Enter *Mortimer*, and his Brother.

York. Sir *John*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Vnckles,
 You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.
 The Armie of the Queene meane to beſiege vs.

John. Shee ſhall not neede, wee'le meeete her in the
 field.

York. What, with ſiue thousand men?
Richard. I, with ſiue hundred, Father, for a neede.
 A Woman's generall: what ſhould we feare?

A March aſarres off.

Edward. I heare their Drummes:
 Let's ſet our men in order,
 And iſſue forth, and bid them Battaille ſtraight.

York. Fiue men to twentie: though the oddes be great,
 I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.
 Many a Battaille haue I wonne in France,
 When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one:
 Why ſhould I not now haue the like ſucceſſe?

Alarum. Exit.

Enter *Rutland*, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither ſhall I flye, to ſcape their hands?
 Ah Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter *Clifford*.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Priethood ſaues thy life.
 As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
 Whofe Father ſlew my Father, he ſhall dye.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murder not this innocent Child,
 Leaft thou be hated both of God and Man. Exit.

Clifford. How now? is he dead alreadie?
 Or is it feare, that makes him cloſe his eyes?
 Ile open them.

Rutland. So looks the pent-vp Lyon o're the Wre
 That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes:
 And ſo he walkes, inſulting o're his Prey,
 And ſo he comes, to rend his Limbes aſunder.
 Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
 And not with ſuch a cruell threatning Looke.
 Sweet *Clifford* heare me ſpeake, before I dye:
 I am too meane a ſubiect for thy Wrath,
 Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me liue.

Clifford. In vaine thou ſpeak'ſt, poore Boy:
 My Fathers blood hath ſtop't the paſſage
 Where thy words ſhould enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it again:
 He is a man, and *Clifford* cope with him.

Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and th
 Were not reuenge ſufficient for me:
 No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graues,
 And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,
 It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
 The fight of any of the Houſe of *York*,
 Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
 And till I root out their accursed Line,
 And leaue not one aliue, I liue in Hell.
 Therefore---

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
 To thee I pray; ſweet *Clifford* pittie me.

Clifford. Such pittie as my Rapiers point affords.

Rutland. I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou
 me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath.

Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne.
 Thou haſt one Sonne, for his ſake pittie me,
 Leaft in reuenge thereof, ſiſh God is iuſt,
 He be as miſerably ſlaine as I.
 Ah, let me liue in Priſon all my dayes,
 And when I giue occaſion of offence,
 Then let me dye, for now thou haſt no cauſe.

Clifford. No cauſe? thy Father ſlew my Father: the
 fore dye.

Rutland. *Dij faciant laudū ſumma ſit iſta tua.*

Clifford. *Plantagenet*, I come *Plantagenet*:
 And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,
 Shall ruſt vpon my Weapon, till thy blood
 Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. E

Alarum. Enter *Richard*, Duke of *York*.

York. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
 My Vnckles both are ſlaine, in reſcuing me;
 And all my followers, to the eager foe
 Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,
 Or Lambes purſu'd by hunger-ſtarued Wolues.
 My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:
 But this I know, they haue demean'd themſelues
 Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
 Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
 And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:
 And full as oft came *Edward* to my ſide,
 With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
 In blood of thoſe that had encountered him:
 And when the hardyeſt Warriors did retire,
Richard cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,
 And cry'de, A Crowne, or elſe a glorious Tombe,

or an Earthly Sepulchre.
we charg'd againe: but out alas,
again, as I haue seene a Swan
effe labour swimme against the Tyde,
her strength with ouer-matching Waues.

A short Alarum within.

the fatall followers doe pursue,
faint, and cannot flye their furie:
I strong, I would not shunne their furie.
are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
I stay, and here my Life must end.

*Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
the young Prince, and Souldiers.*

*Exeunt Clifford, rough Northumberland,
quenchlesse furie to more rage:
Butt, and I abide your Shot.*

Exeunt. Yeeld to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet*.

I, to such mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme
ne-right payment, shew'd vnto my Father.

now hath tumbled from his Carre,
an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick.
My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
at will reuenge vpon you all:

at hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
what ere you can afflict me with.
ere you not? what, multitudes, and feare?

Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,
the Theeues, all hopelesse of their Liues,
at Inuencius 'gainst the Officers.

Oh *Clifford*, but bethinke thee once againe,
y thought ore-run my former time:

you canst, for blushing, view this face,
thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice,
nowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.

I will not bandie with thee word for word,
er with thee blowes twice two for one.

Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thousand causes
along a while the Traytors Life:

makes him deaf; speake thou *Northumberland*.

Exeunt. Hold *Clifford*, doe not honor him so much,
thy finger, though to wound his heart.

our were it, when a Carre doth grinne,
thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,
might spurne him with his Foot away?
es prize, to take all Vantages,
ere to one, is no impeach of Valour.

I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the

Exeunt. So doth the Conaie struggle in the

triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,
nen yeeld with Robbers, so o're-match.

Exeunt. What would your Grace haue done vnto

Braue Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
ke him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,
ht at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,
l but the shadow with his Hand.

ere you that would be Englands King?

ere you that reuell'd in our Parliament,

ere you a Preachment of your high Descent?

ere you your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now,
on *Edward*, and the lustie *George*?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?

Or with the rest, where is your Darling, *Rutland*?

Looke *Yorke*, I stayn'd this Napkin with the blood

That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapiers point,

Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy:

And if thine eyes can water for his death,

I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.

Alas poore *Yorke*, but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I prythee grieue, to make me merry, *Yorke*.

What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles,

That not a Teare can fall, for *Rutlands* death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad:

And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.

Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may fing and dance.

Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:

Yorke cannot speake, vlesse he weare a Crowne.

A Crowne for *Yorke*; and Lords, bow lowe to him:

Hold you his hands, whilest I doe set it on.

I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:

I, this is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,

And this is he was his adopted Heire.

But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*

Is crown'd so soone, and broke his solemne Oath?

As I bethinke me, you should not be King,

Till our King *Henry* had shooke hands with Death.

And will you pale your head in *Henries* Glory,

And rob his Temples of the Diademe,

Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?

Oh 'tis a fault too vnardonable.

Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,

And whilest we breathe, take time to doe him dead.

Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.

Queene. Nay stay, let's heare the Orisons hee makes.

Yorke. Shee-Wolfe of France,

But worse then Wolues of France,

Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth:

How ill-befearing is it in thy Sex,

To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,

Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?

But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchanging,

Made impudent with vse of euill deedes.

I would assay, prou'd *Queene*, to make thee blush.

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriu'd,

Were shame enough, to shame thee,

Wert thou not shamelesse.

Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,

Of both the Sicils, and Ierusalem,

Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.

Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?

It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, prou'd *Queene*,

Vnlesse the Adage must be verif'd,

That Beggers mounted, runne their Horse to death.

'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prou'd,

But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.

'Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir'd,

The contrary, doth make thee wonder'd at.

'Tis Government that makes them seeme Diuine,

The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.

Thou art as opposite to every good,

As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,

Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.

Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How

How could'st thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be seene to beare a Womans face?
Women are soft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;
Thou, sterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorselesse.
Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy with.
Would'st thou haue me weepe? why now thou hast thy will.
For raging Wind blowes vp incessant showers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.
These Teares are my sweet *Rutlands* Obsequies,
And euery drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee fell *Clifford*, and thee false French-woman.

Northumb. Bestrew me, but his passions moues me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.

Yorke. That Face of his,
The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,
Would not haue stayn'd with blood:
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthlesse Queene, a haplesse Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou dipd'st in blood of my sweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe wash the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this,
And if thou tell'st the heauie storie right,
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares:
Yea, euen my Foes will shed fast-falling Teares,
And say, Alas, it was a pittious deed.
There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse,
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.

Northumb. Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kinne,
I should not for my Life but weepe with him,
To see how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.

Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers
Death.

Queen. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted
King.

Yorke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soule flies through these wounds, to seeke out thee.

Queen. Off with his Head, and set it on *Yorke* Gates,
So *Yorke* may ouer-look the Towne of *Yorke*.

Flourish. Exit.

*A March. Enter Edward, Richard,
and their power.*

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father scap't:
Or whether he be scap't away, or no,
From *Cliffords* and *Northumberlands* pursuit?
Had he been ta'ne, we should haue heard the newes;
Had he bene slaine, we should haue heard the newes:
Or had he scap't, me thinkes we should haue heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.

How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?

Richard. I cannot ioy, vntill I be resolu'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I saw him in the Battaille range about,
And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth.
Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:

Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne.
How well resembles it the prime of Youth,
Trim'd like a Yonker, prancing to his Loue?

Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes?

Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
Not seperated with the racking Clouds,
But seuer'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye.
See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vow'd some League inuolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:
In this, the Heauen figures some euent.

Edward. 'Tis wondrous strange,
The like yet neuer heard of.
I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,
That wee, the Sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes,
Should notwithstanding ioyne our Lights together,
And ouer-shine the Earth, as this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Vpon my Targuet three faire shining Sunnes.

Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters:
By your leaue, I speake it,
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whose heauie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of *Yorke* was slaine,
Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.

Edward. Oh speake no more, for I haue heard too
much.

Richard. Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.

Mess. Enuironed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy.
But *Hercules* himselve must yeeld to odde:
And many stroakes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was subdu'd,
But onely slaught'red by the irefull Arme
Of vn-relenting *Clifford*, and the Queene:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthlesse Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,
A Napkin, steeped in the harmelesse blood
Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slaine:
And after many scornes, many foule taunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of *Yorke*
They set the same, and there it doth remaine,
The saddest spectacle that ere I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of *Yorke*, our Prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh *Clifford*, boyt'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slaine
The flowre of Europe, for his Cheualrie,
And trecherously hast thou vanquish't him,
For hand to hand he would haue vanquish't thee.
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison:
Ah, would she breake from hence, that this my body
Might

e ground be clofed vp in rest :
 enceforth shall I ioy againe :
 euer shall I see more ioy.
 innot weepe: for all my bodies moyfture
 to quench my Furnace-burning hart :
 tongue vnloade my hearts great burthen,
 the winde that I should speake withall,
 coales that fires all my brest,
 me vp with flames, that tears would quench.
 to make lesse the depth of greefe:
 for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.
 are thy name, Ile venge thy death,
 wned by attempting it.
 name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
 me, and his Chaire with me is left.
 y, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
 fcent by gazing 'gainst the Sunne:
 nd Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome fay,
 s thine, or else thou wer't not his.

*Enter Warwick, Marquesse Mountacute,
 and their Army.*

How now faire Lords? What faire? What
 newes abroad?
 at Lord of Warwicke, if we should recompt
 newes, and at each words deliuerance
 ls in our flesh, till all were told,
 ould adde more anguish then the wounds.
 rd, the Duke of Yorke is flaine.
 Warwicke, Warwicke, that *Plantagenet*
 thee deere, as his Soules Redemption,
 ne Lord *Clifford* done to death.
 n dayes ago, I drown'd these newes in teares.
 adde more measure to your woes,
 l you things fith then befallne.
 oody Fray at Wakefield fought,
 braue Father breath'd his latest gaspe,
 swiftly as the Postes could runne,
 it me of your Losse, and his Depart.
 don, keeper of the King,
 Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
 rd S. Albons, to intercept the *Queene*,
 King in my behalfe along :
 couts, I was aduertised
 ; comming with a full intent
 late Decree in Parliament,
 ing *Henries* Oath, and your Succeslion :
 ; ioynd, and both sides fiercely fought :
 'twas the coldnesse of the King,
 full gently on his warlike *Queene*,
 my Soldiers of their heated Splene.
 'twas report of her successe,
 n common feare of *Cliffords* Rigour,
 rs to his Captiues, Blood and Death,
 ge : but to conclude with truth,
 ns like to Lightning, came and went :
 rs like the Night Owles lasie flight,
 ic Thresher with a Flaile,
 owne, as if they strucke their Friends.
 m vp with iustice of our Cause,
 e of high pay, and great Rewards :
 ine, they had no heart to fight,
 them) no hope to win the day,
 led : the King vnto the *Queene*,
 your Brother, Norfolk, and my Selfe,

In haste, post haste, are come to ioyne with you :
 For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
 Making another Head, to fight againe.

Ed. 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 kinde Aunt Dutcheffe of Burgundie,
 With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich. 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
 Oft haue I heard his praises in Pursuite,
 But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandall *Richard*, dost thou heare :
 For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
 Can plucke the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
 And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fist,
 Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
 As he is fam'd for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
 'Tis loue I beare thy glories make me speake :

But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
 Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
 And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
 Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
 Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes
 Tell our Deuotion with reuengefull Armes?
 If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
 And therefore comes my Brother *Mountague* :
 Attend me Lords, the proud insulting *Queene*,
 With *Clifford*, and the haught Northumberland,
 And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
 Haue wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax.
 He swore consent to your Succeslion,
 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 thinke) is thirty thousand strong :
 Now, if the helpe of Norfolk, and my selfe,
 With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March,
 Among't the louing Welshmen can't procure,
 Will but amount to fiew and twenty thousand,
 Why Via, to London will we march,
 And once againe, bestride our foaming Steeds,
 And once againe cry Charge vpon our Foes,
 But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speake;
 Ne're may he liue to see a Sun-shine day,
 That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him stay.

Ed. Lord Warwicke, on thy shoulder will I leane,
 And when thou failst (as God forbid the houre)
 Must *Edward* fall, which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
 The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne :
 For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In euery Burrough as we passe along,
 And he that throwes not vp his cap for ioy,
 Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.
 King *Edward*, valiant *Richard Mountague* :
 Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
 But found the Trumpets, and about our Taske.

Rich. Then *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
 As thou hast shewne it flintie by thy deeds,
 I come to pierce it, or to giue thee mine.

Ed. Then strike vp Drums, God and S. George for vs.
War.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what newes?

Mef. The Duke of Norfolkke fends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puiffant Hoaft,
And craues your company, for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it forts, braue Warriors, let's away.

Exeunt Omnes.

Flourifh. *Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum-
and Yong Prince, with Drumme and
Trumpettes.*

Qy. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke,
Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,
That fought to be incompart with your Crowne.
Doth not the obieft cheere your heart, my Lord.

K. I, as the rockes cheere them that feare their wrack,
To fee this fight, it irkes my very soule:
With-hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pittie must be layd aside:

To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes?
Not to the Beast, that would vsurpe their Den.
Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth licke?
Not his that spoyles her yong before her face.
Who escapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.

The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on,
And Doues will pecke in safegard of their Brood.
Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King,
And raise his issue like a louing Sire.

Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
Didst yeeld consent to disinherit him:
Which argued thee a most vnloving Father.
Vnreasonable Creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those wings,
Which sometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight,
Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their nest,
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For shame, my Liege, make them your President:
Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy
Should loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,
And long heereafter say vnto his childe,
What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got,
My carelesse Father fondly gaue away.
Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successfull Fortune steele thy melting heart,
To hold thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:

But Clifford tell me, didst thou neuer heare,
That things ill got, had euer bad successe.
And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,
Whose Father for his hoording went to hell:
He leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my Father had left me no more:
For all the rest is held at such a Rate,
As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe,
Then in possession any iot of pleasure.
Ah Cousin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,

How it doth greewe me that thy head is heere.

Qu. My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are nye,
And this soft courage makes your Followers faint:
You promise Knighthood to our forward sonne,
Vnheath your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
And learne this Lesson; Draw thy Sword in right.

Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
He draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell, vse it to the death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
For with a Band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,
And in the Townes as they do march along,
Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,
Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Qy. I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our Fortune.

King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore He stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prin. My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Vnheath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.

March. *Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence,
Norfolke, Mountague, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now periu'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace?
And set thy Diadem vpon my head?
Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted Heire by his consent.

Cl. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,
You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,
Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.

Clif. And reason too,
Who should succede the Father, but the Sonne.

Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake.

Clif. I Crooke-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue signall to the fight.

War. What sayst thou Henry,

Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you speak)

Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare
When you and I, met at S. Albons last,
Your legges did better serue thee then your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valor Clifford droue me thence.

Nor. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently,
Breake off the parley, for scarce I can refraine
The execution of my big-swolne heart

Vpon that Clifford, that cruell Child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy Father, callst thou him a Child?

Rich.

like a Daftard, and a treacherous Coward,
 id'ft kill our tender Brother Rutland,
 ifset, He make thee curfe the deed.
 leaue done with words (my Lords) and heare

e them then, or els hold clofe thy lips.
 prythee giue no limits to my Tongue,
 g, and priuiledg'd to fpeake.

Jege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
 cur'd by Words, therefore be ftill.
 hen Executioner vnneath thy fword:
 it made vs all, I am refolu'd,
 ds Manhood, lyes vpon his tongue.

Henry, fhall I haue my right, or no:
 I men haue broke their Fafts to day,
 fhall dine, vnleffe thou yeeld the Crowne.
 thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head,
 in iuftice put's his Armour on.
 If that be right, which Warwick faies is right,
 vvrong, but euery thing is right.
 Who euer got thee, there thy Mother ftands,
 vtot, thou haft thy Mothers tongue.

t thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,
 foule mifhapen Stygmaticke,
 the Definies to be auoided,

Toades, or Lizards dreadful ftings.
 on of Naples, hid with Englifh gilt,
 her beares the Title of a King,
 annell fhould be call'd the Sea)
 u not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
 tongue dete&t thy bafe-borne heart.

ifpe of ftaw were worth a thoufand Crowns,
 his fhameleffe Callet know her felfe:
 recee was fayer farre then thou,
 thy Husband may be Menelaus;

was Agamemnon's Brother wrong'd
 fe Woman, as this King by thee.
 reuel'd in the heart of France,
 the King, and made the Dolphin ftoope:
 e match'd according to his State,
 haue kept that glory to this day.

he tooke a begger to his bed,
 thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,
 that Sun-ftine brew'd a fhower for him,
 his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
 i fedition on his Crowne at home:
 ath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
 bene meeke, our Title ftill had fleep't,
 pity of the Gentle King,

ur Claime, vntill another Age.
 when we faw, our Sunftine made thy Spring,
 by Summer bred vs no increafe,
 Axe to thy vrfurping Roote:

h the edge hath fomethig hit our felues,
 thou, fince we haue begun to ftroke,
 r leaue, till we haue hewne thee downe,
 thy growing, with our heated bloods.
 nd in this refolution, I defie thee,
 y any longer Conference,

denied'ft the gentle King to fpeake.
 mpets, let our bloody Colours waue,
 Victorie, or elfe a Graue.

Edward.
 wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer ftay,
 is will coft ten thoufand liues this day.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarum. Excurfions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-fpent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
 I lay me downe a little while to breath:
 For ftrokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaid,
 Haue robb'd my ftiong knit finewes of their ftrength,
 And fpight of fpight, needs muft I reft a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or ftroke vngentle death,
 For this world frownes, and Edwards Sunne is clouded.

War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of
 good?

Enter Clarence.

Cl. Our hap is loffe, our hope but fad difpaire,
 Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes vs.
 What counfaile giue you? whether fhall we flye?

Ed. Bootleffe is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
 And weake we are, and cannot fhun purfuite.

Enter Ricbard.

Ricb. Ah Warwick, why haft y withdrawn thy felfe?
 Thy Brothers blood the thirfty earth hath drunk,
 Broach'd with the Steely point of Cliffords Lance:
 And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,
 Like to a difmall Clangor heard from farre,
 Warwick, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death.
 So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,
 That ftain'd their Fetlockes in his fmoaking blood,
 The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the ghof.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
 He kill my Horfe, becaufe I will not flye:
 Why ftand we like soft-hearted women heere,
 Wayling our loffes, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
 And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie
 Were plaid in left, by counterfetting Actors.
 Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,
 He neuer pawfe againe, neuer ftand ftill,
 Till either death hath clos'd thefe eyes of mine,
 Or Fortune giuen me meafure of Reuenge.

Ed. Oh Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
 And in this vow do chaine my foule to thine:
 And ere my knee rife from the Earths cold face,
 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
 Thou fetter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:
 Befeeching thee (if with thy will it ftands)
 That to my Foes this body muft be prey,
 Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
 And giue fweet paffage to my finfull foule.
 Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meeets againe,
 Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.

Ricb. Brother,
 Giue me thy hand, and gentle Warwick,
 Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes:
 I that did neuer weepe, now melt with wo,
 That Winter fhould cut off our Spring-time fo.

War. Away, away:
 Once more fweet Lords farwell.

Cl. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,
 And giue them leaue to flye, that will not ftay:
 And call them Pillars that will ftand to vs:
 And if we thriue, promife them fuch rewards
 As Victors wear at the Olympian Games.
 This may plant courage in their quailing breafte,
 For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine. *Exeunt*

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Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now *Clifford*, I haue singled thee alone,
Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,
Wer't thou inuiron'd with a Brazen wall.

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father Yorke,
And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

They Fight, Warwicke comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay *Warwicke*, single out some other Chace,
For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now swayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
Now swayes it that way, like the selfe-fame Sea,
Forc'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:
Now, one the better: then, another best;
Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
So is the equall poise of this fell Warre.
Heere on this Mole-hill will I fit me downe,
To whom God will, there be the Victorie:
For *Margaret* my Queene, and *Clifford* too
Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
Oh God! me thinks it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine,
To sit vpon a hill, as I do now,
To carue out Dialls quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne:
How many makes the Houre full compleate,
How many Hournes brings about the Day,
How many Dayes will finish vp the Yeare,
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue.
When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:
So many Hournes, must I tend my Flocke;
So many Hournes, must I take my Rest:
So many Hournes, must I Contemplate:
So many Hournes, must I Sport my selfe:
So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong:
So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:
So many yeares, ere I shall sheere the Fleece:
So Minutes, Hournes, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,
Past ouer to the end they were created,
Would bring white haire, vnto a Quiet graue.
Ah! what a life were this! How sweet! how louely?
Giues not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade
To Shepheards, looking on their silly Sheepe,
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie
To Kings, that feare their Subiects treacherie?
Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,

His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted sleepe, vnder a fresh trees shade,
All which secure, and sweetly he enioyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Sonne that bath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that bath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of Crownes,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Confiict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd:
Oh heauy times! begetting such Euent.
From London, by the King was I prest forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man,
Came on the part of Yorke, prest by his Master:
And I, who at his hands receiu'd my life,
Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares shall wipe away these bloody markes:
And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill.

King. O pitteous spectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Ciuill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe

Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,
Giue me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:
For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me see: Is this our Foe-mans face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw vp thine eye: see, see, what showres arise,
Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,
Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart.
O pittie God, this miserabell Age!
What Stragemes? how fell? how Butcherly?
Erroneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too soone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo aboute wo: Greefe, more the common griefe
O that my death would stay these ruthfull deeds:
O pittie, pittie, gentle heauen pittie:
The Red Rose and the White are on his face,
The fatall Colours of our struing Houses:
The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinks) presenteth:
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:
If you contend, a thousand liues must wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,
Shed seas of Teares, and ne're be satisfi'd?

King. How will the Country, for these wofull chances,
Mis-thinke

like the King, and not be satisfied?
 Was euer Sonne, so reu'd a Fathers death?
 Was euer Father so bemoan'd his Sonne?
 Was euer King so greeu'd for Subiects woe?
 your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.
 Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.
 These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet:
 rt (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,
 n my heart, thine Image ne're shall go.
 ing brest, shall be thy Funerall bell;
 obsequious will thy Father be,
 r the losse of thee, hauing no more,
 me was for all his Valiant Sonnes,
 e thee hence, and let them fight that will,
 aue murdered where I should not kill. *Exit*
 Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care;
 its a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.
 'arwicke rages like a chafed Bull:
 for death doth hold vs in pursuite.
 Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post a-
 aine:
 and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,
 the fearfull flying Hare in sight,
 cry eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
 ody steele graspt in their yrefull hands
 our backs, and therefore hence amaine.
 Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
 y not to expostulate, make speed,
 come after, Ile away before.
 Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
 it I feare to stay, but loue to go
 r the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt*

A loud alarm. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Heere burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies,
 whiles it lasted, gaue King *Henry* light.
 after! I feare thy ouerthrow,
 ren my Bodies parting with my Soule:
 re and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,
 w I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,
 ng *Henry*, strength'ning misprou'd *Yorke*;
 urther flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
 io shines now, but *Henries* Enemies?
 us! had'st thou neuer giuen consent,
 baston should checke thy fiery Steeds,
 rning Carre neuer had scorch'd the earth.
 ry, had'st thou sway'd as Kings should do,
 y Father, and his Father did,
 no ground vnto the house of *Yorke*,
 euer then had sprung like Sommer Flies:
 en thousand in this lucklesse Realme,
 t no mourning Widdowes for our death,
 ou this day, had'st kept thy Chair in peace.
 it doth cherrish Weeds, but gentle ayre?
 at makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
 e are Plaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds:
 to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:
 e is mercilesse, and will not pity:
 heir hands I haue deseru'd no pity.
 e hath got into my deadly Wounds,

And much effuse of blood, doth make me faint:
 Come *Yorke*, and *Richard*, *Warwicke*, and the rest,
 I stab'd your Fathers bosomes; Split my brest.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pause,
 And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes:
 Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,
 That led calme *Henry*, though he were a King,
 As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Guff
 Command an Argosie to stemme the Waues.
 But thinke you (Lords) that *Clifford* fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
 (For though before his face I speake the words)
 Your Brother *Richard* markt him for the Graue,
 And wherefoere he is, hee's surely dead. *Clifford grones*
Rich. Whose soule is that which takes hir heauy leaue?
 A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
 See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battailles ended,
 If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vfed.

Rich. Reuoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*,
 Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
 In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,
 But set his murth'ring knife vnto the Roote,
 From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
 I meane our Princely Father, Duke of *Yorke*.

War. From off the gates of *Yorke*, fetch down y head,
 Your Fathers head, which *Clifford* placed there:
 In stead whereof, let this supply the roome,
 Measure for measure, must be answered.

Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreechowe to our house,
 That nothing sung but death, to vs and ours:
 Now death shall stop his dismall threatening sound,
 And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speake.

War. I thinke is vnderstanding is best:
 Speake *Clifford*, dost thou know who speakes to thee?
 Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,
 And he nor sees, nor heares vs, what we say.

Rich. O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,
 'Tis but his policy to counterfet,
 Because he would auoid such bitter taunts
 Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.

Cl. If so thou think'st,
 Vex him with eager Words.

Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.

Ed. *Clifford*, repent in bootlesse penitence.

War. *Clifford*, deuise excuses for thy faults.

Cl. While we deuise fell Tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didd'st loue *Yorke*, and I am son to *Yorke*.

Edw. Thou pittied'st Rutland, I will pity thee:

Cl. Where's Captaine *Margaret*, to fence you now?

War. They mocke thee *Clifford*,

Swear as thou wast wont.

Ric. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard
 When *Clifford* cannot spare his Friends an oath:

I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
 If this right hand would buy two houres life,
 That I (in all despight) might rayle at him,
 This hand should chop it off: & with the issuing Blood
 Stiffe the Villaine, whose vnfranch'd thirst
Yorke, and yong *Rutland* could not satisfie

War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,
 And reare it in the place your Fathers stands.
 And now to London with Triumphant march,

There to be crowned Englands Royall King :
 From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
 And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene :
 So shalt thou snow both these Lands together,
 And hauing France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
 The scattered Foe, that hopes to rise againe :
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet looke to haue them buz to offend thine eares :
 First, will I see the Coronation,
 And then to Britanny Ile crosse the Sea,
 To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Ed. Euen as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it bee :
 For in thy shoulder do I builde my Seate ;
 And neuer will I vndertake the thing
 Wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting :
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
 And *George* of Clarence ; *Warwicke* as our Selfe,
 Shall do, and vndo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Gloster,
 For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish obseruation :

Richard, be Duke of Gloster : Now to London,
 To see these Honors in possession.

Exeunt

*Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with Crosse-bowes
 in their hands.*

(our selues :
Sink. Vnder this thicke growne brake,
 For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,
 And in this court will we make our Stand,
 Culling the principall of all the Deere.

Hum. Ile stay about the hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow
 Will scarre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost :
 Heere stand we both, and ayme we at the best :
 And for the time shall not seeme tedious,
 Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,
 In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand.

Sink. Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past :
Enter the King with a Prayer booke.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,
 To greet mine owne Land with my wishfull fight :
 No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,
 Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
 Thy Balme washt off, wherewith thou was Anointed :
 No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,
 No humble suiters preafe to speake for right :
 No, not a man comes for redresse of thee :
 For how can I helpe them, and not my selfe ?

Sink. I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee :
 This is the quondam King ; Let's seize vpon him.

Hen. Let me embrace the sower Aduerfaries,
 For Wife men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.

Sink. Forbeare a-while, wee'l heare a little more.

Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid :
 And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke
 Is thither gone, to craue the French Kings Sifter
 To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,
 Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost :
 For Warwicke is a subtle Orator :
 And *Lewù* a Prince soone wonne with mouing words :
 By this account then, *Margaret* may winne him,
 For she's a woman to be pittied much :
 Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his brest,
 Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart :

The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne ;
 And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,
 To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.
 I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to giue :
 Shee on his left side, crauing ayde for *Henrie* ;
 He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
 Shee Weepes, and sayes, her *Henry* is depos'd :
 He Smiles, and sayes, his *Edward* is intaul'd ;
 That she (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more :
 Whiles Warwicke tels his Title, smoothes the Wrong,
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
 And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
 With promise of his Sifter, and what else,
 To strengthen and support King *Edwards* place.
 O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore soule)
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorne.

Hum. Say, what art thou talk'ft of Kings & Queens?

King. More then I seeme, and lesse then I was born to :
 A man at least, for lesse I should not be :

And men may talke of Kings, and why not I ?

Hum. I, but thou talk'ft, as if thou wer't a King.

King. Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne ?

King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head :

Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones :

Nor to be seene : my Crowne, is call'd Content,

A Crowne it is, that sildome Kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,

Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented

To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)

You are the king *King Edward* hath depos'd :

And we his subiects, i'worne in all Allegiance,

Will apprehend you, as his Enemy.

King. But did you neuer sweare, and breake an Oath.

Hum. No, neuer such an Oath, nor will not now.

King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England?

Hum. Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.

King. I was annointed King at nine monthes old,

My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings :

And you were sworne true Subiects vnto me :

And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes ?

Sn. No, for we were Subiects, but while you wer king

King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?

Ah simple men, you know not what you sweare :

Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,

And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,

Obeying with my winde when I do blow,

And yeelding to another, when it blowes,

Commanded alwayes by the greater gust :

Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.

But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne,

My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,

And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.

Sinklo. We are true Subiects to the king,

King Edward.

King. So would you be againe to *Henrie*,

If he were seated as king *Edward* is.

Sinklo. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,

To go with vs vnto the Officers.

King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,

And what God will, that let your King performe,

And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto.

Exeunt

Enter K. Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lady Gray.

King. Brother of Gloster, at S. Albons field

This

My Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slaine,
 I then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,
 is now, to repofseffe those Lands,
 wee in Iustice cannot well deny,
 in Quarrell of the House of Yorke,
 thy Gentleman did lose his Life.
 Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her fuit:
 dishonor to deny it her.

It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pawfe.
 Yea, is it so:
 Lady hath a thing to graunt,
 he King will graunt her humble fuit.
 Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keeps
 the?

Silence.
 Widow, we will consider of your fuit,
 ne some other time to know our minde.

Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:
 leave your Highnesse to resolve me now,
 at your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.
 I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
 what pleases him, shall pleasure you:
 offer, or good faith you'll catch a Blow.

I feare her not, vnlesse she chance to fall.
 Hee forbid that, for hee'll take vantages.
 How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell

I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.
 Nay then whip me: hee'll rather giue her two.
 Three, my most gracious Lord.
 You shall haue foure, if you'll be rul'd by him.
 'Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers

Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.
 Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes

I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue,
 and take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch.
 Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your

husband?
 I, full as dearely as I loue my selfe.
 And would you not doe much to doe them

To doe them good, I would sustayne some
 Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them

Therefore I came vnto your Maiestie.
 Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.
 So shall you bind me to your Highnesse seruice.
 What seruice wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?
 What you command, that rests in me to doe.
 But you will take exceptions to my Boone.
 No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.
 I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske.
 Why then I will doe what your Grace com-

mands.

Hee pyles her hard, and much Raine weares the
 As red as fire? nay then, her Wax must melt.
 Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my

husband?
 An easie Taske, 'tis but to loue a King.
 That's soone perform'd, because I am a Subiect.
 Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue

you.

Wid. I take my leaue with many thousand thankes.
 Ricb. The Match is made, shee seales it with a Curfie.

King. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane.
 Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.

King. I, but I feare me in another fence.
 What Loue, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Wid. My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
 That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.

King. No, by my troth, I did not meane such loue.
 Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.

King. But now you partly may perceiue my minde.
 Wid. My minde will neuer graunt what I perceiue

Your Highnesse ayms at, if I ayme aright.
 King. To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.

Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Prison.
 King. Why then thou shalt not haue thy Husbands

Lands.
 Wid. Why then mine Honesty shall be my Dower,
 For by that losse, I will not purchase them.

King. Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.
 Wid. Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me:

But mightie Lord, this merry inclination
 Accords not with the sadnesse of my fuit:
 Please you dismisse me, eyther with I, or no.

King. I, if thou wilt say I to my request:
 No, if thou do'st say No to my demand.

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my fuit is at an end.
 Ricb. The Widow likes him not, shee knits her

Browes.
 Clarence. Hee is the bluntest Wooer in Christen-

dome.
 King. Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modesty,
 Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable,

All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie,
 One way, or other, shee is for a King,
 And shee shall be my Loue, or else my Queene.

Say, that King Edward take thee for his Queene?
 Wid. 'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord:

I am a subiect fit to leaue withall,
 But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I sweare to thee,
 I speake no more then what my Soule intends,

And that is, to enioy thee for my Loue.
 Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto:

I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,
 And yet too good to be your Concubine.

King. You cauill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.
 Wid. 'Twill grieue your Grace, my Sonnes should call

you Father.
 King. No more, then when my Daughters

Call thee Mother.
 Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,
 And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,

Haue other-some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
 To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.
 Ricb. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.

Clarence. When hee was made a Shriuer, 'twas for shift.
 King. Brothers, you muse what Chat wee two haue

had.
 Ricb. The Widow likes it not, for shee lookes very

sad.
 King. You'd thinke it strange, if I should marrie

her.
 Clarence. To who, my Lord?
 King. Why Clarence, to my selfe.

Ricb. That

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the least.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts.
Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well, least on Brothers: I can tell you both,
 Her suit is granted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
 And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate.

King. See that he be conuey'd vnto the Tower:
 And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
 To question of his apprehension.
 Widow goe you along: Lords vse her honourable.

Exeunt.

Manet Richard.

Rich. I, *Edward* will vse Women honourably:
 Would he were waisted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
 That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
 To crosse me from the Golden time I looke for:
 And yet, betweene my Soules desire, and me,
 The lustfull *Edwards* Title buried,
 Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward*,
 And all the vnlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies,
 To take their Roomes, ere I can place my selfe:
 A cold premeditation for my purpose.
 Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie,
 Like one that stands vpon a Promontorie,
 And spyes a farre-off shore, where hee would tread,
 Wishing his foot were equall with his eye,
 And chides the Sea, that sunders him from thence,
 Saying, hee'le lade it dry, to haue his way:
 So doe I wish the Crowne, being so farre off,
 And so I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
 And so (I say) He cut the Causes off,
 Flattering me with impossibilities:
 My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
 Vnlesse my Hand and Strength could equall them.
 Well, say there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:
 What other Pleasure can the World afford?
 He make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
 And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
 And 'twich sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
 Oh miserable Thought! and more vnlikely,
 Then to accomplish twentie Golden Crownes.
 Why Loue forswore me in my Mothers Wombe:
 And for I should not deale in her soft Lawes,
 Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with some Bribe,
 To shrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,
 To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,
 Where fits Deformitie to mocke my Body;
 To shape my Legges of an vnequall size,
 To dis-proportion me in every part:
 Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelp,
 That carries no impressiō like the Damme.
 And am I then a man to be belou'd?
 Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought.
 Then since this Earth affords no Ioy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o're-beare such,
 As are of better Person then my selfe:
 He make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
 And whiles I liue, t'account this World but Hell,
 Vntill my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,
 Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
 And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
 For many Liues stand betwene me and home:

And I, like one lost in a Thornie Wood,
 That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
 Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
 But toying desperately to finde it out,
 Torment my selfe, to catch the English Crowne:
 And from that torment I will free my selfe,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
 Why I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
 And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
 And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
 And frame my Face to all occasions.
 Hee drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,
 Hee slay more gazers then the Basiliske,
 Hee play the Orator as well as *Nestor*,
 Deceiue more flyly then *Vlisses* could,
 And like a *Symon*, take another Troy.
 I can adde Colours to the Cameliō,
 Change shapes with *Proteus*, for aduantages,
 And set the murtherous *Macbeull* to Schoole.
 Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
 Tut, were it farther off, Hee plucke it downe. *Exit.*

Flourish.

*Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona, his
 Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward,
 Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.
 Lewis sits, and riseth vp againe.*

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,
 Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,
 And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while *Lewis* doth sit.
Marg. No, mightie King of France: now *Margaret*
 Must strike her sayle, and learne a while to serue,
 Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)
 Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
 But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,
 And with dis-honor layd me on the ground,
 Where I must take like Seat vnto my fortune,
 And to my humble Seat conforme my selfe.

Lewis. Why say, faire Queene, whence springs this
 deepe despaire?

Marg. From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with teares,
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in care.

Lewis. What ere it be, be thou still like thy selfe,
 And sit thee by our side. *Sets her by him.*
 Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,
 But let thy dauntlesse minde still ride in triumph,
 Ouer all mischance.

Be plaine, Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy griefe,
 It shall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.

Marg. Those gracious words
 Reuiue my drooping thoughts,
 And giue my tongue-ty'd sorrowes leaue to speake.
 Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,
 That *Henry*, sole possessor of my Loue,
 Is, of a King, become a banisht man,
 And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne;
 While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of Yorke,
 Vsurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat
 Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
 This is the cause that I, poore *Margaret*,
 With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,
 Am come to craue thy iust and lawfull ayde:
 And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done.
 Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our

ple, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,
sure seiz'd, our Souldiers put to flight,
hou feest) our felues in heauie plight.

Renowned Queene,
ience calme the Storme,
e betinke a meanes to breake it off.
The more wee stay, the stronger growes our

The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee.
O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
where came the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

What's hee approacheth boldly to our pre-
Our Earle of Warwick, Edwards greates

Welcome braue Warwick, what brings thee
? Hee descends. See ariseth.

I now begins a second Storme to rise,
is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.

From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
in Kindnesse, and vnfayned Loue)
loe greetings to thy Royall Person,
to craue a League of Amittie
y, to confirme that Amittie
ptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt
tuous Lady Bona, thy faire Sister,
nds King, in lawfull Marriage.

If that goe forward, Henries hope is done.
And gracious Madame, Speaking to Bona.
ings behalfe,

manded, with your leaue and fauor,
to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue
he passion of my Soueraignes Heart;
ame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,
c'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

King Lewis, and Lady Bona, heare me speake,
u answer Warwick. His demand
ot from Edwards well-meant honest Loue,
Deceit, bred by Necessitie:

can Tyrants safely gouerne home,
broad they purchase great allyance?
him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
vry liueth still: but were hee dead,

Prince Edward stands, King Henries Sonne.
before Lewis, that by this League and Marriage
aw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
gh Vsurpers sway the rule a while,
uns are iust, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.

Iniurious Margaret.
And why not Queene?

Because thy Father Henry did vsurpe,
no more art Prince, then shee is Queene.
Then Warwicke disanulls great Iohn of Gaunt,
id subdue the greatest part of Spaine;
r Iohn of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Vidome was a Mirror to the wisest:
r that wife Prince, Henry the Fifth,
his Prowesse conquered all France:
se, our Henry lineally descends.

Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
which Henry the Fifth had gotten:

Me thinks these Peeres of France should smile at that.
But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree
Of threescore and two yeeres, a silly time
To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth.

Oxf. Why Warwick, canst thou speak against thy Liege,
Whom thou obeyd'st thirtie and six yeeres,
And not bewray thy Treason with a Bluff?

Warw. Can Oxford, that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?
For shame leaue Henry, and call Edward King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose iniurious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere
Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,
Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?
No Warwick, no: while Life vpholds this Arme,
This Arme vpholds the House of Lancaster.

Warw. And I the House of Yorke.
Lewis. Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
While I vse further conference with Warwick.

They stand aloofe.

Marg. Heauens graunt, that Warwickes wordes be-
witch him not.

Lew. Now Warwick, tell me euen vpon thy conscience
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull chofen.

Warw. Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Hon-
nor.

Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?
Warw. The more, that Henry was vnfortunate.

Lewis. Then further: all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue
Vnto our Sister Bona.

War. Such it seemes,
As may befeeme a Monarch like himselfe.
My selfe haue often heard him say, and sweare,
That this his Loue was an externall Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Enuy, but not from Disdain,
Vnlesse the Lady Bona quit his paine.

Lewis. Now Sister, let vs heare your firme resolute.

Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine.
Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, Speaks to War.
When I haue heard your Kings desert recounted,
Mine care hath tempted iudgement to desire.

Lewis. Then Warwick, thus:
Our Sister shall be Edwards.

And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,
Touching the loynture that your King must make,
Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poy's'd:
Draw neere, Queene Margaret, and be a witnesse,
That Bona shall be Wife to the English King.

Pr. Edw. To Edward, but not to the English King.

Marg. Deceitfull Warwick, it was thy deuce,
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy comming, Lewis was Henries friend.

Lewis. And still is friend to him, and Margaret.
But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
As may appeare by Edwards good successe:
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giuing ayde, which late I promised.

Yet shall you haue all kindnesse at my hand,
That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld.

Warw. Henry now liues in Scotland, at his ease;

Where

Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)
 You haue a Father able to maintaine you,
 And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.

Mar. Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwick,
 Proud setter vp, and puller downe of Kings,
 I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
 (Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
 Thy slye conueyance, and thy Lords false loue,

Post blowing a borne Witbin.

For both of you are Birds of selfe-same Feather.
Lewis. Warwick, this is some poste to vs, or thee.

Enter the Poste.

Post. My Lord Ambassador,
 These Letters are for you. *Speakes to Warwick,*
 Sent from your Brother Marquesse *Montague.*
 These from our King, vnto your Maieesty. *To Lewis.*
 And Madam, these for you: *To Margaret*
 From whom, I know not.

They all reade their Letters.

Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris
 Smiles at her newes, while *Warwicke* frownes at his.

Prince Ed. Nay marke how *Lewis* stampes as he were
 netled. I hope, all's for the best.

Lew. Warwicke, what are thy Newes?
 And yours, faire Queene.

Mar. Mine such, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.
War. Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.

Lew. What? has your King married the Lady *Grey*?
 And now to sooth your Forgery, and his,
 Sends me a Paper to perfwade me Patience?
 Is this th' Alliance that he seekes with France?
 Dare he presume to scorne vs in this manner?

Mar. I told your Maieesty as much before:
 This proueth *Edwards* Loue, and *Warwicke*'s honesty.

War. King *Lewis*, I heere protest in sight of heauen,
 And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,
 That I am cleere from this misdeed of *Edwards*;
 No more my King, for he dishonors me,
 But most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
 Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke
 My Father came vntimely to his death?
 Did I let passe th' abuse done to my Neece?
 Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
 Did I put *Henry* from his Natiue Right?
 And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?
 Shame on himselfe, for my Desert is Honor.
 And to repaire my Honor lost for him,
 I heere renounce him, and returne to *Henry*.
 My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,
 And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:
 I will reuenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
 And replant *Henry* in his former state.

Mar. Warwicke,
 These words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,
 And I forgiue, and quite forget old faults,
 And ioy that thou becom'st King *Henries* Friend.

War. So much his Friend, I, his vnfaired Friend,
 That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish vs
 With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,
 Ile vndertake to Land them on our Coast,
 And force the Tyrant from his seat by Warre.
 'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him.
 And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
 Hee's very likely now to fall from him,
 For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our Country.

Bona. Deere Brother, how shall *Bona* be reueng'd,
 But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?

Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poore *Henry* liue,
 Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English Queena, are one.

War. And mine faire Lady *Bona*, ioynes with yours.

Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets*.
 Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolu'd
 You shall haue ayde.

Mar. Let me giue humble thanks for all, at once.

Lew. Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste,
 And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
 That *Lewis* of France, is sending ouer Maskers
 To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.
 Thou seest what's past, go feare thy King withall.

Bona. Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower shortly,
 I weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,
 And I am ready to put Armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
 And therefore Ile vn-Crowne him, er't be long.
 There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Post.*

Lew. But Warwicke,
 Thou and Oxford, with fise thousand men
 Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false *Edward* battaile:
 And as occasion serues, this Noble Queen
 And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.
 Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
 What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant Loyalty,
 That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
 Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy,
 To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.

Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.
 Sonne *Edward*, she is Faire and Vertuous,
 Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,
 And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable,
 That onely Warwicke's daughter shall be thine.

Prin. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserues it,
 And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.

He giues his hand to Warw.

Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiours shalbe leuid,
 And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall
 Shall waite them ouer with our Royall Fleete.
 I long till *Edward* fall by Warres mischance,
 For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

Exeunt. Manet Warwicke.

War. I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,
 But I returne his sworne and mortall Foe:
 Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,
 But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand.
 Had he none else to make a stale but me?
 Then none but I, shall turne his left to Sorrow.
 I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
 And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:
 Not that I pittie *Henries* misery,
 But seeke Reuenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

*Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and
 Mountague.*

Rich. Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what thinke you
 Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Gray*?
 Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

Cl. Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France,
 How

ould he stay till *Warwicke* made returne?
My Lords, forbear this talke: heere comes the

Flourish.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hastings: foure stand on one side, and foure on the other.

And his well-chosen Bride.
I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.
Now Brother of Clarence,
ke you our Choyce,
ou stand pensiue, as halfe malecontent?
As well as *Lewis* of France,
Earle of *Warwicke*,
are so weake of courage, and in iudgement,
sey'le take no offence at our abuse.
Suppose they take offence without a cause:
re but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*, I am *Edward*,
King and *Warwicke*s, and must haue my will.
And shall haue your will, because our King:
the Marriage seildome proueth well.
Yea, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?
Not I: no:
bid, that I should with them feuer'd,
God hath ioyn'd together:
were pittie, to sunder them,
make so well together.
Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside,
some reason, why the Lady *Grey*
not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?
u too, *Somerfet*, and *Mountague*,
freely what you thinke.
Then this is mine opinion:
King *Lewis* becomes your Enemy,
cking him about the Marriage
Lady *Bona*.
And *Warwicke*, doing what you gaue in charge,
dis-honored by this new Marriage.
What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwicke* be appeas'd,
invention as I can deuise?
Yet, to haue ioyn'd with France in such alliance,
more haue strength'ned this our Commonwealthe
forraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage.
Why, knowes not *Mountague*, that of it selfe,
is safe, if true within it selfe?
But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.
'Tis better vsing France, then trusting France:
be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,
ith their helpes, onely defend our selues:
n, and in our selues, our safetie lyes.
For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserues
e the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.
I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,
r this once, my Will shall stand for Law.
And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,
: the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
re Brother of your louing Bride;
etter would haue sited me, or *Clarence*:
your Bride you burie Brotherhood.
Or else you would not haue befow'd the Heire
Lord *Bonill* on your new Wiues Sonne,
ue your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.
Alas, poore *Clarence*: is it for a Wife
ou art malecontent? I will prouide thee.

Clarence. In chusing for your selfe,
You shew'd your iudgement:
Which being shallow, you shall giue me leaue
To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;
And to that end, I shortly minde to leaue you.
King. Leau me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,
And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maiestie
To rayse my State to Title of a Queene,
Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,
That I was not ignoble of Descent,
And meaner then my selfe haue had like fortune.
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with sorrow.

King. My Loue, forbear to fawne vpon their frownes:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,
And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and loue thee too,
Vnlesse they seeke for hatred at my hands:
Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,
And they shall feele the vengeance of my Wrath.

Rich. I heare, yet say not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Post.

King. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes
from France?

Post. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,
But such, as I (without your speciall pardon)
Dare not relate.

King. Goe too, wee pardon thee:
Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,
As neere as thou canst guesse them.
What answer makes King *Lewis* vnto our Letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
Goe tell false *Edward*, the supposed King,
That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.

King. Is *Lewis* so braue? belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what said Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?

Post. These were her words, vit' red with mild disdain:
Tell him, in hope hee'le proue a Widower shortly,
He weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

King. I blame not her; she could say little lesse:
She had the wrong. But what said *Henries* Queene?
For I haue heard, that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him (quoth she)
My mourning Weedes are done,
And I am readie to put Armour on.

King. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said *Warwicke* to these iniuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Maiestie,
Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore He vncrowne him, er't be long.

King. Ha'durst the Traytor breath out so proud words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They shall haue Warres, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?

Post. I, gracious Soueraigne,
They are so link'd in friendship,
That yong Prince *Edward* marryes *Warwicke*s Daughter.

Clarence. Belike, the elder;
Clarence will haue the younger.

Now

Now Brother King farewell, and fit you fast,
 For I will hence to *Warwicke*, other Daughter,
 That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
 I may not proue inferior to your selfe.
 You that loue me, and *Warwicke*, follow me.

Exit Clarence, and Somerset followes.

Rich. Not I :

My thoughts ayme at a further matter :

I stay not for the loue of *Edward*, but the Crowne.

King. *Clarence* and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwicke*?

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen :

And haste is needfull in this desp'rate case.

Pembroke and *Stafford*, you in our behalfe

Goe leuie men, and make prepare for Warre ;

They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed :

My selfe in perfon will straight follow you.

Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.

But ere I goe, *Hastings* and *Mountague*

Resolue my doubt : you twaine, of all the rest,

Are neere to *Warwicke*, by bloud, and by allyance :

Tell me, if you loue *Warwicke* more then me ;

If it be so, then both depart to him :

I rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.

But if you minde to hold your true obedience,

Giue me assurance with some friendly Vow,

That I may neuer haue you in suspect.

Mount. So God helpe *Mountague*, as hee proues true.

Hast. And *Hastings*, as hee fauours *Edwards* cause.

King. Now, Brother *Richard*, will you stand by vs?

Rich. I, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

King. Why so : then am I sure of Victorie.

Now therefore let vs hence, and lose no howre,

Till wee meet *Warwicke*, with his forreine powre.

Exeunt.

*Enter Warwicke and Oxford in England,
 with French Souldiors.*

Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
 The common people by numbers swarme to vs.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* comes :

Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends ?

Clar. Feare not that, my Lord.

Warw. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,

And welcome *Somerset* : I hold it cowardize,

To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart

Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in signe of Loue ;

Else might I thinke, that *Clarence*, *Edwards* Brother,

Were but a fained friend to our proceedings :

But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my Daughter shall be thine.

And now, what rests ? but in Nights Couerture,

Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about,

And but attended by a simple Guard,

Wee may surprize and take him at our pleasure,

Our Scouts haue found the aduenture very easie :

That as *Vlysses*, and stout *Dionides*,

With sleight and manhood stole to *Rhesus* Tents,

And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds ;

So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,

At vnawares may beat downe *Edwards* Guard,

And feise himselfe : I say not, slaughter him,

For I intend but onely to surprize him.

You that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.

They all cry, Henry.

Why then, let's on our way in filent fort,
 For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.

Exeunt.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1. *Watch.* Come on my Masters, each man take his stand,
 The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.

2. *Watch.* What, will he not to Bed ?

1. *Watch.* Why, no : for he hath made a solemne Vow,
 Neuer to lye and take his naturall Rest,
 Till *Warwicke*, or himselfe, be quite suppreft.

2. *Watch.* To morrow then belike shall be the day,
 If *Warwicke* be so neere as men report.

3. *Watch.* But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,
 That with the King here resteth in his Tent ?

1. *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the Kings chiefeft
 friend.

3. *Watch.* O, is it so ? but why commands the King,
 That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,
 While he himselfe keepes in the cold field ?

2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

3. *Watch.* I, but giue me worship, and quietnesse,
 I like it better then a dangerous honor.

If *Warwicke* knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. *Watch.* Vnlesse our Halberds did shut vp his passage.

2. *Watch.* I : wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,
 But to defend his Person from Night-foes ?

*Enter Warwicke, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,
 and French Souldiors, filent all.*

Warw. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard :
 Courage my Masters : Honor now, or neuer :
 But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1. *Watch.* Who goes there ?

2. *Watch.* Stay, or thou dyest.

*Warwicke and the rest cry all, Warwicke, Warwicke,
 and set vpon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme,
 Warwicke and the rest following them.*

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.

*Enter Warwicke, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King
 out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire : Richard
 and Hastings flye ouer the Stage.*

Som. What are they that flye there ?

Warw. *Richard* and *Hastings* : let them goe, heere is
 the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke ?

Why *Warwicke*, when wee parted,

Thou call'dst me King.

Warw. I, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrac'd me in my Embassade,

Then I degraded you from being King,

And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.

Alas, how should you gouerne any Kingdome,

That know not how to vse Embassadors,

Nor how to be contented with one Wife,

Nor how to vse your Brothers Brotherly,

Nor how to studie for the Peoples Welfare,

Nor how to shrowd your selfe from Enemies ?

K. Edw. Yes,

Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
 ou here too? www.libtool.com.cn
 en I see, that Edward needs must downe.
 Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
 e thy selfe, and all thy Complices,
 d will alwayes beare himselfe as King:
 h Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State,
 inde exceeds the compasse of her Wheele.
 w. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King,

Takes off his Crowne.

Henry now shall weare the English Crowne,
 e true King indeede: thou but the shadow.
 ord of Somerset, at my request,
 at forthwith Duke Edward be conuey'd
 my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:
 I haue fought with Pembroke, and his fellowes.
 low you, and tell what answer
 and the Lady Bona fend to him.
 for a-while farewell good Duke of Yorke.

They leade him out forcibly.

Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;
 is not to resist both winde and tide. *Exeunt.*
 f. What now remains my Lords for vs to do,
 arch to London with our Soldiers?
 r. I, that's the first thing that we haue to do,
 e King Henry from imprisonment,
 ee him seated in the Regall Throne. *exit.*

Enter Rivers, and Lady Gray.

u. Madam, what makes you in this sodain change?
 y. Why Brother Rivers, are you yet to learne
 late misfortune is befallne King Edward?
 . What losse of some pitcht battell
 ft Warwick?
 y. No, but the losse of his owne Royall perfon.
 . Then is my Soueraigne slaine?
 y. I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,
 betrayed by falshood of his Guard,
 his Foe surpriz'd at vnawares:
 s I further haue to vnderstand,
 committed to the Bishop of Yorke,
 Warwicks Brother, and by that our Foe.
 . These Newes I must confesse are full of greefe,
 racious Madam, beare it as you may,
 icke may loofe, that now hath wonne the day.
 . Till then, faire hope must hinder liues decay:
 the rather waine me from dispaire
 ue of Edwards Off-spring in my wombe:
 s it that makes me bridle passion,
 beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:
 r this I draw in many a teare,
 top the rising of blood-sucking fighes,
 with my fighes or teares, I blast or drowne
 Edwards Fruite, true heyre to th'English Crowne.
 . But Madam,
 e is Warwick then become?
 y. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
 t the Crowne once more on Henries head,
 : thou the rest, King Edwards Friends must downe.
) prevent the Tyrants violence,
 rust not him that hath once broken Faith)
 nce forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,

To saue (at least) the heire of Edwards right:
 There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
 Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,
 If Warwick take vs, we are sure to dye. *exeunt.*

Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley
 Leau off to wonder why I drew you hither,
 Into this cheefest Thicket of the Parke.
 Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother,
 Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands
 He hath good vsage, and great liberty,
 And often but attended with weake guard,
 Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.
 I haue aduertis'd him by secret meanes,
 That if about this houre he make this way,
 Vnder the colour of his vsual game,
 He shall heere finde his Friends with Horfe and Men,
 To set him free from his Captiuitie.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Huntsman. This way my Lord,
 For this way lies the Game.

King Edw. Nay this way man,
 See where the Huntmen stand.
 Now Brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
 Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?

Rich. Brother, the time and case, requireth haft,
 Your horfe stands ready at the Parke-corner.

King Ed. But whether shall we then?

Haft. To Lyn my Lord,
 And thipt from thence to Flanders.

Rich. Wel guest beleue me, for that was my meaning
 K. Ed. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardnesse.

Rich. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talke.

K. Ed. Huntsman, what say'st thou?

Wilt thou go along?

Huntsf. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd.

Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more adoo.

K. Ed. Bishop farewell,
 Sheeld thee from Warwicks frowne,
 And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne. *exeunt*

Flourish. Enter King Henry the sixth, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenant.

K. Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
 Haue shaken Edward from the Regall seate,
 And turn'd my captiue state to libertie,
 My feare to hope, my sorrowes vnto ioyes,
 At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?

Lieu. Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains
 But, if an humble prayer may preuaile,
 I then craue pardon of your Maiestie.

K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vsing me?

Nay, be thou sure, Ile well requite thy kindnesse.

For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:

I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds

Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts,

At last, by Notes of Household harmonie,

They quite forget their losse of Libertie.

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 Fortunes spight,
 By liuing low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
 And that the people of this blessed Land
 May not be punish't with my thwarting starres,
Warwick, although my Head still weare the Crowne,
 I here reigne my Gouernment to thee,
 For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

Warw. Your Grace hath still benee fam'd for vertuous,
 And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,
 By spying and auoiding Fortunes malice,
 For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
 Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
 For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

Clar. No *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the sway,
 To whom the Heau'ns in thy Natiuitie,
 Adiudg'd an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
 As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:
 And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.

Warw. And I chuse *Clarence* onely for Protector.
King, Warwick and *Clarence*, giue me both your Hands:
 Now ioine your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,
 That no diffention hinder Gouernment:
 I make you both Protectors of this Land,
 While I my selfe will lead a priuate Life,
 And in deuotion spend my latter dayes,
 To finnes rebuke, and my Creators prayfe.

Warw. What answeres *Clarence* to his Soueraignes will?

Clar. That he consents, if *Warwick* yeeld consent,
 For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.

Warw. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
 Wee'le yoake together, like a double shadow
 To *Henries* Body, and supply his place;
 I meane, in bearing weight of Gouernment,
 While he enioyes the Honor, and his ease.
 And *Clarence*, now then it is more then needfull,
 Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traytor,
 And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.

Warw. I, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.
King. But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,
 Let me entreat (for I command no more)
 That *Margaret* your Queene, and my Sonne *Edward*,
 Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:
 For till I see them here, by doubtfull feares,
 My ioy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.

Clar. It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all speede.

King. My Lord of Somersfet, what Youth is that,
 Of whom you seeme to haue so tender care?

Somersf. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earle of Richmond.

King. Come hither, Englands Hope:
 Lays his Hand on his Head.

If secret Powers suggest but truth
 To my diuining thoughts,
 This prettie Lad will proue our Countries blisse.
 His Lookes are full of peacefull Maicstie,
 His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
 His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
 Likely in time to blesse a Regall Throne:
 Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee
 Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Post.

Warw. What newes, my friend?
Poste. That *Edward* is escaped from your Brother,
 And fled (as hee heares since) to Burgundie.

Warw. Vnfauorie newes: but how made he escape?
Poste. He was conuey'd by *Richard*, Duke of Gloster,
 And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
 In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,
 And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:
 For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.

Warw. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
 But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide
 A salue for any fore, that may betide. *Exeunt.*

Manet Somersfet, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edwards*:
 For doubtlesse, *Burgundie* will yeeld him helpe,
 And we shall haue more Warres befor't be long.
 As *Henries* late presaging Prophecie
 Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:
 So doth my heart mis-giue me, in these Conflicts,
 What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
 Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to preuent the worst,
 Forthwith wee'le send him hence to Brittanie,
 Till stormes be past of Ciuill Enmitie.

Oxf. I: for if *Edward* re-possesse the Crowne,
 'Tis like that *Richmond*, with the rest, shall downe.

Som. It shall be so: he shall to Brittanie.
 Come therefore, let's about it speedily. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter *Edward*, *Richard*, *Hastings*,
 and *Souldiers*.

Edw. Now Brother *Richard*, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,
 Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,
 And sayes, that once more I shall entechange
 My wained state, for *Henries* Regall Crowne.
 Well haue we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,
 And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.
 What then remaines, we being thus arriu'd
 From Rauenspurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke,
 But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?

Rich. The Gates made fast?
 Brother, I like not this.
 For many men that stumble at the Threshold,
 Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.

Edw. Tush man, aboadments must not now affright vs:
 By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,
 For hither will our friends reparaire to vs.

Hast. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon
 them.

Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke,
 and his Brethren.

Maior. My Lords,
 We were fore-warned of your comming,
 And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues;
 For now we owe allegiance vnto *Henry*.

Edw. But, Master Maior, if *Henry* be your King,
 Yet *Edward*, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.

Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no lesse.

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
 As being well content with that alone.

Rich. But

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,
Hee'le soone finde meanes to make the Body follow.

Hast. Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King Henries friends.

Maior. I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.
He descends.

Rich. A wife stout Captaine, and soone perswaded.
Hast. The good old man would faine that all were wel,
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall soone perswade
Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reason.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.
What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,
Takes his Keyes.

For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee,
And all those friends, that deine to follow mee.

*March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme
and Souldiers.*

Rich. Brother, this is Sir Iohn Mountgomerie,
Our trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiu'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir Iohn: but why come you in
Armes?

Mount. To helpe King Edward in his time of storme,
As euery loyall Subiect ought to doe.

Edw. Thankes good Mountgomerie:
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely clayme our Dukedome,
Till God please to send the rest.

Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to serue a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away.

The Drumme begins to march.

Edw. Nay stay, Sir Iohn, a while, and wee'le debate
By what safe meanes the Crowne may be recouer'd.

Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'le not here proclaime your selfe our King,
He leaue you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keepe them back, that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Rich. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?

Edw. When wee grow stronger,
Then wee'le make our Clayme:

Till then, 'tis wisdome to concale our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must
rule.

Rich. And fearelesse minds clyme soonest vnto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And Henry but vsurpes the Diademe.

Mount. I, now my Soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be Edwards Champion.

Hast. Sound Trumpet, Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.

Flourish. Sound.

Soul. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mount. And whosoe're gainfayes King Edwards right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

Throws down his Gauntles.

All. Long liue Edward the Fourth.

Edw. Thankes braue Mountgomerie,
And thankes vnto you all:

If fortune serue me, He requite this kindnesse.
Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke:
And when the Morning Sunne shall rayse his Carre
Aboue the Border of this Horison,
Wee'le forward towards Warwick, and his Mates;
For well I wot, that Henry is no Souldier.
Ah froward Clarence, how euill it befeemes thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy Brother?
Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on braue Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter the King, Warwick, Mountague,
Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.*

War. What counsaile, Lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hastie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safetie through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troupes doth march amaine to London,
And many giddie people flock to him.

King. Let's leuie men, and beat him backe againe.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, Riuers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I haue true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Those will I muster vp: and thou Sonne Clarence
Shalt stirre vp in Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.

Thou Brother Mountague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'ft.
And thou, braue Oxford, wondrous well belou'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster vp thy friends.

My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens,
Like to his Iland, gyrt in with the Ocean,
Or modest Dyan, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him:
Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply.
Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farewell my Hector, and my Troyes true hope.

Clar. In signe of truth, I kisse your Highnesse Hand.

King. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leaue.

Oxf. And thus I seale my truth, and bid adieu.

King. Sweet Oxford, and my louing Mountague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Coentry.
Exeunt.

King. Here at the Pallace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinkes your Lordship?
Me thinkes, the Power that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exet. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:
I haue not stopt mine eares to their demands,
Nor posted off their suites with slow delays,
My pittie hath bene balme to heale their wounds,
My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefes,
My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.
I haue not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much opprest them with great Subsidies,
Nor forward of reuenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they loue Edward more then me?
No Exeter, these Graces challenge Grace:

And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,
The Lambe will neuer cease to follow him.

Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.

Exit. Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are these?

Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the shamefac'd Henry, beare him hence,
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.
You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,
Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.

Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Couentry bend we our course,
Where peremptorie *Warwicke* now remains:
The Sunne shines hot, and if we vs delay,
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.

Rich. Away betimes, before his forces ioyne,
And take the great-growne Traytor vnawares:
Braue Warriors, march amaine towards Couentry.

Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke, the Maier of Couentry, two Messengers, and others vpon the Walls.

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

Mess. 1. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How farre off is our Brother *Mountague*?
Where is the Post that came from *Mountague*?

Mess. 2. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troope.

Enter Someruil.

War. Say *Someruil*, what sayes my louing Sonne?
And by thy guesse, how nigh is *Clarence* now?

Someru. At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,
And doe expect him here some two howres hence.

War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I heare his Drumme.

Someru. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from *Warwicke*.
War. Who should that be? belike vnlook'd for friends.
Someru. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, and Souldiers.

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.

Rich. See how the furly *Warwicke* mans the Wall.

War. Oh vnbid spight, is sportfull *Edward* come?
Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could heare no newes of his repayre.

Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands begge Mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confesse who set thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Rich. I thought at least he would haue said the King,
Or did he make the least against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?

Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue,
He doe thee seruice for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother.

Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwicke*'s gift.

War. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:
And Weakeling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwicke* his Subiect.

Edw. But *Warwicke*'s King is *Edwards* Prisoner:
And gallant *Warwicke*, doe but anwer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?

Rich. Alas, that *Warwicke* had no more fore-cast,
But whiles he thought to steale the single Ten,
The King was slyly finger'd from the Deck:
You left poore *Henry* at the Bishops Pallace,
And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower.

Edw. 'Tis euen so, yet you are *Warwicke* fill.

Rich. Come *Warwicke*,
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:
Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron cooles.

War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other, sling it at thy face,
Then beare so low a sayle, to strike to thee.

Edw. Sayle how thou canst,
Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,
This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing *Warwicke* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, see where *Oxford* comes.
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.

Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too.

Edw. So other foes may set vpon our backs.
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt
Will issue out againe, and bid vs battaile;
If not, the Citie being but of small defence,
Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the fame.

War. Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. Mountague, Mountague, for Lancaster.
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason
Euen with the dearest blood your bodies beare.

Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victorie,
My minde prefageth happy gaine, and Conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.

Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Haue sold their Liues vnto the House of *Yorke*,
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where *George* of Clarence sweeps along
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaile:
With whom, in vpriight zeale to right, preuailes
More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.

Come *Clarence*, come: thou wilt, if *Warwicke* call.

Clar. Father of *Warwick*, know you what this means?

Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers Houfe,
Who gaue his blood to lyme the stones together,
And set vp *Lancaster*. Why, trowest thou, *Warwicke*,
That *Clarence* is so harsh, so blunt, vnnatural,
To bend the fatal Instruments of Warre

Against

Brother, and his lawfull King.
 thou wilt obiect my holy Oath :
 that Oath, were more impietic,
 when he sacrific'd his Daughter.
 for my Trefpas made,
 ferue well at my Brothers hands,
 :layme my selfe thy mortall foe :
 ution, wherefo're I meet thee,
 meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)
 thee, for thy soule mis-leading me.
 owd-hearted *Warwicke*, I defie thee,
 Brother turne my blushing Cheekes.
 : *Edward*, I will make amends :
 rd, doe not frowne vpon my faults,
 henceforth be no more vnconstant.
 w welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,
 ou neuer hadst deferr'd our hate.
 Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.
 Oh passing Traytor, periur'd and vnjust.
 hat *Warwicke*,
 leaue the Towne, and fight?
 e beat the Stones about thine Eares?
 Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence :
 y towards Barnet presently,
 see Battaile, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.
 es *Warwicke*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way :
 ie field: *Saint George*, and *Victorie*. *Exeunt.*
 b. *Warwicke* and his companie followes.

m, and *Excursions*. Enter *Edward* bringing
 forth *Warwicke* wounded.

lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,
 cke was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.
 atague sit fast, I seeke for thee,
 ickes Bones may keepe thine companie.

Exit.

Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
 ie who is *Victor*, *York*, or *Warwicke*?
 I that? my mangled body shewes,
 my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes,
 ft yeeld my body to the Earth,
 y fall, the conquest to my foe.
 s the Cedar to the Axes edge,
 mes gaue shelter to the Princely Eagle,
 se shade the ramping Lyon slept,
 -branch ouer-peer'd *Ioues* spreading Tree,
 low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.
 s, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,
 e as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
 the secret Treasons of the World :
 ckles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
 ed oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
 u'd King, but I could digge his Graue?
 urst smile, when *Warwicke* bent his Brow?
 y Glory smear'd in dust and blood.
 , my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,
 forsake me; and of all my Lands,
 left me, but my bodies length.
 : is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust?
 ie how we can, yet dye we must.

Enter *Oxford* and *Somerset*.

h *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, wert thou as we are,
 recouer all our Losse againe :

The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power.
 Euen now we heard the newes: ah, could'st thou flye.

Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah *Mountague*,
 If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,
 And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
 Thou lou'st me not: for, Brother, if thou didst,
 Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood,
 That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me speake.
 Come quickly *Mountague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his last,
 And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for *Warwicke*:
 And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother.
 And more he would haue said, and more he spoke,
 Which founded like a Cannon in a Vault,
 That mought not be distinguisht: but at last,
 I well might heare, deliuered with a groane,
 Oh farewell *Warwicke*.

Warw. Sweet rest his Soule :
 Flye Lords, and faue your felues,
 For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
 Here they beare away his Body. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter *King Edward* in triumph, with
Richard, *Clarence*, and the rest.

King. Thus farre our fortune keeps an vpward course,
 And we are grac'd with wreaths of *Victorie*:
 But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,
 I spy a black suspitious threatning Cloud,
 That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
 Ere he attaine his easfull Westerne Bed :
 I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene
 Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue arriued our Coast,
 And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.

Clar. A little gale will soone disperse that Cloud,
 And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
 Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours vp,
 For every Cloud engenders not a Storme.

Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thousand strong,
 And *Somerset*, with *Oxford*, fled to her:
 If she haue time to breathe, be well assur'd
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

King. We are aduertis'd by our louing friends,
 That they doe hold their course toward *Tewksbury*.
 We hauing now the best at *Barnet* field,
 Will thither straight, for willingnesse rids way,
 And as we march, our strength will be augmented:
 In euery Countie as we goe along,
 Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. March. Enter the Queene, young
Edward, *Somerset*, *Oxford*, and
Souldiers.

Qu. Great Lords, wife men ne'r fit and waile their losse,
 But chearely seeke how to redresse their harmes.
 What though the Mast be now blowne ouer-board,
 The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor lost,
 And halfe our Saylors swallow'd in the flood?
 Yet liues our Pilot still. Is't meet, that hee
 Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,
 With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,
 And giue more strength to that which hath too much,
 Whiles in his moane, the Ship splits on the Rock,
 Which Industrie and Courage might haue sau'd?
 Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.
 Say *Warwicke* was our Anchor: what of that?

And *Mountague* our Top-Mast: what of him?
 Our slaught'ed friends, the Tackles: what of these?
 Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?
 And *Somerfet*, another goodly Mast?
 The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
 And though vnskilfull, why not *Ned* and I,
 For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
 We will not from the Helme, to sit and weepe,
 But keepe our Courfe (though the rough Winde fay no)
 From Shelues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack.
 As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire.
 And what is *Edward*, but a ruthlesse Sea?
 What *Clarence*, but a Quick-sand of Deceit?
 And *Richard*, but a rag'd fatall Rocke?
 All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
 Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:
 Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,
 Befride the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,
 Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death.
 This speake I (Lords) to let you vnderstand,
 If case some one of you would flye from vs,
 That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
 More then with ruthlesse Waues, with Sands and Rocks.
 Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,
 Twere childifh weaknesse to lament, or feare.

Prince. Me thinks a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
 Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,
 Infuse his Brest with Magnanimitie,
 And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
 I speake not this, as doubting any here:
 For did I but suspect a fearefull man,
 He should haue leaue to goe away betimes,
 Least in our need he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himselfe.
 If any such be here, as God forbid,
 Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.

Oxf. Women and Children of so high a courage,
 And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall shame.
 Oh braue young *Prince*: thy famous Grandfather
 Doth liue againe in thee; long may'st thou liue,
 To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
 Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
 If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at.

Qu. Thankes gentle *Somerfet*, sweet *Oxford* thankes.

Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing
 else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
 Ready to fight: therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,
 To haste thus fast, to finde vs vnprouided.

Som. But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readinesse.

Qu. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.

Oxf. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Souldiers.

Edw. Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,
 Which by the Heauens assistance, and your strength,
 Must by the Roots be hew'ne vp yet ere Night.
 I need not adde more fuell to your fire,
 For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
 Giue signall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
 My teares gaine-say: for euery word I speake,
 Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.
 Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soueraigne
 Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State vsurp'd,
 His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subiects slaine,
 His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:
 And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.
 You fight in Iustice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
 Be valiant, and giue signall to the fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excursions. Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence, Oxford, Somerfet.

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.
 Away with *Oxford* to Hames Castle straight:
 For *Somerfet*, off with his guiltie Head.

Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.

Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.

Exeunt.

Qu. So part we sadly in this troublous World,
 To meet with Ioy in sweet Ierusalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
 Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake.
 What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
 For bearing Armes, for stirring vp my Subiects,
 And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subiect, prouid ambitious *York*.
 Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
 Reigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,
 Whil't I propose the selfe-same words to thee,
 Which (Traytor) thou would'st haue me answer to.

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had bene so resolu'd.

Rich. That you might still haue worne the Petticoat,
 And ne're haue stolne the Breech from *Lancaster*.

Prince. Let *Aesop* fable in a Winters Night,
 His Curriish Riddles sorts not with this place.

Rich. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.

Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captiue Scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe,
 rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.

Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull:

Lasciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,

And thou mis-shapen *Dicke*, I tell ye all,

I am your better, Traytors as ye are,

And thou vsurp't my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.

Stabs bim.

Rich. Sprawl't thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

Rich. Stabs bim.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with periurie.

Clar. Stabs bim.

Qu. Oh, kill me too.

Rich. Marry, and shall.

Offers to kill her.

Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much.

Rich. Why

Why should thee lye, to fill the World with
 What? doth thee frowne? vfe meanes for her
 e.

Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother :
 ce to London on a ferious matter,
 some there, be fure to heare some newes.
 What? what?

Tower, the Tower. *Exit.*

Oh Ned, sweet Ned, speake to thy Mother Boy.

hou not speake? O Traitors, Murtherers!

at flabb'd *Cæsar*, shed no blood at all :

offend, nor were not worthy Blame,

oule deed were by, to equall it.

a Man; this (in respect) a Childe,

en, ne're spend their fury on a Childe.

worse then Murtherer, that I may name it ?

my heart will burst, and if I speake,

will speake, that so my heart may burst.

s and Villaines, bloody Caniballes,

reet a Plant haue you vntimely cropt :

ue no children (Butchers) if you had,

ught of them would haue stirr'd vp remorse,

ou euer chance to haue a Childe,

n his youth to haue him so cut off.

hsmen you haue rid this sweet yong Prince.

. Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.

Nay, neuer beare me hence, dispatch mee heere :

eath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:

wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

By heauen, I will not do thee so much eafe.

Good *Clarence* do: sweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

Did'st thou not beare me sweare I would not do it?

I, but thou v'st to forweare thy selfe.

in before, but now 'tis Charity.

wilt y' not? Where is that diuels butcher *Richard*?

wor'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?

rt not heere; Murther is thy Almes-deed :

ers for Blood, thou ne're put'st backe.

Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence,

So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit Queene.

Where's *Richard* gone.

To London all in post, and as I gesse,

ce a bloody Supper in the Tower.

He's sodaine if a thing comes in his head.

arch we hence, discharge the common fort

'ay and Thankes, and let's away to London,

: our gentle Queene how well she fares,

(I hope) she hath a Sonne for me.

Exit.

*Henry the sixth, and Richard, with the Lieutenant
 on the Walles.*

Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so
 hard?

I my good Lord : my Lord I should say rather,
 ne to flatter, Good was little better :

Gloster, and good Deuill, were alike,

th preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

. Sirra, leaue vs to our selues, we must conferre.

. So flies the wreakelesse shepherd from y' Wolfe :

the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeild his Fleece,

xt his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.

icene of death hath *Rofinus* now to Acte ?

. Suspicion alwayes haun'ts the guilty minde,

The Theefe doth feare each bush an Officer,

Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth euery bush ;

And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,

Haue now the fatal Obiect in my eye,

Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Ricb. Why what a peeuissh Foole was that of Creet,

That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,

And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore Boy *Icarus*,

Thy Father *Minos*, that deni'de our course,

The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.

Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy Selfe, the Sea

Whose enuious Gulfe did swallow vp his life :

Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,

My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point,

Then can my eares that Tragicke Hiftory.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life ?

Ricb. Think'ft thou I am an Executioner ?

Hen. A Persecutor I am fure thou art,

If murthering Innocents be Executing,

Why then thou art an Executioner.

Ricb. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first y' didst presume,

Thou had'st not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine :

And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcell of my feare,

And many an old mans fighe, and many a Widdowes,

And many an Orphans water-standing-eye,

Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Husbands,

Orphans, for their Parents times death,

Shall rue the houre that euer thou was't borne.

The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an euill signe,

The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding lucklesse time,

Dogs howl'd, and hiddeous Tempest shook down Trees :

The Rauen rook'd her on the Chimnies top,

And chatt'ring Pies in dismall Discords sung :

Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,

And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope,

To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.

Teeth had'st thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,

To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world :

And if the rest be true, which I haue heard,

Thou cam'st——

Ricb. Ile heare no more :

Dye Prophet in thy speech,

Stabbes bim.

For this (among't the rest) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this,

O God forgiue my finnes, and pardon thee. *Dyes.*

Ricb. What? will the aspiring blood of Lancafter

Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted.

See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.

O may such purple teares be alway shed

From those that with the downfall of our house.

If any sparke of Life be yet remaining,

Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.

Stabs bim againe.

I that haue neyther pity, loue, nor feare,

Indeed 'tis true that *Henrie* told me of :

For I haue often heard my Mother say,

I came into the world with my Legges forward.

Had I not reason (thinke ye) to make hast,

And seeke their Ruine, that vsurp'd our Right ?

The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de

O Iesus bleffe vs, he is borne with teeth,

And

And so I was, which plainly signified,
 That I should *snarle*, and bite, and play the dogge:
 Then since the Heauens haue shap'd my Body so,
 Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.
 I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:
 And this word [*Loue*] which Gray-beards call *Ditine*,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me: I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou kept'st me from the Light,
 But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
 For I will buzze abroad such Prophefies,
 That *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
 And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the rest,
 Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
 Ile throw thy body in another roome,
 And Triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doome. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter *King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Hastings,*
Nurse, and Attendants.

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
 Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
 What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
 Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
 Three Dukes of Somersset, threefold Renowne,
 For hardy and vndoubted Champions:
 Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,
 And two Northumberlands: two brauer men,
 Ne're spurr'd their Courfers at the Trumpets sound.
 With them, the two braue Beares, *Warwick & Montague*,
 That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
 And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus haue we swept Suspition from our Seate,
 And made our Footfoole of Security.
 Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my Boy:
 Yong *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my selfe,
 Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
 Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,
 That thou might'st repossesse the Crowne in peace,
 And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Rich. Ile blast his Haruest, if your head were laid,
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heaue,
 And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe,
 Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.

King. *Clarence* and *Gloster*, loue my louely Queene,
 And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.

Cl. The duty that I owe vnto your Maiesty,
 I Seale vpon the lips of this sweet Babe.

Cl. Thanke Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.

Rich. And that I loue the tree frō whence y sprang't:
 Witness the louing kisse I giue the Fruite,
 To say the truth, so *Iudas* kist his master,
 And cried all haile, when he meant all harme.

King. Now am I seated as my soule delights,
 Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.

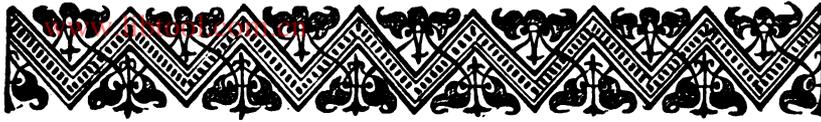
Cl. What will your Grace haue done with *Margara*,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
 Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ierusalem,
 And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.

King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
 With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes,
 Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.
 Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell sowre annoy,
 For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.





he Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

Row is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Our brows bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Used armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our sadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Our rifag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
In stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
We sit the Soules of fearfull Aduerfaries,
We dance nimble in a Ladies Chamber,
We make lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.
That am not shap'd for sportiue trickes,
Made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I am Rudely stamp't, and want loues Maiefty,
I sit before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
I lack of Feature by dissembling Nature,
My leggs vn-finisht, sent before my time
In this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
I sit so lamely and vnfashionable,
My legges barke at me, as I halt by them.
(In this weake piping time of Peace)
I would delight to passe away the time,
To see my Shadow in the Sunne,
To see scant on mine owne Deformity.
Therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,
I will certaine these faire well spoken dayes,
I will determine to proue a Villaine,
I will take the idle pleasures of these dayes.
I will take I laide, Inductions dangerous,
I will take vnken Prophecies, Libels, and Dreames,
I will take my Brother Clarence and the King
I will take my hly hate, the one against the other:
I will take King Edward be as true and iust,
I will take my Subtle, False, and Treacherous,
I will take my should Clarence closely be mew'd vp:
I will take a Prophecie, which sayes that G,
I will take my vards heyres the murderher shall be.
I will take my thoughts downe to my soule, here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded.
; good day: What means this armed guard

That waites vpon your Grace?

Cl. His Maiefty tendring my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduet, to conuey me to th'Tower

Rich. Vpon what cause?

Cl. Because my name is *George*.

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Maiefty hath some intent,
That you should be new Christned in the Tower.
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cl. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Prophecies and Dreames,
And from the Crosse-row pluckes the letter *G*:
And sayes, 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 learne) and such like toyes as these,
Hath mou'd his Highnesse to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis shee.
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.

Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodculle her Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cl. By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris *Sbors*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was, for her deliuey?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
He tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Liurey.
The ielous ore-worne Widdow, and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gofsips in our Monarchy.

Bra. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Maiefty hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate Conference
(Of what degree soeuer) with your Brother.

Rich.

Rich. Euen so, and please your Worship *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say :
We speake no Treason man ; We say the King
Is wife and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not icialious.
We say, that *Sbores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a pasing pleasing tongue :
And that the *Queenes* Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you fir? can you deny all this?
Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to
doo.

Rich. Naught to do with *Mistris Sbores*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband *Knaue*, would'st thou betray me?

Bra. I do beseech your Grace

To pardon me, and withall forbear
Your Conferenee with the Noble Duke.

Cl. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and wil obey.

Rich. We are the *Queenes* abiects, and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoe're you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* Widlow, Sister,
I will performe it to infranchise you.

Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cl. I know it pleasefeth neither of vs well.

Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliuer you, or else lye for you :
Meane time, haue patience.

Cl. I must perforce : Farewell.

Exit Clar.

Rich. Go treade the path that thou shalt ne're return:
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the present at our hands.
But who comes heere? the new deliuered *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine :
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue (my Lord) to giue them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you,

Hast. More pittie, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?
Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home :
The King is sickly, weake, and melancholy,
And his Physitians feare him mightily.

Rich. Now by S. Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
And ouer-much confum'd his Royall Person:
'Tis very greuous to be thought vpon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

He cannot liue I hope, and must not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse vp to Heauen.

Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue :
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to busle in.
For then, Ile marry *Warwicks* yongest 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 loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horse to Market :
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gainea. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Coarse of Henrie the sixt with Halberds to guard it,
Lady Anne being the Mourner.*

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be shrowded in a Herfe ;
Whil'st I a-while obsequiously lament
Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster.
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Ashes of the House of Lancafter ;
Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtered Sonne,
Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.
Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpelesse Balme of my poore eyes.
O curfed be the hand that made these holes :
Curfed the Heart, that had the heart to do it :
Curfed the Blood, that let this blood from hence :
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then 'I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,
Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,
Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse.
If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this waight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it downe.

An. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?

Rich. Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by S. Paul,
Ile make a Coarse of him that disobeyes.

Gen.

y Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.
 'n manner'd Dogge, [btool.com.cn](http://www.btool.com.cn)
 ou when I commaund :
 hy Halbert higher then my brest,
 aul Ile strike thee to my Foote,
 e vpon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.
 What do you tremble? are you all affraid ?
 ne you not, for you are Mortall,
 ill eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
) dreadfull minister of Hell ;
 ft but power ouer his Mortall body,
 thou canst not haue: Therefore be gone.
 veet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.
 le Diuell,
 ike hence, and trouble vs not,
 aft made the happy earth thy Hell :
 th cursing cries, and deepe exclames :
 ight to view thy heynous deeda,
 s patterne of thy Butcherias.
 men, see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
 ' congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.
 , thou lump of fowle Deformitie:
 / presence that exhales this blood
 and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
 inhumane and vnnaturall,
 his Deluge most vnnaturall.
 hich this Blood mad'st, reuenge his death:
 hich this Blood drink'st, reuenge his death.
 u'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead :
 pape open wide, and eate him quicke,
 st swallow vp this good Kings blood,
 Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered.
 dy, you know no Rules of Charity,
 iders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.
 illaine, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man,
 o fierce, but knowes some touch of pity.
 at I know none, and therefore am no Beast.
 wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth !
 fore wonderfull, when Angels are so angry :
 (diuine perfection of a Woman)
 pposed Crimes, to giue me leaue
 tance, but to acquit my selfe.
 ouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)
 nowne euils, but to giue me leaue
 stance, to curse thy cursed Selfe.
 airer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
 nt leysure to excuse my selfe.
 ller then heart can thinke thee,
 ft make no excuse currant,
 g thy selfe.
 y such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe.
 d by dispaire shalt thou stand excused,
 worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,
 t vnworthy slaughter vpon others.
 y that I slew them not.
 en say they were not slaine :
 hey are, and diuellish slaue by thee.
 did not kill your Husband.
 hy then he is aliue.
 ay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands.
 thy foule throat thou Ly'st,
Cargaret saw
 rous Faulchion smoaking in his blood :
 , thou once didd'st bend against her brest,
 y Brothers beate aside the point.
 was prouoked by her stand'rous tongue,

That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltlesse Shoulders.
An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,
 That neuer dream'st on ought but Butcherias:
 Did'st thou not kill this King ?
Ricb. I graunt ye.
An. Do'st grant me Hedge-hogge,
 Then God graunt me too
 Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deede,
 O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Ricb. The better for the King of heauen that hath him.
An. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
Ricb. Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him thi-
 ther :
 For he was fitter for that place then earth.
An. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.
Ricb. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.
An. Some dungeon.
Ricb. Your Bed-chamber.
An. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyeest.
Ricb. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.
An. I hope so.
Ricb. I know so. But gentle Lady *Anna*,
 To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes,
 And fall something into a slower method.
 Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths
 Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henrie* and *Edward*,
 As blamefull as the Executioner.
An. Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect.
Ricb. Your beauty was the cause of that effect :
 Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,
 To vndertake the death of all the world,
 So I might liue one houre in your sweet bosome.
An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
 These Nailles should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Ricb. These eyes could not endure y beauties wrack,
 You should not blemish it, if I stood by ;
 As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
 So I by that : It is my day, my life.
An. Blacke night ore-shade thy day, & death thy life.
Ricb. Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,
 Thou art both.
An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.
Ricb. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
 To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.
An. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
 To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Ricb. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
 Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.
An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Ricb. He liues, that loues thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
Ricb. *Plantagenet*.
An. Why that was he.
Ricb. The selfesame name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he ?
Ricb. Heere : *Spits at him.*
 Why dost thou spit at me.
An. Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake.
Ricb. Neuer came poyson from so sweet a place.
An. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler Toade.
 Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.
Ricb. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) haue infected mine.
An. Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead.
Ricb. I would they were, that I might dye at once :
 For now they kill me with a liuing death.
 Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt Teares ;
 For

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops :
 These eyes, which neuer thed remorsefull teare,
 No, when my Father Yorke, and Edward wept,
 To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
 When black-fac'd Clifford shooke his sword at him.
 Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,
 Told the sad storie of my Fathers death,
 And twenty times, made pause to sob and weepe:
 That all the standers by had wet their cheekes
 Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time,
 My manly eyes did scorne an humble teare :
 And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale,
 Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
 I neuer sued to Friend, nor Enemy :
 My Tongue could neuer learne sweet smoothing word.
 But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.

Sbe looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such Scorne ; for it was made
 For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
 Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
 Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,
 And let the Soule forth that adareth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly begge the death vpon my knee.

He layes his brest open, sbe offers at with his sword.

Nay do not pause : For I did kill King Henrie,
 But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.
 Nay now dispatch : 'Twas I that stabbd yong Edward,
 But 'twas thy Heauenly face that set me on.

Sbe fals the Sword.

Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.

An. Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death,
 I will not be thy Executioner.

Rich. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.

An. I haue already.

Rich. That was in thy rage :

Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
 This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
 Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

An. I would I knew thy heart.

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

An. I feare me, both are false.

Rich. Then neuer Man was true.

An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.

Rich. Say then my Peace is made.

An. That shalt thou know heereafter.

Rich. But shall I liue in hope.

An. All men I hope liue so.

Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.

Rich. Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger,

Euen so thy Brest incloseth my poore heart :
 Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may
 But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
 Thou dost confirme his happinesse for euer.

An. What is it ?

Rich. That it may please you leaue these sad designes,
 To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
 And presently repayre to Crosbie House :
 Where (after I haue solemnly interr'd
 At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King,
 And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)
 I will with all expedient duty see you,

For diuers vnknowne Reason, I beseech you,
 Grant me this Boon.

An. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
 To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and Barkley, go along with me.

Rich. Bid me farewell.

An. 'Tis more then you deserue :
 But since you teach me how to flatter you,
 Imagine I haue faide farewell already.

Exit two with Anne.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord ?

Rich. No: to White Friars, there attend my coming
Exit Coarse

Was euer woman in this humour woo'd ?

Was euer woman in this humour wonne ?

Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.

What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,

To take her in her hearts extreamest hate,

With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of my hatred by,

Hauing God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,

And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall,

But the plaine Diuell, and dissembling lookes ?

And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.

Hah !

Hath she forgot alreadie that braue Prince,

Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three monthes since)

Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury ?

A sweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,

Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature :

Yong, Valiant, Wife, and (no doubt) right Royal,

The spacious World cannot againe afford :

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,

And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed ?

On me, whose All not equals Edwards Moytie ?

On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus ?

My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier !

I do mistake my person all this while :

Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot)

My selfe to be a mar'ulous proper man.

Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glasse,

And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,

To study fashions to adorne my body :

Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,

I will maintaine it with some little cost.

But first Ile turne yon Fellow in his Graue,

And then returne lamenting to my Loue.

Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,

That I may see my Shadow as I passe.

exit.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers,
 and Lord Gray.*

Riu. Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Majesty
 Will soone recouer his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
 Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
 And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me ?

Gray.

re dead, what would betide on me ?
 No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.
 The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes.
 The Heauens haue blest you with a goodly Son,
 ur Comforter, when he is gone.
 Ah! he is yong ; and his minority
 to the trust of *Richard Glouster*,
 hat loues not me, nor none of you.
 Is it concluded he shall be Protector?
 It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
 must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.
 Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.
 God make your Maiefty ioyful, as you haue bin
 The Countesse *Richmond*, good my L. of *Derby*.
 good prayer, will scarcely say, Amen.
 by, notwithstanding thee's your wife,
 as not me, be you good Lord assur'd,
 it you for her proud arrogance.
 I do beseech you, either not beleuee
 ous slanders of her false Accusers:
 be accus'd on true report,
 h her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
 yward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.
 aw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby*.
 but now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
 e from visiting his Maiefty.
 What likelihood of his amendment Lords.
 Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.
 od grant him health, did you confer with him?
 I Madam, he desires to make attonement
 : the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers,
 veene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
 : to warne them to his Royall presence.
 Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
 r happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard.

They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
 t that complaines vnto the King,
 orfooth) am ferne, and loue them not?
Paul, they loue his Grace but lightly,
 his cares with such dissentious Rumors.
 cannot flatter, and looke faire,
 mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cogge,
 ith French nods, and Apish curtesie,
 : held a rancorous Enemy.
 plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,
 his simple truth must be abus'd,
 ten, slye, insinuating Iackes?
 To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?
 To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace:
 ue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
 or thee? or any of your Faction?
 vpon you all. His Royall Grace
 God preferue better then you would wish)
 e quiet scarce a breathing while,
 nust trouble him with lewd complaints.
 Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter:
 g on his owne Royall disposition,
 : prouok'd by any Sutor else)
 belike) at your interiour hatred,

That in your outward action shewes it selfe
 Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
 Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground.

Ricb. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,
 That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch.
 Since euerie laeke became a Gentleman,
 There's many a gentle perfon made a lacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
 You enuy my aduancement, and my friends: (Gloster
 God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.

Ricb. Meane time, God grants that I haue neede of you.
 Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes,
 My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
 Held in contempt, while great Promotions
 Are daily giuen to ennoble those
 That scarce some two dayes since were worth a Noble.

Qu. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,
 From that contented hap which I inioy'd,
 I neuer did incense his Maieftie
 Against the Duke of *Clarence*, but haue bin
 An earnest aduocate to plead for him.
 My Lord you do me shamefull iniurie,
 Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Ricb! You may deny that you were not the meane
 Of my Lord *Hastings* late imprisonment.

Riu. She may my Lord, for—

Ricb. She may Lord *Riuers*, why who knowes not so?
 She may do more fir then denying that:
 She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
 And then deny her ayding hand therein,
 And lay those Honors on your high desert.
 What may she not, she may, I marry may she.

Riu. What marry may she?

Ric. What marrie may she? Marrie with a King,
 A Batcheller, and a handsome stripling too,
 I wis your Grandam had a worfer match.

Qu. My Lord of Glouster, I haue too long borne
 Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes:
 By heauen, I will acquaint his Maieftie
 Of those grosse taunts that oft I haue endur'd.
 I had rather be a Countrie seruant maide
 Then a great Queene, with this condition,
 To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at,
 Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech him,
 Thy honor, state, and seate, is due to me.

Ricb. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
 I will auouch't in presence of the King:
 I dare aduenture to be sent to th'Towre.
 'Tis time to speake,
 My paines are quite forgot.

Margaret. Out Diuell,
 I do remember them too well:
 Thou killd'st my Husband *Henrie* in the Tower,
 And *Edward* my poore Son, at *Tewkesburie*.

Ricb. Ere you were Queene,
 I, or your Husband King:
 I was a packe-horse in his great affaires:
 A weeder out of his proud Aduerfaries,
 A liberrall rewarder of his Friends,
 To royalize his blood, I spent mine owne.

Margaret. I and much better blood
 Then his, or thine.

r

Ricb.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey* Were factious, for the House of *Lancaster*; And *Riuers*, so were you: Was not your Husband, In *Margaret*'s Battaile, at *Saint Albons*, slaine?

Let me put in your mindes, if you forget What you haue beene ere this, and what you are: Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.

Q. M. A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.

Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicke*, I, and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)

Q. M. Which God reuenge.

Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne, And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mew'd vp: I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*, Or *Edwards* soft and pittifull, like mine; I am too childish foolish for this World.

Q. M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leaue this World Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.

Riu. My Lord of *Gloster*: in those busie dayes, Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies, We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King, So should we you, if you should be our King.

Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedlar: Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose You should enioy, were you this Countries King, As little ioy you may suppose in me, That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.

Q. M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof, For I am shee, and altogether ioylesse: I can no longer hold me patient.

Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out, In sharing that which you haue pill'd from me: Which off you trembles not, that looks on me? If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects; Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels. Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away. (sight?)

Rich. Foule wrinkled Witch, what mak'st thou in my

Q. M. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd, That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Rich. Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?

Q. M. I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment, Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode. A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me, And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegiance: This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours, And all the Pleasures you vsurpe, are mine.

Rich. The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee, When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper, And with thy scornes drew'st *Riuers* from his eyes, And then to dry them, gau'st the Duke a Clowt, Steep'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie *Rutland*: His Curfes then, from bitternesse of Soule, Denounc'd against thee, are all false vpon thee: And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Qu. So iust is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe, And the most mercilesse, that ere was heard of.

Riu. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.

Buck. *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.

Q. M. What? were you snarling all before I came, Ready to catch each other by the throat, And turne you all your hatred now on me? Did *Yorkes* dread Curse preuaile so much with Heauen, That *Henries* death, my louely *Edwards* death,

Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull Banishment, Should all but answer for that peeuissh Brat? Can *Curfes* pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen? Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick *Curfes*. Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King, As ours by Murther, to make him a King.

Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales, For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales, Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence. Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene, Out-lieue thy glory, like my wretched selfe: Long may'st thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death, And see another, as I see thee now, Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine. Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death, And after many length'n'd howres of griefe, Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene. *Riuers* and *Dorset*, you were standers by, And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Sonne Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him, That none of you may liue his naturall age, But by some vnlook'd accident cut off.

Rich. Haue done thy Charme, y^e hateful wither'd Hagge.

Q. M. And leaue out thee? stay Dog, for y^e shalt heare me.

If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in store, Exceeding those that I can with vpon thee, O let them keepe it, till thy finnes be ripe, And then hurle downe their indignation On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace. The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule, Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'st, And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends: No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine, Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills. Thou eluiss mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge, Thou that wast seal'd in thy Natuities The slau of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell: Thou slander of thy heaue Mothers Wombe, Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes, Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested--

Rich. Margaret.

Q. M. Ricbard.

Rich. Ha.

Q. M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke, That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply. Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.

Qu. Thus haue you breath'd your Curse against your self.

Q. M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortunes, Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,

Whose deadly Web eninareth thee about?

Fooles, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe:

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,

To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toade.

Hast. False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse,

Least to thy harme, thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.

Ri. Were you wel seru'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To serue me well, you all should do me duty,

Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:

O serue me well, and teach your selues that duty.

Dorf. Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.

Q. M. Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert,

Your fire-new stampe of Honor is scarce currant.

your yong Nobility could iudge
 twere to lose it, and be miserable.
 hat stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,
 they fall, they dash themselues to peeces.
 Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Mar-

It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
 I, and much more : but I was borne so high:
 erie buildeth in the Cedars top,
 illies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne.
 And turnes the Sun to shade : alas, alas,
 fe my Sonne, now in the shade of death,
 bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath
 eternall darknesse folded vp.
 yery buildeth in our ayeries Nest :
 that feest it, do not suffer it,
 wonne with blood, loft be it so.

Peace, peace for shame : If not, for Charity.

Urge neither charity, nor shame to me :
 ritably with me haue you dealt,
 amefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
 arity is outrage, Life my shame,
 that shame, still liue my sorrowes rage.

Haue done, haue done.

O Princely Buckingham, Ile kisse thy hand,
 e of League and amity with thee :
 ire befall thee, and thy Noble house :
 arments are not spotted with our blood :
 ou within the compasse of my curse.

Nor no one heere : for Curfes neuer passe
 of those that breath them in the ayre.

I will not thinke but they ascend the sky,
 iere awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
 kingham, take heede of yonder dogge :
 when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
 om tooth will rankle to the death.
 ot to do with him, beware of him,
 death, and hell haue set their markes on him,
 l their Ministers attend on him.

What doth the say, my Lord of Buckingham.

Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

What dost thou scorne me
 gentle counsell?

oth the diuell that I warne thee from.
 remember this another day :

he shall split thy very heart with sorrow :
 y (poore *Margaret*) was a Prophetesse :
 ich of you the subiects to his hate,
 e to yours, and all of you to Gods.

Exit.

My haire doth stand an end to heare her curfes.

And so doth mine, I muse why she's at libertie.

I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
 th had too much wrong, and I repent

rt thereof, that I haue done to her.

I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:

oo hot, to do somebody good,

too cold in thinking of it now :

as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed :

rank'd vp to fating for his paines,

rdon them, that are the cause thereof.

A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion
 y for them that haue done scath to vs.

So do I euer, being well aduis'd.

Speakes to himselfe.

d I curst now, I had curst my selfe.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Maicesty doth call for you,
 And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.

Q. *Catesby* I come, Lords will you go with mee.

Riu. We wait vpon your Grace.

Exeunt all but Gloster.

Ricb. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.
 The secret Mischeefes that I set abroad,
 I lay vnto the greuous charge of others.

Clarence, who I indeede haue cast in darknesse,
 I do beweepe to many simple Gullies,
 Namely to *Derby*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*,
 And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
 That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother.
 Now they beleuee it, and withall whet me
 To be reueng'd on *Riuers*, *Dorset*, *Grey*.

But then I sigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
 Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill :
 And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
 With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ,
 And feeme a Saint, when most I play the deuill.

Enter two murtherers.

But soft, heere come my Executioners,
 How now my hardy stout resolu'd Mates,
 Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

Uil. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,
 That we may be admitted where he is.

Ric. Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me :
 When you haue done, repayre to *Crosby* place ;
 But first be fodaine in the execution,
 Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade ;
 For *Clarence* is well spoken, and perhappes
 May moue your hearts to pity, if you marke him.

Uil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
 Talkers are no good dooers, be assur'd :
 We go to vie our hands, and not our tongues.

Ricb. Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fooles eyes
 fall Teares :

I like you Lads, about your businesse straight.
 Go, go, dispatch.

Uil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why lookes your Grace so heauily to day.

Cl. O, I haue past a miserable night,
 So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly fights,
 That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
 I would not spend another such a night
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies:
 So full of dismall terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me

Cl. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
 And was embark'd to crosse to Burgundy,
 And in my company my Brother *Glouster*,
 Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
 Vpon the Hatches : There we look'd toward England,
 And cited vp a thousand heauy times,

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaſter
That had befallne vs. As we pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Glouſter ſtumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer-board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.

O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noiſe of water in mine eares,
What fights of vgly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I ſaw a thouſand fearfull wrackes:
A thouſand men that Fiſhes gnaw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Ineſtimable Stones, vnualewed Jewels,
All ſcattered in the bottome of the Sea,
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in ſcorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the ſlimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcattered by.

Keep. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death
To gaze vpon theſe ſecrets of the deepe?

Cl. Me thought I had, and often did I ſtrive
To yeeld the Ghoſt: but ſtill the enuiſous Flood
Stop'd in my ſoule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring ayre:
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almoſt burſt, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this fore Agony?

Clar. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempeſt to my Soule.

I paſt (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
With that ſowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The firſt that there did greet my Stranger-ſoule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who ſpake aloud: What ſcourge for Perurie,
Can this darke Monarchy afford falſe *Clarence*?
And ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he ſhriek'd out aloud
Clarence is come, falſe, ſcolding, periur'd *Clarence*,
That ſtabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noiſe,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impreſſion made my Dreame.

Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.

Cl. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done theſe things
(That now giue euidence againſt my Soule)
For *Edwards* ſake, and ſee how he requits mee.
O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appeaſe thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O ſpare my guiltleſſe Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee ſit by me a-while,
My Soule is heauy, and I ſaine would ſleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good reſt.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seaſons, and reſoſing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:

Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of refleſſe Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murderers.

1. *Mur.* Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What would'ſt thou Fellow? And how camm'ſt
thou hither.

2. *Mur.* I would ſpeak with *Clarence*, and I came hi-
ther on my Legges:

Bra. What ſo breefe?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:

Let him ſee our Commiſſion, and talke no more. *Reads*

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.

I will not reaſon what is meant heereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe from the meaning.

There lies the Duke aſleepe, and there the Keyes.

Ile to the King, and ſignifie to him,

That thus I haue reſign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*

1. You may ſir, 'tis a point of wiſedome:
Far you well.

2. What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepe.

1. No: hee'l ſay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes

2. Why he ſhall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudge-
ment day.

1. Why then hee'l ſay, we ſtab'd him ſleeping.

2. The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a
kinde of remorſe in me.

1. What' art thou affraid?

2. Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1. I thought thou had'ſt bin reſolute.

2. So I am, to let him liue.

1. Ile backe to the Duke of Glouſter, and tell him ſo.

2. Nay, I prythee ſtay a little:

I hope this paſſionate humor of mine, will change,

It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

1. How do'ſt thou feele thy ſelfe now?

2. Some certaine dregges of conſcience are yet with-
in mee.

1. Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2. Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1. Where's thy conſcience now.

2. O, in the Duke of Glouſters purſe.

1. When hee opens his purſe to giue vs our Reward,
thy Conſcience flies out.

2. 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will
entertaine it.

1. What if it come to thee againe?

2. Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:
A man cannot ſteale, but it accuſeth him: A man cannot
Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his
Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a bluſhing
ſhamefac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a mans boſome: It
fills a man full of Obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a
Purſe of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any
man that keeps it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cit-
ties for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to
liue well, endeouours to truſt to himſelfe, and liue vvith-
out it.

uen now at my elbow, perfwading me not to
 cue. www.libtool.com.cn
 the diuell in thy minde, and beleue him not :
 nfnuate with thee but to make thee figh.
 ftrong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.
 like a tall man, that refpects thy reputation.
 we fall to worke?
 him on the Coftard, with the hiltes of thy
 then throw him into the Malmefey-Butte in
 me.
 ellent deuce; and make a fop of him.
 e wakes.
 ce'l reafon with him.
 ere art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.
 all haue Wine enough my Lord anon.
 Gods name, what art thou?
 n, as you are.
 not as I am Royall.
 ou as we are, Loyall.
 / voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.
 ice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.
 w darkly, and how deadly doft thou fpeake?
 lo menace me: why looke you pale?
 you hither? Wherefore do you come?
 , to _____
 murther me?
 I.
 1 fcarfely haue the hearts to tell me fo,
 ore cannot haue the hearts to do it.
 y Friends haue I offended you?
 led vs you haue not, but the King.
 all be reconcil'd to him againe.
 my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.
 : you drawne forth among a world of men
 innocent? What is my offence?
 he Euidence that doth accuse me?
 all Queft haue giuen their Verdict vp
 rowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd
 fentence of poore Clarence death,
 conuict by courfe of Law?
 1 me with death, is moft vnlawfull.
 u, as you hope for any goodneffe,
 epart, and lay no hands on me:
 ou vndertake is damnable.
 we will do, we do vpon command.
 re that hath commanded, is our King.
 oneous Vaffals, the great King of Kings
 e Table of his Law commanded
 fhalt do no murther. Will you then
 his Edi&A, and fulfill a Mans?
 : for he holds Vengeance in his hand,
 pon their heads that breake his Law.
 hat fame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,
 orfwearing, and for murther too:
 : receiue the Sacrament, to fight
 of the Houfe of Lancafter.
 like a Traitor to the name of God,
 ke that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
 e Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.
 n thou wa'st fworne to cherifh and defend.
 canft thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
 1 haft broke it in fuch deere degree?
 as! for whose fake did I that ill deede?
 l, for my Brother, for his fake.
 ou not to murther me for this:

For in that finne, he is as deepe as I.
 If God will be auenged for the deed,
 O know you yet, he doth it publicly,
 Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:
 He needs no indire&A, or lawleffe courfe,
 To cut off thofe that haue offended him.
 1 Who made thee then a bloody minifter,
 When gallant fpringing braue *Plantagenet*,
 That Princely Nouice was ftrucke dead by thee?
Cl. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.
 1 Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Fault,
 Prouoke vs hither now, to laughter thee.
Cl. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me:
 I am his Brother, and I loue him well.
 If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe,
 And I will fend you to my Brother Gloufter:
 Who fhall rewarde you better for my life,
 Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.
 2 You are deceiue'd,
 Your Brother Gloufter hates you.
Cl. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere:
 Go you to him from me.
 1 I fo we will.
Cl. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,
 Bleft his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,
 He little thought of this diuided Friendship:
 Bid Gloufter thinke on this, and he will weepe.
 1 I Milftones, as he leffoned vs to weepe.
Cl. O do not flander him, for he is kinde.
 1 Right, as Snow in Harueft:
 Come, you deceiue your felfe,
 'Tis he that fend vs to destroy you heere.
Cl. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
 And hugg'd me in his armes, and fwore with fobs,
 That he would labour my deliuey.
 1 Why fo he doth, when he deliueys you
 From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen.
 2 Make peace with God, for you muft die my Lord.
Cl. Haue you that holy feeling in your foules,
 To counfaile me to make my peace with God,
 And are you yet to your owne foules fo blinde,
 That you will warre with God, by mur'dring me.
 O firf confider, they that fet you on
 To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.
 2 What fhall we do?
Cl. Relent, and faue your foules:
 Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
 Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
 If two fuch murtherers as your felues came to you,
 Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
 Were you in my diftreffe.
 1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanifh.
Cl. Not to relent, is beaftly, fauage, diuellifh:
 My Friend, I fpy fome pittie in thy lookes:
 O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
 Come thou on my fide, and intreat for mee,
 A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.
 2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.
 1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him*.
 He drowne you in the Malmefey-But within. *Exit.*
 2 A bloody deed, and desperately difpatcht:
 How faine (like *Pilate*) would I wafh my hands
 Of this moft greuous murther. *Enter 1. Murtherer*
 1 How now? what mean'ft thou that thou help'ft me
 not? By Heauen the Duke fhall know how flacke you
 haue bene.

2. *Mur.* I would he knew that I had fau'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*

1. *Mur.* So do not I : go Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall :
And when I haue my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I must not stay. *Exit*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Flourish.

*Enter the King sick, the Queene, Lord Marquesse
Dorset, Riuers, Hastings, Catesby,
Buckingham, Wooduill.*

King. Why so : now haue I done a good daies work.
You Peeres, continue this vnited League :
I, euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorset and *Riuers*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, Swear your loue.

Riu. By heauen, my soule is purg'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I feale my true hearts Loue.

Hast. So thriue I, as I truly sweare the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Left he that is the supreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

Ri. And I, as I loue *Hastings* with my heart,

King. Madam, your selfe is not exempt from this :
Nor you Sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you ;
You haue bene factious one against the other.
Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.

Qu. There *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I, and mine.

King. *Dorset*, embrace him :
Hastings, loue Lord Marquesse.

Dor. This interchange of loue, I heere protest
Vpon my part, shall be inuiolable.

Hast. And so sweare I.

King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, seale y^e this league
With thy embracements to my wiuers Allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.

Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most need to employ a Friend,
And most assured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he vnto me : This do I begge of heauen,
When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours. *Embrace*

King. A pleasing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham* :
Is this thy Vow, vnto my sickely heart :
There wanteth now our Brother *Gloster* heere,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.

King. Happy indeed, as we haue spent the day :
Gloster, we haue done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betwene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

Rich. A blessed labour my most Soueraigne Lord :
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise
Hold me a Foe : If I vnwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace :
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie :
I hate it, and desire all good mens loue,
First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.
Of you my Noble Cousin *Buckingham*,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betwene vs.
Of you and you, Lord *Riuers* and of *Dorset*,
That all without desert haue frown'd on me :
Of you Lord *Wooduill*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Englishman aliue,
With whom my soule is any iot at odds,
More then the Infant that is borne to night :
I thanke my God for my Humility.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept heereafter :
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Rich. Why Madam, haue I offered loue for this,
To be so flowted in this Royall presence?

Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They*
You do him iniurie to scorne his Coarfe. *all start.*

King. Who knowes not he is dead ?
Who knowes he is ?

Qu. All-seeing heauen, what a world is this?

Buc. Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forooke his cheekes.

King. Is *Clarence* dead ? The Order was reuertt.

Rich. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,
And that a winged *Mercurie* did beare :
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to see him buried.
God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deferue not worfe then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from Suspition.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my seruice done.

King. I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rife, vnlesse your Highnesse heare me.

King. Then say at once, what is it thou request.

Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

King. Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And shall that tongue giue pardon to a slauie ?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who

sed to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
 l and my feet, and bid me be advis'd. **EN**
 poke of Brother-hood? who spoke of loue?
 old me how the poore foule did forsake
 ighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?
 old me in the field at Tewkesbury,
 Oxford had me downe, he refused me:
 id deare Brother liue, and be a King?
 old me, when we both lay in the Field,
 (almost) to death, how he did lap me
 his Garments, and did giue himselfe
 in and naked) to the numbe cold night?
 s from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
 y pluckt, and not a man of you
 much grace to put it in my minde.
 en your Carters, or your wayting Vassalls
 lone a drunken Slaughtier, and defac'd
 recious Image of our deere Redeemer,
 raight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
 (vnjustly too) must grant it you.
 my Brother, not a man would speake,
 vngracious) speake vnto my selfe
 n poore Soule. The proudest of you all,
 in beholding to him in his life:
 ne of you, would once begge for his life.
 ! I feare thy iustice will take hold
 , and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Hastings helpe me to my Closset.
re Clarence. *Exeunt some with K. & Queen.*
 . This is the fruits of rafness: Markt you not,
 at the guilty Kindred of the Queene
 pale, when they did heare of *Clarence* death.
 did vrge it still vnto the King,
 ill reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,
 iafort *Edward* with our company.
 . We wait vpon your Grace. *exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutcheffe of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?
cb. No Boy.
ugb. Why do weepe so oft? And beate your Brest?
 y, O *Clarence*, my vnhappy Sonne.
 . Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,
 ill vs Orphans, Wretches, Castaways,
 our Noble Father were aliue?
 . My pretty Cosins, you mistake me both,
 ment the sicknesse of the King,
 h to lose him, not your Fathers death:
 loft sorrow to waile one that's loft.
 Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
 ing mine Vnckle is too blame for it.
 ill reuenge it, whom I will impertune
 arnest prayers, all to that effect.
rb. And so will I.
 Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel.
 ble, and shallow Innocents,
 nnot guesse who caus'd your Fathers death.
 Grandam we can: for my good Vnckle Gloster

Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
 Deuis'd impeachments to imprifon him;
 And when my Vnckle hold me so, he wept,
 And pittied me, and kindly kist my cheeke:
 Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
 And he would loue me deere as a childe.

Dut. Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape,
 And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.
 He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame,
 Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vnckle did dissemble Grandam?
Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noife is this?

*Enter the Queene with ber baire about ber ears,
 Riuers & Dorset after ber.*

Qu. Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
 To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
 Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule,
 And to my selfe, become an enimie.

Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence.

Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
 Why grow the Branches, when the Rotee is gone?
 Why wither not the leaues that want their sap?
 If you will liue, Lament: if dye, be breefe,
 That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
 Or like obedient Subiects follow him,
 To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue in thy sorrow,
 As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
 I haue bewept a worthy Husbonds death,
 And liu'd with looking on his Images:
 But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,
 Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
 And I for comfort, haue but one false Glasse,
 That greues me, when I see my shame in him.
 Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,
 And hast the comfort of thy Children left,
 But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
 And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and *Edward*. O, what cause haue I,
 (Thine being but a moiety of my moane)
 To dner-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.

Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:
 How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?

Daugh. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoan'd,
 Your widdow-dolour, likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe 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 waterie Moone,
 May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
 Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord *Edward*.

Cbil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord *Clarence*.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Qu. What stay had I but *Edward*, and hee's gone?

Cbil. What stay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.

Dut. What staves had I, but they? and they are gone.

Qu. Was neuer widdow had so deere a losse.

Cbil. Were neuer Orphans had so deere a losse.

Dut. Was neuer Mother had so deere a losse.

Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes,
 Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
 She for an *Edward* weepes, and so do I:

I for a *Clarence* weepes, so doth not thee:
 These *Babes* for *Clarence* weepes, so do not they.
 Alas! you three, on me threefold distrest:
 Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurfe,
 And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,
 That you take with vnthankfulnesse his doing.
 In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,
 With dull vnwillingnesse to repay a debt,
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
 Much more to be thus opposit with heauen,
 For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.

Rivers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
 Of the young Prince your Sonne: send straight for him,
 Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues.
 Drowne desperate sorrow in dead *Edwards* graue,
 And plant your ioyes in liuing *Edwards* Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Raicliffe.

Rich. Sister haue comfort, all of vs haue cause
 To waile the dimming of our shining Starre:
 But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
 Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,
 I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
 I craue your Blessing.

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy breast,
 Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
 That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessing;
 I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out.

Buc. You cloudy-Princes, & hart-forowing-Peeeres,
 That beare this heauie mutuall load of Moane,
 Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:
 Though we haue spent our Haruest of this King,
 We are to reape the Haruest of his Sonne.
 The broken rancour of your high-swolne hates,
 But lately splinter'd, knit, and ioynd together,
 Must gently be prefer'd, cherish'd, and kept:
 Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine,
 Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet
 Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Rivers. Why with some little Traine,
 My Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Marrie my Lord, leaft by a multitude,
 The new-heal'd wound of Malice should breake out,
 Which would be so much the more dangerous,
 By how much the estate is greene, and yet vngouern'd.
 Where every Horse beares his commanding Reine,
 And may direct his course as please himfelfe,
 As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
 In my opinion, ought to be preuented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs,
 And the compact is firme, and true in me.

Riu. And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all.
 Yet since it is but greene, it should be put
 To no apparant likely-hood of breach,
 Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
 Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,
 That it is meete so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Rich. Then be it so, and go we to determine
 Who they shall be that strait shall poste to London.
 Madam, and you my Sister, will you go
 To give your censures in this businesse.

Exeunt.

Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who euer iournies to the Prince,
 For God sake let not vs two stay at home:
 For by the way, Ile fort occasion,
 As Index to the story we late talk'd of,
 To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rich. My other selfe, my Counsailes Confitory,
 My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cofin,
 I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,
 Toward London then, for wee'l not stay behinde. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1. *Cit.* Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so fast?

2. *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe:
 Heare you the newes abroad?

1. Yes, that the King is dead.
 2. Ill newes byrlady, feldome comes the better:
 I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed.
 1. Giue you good morrow fir.

3. Doth the newes hold of good king *Edwards* death?
 2. I fir, it is too true, God helpe the while.

3. Then Masters looke to see a troublous world.
 1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.

3. Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe.
 2. In him there is a hope of Government,

Which in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
 And in his full and ripened yeares, himfelfe
 No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.

1. So stood the State, when *Henry* the sixt
 Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

3. Stood the State so? No, no, good friends, God wot
 For then this Land was famously enrich'd

With politike graue Counsell; then the King
 Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.

1. Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.
 3. Better it were they all came by his Father:

Or by his Father there were none at all:
 For emulation, who shall now be neereft,

Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not.
 O full of danger is the Duke of Glouster,

And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:
 And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,

This sickly Land, might solace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well.
 3. When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their clokes;

When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;
 When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night?

Vntimely stormes, makes men expect a Death:
 All may be well; but if God fort it so,

'Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
 You cannot reason (almost) with a man,

That looks not heauily, and full of dread.

3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,
 By a diuine instinct, mens mindes mistrust

Enfiung.

Pursuing danger : as by prooffe we see
The Water swell before a boyst'rous storme:
But leaue it all to God. Whither away?

- 2 Marry we were sent for to the Iustices.
- 3 And so was I: Ile beare you company.

Exennt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Arch-bishop, yong Yorke, the Queene,
and the Dutchesse.*

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince:
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.

Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Ha's almost ouertane him in his growth.

Yorke. I Mother, but I would not haue it so.

Dut. Why my good Cofin, it is good to grow.

Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,
My Vnkle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Gloucester,
Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And since, me thinks I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet Flowres are slow, and Weeds make haft.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did obiect the same to thee.

He was the wretched'st thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and so leysurely,
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Yor. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembered,
I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a flout,
To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.

Dut. How my yong Yorke,
I prythee let me heare it.

Yor. Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would haue beene a byting leff.

Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

Yor. Grandam, his Nurffe.

Dut. His Nurffe? why she was dead, ere y' waft borne.

Yor. If't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Qu. A parlous Boy: go too, you are too shrew'd.

Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.

Qu. Pitchers haue eares.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes?

Mes. Such newes my Lord, as greeces me to report.

Qu. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well Madam, and in health.

Dut. What is thy Newes?

Mes. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The summe of all I can, I haue disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord.

Qu. Aye me! I see the ruine of my Houle:
The Tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Insulting Tyranny beginnes to lutt
Vpon the innocent and awelesse Throne:
Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Maffacre,
I see (as in a Map) the end of all.

Dut. Accurfed, and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost
For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaine and losse.
And being feated, and Domesticke broyles
Cleane ouer-blowne, themselues the Conquerors,
Make warre vpon themselues, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, selfe against selfe: O prepostorous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farwell.

Dut. Stay, I will go with you.

Qu. You haue no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes,
For my part, Ile reigne vnto your Grace
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Excut

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Trumpets sound.

*Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester, and Buckingham,
Lord Cardinall, with others.*

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome deere Cofin, my thoughts Soueraign
The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.

Prin. No Vnkle, but our crosses on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie.
I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers
Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart.
Those Vnkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poyson of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends.

Prin. God keepe me from false Friends,
But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Maior. God blesse your Grace, with health and
happie dayes.

Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:

I

I thought my Mother, and my Brother *Yorke*,
Would long, ere this, haue met vs on the way.
Fie, what a Slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not
To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the sweating
Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord & what, will our Mother
come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I;
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother *Yorke*,
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indireect and peeuisht course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perfwade the Queene, to send the Duke of *Yorke*
Vnto his Princely Brother presently?

If she denie, Lord *Hastings* goe with him,
And from her zealous Armes pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weake Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of *Yorke*,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

Buck. You are too fencelesse obdurate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.

Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuarie, in seizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those, whose dealings haue deferr'd the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place:
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deferr'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it,
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now.

Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me?

Hast. I goe, my Lord. *Exit Cardinall and Hastings.*

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may.
Say, Vnckle *Glocester*, if our Brother come,
Where shall we sojourne, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think't best vnto your Royall selfe.
If I may counsaile you, some day or two
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health, and recreation.

Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place:
Did *Julius Caesar* build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding Ages haue re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it vpon record? or else reported
Successfully from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Vpon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred,
Me thinks the truth should liue from age to age,
As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.

Princ. What say you, Vnckle?

Glo. I say, without Charactrs, Fame liues long.
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That *Julius Caesar* was a famous man,
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit fet downe, to make his Valour liue:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,
For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life.
Ile tell you what, my Cousin *Buckingham*.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of
Yorke.

Prince. *Richard* of *Yorke*, how fares our Noble Bro-
ther?

Yorke. Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title,
Which by his death hath lost much Maiestie.

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of *Yorke*?

Yorke. I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

Yorke. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.

Yorke. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne,
But you haue power in me, as in a Kinsman.

Yorke. I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A Begger, Brother?

Yorke. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue,
And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cousin.

Yorke. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

Yorke. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll say a Begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.

Yorke. I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.

Glo. What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord?

Yorke. I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you
call me.

Glo. How?

Yorke. Little.

Prince. My Lord of *Yorke* will still be crosse in talke:
Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yorke. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,

Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinks that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons:
To mittigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you passe along?

My selfe, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yorke. What,

hat, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?
 y Lord Protector will haue it for
 all not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.
 y, what should you feare?
 rry, my Vnckle Clarence angry Ghost:
 told me he was murther'd there.
 feare no Vnckles dead.
 one that liue, I hope.
 id if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
 Lord: and with a heauie heart,
 them, goe I vnto the Tower.

Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

nke you, my Lord, this little prating Yorke
 nsed by his subtile Mother,
 l scorne you thus opprobriously?
 doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
 ingenious, forward, capable:
 Mothers, from the top to toe.
 ell, let them rest: Come hither Catesby,
 rne as deeply to effect what we intend,
 conceale what we impart:
 t our reasons vrg'd vpon the way.
 t thou? is it not an easie matter,
 lliam Lord Hastings of our minde,
 lment of this Noble Duke
 loyall of this famous Ile?
 for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
 not be wonne to ought against him.
 hat think'st thou then of Stanley? Will

e will doe all in all as Hastings doth.
 ll then, no more but this:
 esby, and as it were farre off,
 Lord Hastings,
 stand affected to our purpose,
 him to morrow to the Tower,
 he Coronation.
 inde him tractable to vs,
 n, and tell him all our reasons:
 n, ycie, cold, vnwilling,
 y, and so breake off the talke,
 notice of his inclination:
 rrow hold diuided Councels,
 selfe shalt highly be employ'd.
 mend me to Lord William: tell him Catesby,
 knot of dangerous Aduerfaries
 e let blood at Pomfret Castle,
 Lord, for ioy of this good newes,
 : Shoue one gentle Kisse the more.
 id Catesby, goe effect this businesse soundly.
 good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
 l we heare from you, Catesby, ere we sleepe?
 I shall, my Lord.

Yorke Houfe, there shall you find vs both.

Exit Catesby.

y, my Lord,
 ce doe, if wee perceiue
 will not yeeld to our Complots?
 off his Head:
 e will determine:
 en I am King, claime thou of me
 e of Hereford, and all the moueables
 King, my Brother, was posselt.

Buck. Ile claime that promise at your Graces hand.
Rich. And looke to haue it yeelded with all kindnesse.
 Come, let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
 Wee may digeft our complots in some forme.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.

Hast. Who knockes?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hast. What is't a Clocke?

Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious
 Nights?

Mess. So it appeares, by that I haue to say:
 First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
 He dreamt, the Bore had rased off his Helme:
 Besides, he sayes there are two Councels kept;
 And that may be determin'd at the one,
 Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
 Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,
 If you will presently take Horfe with him,
 And with all speed post with him toward the North,
 To shun the danger that his Soule diuines.

Hast. Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,
 Bid him not feare the seperated Councell:
 His Honor and my selfe are at the one,
 And at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
 Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,
 Whereof I shall not haue intelligence:
 Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.
 And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple,
 To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet slumbers.
 To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,
 Were to incense the Bore to follow vs,
 And make pursuit, where he did meane no chafe.
 Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,
 And we will both together to the Tower,
 Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly.

Mess. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring:
 What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?

Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
 And I beleeuè will neuer stand vpright,
 Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. How weare the Garland?

Does't thou meane the Crowne?

Cates. I, my good Lord.

Hast. Ile haue this Crown of mine cut frõ my shoulders,
 Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd:
 But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?

Cates. I,

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this fame very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they haue beene still my aduerfaries:
But, that Ile giue my voice on *Richards* side,
To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

Cates. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie.
Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*: and so 'twill doe
With some men else, that thinke themselues as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.

Hast. I know they doe, and I haue well deseru'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprovid'd?

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*:
You may ieast on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these feuerall Councils, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest,
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now:
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Sta. The Lords at Pomfret, whē they rode from London,
Were iocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast.
This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, haue with you:
Wot you what, my Lord,
To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.

Sta. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then some that haue accus'd them, weare their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.

Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.

How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to aske.

Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes Allies.
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day thofe Enemies are put to death,

And I in better state then ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your Honors good content.

Hast. Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.
Throwes him his Purse.

Purs. I thanke your Honor. *Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honor.

Hast. I thanke thee, good Sir *Iohn*, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Priest. Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,
Your Honor hath no shriuing worke in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of, came into my minde.
What, goe you toward the Tower?

Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.

Hast. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.

Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you goe?

Hast. Ile wait vpon your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Riuers. Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Subiect die,
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.

Grey. God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You liue, that shall cry woe for this heere-
after.

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.

Riuers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!

Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie Clofure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hacket to death:
And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,

Wee giue to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

Grey. Now *Margarets* Curse is false vpon our Heads,

When shee exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,
For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her Sonne.

Riuers. Then curs'd shee *Richard*,

Then curs'd shee *Buckingham*,

Then curs'd shee *Hastings*. Oh remember God,

To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:

And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,
Be satisfi'd, deare God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, vnjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.

Riuers. Come *Grey*, come *Vaughan*, let vs here embrace.
Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.

Exeunt. Scena

Scena Quarta.

*Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely,
 Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Louell, with others,
 at a Table.*

Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met,
 termine of the Coronation :

Name speake, when is the Royall day ?

Is all things ready for the Royall time ?

It is, and wants but nomination.

To morrow then I iudge a happie day.

Who knows the Lord Protectors mind herein?
 most inward with the Noble Duke ?

Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his

We know each others Faces : for our Hearts,

wee no more of mine, then I of yours,

his, my Lord, then you of mine :

Hastings, you and he are neere in loue.

I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well :

his purpose in the Coronation,

not founded him, nor he deliuer'd

cious pleasure any way therein :

, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,

the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,

I presume hee'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.
 My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:
 weene long a sleeper: but I trust,
 enee doth neglect no great designe,
 by my preference might haue beene concluded.

Had you not come vpon your Q. my Lord,

, Lord *Hastings*, had pronounc'd your part ;

: your Voice, for Crowning of the King.

Then my Lord *Hastings*, no man might be bolder,

'dship knowes me well, and loues me well.

d of Ely, when I was last in Holborne,

ood Strawberries in your Garden there,

speech you, send for some of them.

Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

hath founded *Hastings* in our businesse,

des the testie Gentleman so hot,

: will lose his Head, ere giue consent

sters Child, as worshipfully he reames it,

se the Royaltie of Englands Throne.

Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.

Exeunt.

We haue not yet set downe this day of Triumph :

row, in my iudgement, is too sudden,

y selfe am not so well prouided,

I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster ?
 sent for these Strawberries.

his Grace looks chearfully & smoothe this morning,

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
 When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
 I thinke there's neuer a man in Christendome
 Can lesse hide his loue, or hate, then hee,
 For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.

Darb. What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face,
 By any liuelyhood he shew'd to day ?

Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
 For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Ricb. I pray you all, tell me what they deferue,
 That doe conspire my death with diuellish Plots
 Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue preuail'd
 Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.

Hast. The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord,
 Makes me most forward, in this Princely preference,
 To doome th'Offendors, whos'e're they be :
 I say, my Lord, they haue deserued death.

Ricb. Then be your eyes the witness of their euill.

Looke how I am bewitch'd : behold, mine Arme

Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp :

And this is *Edwards* Wife, that monstrous Witch,

Comforted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Store*,

That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me.

Hast. If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord.

Ricb. If thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,

Talk't thou to me of Iff : thou art a Traytor,

Off with his Head ; now by Saint *Paul* I sweare,

I will not dine, vntill I see the same.

Louell and *Ratcliffe*, looke that it be done : *Exeunt.*

The rest that loue me, rise, and follow me.

*Manet Louell and Ratcliffe, with the
 Lord Hastings.*

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
 For I, too fond, might haue preuented this :
 Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes,
 And I did scorne it, and disdain'd to flye :
 Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-*Horfe* did stumble,
 And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower,
 As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
 O now I need the Priest, that spake to me :
 I now repent I told the Pursuiuant,
 As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
 To day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
 And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour.
 Oh *Margaret, Margaret*, now thy heauie Curse
 Is lighted on poore *Hastings* wretched Head.

Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:
 Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

Hast. O momentarie grace of mortall men,
 Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God !
 Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
 Liues like a drunken Sayler on a Mast,
 Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe,
 Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.

Lou. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaime.

Hast. O bloody *Richard*: miserable England,
 I prophetic the fearefull't time to thee,
 That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon.
 Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,
 They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour,
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marvellous ill-favoured.

Richard. Come Cousin,
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and stop againe,
As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?
Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw :
Intending deepe suspition, gastly Lookes
Are at my seruice, like enforced Smiles ;
And both are readie in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.
But what, is *Catesby* gone?

Rich. He is, and see he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.
Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.
Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.
Rich. *Catesby*, o're-looke the Walls.
Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we haue sent.
Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.
Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe*, and *Louell*.
Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
The dangerous and vn suspected *Hastings*.

Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe :
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse Creature,
That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Christian.
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts,
So smooth he dawb'd his Vice with shew of Vertue,
That his apparant open Guilt omitted,
I meane, his Conuerfation with *Sbores* Wife,
He liu'd from all attainder of suspets.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred Traytor
That euer liu'd.
Would you imagine, or almost beleuee,
Wert not, that by great preferuation
We liue to tell it, that the subtil Traytor
This day had plotted, in the Councell-House,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloster.

Maior. Had he done so?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the forme of Law,
Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the case,
The Peace of England, and our Persons safetie,
Enforc'd vs to this Execution.

Maior. Now faire befall you, he deseru'd his death,
And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,
To warne false Traytors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with *Mistresse Sbores* :
Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the louing haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, haue preuented ;
Because, my Lord, I would haue had you heard
The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons :

That you might well haue signify'd the same
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconfer vs in him, and wayle his death.

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words shal serue,
As well as I had seene, and heard him speake :
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this case.

Rich. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
T'auoid the Censures of the carping World.

Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witnesse what you heare we did intend :
And so, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.

Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Cousin *Buckingham*.
The Maior towards Guild-Hall hies him in all poste :
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Inferre the Bastardie of *Edwards* Children :

Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie,
And beastiall appetite in change of Lust,
Which stretcht vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues,
Euen where his raging eye, or sauage heart,
Without controll, lusted to make a prey.

Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person :
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that insatiate *Edward* ; Noble *Torke*,
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Issue was not his begot :
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father :
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere farre off,
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother liues.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my selfe : and so, my Lord, adue.

Rich. If you thriue wel, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied
With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe *Louell* with all speed to Doctor *Sbow*,
Goe thou to Fryer *Peuker*, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle. Exit.
Now will I goe to take some priuie order,
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of sight,
And to giue order, that no manner person
Haue any time recourse vnto the Princes. Exit.

Enter a Scriuener.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
Which in a set Hand fairely is engros'd,
That it may be to day read o're in *Pauls*.
And marke how well the sequell hangs together :
Eleuen houres I haue spent to write it ouer,
For yester-night by *Catesby* was it sent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within these fise houres *Hastings* liu'd,
Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie.
Here's a good World the while.

Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable deuce?

Yet

So bold, but sayes he sees it not?
World, and all will come to nought,
Whill dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

Richard and Buckingham at severall Doores.

How now, how now, what say the Citizens?
Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
Eyes are mum, say not a word.
T'ought you the Bastardie of Edwards Children?
I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy,
Contract by Deputie in France,
At greedinesse of his desire,
Enforcement of the Citie Wiues,
Unie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie,
Got, your Father then in France,
Emblance, being not like the Duke.
I did inferre your Lineaments,
Right Idea of your Father,
Our forme, and Noblenesse of Minde:
I saw all your Victories in Scotland,
Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace,
Vertue, faire Humilitie:
I saw nothing fitting for your purpose,
Or slightly handled in discourse.
I saw my Oratorie drew toward end,
I saw that did loue their Countries good,
I saw faue Richard, Englands Royall King.
And did they so?
No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word,
Dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
I saw on other, and look'd deadly pale:
When I saw, I reprehended them,
I saw the Maior, what meant this willfull silence?
I saw: was, the people were not vsed
I saw like to, but by the Recorder.
I saw was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:
I saw the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
I saw he spoke, in warrant from himselfe.
I saw had done, some followers of mine owne,
I saw end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,
I saw: tenne voyces cry'd, God faue King Richard:
I saw I tooke the vantage of those few.
I saw gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
I saw: shall applaus, and chearefull shewt,
I saw our wisdome, and your loue to Richard:
I saw here brake off, and came away.
I saw What tongue-lesse Blockes were they,
I saw they not speake?
I saw the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?
I saw The Maior is here at hand: intend some feare,
I saw: he spoke with, but by mightie suit:
I saw: se you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
I saw: I did betwene two Church-men, good my Lord,
I saw: at ground Ile make a holy Descant:
I saw: not easily wonne to our requests,
I saw: Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.
I saw: I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
I saw: say nay to thee for my selfe,
I saw: we bring it to a happy issue.
I saw Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

My Lord, I dance attendance here,
The Duke will not be spoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now Catesby, what sayes your Lord to my request?

Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly suites would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy Exercise.

Buck. Returne, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
In deepe designs, in matter of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his Grace.

Catesby. Ile signifie so much vnto him straight. *Exit.*

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward,
He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraigntie thereof.
But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it.

Maior. Marry God defend his Grace should say vs nay.

Buck. I feare he will: here Catesby comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now Catesby, what sayes his Grace?

Catesby. He wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heauen, we come to him in perfit loue,
And so once more returne, and tell his Grace. *Exit.*
When holy and deuout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, betwene two Bishops.

Maior. See where his Grace stands, twene two Clergie men.

Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable eare to our requests,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Deuotion, and right Christian Zeale.

Rich. My Lord, there needes no such Apologie:
I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.

But leaving this, what is your Graces pleasure?

Buck. Euen that (I hope) which pleaseth God aboue,
And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.

Rich. I doe suspect I haue done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Citie eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You haue, my Lord :
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Rich. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.

Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiesticall,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall Houfe,
To the corruption of a blemisht Stock ;
Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes :
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouredd in the swallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulnesse, and deepe Obluion.
Which to recure, we heartly sollicite
Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Gouernment of this your Land :
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine ;
But as successefully, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empyric, your owne.
For this, comforted with the Citizens,
Your very Worshipfull and louing friends,
And by their vehement infigation,
In this iust Cause come I to moue your Grace.

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
If not to answer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraigntie,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithfull loue to me,
Then on the other side I check'd my friends.
Therefore to speake, and to auoid the first,
And then in speaking, not to incurre the last,
Definitiuely thus I answer you.

Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert
Vnmeritable, shunnes your high request.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,
As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth :
Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,
So mightie, and so manie my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea ;
Then in my Greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need :
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time,
Will well become the Seat of Maiestie,
And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
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 triuiall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that *Edward* is your Brothers Sonne,
So say we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife :

For first was he contract to Lady *Lucie*,
Your Mother liues a Witnesse to his Vow ;
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poore Petitioner,
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beautie-waining, and distressed Widow,
Euen in the after-noonne of her best dayes,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliuie,
I giue a sparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie :
If not to blesse vs and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie
From the corruption of abusing times,
Vnto a Lineall true deriued course.

Maioi. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.

Catesb. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit.

Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me ?

I am vnfit for State, and Maiestie :

I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your tendernesse of heart,
And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse,
Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,
And egally indeede to all Estates :
Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,
Your Brothers Sonne shall neuer reigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the disgrace and downe-fall of your Houfe :
And in this resolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*

Catesb. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit :
If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares.
Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.

Enter Buckingham, and the rest.
Cousin of Buckingham, and sage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen, where I will or no.
I must haue patience to endure the Load :
But if black Scandall, or soule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the sequell of your Imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquaintance me
From all the impure blots and staynes thereof ;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire of this.

Maioi. God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will
say it.

Rich. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this Royall Title,
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands worthie King.

All. Amen.

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.

Rich. Euen when you please, for you will haue it so.

Buck. To

To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
 most ioyfully we take our leaue.
 Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe.
 my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset.

Yorke. Who meetes vs heere?
ce Plantagenet,
 in hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
 my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower,
 hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince.
 I, well met.
 God giue your Graces both, a happie
 yfull time of day.
 As much to you, good Sister: whither away?
 No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
 e like deuotion as your selues,
 late the gentle Princes there.
 Iind Sister thankes, wee'll enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
 Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue,
 h the Prince, and my young Sonne of *Yorke*?
 Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
 it suffer you to visit them,
 g hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
 The King? who's that?
 I meane, the Lord Protector.
 The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
 set bounds betweene their loue, and me?
 ir Mother, who shall barre me from them?
Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see

Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother:
 ng me to their sights, lie beare thy blame,
 e thy Office from thee, on my perill.
 No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it so:
 and by Oath, and therefore pardon me.
Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
 salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,
 :rend looker on of two faire Queenes.
 Madame, you must straight to Westminster,
 be crowned *Richards* Royall Queene.
 Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
 pent heart may haue some scope to beat,
 swoone with this dead-killing newes.
 . Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes.
 Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your

) *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee gone,
 id Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles,
 thers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe croffe the Seas,
 And liue with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
 Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-houfe,
 Left thou encrease the number of the dead,
 And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curse,
 Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stanley. Full of wise care, is this your counsaile, Madame:
 Take all the swift aduantage of the howres:
 You shall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,
 In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
 Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwise delay.

Duch. Yorke. O ill dispersing Winds of Miserie,
 O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
 A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,
 Whose vnauoided Eye is murderous.

Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all vnwilligneffe will goe.

O would to God, that the inclusue Verge
 Of Golden Metall, that must round my Brow,
 Were red hot Steele, to feare me to the Braines,
 Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
 And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene.

Qu. Goe, goe, poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,
 To feed my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
 Came to me, as I follow'd *Henries* Corse,
 When scarce the blood was well waft from his hands,
 Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
 And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
 O, when I say I look'd on *Richards* Face,
 This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,
 For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
 And when thou wed'd'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
 And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
 More miserable, by the Life of thee,
 Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death.
 Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
 Within so small a time, my Womans heart
 Grossely grew captiue to his honey words,
 And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse,
 Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:
 For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
 Did I enioy the golden deaw of sleepe,
 But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd.
 Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwicke*,
 And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.

Anne. No more, then with my soule I mourne for yours.

Dorf. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.

Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leaue of it.

Du. Y. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee,
 Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee,
 Go thou to SanQuarie, and good thoughts possesse thee,
 I to my Graue, where peace and rest lye with mee.
 Eightie odde yeeres of sorrow haue I seene,
 And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
 Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
 Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,
 Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,
 Rude ragged Nurfe, old fullen Play-fellow,
 For tender Princes: vse my Babies well;
 So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.

Exeunt.

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Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Louel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Soueraigne.

Rich. Giue me thy hand. Sound.

Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy assistance,

Is King Richard seated :

But shall we weare these Glories for a day ?

Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them ?

Buck. Still liue they, and for euer let them last.

Rich. Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch,
To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed :

Young Edward liues, thinke now what I would speake.

Buck. Say on my louing Lord.

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.

Rich. Ha ? am I King ? 'tis so : but Edward liues.

Buck. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter consequence !

That Edward still should liue true Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plaine ? I with the Bastards dead,

And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now ? speake suddenly, be briefe.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindeffe freezes :

Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye ?

Buck. Giue me some litle breath, some pawse, deare Lord,
Before I positively speake in this :

I will resolue you herein presently. Exit Buck.

Catesby. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.

Rich. I will conuerse with Iron-witted Fooles,

And vnrespective Boyes : none are for me,

That looke into me with considerate eyes,

High-reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt vnto a close exploit of Death ?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit :
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name ?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tirrell.

Rich. I partly know the man : goe call him hither,

Boy. Exit.

The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,

No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes.

Hath he so long held out with me, vntyr'd,

And stops he now for breath ? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newes ?

Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse Dorset
As I heare, is fled to Richmond,

In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad,
That Anne my Wife is very grieuous sicke,

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence Daughter :

The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.

Looke how thou dream'st : I say againe, giue out,

That Anne, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.

About it, for it stands me much vpon

To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me.

I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter,

Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse :

Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,

Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in

So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,

Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel ?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subiect.

Rich. Art thou indeed ?

Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine ?

Tyr. Please you :

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou hast it : two deepe enemies,

Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,

Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon :

Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musique :

Hearke, come hither Tyrrel,

Goe by this token : rise, and lend thine Eare, Whisper.

There is no more but so : say it is done,

And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. Exit.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,
The late request that you did found me in.

Rich. Well, let that rest : Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.

Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wiues Sonne : well, looke
vnto it.

Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promise,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,
Th' Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables,
Which you haue promised I shall possesse.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife : if she conuey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust request ?

Rich. I doe remember me, Henry the Sixt

Did propheticie, that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a little peeuissh Boy.

A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to resolue me in my suit.

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. Exit.

Buck. And is it thus : repayes he my deepe seruice

With such contempt ? made I him King for this ?

O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone

To Brecknock, while my fearefull Head is on. Exit.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
The most arch deed of pittious massacre

That

uer yet this Land was guilty of :
 and *Forrest*, who I did suborne
 this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
 they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
 with tenderesse, and milde compassion,
 like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
 (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes :
 thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another
 their Alablaster innocent Armes :
 lips were foure red Rosos on a stalke,
 their Summer Beauty kist each other.
 ke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
 one (quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my minde :
 the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt :
Dighton thus told on, we smothered
 soft replenished sweet worke of Nature,
 rom the prime Creation ere she framed.
 both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
 could not speake, and so I left them both,
 re this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

ere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.

Kinde *Tirrell*, am I happy in thy Newes.

If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge,
 your happinesse, be happy then,
 is done.

b. But did'st thou see them dead.

I did my Lord.

b. And buried gentle *Tirrell*.

The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
 here (to say the truth) I do not know.

b. Come to me *Tirrel* loone, and after Supper,
 thou shalt tell the proceesse of their death.

time, but thinke how I may do the good,
 e inheritor of thy desire.
 ill till then.

I humbly take my leaue.

b. The Sonne of *Clarence* haue I pent vp close,
 ighter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
 onnes of *Edward* sleepe in *Abrams* bolosome,
Ine my wife hath bid this world good night.
 or I know the Britaine *Richmond* aymes
 g *Elisabeth* my brothers daughter,
 y that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
 go I, a iolly thriving wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

My Lord.

b. Good or bad newes, that thou com'st in fo
 ?

bad newes my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to Richmond,
 uckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen
 re field, and still his power encreaseth.

b. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
 Buckingham and his rash leuied Strength.

I haue learn'd, that fearfull commenting
 en seruitor to dull delay.

leds impotent and Snail-pac'd Beggery :

feric expedition be my wing,

Mercury, and Herald for a King :

fter men : My counsaile is my Sheeld,
 uft be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death :
 Heere in these Confines sily haue I lurkt,
 To watch the waining of mine enemies.
 A dire induction, am I witnesse to,
 And will to France, hoping the confluence
 Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragically.
 Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere ?

Enter Dutcbeffe and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes :
 My vnblowd Flowres, new appearing sweets :
 If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre,
 And be not fixt in doome perpetual,
 Houer about me with your ayery wings,
 And heare your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
 Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce,
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt.

Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,
 And throw them in the intrailles of the Wolfe ?
 When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done ?

Mar. When holy *Harry* dyed, and my sweet Sonne.

Dut. Dead life, blind sight, poore mortall liuing ghost,
 Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graues due, by life vsurpt,
 Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes,
 Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
 Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.

Qu. Ah that thou would'st assoone afford a Graue,
 As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seate :
 Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere,
 Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee ?

Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
 Giue mine the benefit of signeurie,
 And let my greefes frowne on the vpper hand
 If sorrow can admit Society.

I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him :

I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him :

Thou had'st an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him :

Thou had'st a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him ;

I had a *Rutland* too, thou hop'st to kill him.

Mar. Thou had'st a *Clarence* too,

And *Richard* kill'd him.

From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept

A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death :

That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood :

That foule defacer of Gods handy worke :

That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping soules :

That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,

Thy wombe let loofe to chafe vs to our graues.

O vpright, iust, and true-disposing God,

How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Prayes

Prays on the issue of his Mothers body,

And makes her Pae-fellow with others none.

Dut. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes :
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thine.

Mar. Beare with me : I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*,

The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward* :

Yong Worke, he is but boote, because both they
Matcht not the high perfection of my losse.

Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stab'd my *Edward*,

And the beholders of this franticke play,

Th'adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaugban*, *Gray*,

Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graues.

Richard yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,

Onely referu'd their Factor, to buy soules,

And fend them thither : But at hand, at hand

Infues his pittious and vnpiitted end.

Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,

To haue him sodainly conuey'd from hence :

Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,

That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead.

Qu. O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,

That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse

That bottel'd Spider, that soule bunch-back'd Toad.

Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune :

I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,

The presentation of but what I was ;

The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant ;

One hau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below :

A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes ;

A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge

To be the ayme of euery dangerous Shot ;

A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble ;

A Queene in ieast, onely to fill the Scene.

Where is thy Husband now ? Where be thy Brothers ?

Where be thy two Sonnes ? Wherein dost thou Ioy ?

Who sues, and kneeles, and says, God saue the Queene ?

Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee ?

Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee ?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow :

For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name :

For one being sued too, one that humbly sues :

For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care :

For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me :

For she being feared of all, now fearing one :

For the commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of Iustice whirl'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time,

Hauing no more but Thought of what thou wast.

To torture thee the more, being what thou art,

Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not

Vsurpe the iust proportion of my Sorrow ?

Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,

From which, euen heere I slip my wearied head,

And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.

Farwell *Yorkes* wife, and Queene of sad mischance,

These English woes, shall make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curfes, stay a-while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day :

Compare dead happinesse, with liuing woe :

Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,

And he that slew them fowler then he is :

Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse,

Reuolving this, will teach thee how to Curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe,
And pierce like mine. *Exit Margare.*

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Qu. Windy Attornies to their Clients Woes,

Ayery succeders of intestine ioyes,

Poore breathing Orators of miseries,

Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,

Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.

Dut. If so then, be not Tongue-ty'd : go with me,

And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother

My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.

The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclaimes.

• *Enter King Richard, and his Traine.*

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition ?

Dut. O she, that might haue intercepted thee

By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,

From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne

Where't should be branded, if that right were right ?

The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,

And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.

Tell me thou Villaine-flaue, where are my Children ?

Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade,

Where is thy Brother *Clarence* ?

And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne ?

Qu. Where is the gentle *Riuers*, *Vaugban*, *Gray* ?

Dut. Where is kinde *Hastings* ?

Rich. A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes :

Let not the Heauens heare these Tell-tale women

Raile on the Lords Anointed. Strike I say.

Flourish. Alarums.

Either be patient, and intreat me fayre,

Or with the clamorous report of Warre,

Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my Sonne ?

Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe.

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.

Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,

That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut. O let me speake.

Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.

Dut. I will be milde, and gentle in my words.

Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in hast.

Dut. Art thou so hasty ? I haue staid for thee

(God knowes) in torment and in agony.

Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,

Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.

A greuous burthen was thy Birth to me,

Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.

Thy School-daies frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious,

Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous :

Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, slye, and bloody,

More milde, but yet more harmful ; Kinde in hatred :

What comfortable houre canst thou name,

That euer grac'd me with thy company ?

Rich. Faith none, but *Humfrey Hower*,

That call'd your Grace

To Breakefast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.

Strike vp the Drumme.

Dut. I prythee heare me speake.

Rich.

You speake too bitterly.

Hear me a word: [dibtool.com.cn](http://www.dibtool.com.cn)
 Il neuer speake to thee againe.

So.
 Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iust ordinance
 this warre thou turne a Conqueror:
 h greefe and extreame Age shall perish,
 er more behold thy face againe.
 e take with thee my most greeuous Curse,
 n the day of Battell tyre thee more
 l the compleat Armour that thou wear'ft.
 ers on the aduerse party fight,
 re the little soules of *Edwards* Children,
 the Spirits of thine Enemies,
 mise them Successe and ViCTory:
 hou art, bloody will be thy end:
 erues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
 ough far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
 n me, I say Amen to her.

Stay Madam, I must take a word with you.
 I haue no more finnes of the Royall Blood
 to slaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)
 all be praying Nunnes, not weeping *Queenes*:
 refore leuell not to hit their liues.

You haue a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
 and Faire, Royall and Gracious?
 And must she dye for this? O let her liue,
 corrupt her Manners, staine her Beauty,
 my Selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed:
 ouer her the vaile of Infamy,
 ay liue vncarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
 nsesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.

Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princeesse.
 To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.
 Her life is safest onely in her byrth.
 And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.
 Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite.
 No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.
 ! All vnauoyded is the doome of Destiny.
 True: when auoyded grace makes Destiny.
 es were destin'd to a fairer death,
 had blest thee with a fairer life.

You speake as if that I had slaine my Cofins?
 Cofins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,
 sfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,
 and soeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,
 d (all indirectly) gaue direction.
 t the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
 ras whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
 ll in the Intrailes of my Lambes.
 : still vse of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,
 ue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,
 t my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:
 n such a desp'rate Bay of death,
 oore Barke, of sailes and tackling reft,
 to peeces on thy Rocky bofome.

Madam, so thrue I in my enterprize
 igerous successe of bloody warres,
 end more good to you and yours,
 er you and yours by me were harm'd.

What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,
 ifcouered, that can do me good.

Th'aduancement of your children, gentle Lady
 p to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.

Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
 h Imperiall Type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
 Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
 Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.

Rich. Euen all I haue; I, and my selfe and all,
 Will I withall indow a childe of thine:
 So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
 Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
 Which thou suppos'est I haue done to thee.

Qu. Be breefe, leaſt that the proceſſe of thy kindeſſe
 Laſt longer telling then thy kindeſſe date.

Rich. Then know,
 That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.

Qu. My daughters Mother thinks it with her soule.
Rich. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou doſt loue my daughter from thy soule
 So from thy Soules loue diſt thou loue her Brothers,
 And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.

Rich. Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning:
 I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,
 And do intend to make her *Queene* of England.

Qu. Well then, who doſt y meane ſhall be her King.

Rich. Euen he that makes her *Queene*:
 Who elſe ſhould bee?

Qu. What, thou?

Rich. Euen ſo: How thinke you of it?

Qu. How canſt thou woo her?

Rich. That I would learne of you,
 As one being beſt acquainted with her humour.

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?

Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her Brothers,
 A paire of bleeding hearts: thereon ingraue
Edward and *Yorke*, then haply will the weepe:
 Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime *Margaret*
 Did to thy Father, ſteep't in Rutlands blood,
 A hand-kercheefe, which ſay to her did dreyne
 The purple ſappe from her ſweet Brothers body,
 And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
 If this inducement moue her not to loue,
 Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:
 Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her Vnckle *Clarence*,
 Her Vnckle *Riuers*, I (and for her ſake)
 Mad'ſt quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way
 To win your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,
 Vnleſſe thou could'ſt put on ſome other ſhape,
 And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.

Rich. Say that I did all this for loue of her.

Qu. Nay then indeed ſhe cannot chooſe but hate thee
 Hauing bought loue, with ſuch a bloody ſpoyle.

Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:
 Men ſhall deale vnaduiſedly ſometimes,
 Which after-houres gives leſſure to repent.
 If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
 To make amends, Ile giue it to your daughter:
 If I haue kill'd the iſſue of your wombe,
 To quicken your encrease, I will beget
 Mine iſſue of your blood, vpon your Daughter:
 A Grandams name is little leſſe in loue,
 Then is the doting Title of a Mother;
 They are as Children but one ſteppe below,
 Euen of your mettall, of your very blood:
 Of all one paine, ſaue for a night of groanes
 Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like ſorrow.
 Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The losse you haue, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.

I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.
Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule
Leads discontented steppes in Forraine foyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.

The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset*, Brother:
Againne shall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,
Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we haue many goodly dayes to see:
The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Aduantaging their Loue, with interest
Often-times double gaine of happinesse.

Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.

Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame
Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princeesse
With the sweet silent houres of Marriage ioyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will reitaille my Conquest wonne,
And the shalbe sole Victoreesse, *Cæsars Cæsar*.

Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?
Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares?

Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.

Qu. Which the shall purchase with stil lasting warre.

Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.

Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.

Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.

Qu. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.

Rich. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?

Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.

Qu. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.

Qu. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.

Rich. Say I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.

Qu. But she your Subiect, lothes such Soueraignty.

Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speedes best, being plainly told.

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.

Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.

Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues,
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.

Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.

Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt.

Rich. I sweare.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:

Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;

Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;

Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou would'st sweare to be beleeu'd,
Swear then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.

Rich. Then by my Selfe.

Qu. Thy Selfe, is selfe-misvs'd.

Rich. Now by the World.

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

Rich. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.

Rich. Why then, by Heauen.

Qu. Heauens wrong is most of all:

If thou didd'st feare to breake an Oath with him,

The vnity the King my husband made,

Thou had'st not broken, nor my Brothers died.

If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,

Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,

And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,

Which now two tender Bed-fellows for dust,

Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.

What can'st thou sweare by now.

Rich. The time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:

For I my selfe haue many teares to wash

Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,

Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age:

The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,

Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.

Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast

Misvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repast.

Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent:

So thrue I in my dangerous Affayres

Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:

Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:

Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.

Be opposite all Planets of good lucke

To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,

Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,

I tender not thy beauteous Princely daughter.

In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine:

Without her, follows to my selfe, and thee;

Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian foule,

Death, Defolation, Ruine, and Decay:

It cannot be auoyded, but by this:

It will not be auoyded, but by this.

Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)

Be the Atturney of my loue to her:

Pleade what I will be, not what I haue bene;

Not my deserts, but what I will deferue:

Vrge the Necessity and state of times,

And be not pecuifh found, in great Designe.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?

Rich. I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.

Rich. I, if your selves remembrance wrong your selfe.

Qu. Yet thou didst kil my Children.

Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.

Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed

Selues of themselves, to your recomforture.

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.

Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,

And you shal vnderstand from me her mind.

Rich. Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.

Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

Exit Q.

what newes ?

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Enter Ratcliffe.

† mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast
iffant Nauie : to our Shores
ny doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
id vnrefolu'd to beat them backe.
t, that *Richmond* is their Admirall :
hey hull, expecting but the aide
bam, to welcome them ashore.
: light-foot friend post to y^e Duke of Norfolk :
selfe, or *Catesby*, where is hee ?
re, my good Lord.

Catesby, flye to the Duke.

ill, my Lord, with all conuenient haste.

Catesby come hither, poste to Salisbury :
com'ft thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine,
thou here, and go'ft not to the Duke ?
nighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,
your Grace I shall deliuer to him.
true, good *Catesby*, bid him leuie fraight
t strength and power that he can make,
ne suddenly at Salisbury.

oe.

Exit.

hat, may it please you, shall I doe at Salis-

'hy, what would'ft thou doe there, before I

ur Highnesse told me I should poste before.
fy minde is chang'd :

Enter Lord Stanley.

at newes with you ?

good my Liege, to please you with y^e hearing,
bad, but well may be reported.

oyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad :

ft thou runne so many miles about,
mayest tell thy Tale the neereft way ?
what newes ?

Richmond is on the Seas.

ere let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,

'd Runnagate, what doth he there ?

now not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.
ell, as you guesse.

rr'd vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,

or England, here to clayme the Crowne.

the Chayre emptie ? is the Sword vnsway'd ?
dead ? the Empire vnpossesse ?

of *York* is there aliuie, but wee ?

Englands King, but great *Yorkes* Heire ?

e, what makes he vpon the Seas ?

lesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.

lesse for that he comes to be your Liege,

guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.

euolt, and flye to him, I feare.

, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.

ere is thy Power then, to beat him back ?

ry Tenants, and thy followers ?

t now vpon the Westerne Shore,

ting the Rebels from their Shippes ?

, my good Lord, my friends are in the

d friends to me : what do they in the North,
should serue their Soueraigne in the West ?

Stan. They haue not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaesth your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please.

Rich. I, thou would'ft be gone, to ioyne with *Richmond*:
But Ile not trust thee.

Stan. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false.

Rich. Goe then, and muster men: but leaue behind
Your Sonne *George Stanley* : looke your heart be firme,
Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile.

Stan. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.

Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In Kent, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Armes,
And euery houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Armie of great *Buckingham*.

Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,

He striketh bim.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.

Mess. The newes I haue to tell your Maiestie,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
*Buckingham*s Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himselve wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.

Rich. I cry thee mercie :

There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.

Hath any well-aduised friend proclaym'd

Reward to him that brings the Traytor in ?

Mess. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord *Marquesse Dorset*,

'Tis said, my Liege, in *Yorkshire* are in Armes :

But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,

The Brittain Nauie is dispers'd by Tempest.

Richmond in *Dorsetshire* sent out a Boat

Vnto the shore, to aske those on the Banks,

If they were his Assistants, yea, or no ?

Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,

Vpon his partie : he mistrusting them,

Hoys'd sayle, and made his course againe for Brittain.

Rich. March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes,

If not to fight with forraine Enemies,

Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.

Enter *Catesby*.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the best newes : that the Earle of *Richmond*

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.

Rich. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A Royall batteil might be wonne and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me. *Florib. Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopber.

Der. Sir Christopber, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the sty of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold:
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented
He should espouse *Elizabeth* hir daughter.

But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?
Cbr. At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales.

Der. What men of Name resort to him.

Cbr. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *James Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Der. Well hie thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
My Letter will resolue him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?

Sber. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Gray & Riuers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire Sonne *Edward*,
Uaugban, and all that haue miscarried
By vnder-hand corrupted foule iniustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clouds behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction.

This is All-foules day (Fellow) is it not?

Sber. It is.

Buc. Why then All-foules day, is my bodies doomsday
This is the day, which in King *Edwards* time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falsse to his Children, and his Wiues Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall
By the falsse Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this All-foules day to my fearful Soule,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:
That high All-feer, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest, what I begg'd in left.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.
Thus *Margarets* curfe falls heauy on my necke:
When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetesse:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Friends
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoke of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Hauē we marcht on without impediment;
And heere receiue we from our Father *Stanley*
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping Boare,
(That spoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like wash, & makes his trough
In your embowel'd bosomes: This foule Swine
Is now euen in the Centry of this Isle,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicefter, as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends,
To reape the Haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre.

Oxf. Every mans Conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.

Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for feare,
Which in his deereft neede will flye from him.

Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flies with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolk, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bosworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my looks.

Rich. My Lord of Norfolk.

Nor. Heere most gracious Liege.

Rich. Norfolk, we must haue knockes:
Ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both giue and take my louing Lord.

Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath defcried the number of the Traitors?

Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their vtmost power.

Rich. Why our Battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduersē Faction want.

Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's

no Discipline, make no delay,
to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt*

er Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden fet,
bright Traſt of his fiery Carre,
of a goodly day to morrow.

Brandon, you ſhall beare my Standard:
me Inke and Paper in my Tent:

Forme and Modell of our Battaille,
Leader to his ſeuerrall Charge,
juſt proportion our ſmall Power.

Oxford, you Sir William Brandon,
ir Walter Herbert ſtay with me:

of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;
ſine Blunt, beare my goodnight to him,
ſecond houre in the Morning,

Earle to ſee me in my Tent:

ing more (good Captaine) do for me:
ord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Vnleſſe I haue miſtane his Colours much,
ll I am affur'd I haue not done)

nt lies halfe a Mile at leaſt
the mighty Power of the King.

If without perill it be poſſible,
t, make ſome good meanes to ſpeak with him

im from me, this moſt needfull Note.
pon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,

d giue you quiet reſt to night.
Good night good Captaine Blunt:

lemen,
ult vpon to morrowes Buſineſſe;

nt, the Dew is rawe and cold.

They withdraw into the Tent.

Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolk, & Cateby.

What is't a Clocke?

ſ Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.

will not ſup to night,

me Inke and Paper:

iy Beauer eaſier then it was?

Armour laid into my Tent?

is my Liege: and all things are in readineſſe.

ood Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,

l Watch, chooſe truſty Centinels,

go my Lord.

tir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.

warrant you my Lord. *Exit*

ucliffe.

y Lord.

nd out a Purſuiuant at Armes

Regiment: bid him bring his power

-riſing, leaſt his Sonne George fall

inde Caue of eternall night.

lowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch,

te Surrey for the Field to morrow:

my Stauces be found, & not too heauy. *Ratcliff.*

y Lord.

v't the melancholly Lord Northumberland?

mas the Earle of Surrey, and himſelfe,

t Cockſhut time, from Troope to Troope

ugh the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers.

o, I am ſatiſfied: Giue me a Bowle of Wine,

that Alacrity of Spirit,

Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.

Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leauē me.

Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent

And helpe to arme me. Leauē me I ſay. *Exit Ratclif.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory ſit on thy Helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy Perſon, Noble Father in Law.

Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?

Der. I by Attourney, bleſſe thee from thy Mother,

Who prays continually for Richmonds good:

So much for that. The ſilent houres ſteale on,

And flakie darkeneſſe breakes within the Eaſt.

In breefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be,

Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,

And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement

Of bloody ſtroakes, and mortall ſtaring Warre:

I, as I may, that which I would. I cannot,

With beſt aduantage will deceiue thet ime,

And ayde thee in this doubtfull flocke of Armes.

But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,

Leaſt being ſeene, thy Brother, tender George

Be executed in his Fathers ſight.

Farewell: the leysure, and the fearfull time

Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,

And ample enterchange of ſweet Diſcourſe,

Which ſo long ſundred Friends ſhould dwell vpon:

God giue vs leysure for theſe rites of Loue.

Once more Adieu, be valiant, and ſpeed well.

Richm. Good Lords conuēt him to his Regiment:

Ile ſtrive with troubled noiſe, to take a Nap,

Leaſt leaden ſlumber peize me downe to morrow,

When I ſhould mouēt with wings of Victory:

Once more, good night kinde Lords, and Gentlemen.

Exeunt. Manet Richmond.

O thou, whoſe Captaine I account my ſelfe,

Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:

Put in their hands thy bruifing Irons of wrath,

That they may crush downe with a heauy fall,

Th'vſurping Helmeſts of our Aduerſaries:

Make vs thy miniſters of Chafficement,

That we may praiſe thee in thy victory:

To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,

Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:

Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me ſtill. *Sleeps.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Prince Edward, Sonne to

Henry the ſixt.

Gh. to Ri. Let me ſit heauy on thy ſoule to morrow:

Thinke how thou ſtab'ſt me in my prime of youth

At Teukesbury: Diſpaire therefore, and dye.

Ghoſt to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond,

For the wronged Soules

Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:

King Henries iſſue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.

Ghoſt. When I was mortall, my Anointed body

By thee was punched full of holes;

Thinke on the Tower, and me: Diſpaire, and dye,

Harry the ſixt, bids thee diſpaire, and dye.

To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:

Harry that prophesied thou ſhould'ſt be King,

Doth comfort thee in ſleepe: Liue, and flouriſh.

t

Enter

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow.
I that was wash'd to death with Fulsome Wine :
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betray'd to death :
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.

To Ricbm. Thou off-spring of the houfe of Lancafter
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Riuers, Gray, and Vauban.

Riu. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow,
Riuers, that dy'de at Pomfret : dispaire, and dye.

Grey. Thinke vpon *Grey*, and let thy soule dispaire.

Vaub. Thinke vpon *Vauban*, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.

All to Ricbm. Awake,

And thinke our wrongs in *Richards* Bosome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gbo. Bloody and guilty : guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.

Thinke on Lord *Hastings* : dispaire, and dye.

Hast. to *Ricb.* Quiet vntroubled soule,
Awake, awake :

Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Gbofts. Dreame on thy Cousins

Smothered in the Tower :

Let vs be laid within thy bosome *Richard*,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.

Gbofts to Ricbm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Gboft to Ricb. *Richard*, thy Wife,
That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fillles thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye :

Gboft to Ricbm. Thou quiet soule,
Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe :
Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Aduerfaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Gboft to Ricb. The first was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne :
The last was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire ; despairing yeeld thy breath.

Gboft to Ricbm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde ;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde :
God, and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

Richard starts out of his dreame.

Ricb. Giue me another Horfe, bind vp my Wounds :
Hauē mercy Iesu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conscience ! how dost thou afflict me ?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none else by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer heere? No ; Yes, I am :
Then flye ; What from my Selfe? Great reason : why?
Left I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe?
Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Villaine : yet I Lye, I am not.
Foole, of thy Selfe speake well : Foole, do not flatter.
My Conscience hath a thousand feuerall Tongues,
And euery Tongue brings in a feuerall Tale,
And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine ;
Periurie, in the high't Degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyr't degree,
All feuerall finnes, all vs'd in each degree,
Throng all to'th'Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me ;
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me.
Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe,
Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Who's there?

Rat. *Ratcliffe* my Lord, 'tis I : the early Village Cock
Hath twice done salutation to the Morne,
Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.

King. O *Ratcliffe*, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of Shadow.

King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowes to night
Hauē stroke more terror to the soule of *Richard*,
Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow *Richmond*.

'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the Ease-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

Exeunt Richard & Ratcliffe.

*Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting
in his Tent.*

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.

Ricb. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere?

Lords. How haue you slept my Lord?

Ricb. The sweetest sleepe,
And fairest boading Dreames,
That euer entred in a drowfie head,
Hauē I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whose bodies *Ricb.* murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on victory :
I promise you my Heart is very iocound,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the Morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Ricb. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I haue said, louing Countrymen,
The leysure and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell vpon : yet remember this,

ood cause, fight vpon our side,
 holy Saints and wronged soules,
 d Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,
 t) those whom we fight against,
 e vs win, then him they follow.
 : they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
 int, and a Homicide :
 lood, and one in blood establish'd ;
 means to come by what he hath,
 t those that were the means to help him :
 one, made precious by the soyle
 aire, where he is falsely set :
 euer beene Gods Enemy.
 ht against Gods Enemy,
 tice ward you as his Soldiers.
 e to put a Tyrant downe,
 eace, the Tyrant being slaine :
 against your Countries Foes,
 Fat shall pay your paines the hyre.
 in safegard of your wiuies,
 ill welcome home the Conquerors.
 our Children from the Sword,
 Children quits it in your Age.
 me of God and all these rights,
 Standards, draw your willing Swords.
 n some of my bold attempt,
 old Corpes on the earth's cold face.
 the gaine of my attempt,
 u shall share his part thereof.
 es and Trumpets boldly, and chcerefully,
 George, Richmond, and Victory.

King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

Northumberland as touching Richmond?
 was neuer trained vp in Armes.
 l the truth : and what said Surrey then?
 'd and said, the better for our purpose.
 s in the right, and so indeed it is.
 s there. *Clocke strikes.*
 nder : Who saw the Sunne to day ?
 my Lord.

he disdaines to shine : for by the Booke
 : brau'd the East an houre ago,
 will it be to somebody. *Ratcliffe.*
 rd.

sun will not be seene to day,
 frowne, and lowre vpon our Army.
 dewy teares were from the ground.
 y? Why, what is that to me
 Richmond? For the selfe-fame Heauen
 n me, lookes sadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolk.

arme, my Lord : the foe vaunts in the field.
 ;, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.
 Stanley, bid him bring his power,
 th my Soldiers to the plaine,
 Battell shal be ordred.
 hall be drawne in length,
 ily of Horse and Foot:
 iall be placed in the mid't ;
 Norfolk, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
 leading of the Foot and Horse.
 Red, we will fllow

In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side
 Shall be well-winged with our cheefest Horse :
 This, and Saint George to boote.
 What think'st thou Norfolk.

Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne,
 This found I on my Tent this Morning.

*Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
 For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*

King. A thing deuifed by the Enemy.
 Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge,
 Let not our babling Dreames affright our soules:
 For Conscience is a word that Cowards vse,
 Deus'd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
 Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
 March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too't pell mell,
 If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
 What shall I say more then I haue inferr'd?
 Remember whom you are to cope withall,
 A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-awayes,
 A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,
 Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
 To desperate Aduentures, and assur'd Destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest :
 You hauing Lands, and blest with beauteous wiuies,
 They would restraints the one, distaine the other,
 And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow ?
 Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost,
 A Milke-sop, one that neuer in his life
 Felt so much cold, as ouer shooes in Snow :
 Let's whip these straglers o're the Seas againe,
 Lash hence these ouer-weening Raggies of France,
 These famish'd Beggars, weary of their liues,
 Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
 For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themselues.
 If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
 And not these bastard Brittaines, whom our Fathers
 Haue in their owne Land beaten, bob'd, and thump'd,
 And on Record, left them the heires of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our Lands? lye with our Wiuies ?
 Rauish our daughters? *Drum afarre off*

Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
 Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
 Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,
 Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staues.

Enter a Messenger.

What sayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

King. Off with his sonne Georges head.

Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marth :
 After the battaile, let George Stanley dye.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
 Advance our Standards, set vpon our Foes,
 Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. George
 Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons :
 Vpon them, Victorie fits on our helpes.

Alarum, excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescue my Lord of Norfolk,
 Rescue, Rescue :
 The King enacts more wonders then a man,
 Daring an opposite to euery danger :
 His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death :
 Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarums.

t 2

Enter

*Enter Richard.**Rich.* A Horfe, a Horfe, my Kingdome for a Horfe.*Cates.* Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horfe

Rich. Slaue, I haue fet my life vpon a caft,
 And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
 I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,
 Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.
 A Horfe, a Horfe, my Kingdome for a Horfe.

Alatum, *Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine.*

Retreat, and Flourish. *Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with diuers other Lords.*

Richm. God, and your Armes
 Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
 The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,
 Well haft thou acquit thee: Loe,
 Heere these long vsurped Royalties,
 From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
 Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
 Weare it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all:
 But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing?

Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
 Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

Richm. What men of name are slaine on either side?

Der. *John Duke of Norfolk,* *Walter Lord Ferris,*
Sir Robert Brokenbury, and *Sir William Brandon.*

Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
 Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,
 That in submission will returne to vs,
 And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
 We will vnite the White Rose, and the Red.
 Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,
 That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity:
 What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
 England hath long beene mad, and scarr'd her selfe;
 The Brother blindly shed the Brothers blood;
 The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonne;
 The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;
 All this diuided Yorke and Lancafter,
 Diuided, in their dire Diuision.

Onow, let *Richmond* and *Elizabetb,*
 The true Succeeders of each Royall House,
 By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:
 And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)
 Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
 With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes.
 Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
 That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,
 And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;
 Let them not liue to taste this Lands increase,
 That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace.
 Now Ciuill wounds are stopp'd, Peace liues agen;
 That she may long liue heere, God say, Amen. *Exunt*

FINIS.





The Famous History of the Life of King HENRY the Eighth.

THE PROLOGUE.

Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,
 That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
 Sad, bigg, and working, full of State and woe:
 Noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow
 v present. Those that can Pitty, beere
 f they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
 whicth will deserue it. Such as giue
 Money out of hope they may beleue,
 eere finde Truth too. Those that come to see
 a show or two, and so a greet,
 lay may passe: If they be still, and willing,
 tertaine may see away their stiling
 in two short boures. Onely they
 come to beare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
 i of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
 ong Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,

Will be decey'd. For gentle Hearers, know
 To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show
 As Foole, and Fight is, beside forseyting
 Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring
 To make that onely true, we now intend,
 Will leaue vs neuer an understanding Friend.
 Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne
 The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,
 Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see
 The very Persons of our Noble Story,
 As they were Liuing: Thinke you see them Great,
 And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat
 Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see
 How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery:
 And if you can be merry then, Ile say,
 A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

in the Duke of Norfolk at one doore. At the other,
 the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
 Aburgauenny.

Buckingham.

Ood morrow, and well met. How haue ye done

Since last we saw in France?

Norf. I thanke your Grace:

Healthfull, and euer since a fresh Admirer
 at I saw there.

An vntimely Ague

re a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
 Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men
 the vale of Andren.

Twixt Guynes and Arde,
 hen present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,
 them when they lighted, how they clung
 r Embracement, as they grew together,
 had they,
 foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd
 compounded one?

All the whole time
 ny Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you loſt

The view of earthly glory: Men might say
 Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
 To one about it selfe. Each following day
 Became the next dayes master, till the last
 Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
 All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
 Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
 Made Britaine, India: Euery man that stood,
 Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
 As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
 Not vs'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beare
 The Pride vpon them, that their very labour
 Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
 Was cry'de incompareable; and th'ensuing night
 Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
 Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst
 As preſence did present them: Him in eye,
 Still him in praise, and being present both,
 Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
 Durſt wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes
 (For so they phrase'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
 The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe

Beyond thoughts Compass'd, that former fabulous Storie
Being now seeme, possible enough, got credit
That *Beau's* was beleue'd.

Buc. Oh you go farre.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In Honor, Honesty, the tract of eu'ry thing,
Would by a good Discourser loose some life,
Which Actions selfe, was tongue too.

Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function : who did guide,
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you guesse:
One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordred by the good Discretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke.

Buc. The diuell speed him : No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That such a Keech can with his very bulke
Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficial Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends :
For being not propt by Ancestry, whose grace
Chalkes Successors their way ; nor call'd vpon
For high feats done to'th'Crowne ; neither Allied
To eminent Assitants ; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guift that heauen giues for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.

Abur. I cannot tell
What Heauen hath giuen him : let some Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Peepe through each part of him : whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,
Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himselfe.

Buc. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him
(Without the priuity o'th'King) t'appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry ; for the most part such
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay vpon : and his owne Letter
The Honourable Boord of Councell, out
Must fetch him in, he Papers.

Abur. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that haue
By this, so sicken'd their Estates, that neuer
They shall abound as formerly.

Buc. O many
Haue broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Iourney. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poore issue.

Nor. Greecingly I thinke,
The Peace betwene the French and vs, not valeweas
The Cost that did conclude it.

Buc. Every man,
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was

A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke
Into a generall Prophecie ; That this Tempest
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboarded
The sodaine breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeux.

Abur. Is it therefore
Th'Ambassador is silent'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buc. Why all this Businesse
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the priuate difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduise you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together ; To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Reuengefull ; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge : It's long, and't may be faide
It reaches farre, and where'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosome vp my counsell,
You'll finde it wholesome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I aduise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certain
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers : The
Cardinall in his passage, fixeth his eye on Buck-
ham, and Buckingham on him,
both full of disdain.*

Car. The Duke of *Buckinghams* Surueyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?

Secr. Heere so please you.

Car. Is he in person, ready?

Secr. I, please your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & *Buckingham*
Shall lessen this bigge looke.

Exeunt Cardinall, and his Train.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggars booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your disease requires.

Buc. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye reuil'd
Me as his abiect obiect, at this instant
He bores me with some trick ; He's gone to'th'King :
Ile follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choller question
What 'tis you go about : to climbe steepe hilles
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him : Not a man in England
Can aduise me like you : Be to your selfe,
As you would to your Friend.

Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

rich fellows infolence; or proclaime,
 difference in no persons.
 Be aduif'd;
 a Furnace for your foe so hot
 lo fidge your selfe. We may out-runne
 it swiftnesse that which we run at;
 by ouer-running: know you not,
 that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
 to augment it, wafts it; be aduif'd;
 ne there is no English Soule
 onger to direct you then your selfe;
 he sap of reason you would quench,
 lay the fire of passion.

Sir,
 nckfull to you, and Ile goe along
 prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
 om the flow of gall I name not, but
 cere motions, by Intelligence,
 ves as cleere as Founts in *Iuly*, when
 each graine of grauell; I doe know
 rapt and treasonous.
 Say not treasonous.
 Go th'King Ile say't, & make my vouch as strong
 of *Rocke*: attend. This holy Foxye,
 ; or both (for he is equall rau'nous
 subtile, and as prone to mischief,
 to perform't) his minde, and place
 one another, yea reciprocally,
 hew his pompe, as well in France,
 at home, suggests the King our Master
 last costly Treaty: Th'enteruiew,
 llowed so much treasure, and like a glasse
 ke ith' wrenching.
 Faith, and so it did.

'ray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall
 icles o'th' Combination drew
 lfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
 de thus let be, to as much end,
 a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall
 : this, and tis well: for worthy *Wolsey*
 (not erre) he did it. Now this followes,
 is I take it, is a kinde of Puppie
 l dam Treason) (*Charles* the Emperour,
 entence to see the Queene his Aunt,
 indeed his colour, but he came
 er *Wolsey*) here makes visitation,
 were that the Interview betwixt
 and France, might through their amity
 n some prejudice; for from this League,
 rmes that menac'd him. Priuilly
 th our Cardinal, and as I troa
 doe well; for I am sure the Emperour
 he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
 s ask'd. But when the way was made
 d with gold: the Emperour thus desir'd,
 would please to alter the Kings course,
 ke the foresaid peace. Let the King know
 : he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall
 and sell his Honour as he pleases,
 his owne aduantage.

I am sorry
 this of him; and could wish he were
 ; mistaken in't.
 No, not a syllable:
 ounce him in that very shape
 appeare in prooffe.

*Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and
 two or three of the Guard.*

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.

Sergeant. Sir,

My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earle
 Of *Heriford*, *Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
 Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name
 Of our most Soueraigne King.

Buck. Lo you my Lord,
 The net has falne vpon me, I shall perish
 Vnder deuice, and practise:

Bran. I am sorry,

To see you tane from liberty, to looke on
 The busines present. Tis his Highnes pleasure
 You shall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will helpe me nothing
 To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
 Which makes my whit't part, black. The will of Heau'n
 Be done in this and all things: I obey.
 O my Lord *Aburgany*: Fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must beare you company. The King
 Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know
 How he determines further.

Abur. As the Duke said,
 The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleasure
 By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
 The King, t'attach Lord *Mountacute*, and the Bodies
 Of the Dukes Confessor, *Iohn de la Car*,
 One *Gilbert Pecke*, his Councillour.

Buck. So, so;
 These are the limbs o'th' Plot: no more I hope.

Bra. A Monke o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. O *Michaell Hopkins*?

Bra. He.

Buck. My Surueyor is false: The ore-great Cardinall
 Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:
 I am the shadow of poore *Buckingham*,
 Whose Figure euen this instant Clowd puts on,
 By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell. *Exe.*

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. *Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoul-
 der, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Louell: the Cardinall
 places himselfe under the Kings seate on
 his right side.*

King. My life it selfe, and the best heart of it,
 Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'th' leuell
 Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and giue thanks
 To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before vs
 That Gentleman of *Buckingham*, in person,
 Ile heare him his confessions iustifie,
 And point by point the Treasons of his Maister,
 He shall againe relate.

*A noyse within crying roome for the Queene, vsher'd by the
 Duke of Norfolk.* *Enter the Queene, Norfolk and
 Suffolke: she kneels, King riseth from his seate,
 takes her up, kisses and placeth
 her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit
 Neuer name to vs; you haue halfe our power:

The

The other moity ere you aske is giuen,
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thanke your Maiesty
That you would loue your selfe, and in that loue
Not vnconsidered leaue your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt
Of my Petition.

Kin. Lady mine proceed.

Queen. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition; That your Subiects
Are in great grieuance: There haue bene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister (not
Whose Honor Heauen shield from soile; euen he escapes
Language vnmanerly; yea, such which breakes
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In lowd Rebellion.

Norf. Not almost appears,
It doth appeare; for, vpon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longing, haue put off
The Spinners, Carders, Fullers, Weauers, who
Vnsit for other life, compelled by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th'euent too th'teeth, are all in vpror,
And danger serues among them.

Kin. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,
Know you of this Taxation?

Card. Please you Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertaines to th'State; and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholsome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Performe be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Soueraigne would haue note) they are
Most pestilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say
They are deu'd by you, er else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

Kin. Still Exaction:
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,
Is this Exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects grieffe
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The sixt part of his Substance, to be leuied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Lieu where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a Slaue
To each incens'd Will: I would your Highnesse
Would giue it quicke consideration; for
There is no primer basenesse.

Kin. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Card. And for me,
I haue no further gone in this, then by
A single voice, and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the Iudges: If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue must goe through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Censurers, which euer,
As rau'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cride vp
For our best Act: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take roote here, where we sit;
Or fit State-Statues onely.

Kin. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from feare:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Haue you a President
Of this Commission? I beleue, not any.
We must not rend our Subiects from our Lawes,
And sicke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution; why we take
From every Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber:
And though we leaue it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To euery County
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;
I put it to your care.

Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to euery Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greued Common
Hardly conceiue of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Intercession, this Reuokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon aduise you
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secret.*

Enter Surueyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

Kin. It grieues many:
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his trayning such,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And neuer seeke for ayd out of himselfe: yet see,
When these so Noble benefites shall proue
Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly
Then euer they were faire. This man so compleat,
Who was enrold 'mongst wonders; and when we
Almost with rauish'd listning, could not finde
His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if befneard in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall heare
(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practises, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card.

l. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you
ke a carefull Subject have collected
the Duke of *Buckingham*.

Speake freely.

First, it was vsuall with him; eury day
d infest his Speech: That if the King
without issue dye; hee'l carry it so
te the Scepter his. These very words
ard him vtter to his Sonne in Law,
'burgany, to whom by oth he menac'd
e vpon the *Cardinall*.

l. Please your Highnesse note
ngerous conception in this point,
ned by his wifh to your High person;
l is most malignant, and it stretches
you to your friends.

n. My learn'd Lord *Cardinall*,
: all with Charity.

Speake on;
grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
ur faile; to this poynt haft thou heard him,
time speake ought?

He was brought to this,
ine Prophecie of *Nicolas Henton*.

What was that *Henton*?

Sir, a *Chartreux* Fryer,
nfessor, who fed him eury minute
ords of Soueraignty.

How know'st thou this?

Not long before your Highnesse sped to France,
ike being at the *Rose*, within the Parish
aurence Poulney, did of me demand
vas the speech among the Londoners,
ning the French Iourney. I replide,
are the French would proue perfidious
Kings danger: presently, the Duke
ras the feare indeed, and that he doubted
d proue the verity of certaine words
y a holy Monke, that oft, sayes he,
:nt to me, wishing me to permit

la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre
re from him a matter of some moment:
after vnder the Commissions Seale,
emly had sworne, that what he spoke
aplaine to no Creature liuing, but
should vtter, with demure Confidence,
ufingly enfu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres
ou the Duke) shall prosper, bid him striue
loue o'th'Commonalty, the Duke
buerne England.

n. If I know you well,
:re the Dukes Surueyor, and lost your Office
complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
arge not in your spleene a Noble person,
oyle your nobler Soule; I say, take heed;
artily befeech you.

Let him on: Goe forward.

On my Soule, He speake but truth,
ny Lord the Duke, by th'Duels illusions
onke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous
s to ruminare on this so farre, vntill
d him some designe, which being beleeu'd
much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,
doe me no damage; adding further,
ad the King in his last Sicknesse faild,
rdinals and Sir *Thomas Louells* heads

Should haue gone off.

Kin. Ha? What, so rancke? Ah, ha,
There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?

Sur. I can my Liedge.

Kin. Proceed.

Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highnesse had reprou'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer*. (uant,

Kin. I remember of such a time, being my sworn ser-
The Duke retin'd him his. But on: what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would haue plaid
The Part my Father meant to act vpon
Th'*Vsurper Ricbard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,
(As he made semblance of his duty) would
Haue put his knife into him.

Kin. A Gyant Traytor.

Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes liue in freedome,
And this man out of Prison.

Queen. God mend all. (say't?)

Kin. Ther's somthing more would out of thee; what

Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's brest, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor
Was, were he euill vs'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irrefolute purpose.

Kin. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryall: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of vs: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' height. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter *L. Chamberlaine*, and *L. Sandys*.

L. Ch. Is't possible the spels of France should iuggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

L. San. New customes,
Though they be neuer so ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be vnmanly) yet are follow'd.

L. Ch. As farre as I see, all the good our English
Haue got by the late Voyage, is but meerely
A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are shrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would fweare directly
Their very noses had been Councillours
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keepe State so.

L. San. They haue all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That neuer see 'em pace before, the Spauen
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.

L. Ch. Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too't,
That sure th'haue worne out Ch'ristendome: how now?
What newes, Sir *Thomas Louell*?

Enter Sir *Thomas Louell*.

Louell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt vpon the Court Gate.

L. Cham.

L. Cham. What is't for?
Lou. The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants,
 That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.
L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
 Now I would pray our Monfieurs
 To thinke an English Courtier may be wise,
 And neuer see the *Louure*.
Lou. They must either
 (For so run the Conditions) leaue those remnants
 Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
 With all their honourable points of ignorance
 Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
 Abusing better men then they can be
 Out of a forreigne wisedome, renouncing cleane
 The faith they haue in Tennis and tall Stockings,
 Short blifred Breches, and those types of Trauell;
 And vnderstand againe like honest men,
 Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it,
 They may *Cum Pruiilegio*, wee away
 The lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at.
L. San. 'Tis time to giue 'em Physicke, their diseases
 Are growne so catching.
L. Cham. What a losse our Ladies
 Will haue of these trim vanities?
Louell. I marry,
 There will be woe indeede Lords, the slye whorfons
 Haue got a speeding trickes to lay downe Ladies.
 A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.
L. San. The Diuell fiddle 'em,
 I am glad they are going,
 For sure there's no conuerting of 'em: now
 An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten
 A long time out of play, may bring his plaine song,
 And haue an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady
 Held currant Musicke too.
L. Cham. Well said Lord *Sands*,
 Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?
L. San. No my Lord,
 Nor shall not while I haue a stumpe.
L. Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
 Whither were you a going?
Lou. To the Cardinals;
 Your Lordship is a guest too.
L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
 This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
 To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
 The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile assure you.
Lou. That Churchman
 Beares a bounteous minde indeede,
 A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
 His dewes fall euery where.
L. Cham. No doubt hee's Noble;
 He had a blacke mouth that said other of him.
L. San. He may my Lord,
 Ha's wherewithall in him;
 Sparing would shew a worse sinne, then ill Doctrine,
 Men of his way, should be most liberall,
 They are set heere for examples.
L. Cham. True, they are so;
 But few now giue so great ones:
 My Barge staves;
 Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
 We shall be late else, which I would not be,
 For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
 This night to be Comptrollers.
L. San. I am your Lordships. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Hoboes. *A small Table vnder a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Guests. Then Enter Anne Bullen, and diuers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Guests at one Doore; at an other Doore enter Sir Henry Guilford.*

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladyes,
 A generall welcome from his Grace
 Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
 To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes
 In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her
 One care abroad: hee would haue all as merry:
 As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
 Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Louell.
 O my Lord, y'are tardy;
 The very thought of this faire Company,
 Clapt wings to me.
Cham. You are young Sir *Harry Guilford*.
San. Sir *Thomas Louell*, had the Cardinall
 But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
 Should finde a running Basket, ere they rested,
 I thinke would better please 'em: by my life,
 They are a sweet society of faire ones.
Lou. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,
 To one or two of these.
San. I would I were,
 They should finde easie pittance.
Lou. Faith how easie?
San. As easie as a downe bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you fit; Sir *Harry*
 Place you that side, Ile take the charge of this:
 His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze,
 Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
 My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
 Pray fit betweene these Ladies.
San. By my faith,
 And thanke your Lordship: by your leaue sweet Ladies,
 If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgiue me:
 I had it from my Father.

An. Bul. Was he mad Sir?
San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;
 But he would bite none, iust as I doe now,
 He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath.
Cham. Well said my Lord:
 So now y'are fairely seated: Gntlemen,
 The pittance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies
 Passe away frowning.
San. For my little Cure,
 Let me alone.

Hoboes. *Enter Cardinall Wolsey, and takes his State.*
Card. Y'are wel come my faire Guests; that noble Lady
 Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
 Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,
 And to you all good health.
San. Your Grace is Noble,
 Let me haue such a Bowle may hold my thankes,
 And faue me so much talking.
Card. My Lord *Sands*,

holding to you : cheere your neighbours :
you are not merry ; Gentlemen, om.cn
fault is this?

The red wine first must rise
faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em,
is to silence.

B. You are a merry Gamster
'd Sands.

Yes, if I make my play :
to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:
to such a thing.

3. You cannot shew me.

Drum and Trumpet, Chambers discharged.
I told your Grace, they would talke anon.

What's that?

4. Looke out there, some of ye.

What warlike voyce,
what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not ;
he lawes of Warre y'are priuiledg'd.

Enter a Seruant.

5. How now, what is't?

A noble troupe of Strangers,
they feeme; th'haue left their Barge and landed,
ther make, as great Embassadors
of raigne Princes.

6. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue
y receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
r preference, where this heauen of beauty
ine at full vpon them. Some attend him.

All rise, and Tables remou'd.

ue now a broken Banquet, but wee'l mend it.
digeftion to you all; and once more
e a welcome on yee : welcome all.

*Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like
wards, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They
directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully sa-
sim.*

e Company : what are their pleasures?

7. Because they speak no English, thus they praide
your Grace : That hauing heard by fame
fo Noble and fo faire assembly,
ght to meet heere they could doe no lesse,
(the great respect they beare to beauty)
re their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct
eae to view these Ladies, and entreat
re of Reuels with 'em.

Say, Lord Chamberlaine,
aue done my poore house grace:
ich I pay'em a thousand thankes,
y'em take their pleasures.

Choose Ladies, King and An Bullen.

The fairest hand I euer touch'd: O Beauty,
w I neuer knew thee.

Musicke, Dance.

8. My Lord.

9. Your Grace.

10. Pray tell 'em thus much from me :
ould be one amongst 'em by his person
orthy this place then my selfe, to whom
t knew him) with my loue and duty
surrender it. *Wisper.*

11. I will my Lord.
12. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
There is indeed, which they would haue your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Card. Let me see then,
By all your good leaues Gentlemen; heere Ile make
My royall choyce.

Kin. Ye haue found him Cardinall,
You hold a faire Assembly; you doe well Lord:
You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,
I should iudge now vnhappyly.

Card. I am glad
Your Grace is growne so pleasant.

Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine,
Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir Thomas Bullens Daughter, the Viscount Rochford,
One of her Highnesse women.

Kin. By Heauen she is a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were vnmanly to take you out,
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.

Card. Sir Thomas Louell, is the Banquet ready
I'th' Priuy Chamber?

Lou. Yes, my Lord.

Card. Your Grace
I feare, with dancing is a little heated.

Kin. I feare too much.

Card. There's fresher ayre my Lord,
In the next Chamber.

Kin. Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one : Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you : Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall : I haue halfe a dozen healths,
To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame
Who's best in fauour. Let the Musicke knock it.

Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at severall Doores.

1. Whether away so fast?

2. O, God saue ye :

Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1. Ile saue you

That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing backe the Prisoner.

2. Were you there?

1. Yes indeed was I.

2. Pray speake what ha's happen'd.

1. You may guesse quickly what.

2. Is he found guilty?

1. Yes truly is he,
And condemn'd vpon't.

2. I am sorry fort.

1. So are a number more.

2. But pray how past it?

1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleadged
Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.
The Kings Attorney on the contrary,
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confessions

Of diuers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To him brought *viua voce* to his face;
At which appear'd against him, his Surueyor
Sir Gilbert Pecke his Chancellour, and *John Car*,
Confessor to him, with that Diuell Monke,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. That was hee
That fed him with his Prophecies.

1. The fame,

All these accus'd him strongly, which he saine
Would haue flung from him; but indeed he couldnot;
And so his Peeres vpon this euidence,
Haue found him guilty of high Treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.

2. After all this, how did he beare himselfe?

1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to beare
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was stir'd
With such an Agony, he sweat extreemly,
And fomthing spoke in choller, ill, and hafty:
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience.

2. I doe not thinke he feares death.

1. Sure he does not,
He neuer was so womanish, the cause
He may a little grieue at.

2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.

1. Tis likely,

By all coniectures: First *Kildares* Attendure;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd
Earle *Surrey*, was sent thither, and in haft too,
Least he should helpe his Father.

2. That trick of State

Was a deepe enuiou one,

1. At his returne,

No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who euer the King fauours,
The Cardnall instantly will finde employment,
And farre enough from Court too.

2. All the Commons

Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience
With him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much
They loue and doate on: call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courtiefie.

*Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, Tipstauers before
him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each
side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Louell, Sir Nicolas
Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.*

1. Stay there Sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speake of.

2. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck All good people,
You that thus farre haue come to pittie me;
Heare what I say, and then goe home and lose me.
I haue this day receiud a Traitors Iudgement,
And by that name must dye; yet Heauen beare witness,
And if I haue a Conscience, let it sincke me,
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
T'has done vpon the premises, but Iustice:
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians:
(Be what they will) I heartily forgie 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischief;

Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;
For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King haue mercies
More then I dare make faults.

You few that lou'd me,

And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long diuorce of Steele falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name.

Louell. I doe beseech your Grace, for charity

If euer any mallice in your heart

Were hid against me, now to forgie me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Louell*, I as free forgie you

As I would be forgien: I forgiue all.

There cannot be those numberlesse offences

Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:

No blacke Enuy shall make my Graue.

Commend mee to his Grace:

And if he speake of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,

You met him halfe in Heauen: my vowes and prayers

Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forsake,

Shall cry for blessings on him. May he liue

Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;

Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;

And when old Time shall lead him to his end,

Goodnesse and he, fill vp one Monument.

Lou. To th' water side I must conduct your Grace;

Then giue my Charge vp to Sir *Nicolas Vaux*,

Who vndertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,

The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready;

And fit it with such furniture as suites

The Greatnesse of his Person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicolas*,

Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.

When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,

And Duke of *Buckingham*: now, poore *Edward Bohun*;

Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,

That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now seale it;

And with that bloud will make 'em one day groane for't.

My noble Father *Henry of Buckingham*,

Who first rais'd head against *Vsurping Richard*,

Flying for succour to his Seruant *Banister*,

Being distrest; was by that wretch betrayd,

And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.

Henry the Seauenth succeeding, truly pittying

My Fathers losse; like a most Royall Prince

Restor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines

Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,

Henry the Eighth, Life, Honour, Name and all

That made me happy; at one stroke ha's taken

For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,

And must needs say a Noble one; which makes me

A little happier then my wretched Father:

Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both

Fell by our Seruants, by those Men we lou'd most:

A most vnnaturall and faithlesse Seruice.

Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that beare me,

This from a dying man receiue as certaine:

Where you are liberrall of your loues and Councils,

Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And

giue your hearts to; when they once perceiue
east rub in your fortunes, fall away
water from ye, neuer found againe
here they meane to sinke ye : all good people
for me, I must now forsake ye; the last houre
y long weary life is come vpon me :
rell; and when you would say somthing that is sad,
e how I fell.
e done; and God forgie me.

Exeunt Duke and Traine.

O, this is full of pittie; Sir, it cals
e, too many curses on their heads
were the Authors.

If the Duke be guiltlesse,
ull of woe : yet I can giue you inckling
enfuing euill, if it fall,
er then this.

Good Angels keepe it from vs :
: may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?
This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require
ng faith to concale it.

Let me haue it :
not talke much.

I am confident;
hall Sir : Did you not of late dayes heare
tzing of a Separation
ene the King and *Katherine*?

Yes, but it held not ;
hen the King once heard it, out of anger
nt command to the Lord Mayor straight
p the rumor; and allay those tongues
durft disperse it.

But that slander Sir,
nd a truth now: for it growes agen
r then e're it was; and held for certaine
King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
me about him neere, haue out of malice
e good Queene, posselt him with a scruple
ie vndoe her: To confirme this too,
nall *Campeius* is arriu'd, and lately,
I thinke for this business.

'Tis the Cardinall;
meerely to reuenge him on the Emperour,
ot bestowing on him at his asking,
Archbishopricke of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.
I thinke

saue hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
she should feele the smart of this : the Cardinall
haue his will, and the must fall.

'Tis wofull,
are too open heere to argue this :

thinke in private more. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

*Y Lord, the Horses your Lordship sent for, with all the
care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnis'd.
were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the
When they were ready to set out for London, a man
Lord Cardinalls, by Commission, and maine power tooke
on me, with this reason: his maister would bee seru'd be-*

*fore a Subject, if not before the King, which stop'd our mouths
Sir.*

I feare he will indeede; well, let him haue them; hee
will haue all I thinke.

*Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Nor-
folke and Suffolke.*

Norf. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.

Cbam. Good day to both your Graces.

Suff. How is the King imployd?

Cbam. I left him priuate,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Norf. What's the cause?

Cbam. It seemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Ha's crept too neere his Conscience.

Suff. No, his Conscience
Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.

Norf. 'Tis so;

This is the Cardinals doing : The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God he doe,
Hee'l neuer know himselfe else.

Norf. How holily he workes in all his businessse,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Between vs & the Emperour (the Queens great Nephew)
He diues into the Kings Soule, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience,
Feares, and despaires, and all these for his Marriage.

And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a Diuorce, a losse of her
That like a Iewell, ha's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet neuer lost her lustre;
Of her that loues him with that excellence,
That Angels loue good men with : Euen of her,
That when the greatest stroake of Fortune falls
Will blesse the King : and is not this course pious ?

Cbam. Heauen keep me from such counsel : tis most true
These newes are euery where, euery tongue speaks 'em,
And euery true heart weepes for't. All that da re
Looke into these affaires, see this maine end,
The French Kings Sister. Heauen will one day open
The Kings eyes, that so long haue slept vpon
This bold bad man.

Suff. And free vs from his slauery.

Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliuerance;
Or this imperious man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages : all mens honours
Lie like one lumpe before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suff. For me, my Lords,
I loue him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, so Ile stand,
If the King please : his Curses and his blessings
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not belecue in.
I knew him, and I know him : so I leaue him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.

Norf. Let's in;
And with some other busines, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much vpon him:
My Lord, youle beare vs company?

Cbam. Excuse me,
The King ha's sent me elsewhere : Besides
You'l finde a most vnfit time to disturbe him:
Health to your Lordships.

Nor.

Norfolke. Thankes my good Lord Chamberlaine.
*Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King draws the Curtaine
and sits reading pensively.*

Suff. How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.

Kin. Who's there? Ha?

Norff. Pray God he be not angry. (seues)

Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your
Into my priuate Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?

Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come
To know your Royall pleasure.

Kin. Ye are too bold:

Go too; Ile make ye know your times of businesse:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you'r welcome
Most learned Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Vfe vs, and it: My good Lord, haue great care,
I be not found a Talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot;
I would your Grace would giue vs but an howre
Of priuate conference.

Kin. We are busie; goe.

Norff. This Priest ha's no pride in him?

Suff. Not to speake of:

I would not be so sicke though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Norff. If it doe, Ile venture one; haue at him.

Suff. I another.

Exeunt Norfolke and Suffolke.

Wol. Your Grace ha's giuen a President of wisdome
Aboue all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome:
Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you?
The Spaniard tide by blood and fauour to her,
Must now confesse, if they haue any goodnesse,
The Tryall, iust and Noble. All the Clerkes,
(I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
Haue their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Iudgement)
Inuited by your Noble selfe, hath sent
One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man,
This iust and learned Priest, Cardnall *Campeius*,
Whom once more, I present vnto your Highnesse.

Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke the holy Conclau for their loues,
They haue sent me such a Man, I would haue wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserue all strangers loues,
You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand
I tender my Commission; by whose vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
Cardinall of *Yorke*, are ioyn'd with me their Seruant,
In the vnpartiall iudging of this Businesse. (ted)

Kin. Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquaint-
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?

Wol. I know your Maiefty, ha's alwayes lou'd her
So deare in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of lesse Place might aske by Law;
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.

Kin. I, and the best she shall haue; and my fauour
To him that does best, God forbid els: Cardinall,
Prethee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary.
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Giue me your hand: much ioy & fauour to you;
You are the Kings now.

Gard. But to be commanded

For euer by your Grace, whose hand ha's rais'd me.

Kin. Come hither *Gardiner*.

Walkes and whispers.

Camp. My Lord of *Yorke*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camp. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes surely.

Camp. Beleeue me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Euen of your selfe Lord Cardinall.

Wol. How? of me?

Camp. They will not sticke to say, you enuide him;
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man still, which so greeu'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide.

Wol. Heau'ns peace be with him:

That's Christian care enough: for liuing Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him follows my appointment,
I will haue none so neere els. Learne this Brother,
We liue not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

Kin. Deliuer this with modesty to th'Queene.

Exit Gardiner.

The most conuenient place, that I can thinke of
For such receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:
There ye shall meeete about this waighty busines.
My *Wolsey*, see it furnish'd, O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leaue
So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leaue her. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches
His Highnesse, hauing liu'd so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could euer
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She neuer knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courses of the Sun enthroned,
Still growing in a Maiefty and pompe, the which
To leaue, a thousand fold more bitter, then
'Tis sweet at first t'acquire. After this Proceffe.
To giue her the auant, it is a pity
Would moue a Monster.

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

An. Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do diuorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soule and bodies seuering.

Old L. Alas poore Lady,
Shee's a stranger now againe.

An. So much the more
Must pittie drop vpon her; verily
I sweare, 'tis better to be lowly borne,

And

ge with humble liuers in Content,
be perk'd vp in a gliftring griefe,
ire a golden sorrow.

Our content
ft hauing.

By my troth, and Maidenhead,
not be a Queene.

Befhrew me, I would,
ture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
his spice of your Hipocrifite:

t haue fo faire parts of Woman on you,
o) a Womens heart, which cuer yet
Eminence, Wealth, Soueraignty;
to fay footh, are Blessings; and which giufts
our mincing) the capacity
foft Chiuerell Conscience, would receiue,
ight please to stretch it.

Nay, good troth.

Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queene?
No, not for all the riches vnder Heauen.

'Tis strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me
am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
inke you of a Dutcheffe? Haue you limbs
that load of Title?

So in truth.

Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,
not be a young Count in your way,
e then blushing comes to: If your backe
ouchsafe this burthen, tis too weake
get a Boy.

How you doe talke;

again, I would not be a Queene,
he world:

L. In faith, for little England
venture an emballing: I my selfe
or *Carnaruan/bire*, although there long'd
: to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine. (know

um. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to
et of your conference?

My good Lord,

demand; it values not your asking:

his Sorrowes we were pittying.

It was a gentle businesse, and becoming
on of good women, there is hope
be well.

Now I pray God, *Amen.*

You beare a gentle minde, & heau'nly blessing
rich Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
I speake sincerely, and high notes
your many vertues; the Kings Maiesty
ds his good opinion of you, to you; and
pose honour to you no lesse flowing,
rchionesse of *Pembrooke*; to which Title,
and pound a yeare, Annuall support,
ia Grace, he addes.

I doe not know

nde of my obedience, I should tender;
in my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
words duely hallowed; nor my Withes
rth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Withes
can returne. Befeech your Lordship,
e to speake my thanks, and my obedience,
a blufh ng Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
ealth and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady;

I shall not faile t'approve the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I haue perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they haue caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a lemme,
To lighten all this Ile. I'le to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why this it is: See, see,
I haue beene begging fixeene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any fuit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fish heere; fye, fye, fye vpon
This compel'd fortune: haue your mouth fill'd vp,
Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tafts it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would the not
For all the mud in Egypt; haue you heard it?

An. Come you are pleasant.

Old L. With your Theame, I could
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchionesse of *Pembrooke*?
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promifes mo thousands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutcheffe. Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?

An. Good Lady,

Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leaue me out on't. Would I had no being
If this salute my blood a iot; it faints me
To thinke what followes.

The Queene is comfortlesse, and wee forgetfull
In our long absence: pray doe not deliuer,
What heere y'haue heard to her.

Old L. What doe you thinke me ——— *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

*Enter two Vergers, with short siluer wands; next them two
Scribes in the habite of Doctors; after them, the Bishop of
Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne, Ely,
Rochester, and S. Asaph: Next them, with some small
distance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the
great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bear-
ing each a Siluer Crosse: Then a Gentleman vber bare-
beaded, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a
Siluer Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great
Siluer Pillers: Aftier them, side by side, the two Cardinals,
two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes
place vnder the Cloth of State. The two Cardinals sit
vnder him as Iudges. The Queene takes place some di-
stance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on
each side the Court in manner of a Confistory: Below them
the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the
Attendants stand in conuenient order about the Stage.*

Car. Whil'ft our Commiffion from Rome is read,
Let Silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly bene read,
And on all fides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.

Car. Bee't fo, proceed.

Scri. Say, Henry K. of England, come into the Court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Heere.

Scribe. Say, Katherine Queene of England,
Come into the Court.

Crier. Katherine Queene of England, &c.

*The Queene makes no answer, rizes out of her Chaire,
goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at
his Feete. Then fpeakes.*

Sir, I defire you do me Right and Iuftice,
And to beftow your pity on me; for
I am a moft poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: hauing heere
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more affurance
Of equall Friendfhip and Proceeding. Alas Sir:
In what haue I offended you? What caufe
Hath my behauiour giuen to your difpleafure,
That thus you fhould proceede to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witneffe,
I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wiue,
At all times to your will conformable:
Euer in feare to kindle your Diflike,
Yea, fubieft to your Countenance: Glad, or forry,
As I faw it inclin'd? When was the houre
I euer contradicted your Defire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Haue I not ftrove to loue, although I knew
He was mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deri'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice
He was from thence difcharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I haue bene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene bleft
With many Children by you. If in the courfe
And proceffe of this time, you can report,
And proue it too, againft mine Honor, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie
Againft your Sacred Perfon; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let the fowl'ft Contempt
Shut doore vpon me, and fo giue me vp
To the shar'ft kinde of Iuftice. Pleafe you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince moft Prudent; of an excellent
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wifeft Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wife Councell to them
Of euery Realme, that did debate this Bufineffe,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Befeech you Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whofe Counfaile
I will implore. If not, i'th name of God
Your pleafure be fulfill'd.

Vol. You haue heere Lady,
(And of your choice) thefe Reuerend Fathers, men
Of fingular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o'th Land, who are affembled
To pleade your Caufe. It fhall be therefore bootleffe,

That longer you defire the Court, as well
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
What is vnsetled in the King.

Camp. His Grace

Hath fpoken well, and iuftly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Seflion do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I fpeake.

Vol. Your pleafure, Madam.

Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd fo) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
Ile turne to fparkes of fire.

Vol. Be patient yet.

Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do beleuee
(Induc'd by potent Circumftances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You fhall not be my Iudge. For it is you
Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I fay againe,
I vtterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refufe you for my Iudge, whom yet once more
I hold my moft malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.

Vol. I do profefse

You fpeake not like your felfe: who euer yet
Haue ftood to Charity, and difplayd th' effects
Of difpofition gentle, and of wifedome,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I haue no Spleene againft you, nor iniuftice
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commiffion from the Confiftorie,
Yea, the whole Confiftorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
The King is prefent: If it be knowne to him,
That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Falfehood, yea, as much
As you haue done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remoue thefe Thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneffe fhall fpeake in, I do befeech
You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your fpeaking,
And to fay fo no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,

I am a fimple woman, much too weake
To oppofe your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd
You figne your Place, and Calling, in full feeming,
With Meekeneffe and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.
You haue by Fortune, and his Highneffe fauours,
Gone flightly o're lowe fteppe, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domestickes to you) ferue your will, as't pleafe
Your felfe pronounce their Office. I muft tell you,
You tender more your perfons Honor, then
Your high profefion Spirituall. That agen
I do refufe you for my Iudge, and heere
Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope,
To bring my whole Caufe 'fore his Holineffe,
And to be iudg'd by him.

She Curfes to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp.

The Queene is obstinate,
 ie to Iustice, apt to accuse it, and
 all to be tride by't; tis not well
 oing away.

Call her againe.

Katherine, Q. of England, come into the Court.

Up. Madam, you are cald backe.

What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
 ou are cald returne. Now the Lord helpe,
 xe me past my patience, pray you passe on;
 it tarry: no, nor euer more
 tis businesse my appearance make,
 f their Courts.

Exit Queene, and her Attendants.

Goe thy wayes *Kate,*

in i'th' world, who shall report he ha's

Wife, let him in naught be trusted,

king false in that; thou art alone

rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse,

eknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Gouernment,

in commanding, and thy parts

ne and Pious els, could speake thee out)

ene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;

e her true Nobility, she ha's

her selfe towards me.

Most gracious Sir,

left manner I require your Highnes,

shall please you to declare in hearing

ese eares (for where I am rob'd and bound,

ust I be vnloos'd, although not there

, and fully satisfide) whether euer I

ch this busines to your Highnes, or

scruple in your way, which might

ou to the question on't: or euer

you, but with thanks to God for such

l Lady, spake one, the least word that might

e prejudice of her present State,

of her good Person?

My Lord Cardinall,

cuse you; yea, vpon mine Honour,

u from't: You are not to be taught

u haue many enemies, that know not

ey are so; but like to Village Curses,

hen their fellowes doe. By some of these

ene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:

you be more iustifi'de? You euer

sh'd the sleeping of this busines, neuer desir'd

stir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft

pages made toward it; on my Honour,

my good Lord Cardinall, to this point;

is farre cleare him.

hat mou'd me too't,

: bold with time and your attention: (too't:

arke th'inducement. Thus it came; giue heede

science first receiu'd a tendernes,

and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd

shop of *Bayon*, then French Embassador,

rd beene hither sent on the debating

riage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleance*, and

ghter *Mary*: I'th' Progressse of this busines,

terminate resolution, hee

e the Bishop) did require a respite,

he might the King his Lord aduertise,

r our Daughter were legitimate,

ng this our Marriage with the Dowager,

ies our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke

The bosome of my Conscience, enter'd me;

Yea, with a spitting power, and made to tremble

The region of my Breast, which forc'd such way,

That many maz'd considerings, did through

And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought

I stood not in the smile of Heauen, who had

Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe

If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, should

Doe no more Offices of life too't; then

The Graue does to th' dead: For her Male Issue,

Or di'de where they were made, or shortly after

This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,

This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome

(Well worthy the best Heyre o'th' World) should not

Be gladdened in't by me. Then follows, that

I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes stood in

By this my Issues faile, and that gaue to me

Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in

The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steere

Toward this remedy, whereupon we are

Now present heere together: that's to say,

I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which

I then did feele full sicke, and yet not well,

By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,

And Doctors learn'd. First I began in priuate,

With you my Lord of *Lincolne*; you remember

How vnder my oppression I did reeke

When I first mou'd you.

B. Lin. Very well my Liedge.

Kin. I haue spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say

How farre you satisfide me.

Lin. So please your Highnes,

The question did at first so stagger me,

Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,

And consequence of dread, that I committed

The darings't Counsaile which I had to doubt,

And did entreate your Highnes to this course,

Which you are running heere.

Kin. I then mou'd you,

My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leaue

To make this present Summons vnfolicted.

I left no Reuerend Person in this Court;

But by particular consent proceeded

Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,

For no dislike i'th' world against the person

Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points

Of my alleadged reasons, driues this forward:

Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life

And Kingly Dignity, we are contented

To weare our mortall State to come, with her,

(*Katherine* our Queene) before the prime'st Creature

That's Parragon'd o'th' World

Camp. So please your Highnes,

The Queene being absent, 'tis a needfull fitnesse,

That we adiourne this Court till further day;

Meane while, must be an earnest motion

Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale

She intends vnto his Holinesse.

Kin. I may perceiue

These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre

This dilatory sloth, and trickes of Rome.

My learn'd and welbeloued Seruant *Cranmer*,

Prethee returne, with thy approach: I know,

My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;

I say, set on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes sad with troubles,
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leaue working:

SONG.

O Rpbew with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers
Euer sprung; as Sunne and Showers,
There had made a lasting Spring.
Euery thing that heard him play,
Euen the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their beads, & then lay by.
In sweet Musicke is such Art,
Killing care, & grieffe of heart,
Fall asleepe, or bearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speake with me?

Gent. They wil'd me say so Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come neere: what can be their busines
With me, a poore weake woman, false from fauour?
I doe not like their coming; now I thinke on't,
They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolfey & Campian.

Wol. Peace to your Highnesse.

Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houfwife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:

What are your pleasures with me, reuerent Lords?

Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your priuate Chamber; we shall giue you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speake it heere.

There's nothing I haue done yet o' my Conscience
Deserues a Corner: would all other Women
Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe.

My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Aboue a number) if my actions
Were tri'de by eu'ry tongue, eu'ry eye saw 'em,
Enuy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so euen. If your busines
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing.

Card. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima.*

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not such a Truant since my coming,
As not to know the Language I haue liu'd in: (ous:
A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspiti-
Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you,
If you speake truth, for their poore Mistris sake;
Beleeue me the ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing't sinne I euer yet committed,
May be absolu'd in English.

Card. Noble Lady,

I am sorry my integrity shoul breed,
(And seruice to his Maiefty and you)
So deepe suspition, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accufation,
To taint that honour euery good Tongue blefles;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You haue too much good Lady: But to know
How you stand minded in the waighty difference
Betweene the King and you, and to deliuer
(Like free and honest men) our iust opinions,
And comforts to our cause.

Camp. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace,
His Seruice, and his Counsell.

Queen. To betray me.

My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,
Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proue so)
But how to make ye sodainly an Answere
In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour,
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;
And to such men of grauity and learning;
In truth I know not. I was set at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for such men, or such businesse;
For her sake that I haue beene, for I feele
The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces
Let me haue time and Councell for my Cause:
Alas, I am a Woman frendlesse, hopelesse.

Wol. Madam,

You wrong the Kings loue with these feares,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,

But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,
That any English man dare giue me Councell?
Or be a knowne friend gainst his Highnes pleasure,
(Though he be growne so desperate to be honest)
And liue a Subiect? Nay forsooth, my Friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, liue not heere,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine owne Country Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace

Would leaue your greefes, and take my Counsell.

Queen. How Sir?

Camp. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection,
Hee's louing and most gracious. 'Twill be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:
For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tels you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:
Is this your Christian Councell? Out vpon ye.
Heauen is aboue all yet; there fits a Iudge.
That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage mistakes vs.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Vpon my Soule two reuerend Cardinall Vertues:
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,

ore Charity. But say I warn'd ye ;
d, for heauens sake take heed, leaft at once
ten of my forrowes, fall vpon ye.
Madam, this is a meere diftraction,
: the good we offer, into enuy.
Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,
ich falfe Professors. Would you haue me
ue any luftice, any Pitty,
ny thing but Churchmens habita)
cke caufe into his hands, that hates me ?
banish'd me his Bed already,
too long ago. I am old my Lords,
e Fellowship I hold now with him
ny Obedience. What can happen
oue this wretchedneffe ? All your Studies
a Curfe, like this.

Your feares are worfe.
ue I liu'd thus long (let me speake my selfe,
ue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one ?
I dare fay without Vainglory)
: branded with Suspition?
ith all my full Affections
he King ? Lou'd him next Heau'n ? Obey'd him ?
of fondneffe) fuperfitious to him ?
rgot my Prayres to content him ?
thus rewarded ? 'Tis not well Lords.
a conftant woman to her Husband,
ne're dream'd a Ioy, beyond his pleafure ;
at Woman (when ſhe has done moft)
adde an Honor ; a great Patience.
Madam, you wander from the good
at.

ly Lord,
make my ſelfe fo guiltie,
p willingly that Noble Title
er wed me to : nothing but death
diuorce my Dignities.
ray heare me.
ould I had neuer trod this Englifh Earth,
: Flatteries that grow vpon it :
Angels Faces ; but Heauen knowes your hearts.
become of me now, wretched Lady ?
noft vnhappy Woman liuing.
re Wenches) where are now your Fortunes ?
'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
s, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me ?
Graue allow'd me ? Like the Lilly
was Miſtris of the Field, and flouriſh'd,
ny head, and periſh.

f your Grace
be brought to know, our Ends are honeſt,
:le more comfort. Why ſhold we (good Lady)
t caufe wrong you ? Alas, our Places,
of our Profefſion is againſt it ;
Cure ſuch forrowes, not to ſowe 'em.
eſſe ſake, conſider what you do,
may hurt your ſelfe : I, vtterly
n the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
: of Princes kiſſe Obedience,
hey loue it. But to ſtubborne Spirits,
l and grow, as terrible as ſtormes.
u haue a Gentle, Noble temper,
euen as a Calme ; Pray thinke vs,
profefſe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants.
Madam, you'l finde it fo :
g your Vertues

With theſe weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, euer caſts
Such doubts as falſe Coine from it. The King loues you,
Beware you looſe it not : For vs (if you pleaſe
To truſt vs in your buſineſſe) we are ready
To vſe our vtmoſt Studies, in your ſeruiſe.

Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords :
And pray forgiue me ;
If I haue vs'd my ſelfe vnmanly,
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemely anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray do my ſeruiſe to his Maieſtie,
He ha's my heart yet, and ſhall haue my Prayers
While I ſhall haue my life. Come reuerend Fathers,
Beſtow your Counſels on me. She now begges
That little thought when ſhe ſet footing heere,
She ſhould haue bought her Dignities fo deere. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey,
and Lord Chamberlaine.*

Norf. If you will now vnite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Conſtancy, the Cardinall
Cannot ſtand vnder them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe,
But that you ſhall ſuſtaine moe new diſgraces,
With theſe you beare alreadie.

Sur. I am ioyfull
To mee the leaſt occaſion, that may giue me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,
To be reueng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peeres
Haue vncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Strangely neglected ? When did he regard
The ſtampe of Nobleneſſe in any perſon
Out of himſelfe ?

Cham. My Lords, you ſpeake your pleaſures :
What he deſerues of you and me, I know :
What we can do to him (though now the time
Giues way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot
Barre his acceſſe to'th'King, neuer attempt
Any thing on him : for he hath a Witchcraft
Ouer the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O feare him not,
His ſpell in that is out : the King hath found
Matter againſt him, that for euer marres
The Hony of his Language. No, he's ſetled
(Not to come off) in his diſpleaſure.

Sur. Sir,
I ſhould be glad to heare ſuch Newes as this
Once every houre.

Nor. Beleuee it, this is true.
In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all vnfolded : wherein he appears,
As I would wiſh mine Enemy.

Sur. How came
His practiſes to light ?

Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.

Sur. O how ? how ?

Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miſcarried,
And

And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse
To stay the Iudgement o'th'Diuorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue
My King is tangled in affection, to

A Creature of the Queenes, Lady *Anne Bullen*,

Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Beleeue it.

Sur. Will this worke?

Cham. The King in this perceiues him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physicke
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.

Sur. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your with my Lord,
For I professe you haue it.

Sur. Now all my ioy

Trace the Coniunction.

Suf. My Amen too't.

Nor. All mens.

Suf. There's order giuen for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To some eares vnrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoria'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry Amen.

Suf. No, no:

There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall *Campeius*,
Is stolne away to Rome, hath tane no leaue,
Ha's left the cause o'th'King vnhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.

Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder.

Norf. But my Lord

When returnes *Crammer*?

Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Haue satisfied the King for his Diuorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleeue)
His second Marriage shall be published, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princeesse Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Crammer*'s
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings businesse.

Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it, an Arch-bishop.

Nor. So I heare.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolfey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.

Nor. Obserue, obserue, hee's moody.

Car. The Packet Cromwell,

Gau't you the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.

Card. Look'd he o'th'inside of the Paper?

Crom. Presently

He did vnseale them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he had
Attend him heere this Morning.

Card. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I thinke by this he is.

Card. Leaue me a while. *Exit Cromwell.*

It shall be to the Dutches of Alanfon,
The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No: Ile no *Anne Bullens* for him,
There's more in't then faire Visage. *Bullen*?

No, wee'l no *Bullens*: Speedily I with
To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbroke?

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he heares the King
Does whet his Anger to him.

Sur. Sharpe enough,

Lord for thy Iustice.

Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?

A Knights Daughter

To be her Mistris Mistris? The Queenes, Queene?
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well deseruing? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholsome to
Our cause, that she should lye i'th'bosome of
Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung vp
An Heretique, an Arch-one; *Crammer*, one
Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,
And is his Oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Sur. I would 'twere somthing y would fret the string,
The Master-cord on's heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th' name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?

Nor. My Lord, we haue

Stood heere obseruing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a sodaine, lookes vpon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight
Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon, he casts
His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures
We haue seene him set himselfe.

King. It may well be,

There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conscience put vnwittingly)
Forsooth an Inuentory, thus importing
The seuerall parcels of his Plate, his Treasure,
Rich Stuffles and Ornaments of Household, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Possession of a Subiect.

Nor. It's Heavens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To blesse your eye withall.

King. If we did thinke

His

contemplation were about the earth,
 next on Spirituall objects, he should still
 in his Musings, but I am afraid
 thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
 serious considering.

*King takes his Seat, whiffers Louell, who goes
 to the Cardinall.*

Heauen forgie me,
 God blesse your Highnesse.
 g. Good my Lord,
 re full of Heauenly stuffe, and beare the Inuentory
 of best Graces, in your minde; the which
 were now running o're: you haue scarce time
 to take from Spirituall leysure, a briefe span
 to reue your earthly Audit, sure in that
 you are an ill Husband, and am glad
 to see you therein my Companion.

Sir,
 only Offices I haue a time; a time
 to take vpon the part of businesse, which
 is i'th' State: and Nature does require
 me of preferuation, which perforce
 requireth some, among't my Brethren mortall,
 to giue my tendance to.
 g. You haue said well.
 And euer may your Highnesse yoake together,
 will lend you cause) my doing well,
 my well saying.

'Tis well said agen,
 is a kinde of good deede to say well,
 and words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,
 and he did, and with his deed did Crowne
 ord' vpon you. Since I had my Office,
 I kept you next my Heart, haue not alone
 I'd you where high Profits might come home,
 I'd my present Hauings, to bestow
 vnties vpon you.

What should this meane?
 The Lord increaseth this businesse.
 g. Haue I not made you
 the time man of the State? I pray you tell me,
 if I now pronounce, you haue found true:
 if you may confesse it, say withall
 if you are bound to vs, or no. What say you?

My Soueraigne, I confesse your Royall graces
 I'd on me daily, haue bene more then could
 I'died purposes requite, which went
 to all mans endeauours. My endeauours,
 neuer come too short of my Desires,
 I'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
 are eene mine so, that euermore they pointed
 to good of your most Sacred Person, and
 profit of the State. For your great Graces
 I vpon me (poore Vnderferuer) I
 nothing render but Allegiant thanks,
 ayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie
 I euer ha's, and euer shall be growing,
 as that (that Winter) kill it.

Fairely answer'd:
 all, and obedient Subiect is
 in illustrated, the Honor of it
 say the Act of it, as i'th' contrary
 whelnesse is the punishment. I presume,
 as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
 art drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more
 u, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,

Your Braine, and euery Function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
 As 'twere in Loues particular, be more
 To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do professe,

That for your Highnesse good, I euer labour'd
 More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be
 (Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,
 And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
 Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and
 Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
 As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood,
 Should the approach of this wilde Riuer breake,
 And stand vnshaken yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken:

Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall brest,
 For you haue seene him open't. Read o're this,
 And after this, and then to Breakfast with
 What appetite you haue.

*Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinall, the Nobles
 bring after him smiling, and whiffing.*

Car. What should this meane?

What sodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?
 He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
 Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
 Vpon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him:
 Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:
 I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:
 This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis th' Accompt
 Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together
 For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,
 And fee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
 Fit for a Foole to fall by: What crosse Diuell
 Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
 I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new deuice to beate this from his Braines?
 I know 'twill stirre him strongly; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune
 Will bring me off againe. What's this? *To his Pope?*
 The Letter (as I liue) with all the Businesse
 I writ too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:
 I haue touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse,
 And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
 I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,
 And no man see me more.

*Enter to Woolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolke, the
 Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.*

Nor. Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinall,
 Who commands you
 To render vp the Great Seale presently
 Into our hands, and to Confine your selfe
 To Asher-houfe, my Lord of Winchesters,
 Till you heare further from his Highnesse.

Car. Stay:

Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie
 Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare crosse 'em,
 Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressly?

Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
 (I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele
 Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,
 How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces

As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your envious courtes, men of Malice;
You haue Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gaue me:
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,
T'i'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gaue it.

Car. It must be himselve then.

Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.

Car. Proud Lord, thou lyeft:

Within these fortie houres, Surrey durst better
Haue burnt that Tongue, then saide so.

Sur. Thy Ambition

(Thou Scarlet sinne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,
You sent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his succour; from the King, from all
That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gau'ft him:
Whil'ft your great Goodnesse, out of holy pittie,
Absolu'd him with an Axe.

Vol. This, and all else

This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any priuate malice in his end,
His Noble Iurie, and foule Cause can witnesse.
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You haue as little Honestie, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,
Toward the King, my euer Roiall Master,
Dare mate a founder man then Surrie can be,
And all that loue his follies.

Sur. By my Soule,

Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,
Thou should'ft feele
My Sword i'th' life blood of thee else. My Lords,
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we liue thus tamely,
To be thus laded by a peece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.

Card. All Goodnesse

Is poyson to thy Stomacke.

Sur. Yes, that goodnesse

Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets
You writ to'th' Pope, against the King: your goodnesse
Since you prouoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
As you respect the common good, the State
Of our despis'd Nobilitie, our Issues,
(Whom if he liue, will scarce be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand summe of his finnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. Ile startle you
Worse then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kissing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.

Car. How much me thinkes, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in Charitie against it.

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule ones.

Vol. So much fairer

And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arise,
When the King knowes my Truth.

Sur. This cannot faue you:

I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
Some of these Articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and crie guiltie Cardinall,
You'll shew a little Honestie.

Vol. Speake on Sir,

I dare your worst Obiections: If I blush,
It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, then my head;
Haue at you.

First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You main'd the Iurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Seruant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperour, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.

Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission
To *Gregory de Cassado*, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highnesse, and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you haue caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be stamp't on the Kings Coine.

Sur. Then, That you haue sent innumerable substance,
(By what meanes got, I leaue to your owne conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You haue for Dignities, to the meere vndoing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,

Preffe not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to see him
So little, of his great Selfe.

Sur. I forgiue him.

Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,
Be cause all those things you haue done of late
By your power Legatiue within this Kingdome,
Fall into'th' compasse of a Premunire;
That therefore such a Writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.

Nor. And so wee'll leaue you to your Meditations
How to liue better. For your stubborne answer
About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shal thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Vol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.
This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,
And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:
The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely

atnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
 in he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd
 the wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
 my Summers in a Sea of Glory,
 e beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
 th broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
 and old with Seruice, to the mercy
 le streame, that must for euer hide me.
 ompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
 ny heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
 xore man, that hangs on Princes fauours?
 i betwixt that smile we would aspire too,
 et Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,
 ngs, and feares then warres, or women haue;
 en he fallis, he fallis like Lucifer,
 o hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

ow now *Cromwell*?

I haue no power to speake Sir.

What, amaz'd

misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
 man should decline. Nay, and you weep
 ne indeed.

How does your Grace.

Why well:

o truly happy, my good *Cromwell*,
 my selfe now, and I feele within me,
 : about all earthly Dignities,
 nd quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me,
 ly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders
 in'd Pillers, out of pittie, taken
 , would sinke a Nauy, (too much Honor.)
 burden *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden
 uoy for a man, that hopes for Heauen.

I am glad your Grace,

ide that right vse of it.

I hope I haue:

le now (me thinkes)

a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)

re more Miseries, and greater farre
 y Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
 fewes abroad?

The heauiest, and the worst,
 displeasure with the King.

God bleffe him.

The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moore* is chofen
 Chancellor, in your place.

That's somewhat fodayn.

a Learned man. May he continue
 his Highnesse fauour, and do Iustice
 ths-fake, and his Conscience; that his bones,
 re ha's run his course, and sleepes in Blessings,
 ue a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.
 ore?

That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;

Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

That's Newes indeed.

Last, that the Lady *Anne*,

the King hath in secrecie long married,

y was view'd in open, as his Queene,

o Chappell: and the voyce is now
 bout her Corronation.

There was the waight that pull'd me downe.

well,

ng ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories
 one woman, I haue loft for euer.

No Sun, shall euer vther forth mine Honors,
 Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted
 Vpon my smiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwel*,
 I am a poore false man, vnworthy now
 To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King
 (That Sun, I pray may neuer set) I haue told him,
 What, and how true thou art; he will aduance thee:
 Some little memory of me, will stirre him
 (I know his Noble Nature) not to let
 Thy hopefull seruice perish too. Good *Cromwell*
 Neglect him not; make vse now, and prouide
 For thine owne future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,

Must I then leaue you? Must I needes forgo
 So good, so Noble, and so true a Master?
 Beare witness, all that haue not hearts of Iron,
 With what a sorrow *Cromwel* leaues his Lord.
 The King shall haue my seruice; but my prayres
 For euer, and for euer shall be yours.

Card. Cromwel, I did not thinke to shed a teare

In all my Miseries: But thou hast forc'd me
 (Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.

Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me *Cromwel*,

And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention

Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee;
 Say *Wolsey*, that once trod the wayes of Glory,

And founded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
 Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to rise in:

A sure, and safe one, though thy Master mist it.
 Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:

Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
 By that sinne fell the Angels: how can man then
 (The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?

Loue thy selfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more then Honesty.

Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace

To silence enuious Tongues. Be iust, and feare not;

Let all the ends thou aym'st at, be thy Countries,

Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (O *Cromwell*)

Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.

Serue the King: And prythee leade me in:

There take an Inuentory of all I haue,

To the last peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,

And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,

I dare now call mine owne. O *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*,

Had I but seru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale

I seru'd my King: he would not in mine Age

Haue left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, haue patience.

Card. So I haue. Farewell

The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y're well met once againe.

2 So are you.

1 You come to take your stand heere, and behold
 The Lady *Anne*, passe from her Corronation.

2 'Tis all my businesse. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.

1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This generall ioy.

2 'Tis well : The Citizens
I am sure haue shewne at full their Royall minds,
As let 'em haue their rights, they are euer forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.

1 Neuer greater,
Nor Ile assure you better taken Sir.

2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,
That Paper in your hand.

1 Yes, 'tis the List
Of those that claime their Offices this day,
By custome of the Coronation.

The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke,
He to be Earle Marshall : you may reade the rest.

1 I thanke you Sir : Had I not known those customs,
I should haue bene beholding to your Paper :
But I beseech you, what's become of *Katherine*
The Princeesse Dowager? How goes her businesse?

1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunstable; sixe miles off
From Amphihill, where the Princeesse lay, to which
She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine assent
Of all these Learned men, she was diuorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remou'd to Kymmaltou,
Where she remains now sicke.

2 Alas good Lady.
The Trumpets sound : Stand close,
The Queene is comming.

Ho-boys.

The Order of the Coronation.

- 1 *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
 - 2 *Then, two Iudges.*
 - 3 *Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.*
 - 4 *Quirristers singing.* Musicke.
 - 5 *Maiof of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Coate of Armes, and on his bead he wore a Gilt Copper Crowne.*
 - 6 *Marquesse Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his bead, a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of Surrey, bearing the Rod of Siluer with the Doue, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Effes.*
 - 7 *Duke of Suffolke, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his bead, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolke, with the Rod of Marshallship, a Coronet on his bead. Collars of Effes.*
 - 8 *A Canopy, borne by foure of the Cinque-Ports, vnder it the Queene in her Robe, in her baire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London, and Winchester.*
 - 9 *The Olde Dutchesse of Norfolk, in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traine.*
 - 10 *Certaine Ladies or Countesses, with plaine Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.*
- Excunt, first passing ouer the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.*

2 A Royall Traine belecue me : These I know :
Who's that that beares the Scepter ?

1 Marquesse Dorset,
And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.
2 A bold braue Gentleman. That should bee
The Duke of Suffolke.

1 'Tis the fame : high Steward.
2 And that my Lord of Norfolke ?
1 Yes.

2 Heauen bleffe thee,
Thou hast the sweetest face I euer look'd on.
Sir, as I haue a Soule, she is an Angell ;
Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conscience.

1 They that beare
The Cloath of Honour ouer her, are foure Barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Those men are happy,
And so are all, are neere her.
I take it, she that carries vp the Traine,
Is that old Noble Lady, Dutchesse of Norfolk.

1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses.
2 Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.
2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God saue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling ?
3 Among the crow'd i'th' Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more : I am distid
With the meere ranknesse of their ioy.

2 You saw the Ceremony ?
3 That I did.
1 How was it ?
3 Well worth the seeing.
2 Good Sir, speake it to vs ?
3 As well as I am able. The rich streame

Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace fate downe
To rest a while, some halfe an houre, or so,
In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely
The Beauty of her Person to the People.
Belecue me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
That euer lay by man : which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noyfe arose,
As the shrowdes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempest,
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
(Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces
Bin loofe, this day they had bene lost. Such ioy
I neuer saw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes
In the old time of Warre, would shake the preafe
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing
Could say this is my wife there, all were wouen
So strangely in one peece.

2 But what follow'd ?
3 At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like
Cast her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd deuoutly.
Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people :
When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene ;
As holy Oyle, Edward Concessors Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblemes
Laid Nobly on her : which perform'd, the Quire

With

I the choyfett Muficke of the Kingdome,
 r fung *Te Deum*. So the parted,
 h the fame full State pac'd backe againe
 ke-Place, where the Feaft is held.
 ft no more call it Yorke-place, that's paff :
 e the Cardinall fell, that Titles loft,
 r the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.
 know it :
 fo lately alter'd, that the old name
 about me.
 hat two Reuerend Byshops
 ofe that went on each fide of the Queene?
 kely and Gardiner, the one of Wincheſter,
 referr'd from the Kings Secretary :
 er London.
 : of Wincheſter
 no great good louer of the Archbifhops,
 tuous Cranmer.
 l the Land knows that :
 er, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
 will finde a Friend will not ſhrinke from him.
 ho may that be, I pray you.
 omas Cromwell,
 in much eſteeme with th'King, and truly
 y Friend. The King ha's made him
 o'th'Iewell Houſe,
 e already of the Priuy Councell.
 e will deferue more.
 es without all doubt.
 entlemen, ye ſhall go my way,
 is to'th Court, and there ye ſhall be my Gueſts :
 ing I can command. As I walke thither,
 ye more.
 . You may command vs Sir. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Katherine Dowager, ſicke, lead betweene Griffiths,
 ber Gentleman Vſber, and Patience
 ber Woman.

: How do's your Grace ?
 b. O Griffith, ſicke to death :
 ges like loaden Branches bow to'th'Earth,
 to leaue their burthen : Reach a Chaire,
 (me thinks) I feele a little eaſe.
 hou not tell me Griffith, as thou lead'ſt mee,
 e great Childe of Honor, Cardinall Wolfey
 id ?
 . Yes Madam : but I thanke your Grace
 he paine you ſuffer'd, gaue no eare too't.
 . Pre'thee good Griffith, tell me how he dy'de.
 he ſtept before me happily
 example.
 . Well, the voyce goes Madam,
 r the ſtout Earle Northumberland
 l him at Yorke, and brought him forward
 an ſorely tainted, to his Anſwer,
 ſicke ſodainly, and grew ſo ill
 d not fit his Mule.
 . Alas poore man.
 At laſt, with eaſie Rodes, he came to Leiceſter,

Lodg'd in the Abbey ; where the reuerend Abbot
 With all his Couent, honourably receiu'd him ;
 To whom he gaue theſe words. O Father Abbot,
 An old man, broken with the ſtormes of State,
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye :
 Giue him a little earth for Charity.
 So went to bed ; where eagerly his ſickneſſe
 Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,
 About the houre of eight, which he himſelfe
 Foretold ſhould be his laſt, full of Repentance,
 Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
 He gaue his Honors to the world agen,
 His bleſſed part to Heauen, and ſlept in peace.
 Katb. So may he reſt,
 His Faults lye gently on him :
 Yet thus farre Griffith, giue me leaue to ſpeake him,
 And yet with Charity. He was a man
 Of an vnbounded ſtomacke, euer ranking
 Himſelfe with Princes. One that by ſuggeſtion
 Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symonie, was faire play,
 His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th'prefence
 He would ſay vntruths, and be euer double
 Both in his words, and meaning. He was neuer
 (But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull.
 His Promiſes, were as he then was, Mighty :
 But his performance, as he is now, Nothing :
 Of his owne body he was ill, and gaue
 The Clergy ill example.
 Griff. Noble Madam :
 Mens euill manners, liue in Braſſe, their Vertues
 We write in Water. May it pleaſe your Highneſſe
 To heare me ſpeake his good now ?
 Katb. Yes good Griffith,
 I were malicious elſe.
 Griff. This Cardinall,
 Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly
 Was faſhion'd to much Honor. From his Cardle
 He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one :
 Exceeding wiſe, faire ſpoken, and perſwading :
 Lofty, and ſowre to them that lou'd him not :
 But, to thoſe men that fought him, ſweet as Summer.
 And though he were vnſatiſfied in getting,
 (Which was a finne) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
 He was moſt Princely : Euer witneſſe for him
 Thoſe twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipſwich and Oxford : one of which, fell with him,
 Vnwillling to out-lieue the good that did it.
 The other (though vnfiniſh'd) yet ſo Famous,
 So excellent in Art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
 That Chriſtendome ſhall euer ſpeake his Vertue.
 His Ouerthrow, heap'd Happineſſe vpon him :
 For then, and not till then, he felt himſelfe,
 And found the Bleſſedneſſe of being little.
 And to adde greater Honors to his Age
 Then man could giue him; he dy'de, fearing God.
 Katb. After my death, I wiſh no other Herald,
 No other ſpeaker of my liuing Actions,
 To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
 But ſuch an honeſt Chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I moſt hated Liuing, thou haſt made mee
 With thy Religious Truth, and Modeltie,
 (Now in his Aſhes) Honor : Peace be with him.
 Patience, be neere me ſtill, and ſet me lower,
 I haue not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
 Cauſe the Muſitians play me that ſad note
 I nam'd my Knell ; whil'ſt-I fit meditating

On that Celestiall Harmony I go too.

www.libtool.com *Sad and solemne Musicke.*

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision.

Enter solemnly tripping one after another, fixe Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their beades Garlands of Bayes, and golden Visards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their bands. They first Conge unto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two bold a spare Garland ouer her Head, at which the other foure make reuerend Curtsies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliuer the same to the other next two, who obserue the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland ouer her head. Which done, they deliuer the same Garland to the last two: who likewise obserue the same Order. At which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes of reioying, and holdeth vp her bands to beauen. And so, in their Dancing vanisb, carrying the Garland with them. The Musicke continues.

Katb. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leaue me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere.

Katb. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None Madam.

Katb. No? Saw you not euen now a blessed Troope
Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beames vpon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreames
Possesse your Fancy.

Katb. Bid the Musicke leaue,
They are harsh and heauy to me.

Musicke ceases.

Pati. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pati. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace—

Katb. You are a sawcy Fellow,
Deferue we no more Reuerence?

Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing she will not loofe her wonted Greatnesse
To vse so rude behauiour. Go too, kneele.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My haist made me vnmanly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Katb. Admit him entrance *Griffith*. But this Fellow
Let me ne're see againe. *Exit Messeng.*

Enter Lord Capucbius.

If my sight faile not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capucbius*.

Cap. Madam the same. Your Seruant.

Katb. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.

But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,

First mine owne seruite to your Grace, the next
The Kings request, that I would visit you,
Who grieues much for your weaknesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Katb. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Physicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.
How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Katb. So may he euer do, and euer flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pati. No Madam.

Katb. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing Madam.

Katb. In which I haue commended to his goodnesse
The Modell of our chaste loues: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,
Befeeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deferue well; and a little
To loue her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,
Heauen knowes how deerely.

My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would haue some pittie
Vpon my wretched women, that so long
Haued follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare auow
(And now I should not lye) but will deferue
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honestie, and decent Carriage

A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure those men are happy that shall haue 'em.
The last is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me)
That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,
And something ouer to remember me by.
If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you loue the deereest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me loofe the fashion of a man.

Katb. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me
In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse:

Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,
You must not leaue me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be vs'd with Honor; strew me ouer
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me,
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Scene

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 us Quintus. Scena Prima.

*ardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch
 before him, met by Sir Thomas Louell.*

It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.
 It hath strooke.
 These should be houres for necessities,
 Delights: Times to repayre our Nature
 mforting repose, and not for vs
 these times. Good houre of night Sir *Thomas*:
 so late?

Came you from the King, my Lord?
 I did Sir *Thomas*, and left him at Primero
 Duke of Suffolke.
 I must to him too

go to bed. Ile take my leaue.
 Not yet Sir *Thomas Louell*: what's the matter?
 you are in haft: and if there be
 offence belongs too't, giue your Friend
 ch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke
 fay Spirits do) at midnight, haue
 a wilder Nature, then the businesse
 kes dispatch by day.

My Lord, I loue you;
 I commend a secreet to your eare
 ightier then this worke. The *Queens* in Labor
 in great Extremity, and fear'd
 ith the Labour, end.

The fruite she goes with
 heartily, that it may finde
 e, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir *Thomas*,
 grubb'd vp now.

Me thinks I could
 Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes
 good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's
 our better wishes.

But Sir, Sir,
 e Sir *Thomas*, y'are a Gentleman
 owne way. I know you Wife, Religious,
 ne tell you, it will ne're be well,
 ot Sir *Thomas Louell*, tak't of me,
 mer, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and shee
 their Graues.

Now Sir, you speake of two
 t remark'd i'th'Kingdome: as for *Cromwell*,
 at of the Jewell-House, is made Master
 les, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
 the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,
 icht the Lime will loade him. Th'Archbyshop
 ngs hand, and tongue, and who dare speak
 ible against him?

Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,
 e that Dare, and I my selfe haue ventur'd
 e my minde of him: and indeed this day,
 y tell it you) I thinke I haue
 he Lords o'th'Councell, that he is
 know he is, they know he is)
 Arch-Hereticque, a Pestilence
 s infect the Land: with which, they moued
 ken with the King, who hath so farre
 re to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
 icely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefes,

Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded
 To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord
 He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir *Thomas*,
 And we must root him out. From your Affaires
 I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir *Thomas*.

Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lou. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your seruant.
Enter King and Suffolke.

King. Charles, I will play no more to night,
 My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before.

King. But little Charles,
 Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play.
 Now *Louel*, from the Queene what is the Newes.

Lou. I could not personally deliuer to her
 What you commanded me, but by her woman,
 I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks
 In the great't humbleness, and desir'd your Highnesse
 Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? Ha?
 To pray for her? What, is she crying out?

Lou. So said her woman, and that her suffrance made
 Almost each pang, a death.

King. Alas good Lady.

Suff. God safely quit her of her Burthen, and
 With gentle Trauaile, to the gladding of
 Your Highnesse with an Heire.

King. 'Tis midnight Charles,
 Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember
 Th'estate of my poore Queene. Leau me alone,
 For I must thinke of that, which company
 Would not be friendly too.

Suff. I wish your Highnesse
 A quiet night, and my good Mistris will
 Remember in my Prayers.

King. Charles good night. *Exit Suffolke.*
 Well Sir, what followes?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-byshop,
 As you commanded me.

King. Ha? Canterbury?

Den. I my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he Denny?

Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Bring him to vs.

Lou. This is about that, which the Byshop spake,
 I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Auoyd the Gallery. *Louel seemes to stay.*
 Ha? I haue said. Be gone.

What? *Exeunt Louell and Denny.*

Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?
 'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.

King. How now my Lord?
 You do desire to know wherefore
 I sent for you.

Cran. It is my dutie
 T'attend your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Pray you arise
 My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie:
 Come, you and I must walke a turne together:
 I haue Newes to tell you.

Come, come, giue me your hand.
 Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I speake,
 And am right forrie to repeat what followes.
 I haue, and most vnwillingly of late

Heard many greuous. I do say my Lord
Greuous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Haue mou'd Vs, and our Councell, that you shall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe,
But that till further Triall, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witnesse
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thanke your Highnesse,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne shall flye afunder. For I know
There's none stands vnder more calumnious tongues,
Then I my selfe, poore man.

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Giue me thy hand, stand vp,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would haue giuen me your Petition, that
I should haue tane some paines, to bring together
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to haue heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honestie:
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not,
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practises
Must beare the same proportion, and not euer
The Iustice and the Truth o'th' question carries
The dew o'th' Verdict with it; at what case
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaues as corrupt
To sweare against you: Such things haue bene done.
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in periur'd Witnesse, then your Master,
Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liu'd
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precept for no leape of danger,
And woe your owne destruction.

Cran. God, and your Maiesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere,
They shall no more preuaile, then we giue way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appeare before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The best perswasions to the contrary
Faile not to vs, and with what vehemencie
Th'occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliuere them, and your Appeale to vs
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:
He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,
I sweare he is true-hearted, and a soule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I haue bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He ha's strangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?

Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person
Vnder their blessed wings.

King. Now by thy lookes
I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliuer'd?
Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege,
And of a louely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer bleesse her: 'Tis a Gyrlie
Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Louell.

Lou. Sir.

King. Giue her an hundred Markes.

Ile to the Queene. *Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for such payment.
I will haue more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrlie was like to him? Ile
Haue more, or else vnlay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
Ile put it to the issue. *Exit Ladie.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbysbop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great hast. All fast? What meanes this? How?
Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keeper. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.

Cran. Why?

Keeper. Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran. So.

Buts. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall vnderstand it presently. *Exit Buts.*

Cran. 'Tis Buts.

The Kings Physitian, as he past along
How earnestly he cast his eyes vpon me:
Pray heauen he found not my disgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I neuer fought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else at doore: a fellow Councillor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King, and Buts, at a Windowe
aboue.*

Buts. Ile shew your Grace the strangest sight.
King. What's that Buts?

Buts.

I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day.
 body a me : where is it? .com.cn

There my Lord :
 promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
 ds his State at dore 'mongst Purfeuants,
 id Foot-boyes.

Ha? 'Tis he indeed.

e Honour they doe one another?
 there's one about 'em yet; I had thought
 id parted so much honesty among 'em,
 good manners; as not thus to suffer
 f his Place, and so neere our fauour
 : attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
 he dore too, like a Post with Packets:

Mary (Butts) there's knavery;
 alone, and draw the Curtaine close :
 heare more anon.

*All Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and
 under the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places
 e at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A
 being left void about him, as for Canterburies Seate.
 of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Cham-
 re, Gardiner, seat themselves in Order on each side.
 all at lower ends, as Secretary.*

Speake to the businesse, M. Secretary;
 we met in Councell?

Please your Honours,
 the cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Ha's he had knowledge of it?

Yes.

Who waits there?

Without my Noble Lords?

Yes.

My Lord Archbishop :
 done halfe an houre to know your pleasures.
 Let him come in.

Your Grace may enter now.

Cranmer approaches the Councell Table.

My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
 here at this present, and behold
 sayre stand empty : But we all are men
 wne natures fraile, and capable
 lesse, few are Angels; out of which frailty
 nt of wisdome, you that best should teach vs,
 idmean'd your selfe, and not a little :
 the King first, then his Lawes, in filling
 ole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
 ve are inform'd) with new opinions,
 nd dangerous; which are Heresies;
 reform'd, may proue pernicious.

l. Which Reformation must be sodaine too
 le Lords; for those that tame wild Horses,
 not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
 their mouths with stubborn Bits & spurre 'em,
 obey the mannage. If we suffer
 our easinesse and childish pittie
 mans Honour, this contagious sicknesse;
 all Physicke: and what follows then?
 ions, vproves, with a generall Taint
 whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,
 xer Germany can deereely witness:
 hly pittied in our memories.

My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progressse
 my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,
 h no little study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my Authority,
 Might goe one way, and safely; and the end
 Was euer to doe well: nor is there liuing,
 (I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)
 A man that more detests, more stirres against,
 Both in his priuate Conscience, and his place,
 Defacers of a publike peace then I doe:
 Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart
 With lesse Allegiance in it. Men that make
 Enuy, and crooked malice, nourishment;
 Dare bite the best. I doe beseech your Lordships,
 That in this case of Iustice, my Accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely vrge against me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord,

That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,
 And by that vertue no man dare accuse you. (ment,

Gard. My Lord, because we haue businesse of more mo-
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highnesse pleasure
 And our consent, for better tryall of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower,
 Where being but a priuate man againe,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More then (I feare) you are provided for.

Cran. Ah my good Lord of Winchester: I thanke you,
 You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe,
 I shall both finde your Lordship, Iudge and Iuror,
 You are so mercifull. I see your end,
 'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meekenesse, Lord
 Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
 Win straying Soules with modesty againe,
 Cast none away: That I shall cleere my selfe,
 Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience,
 I make as little doubt as you doe conscience,
 In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,
 But reuerence to your calling, makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
 That's the plaine truth; your painted glosse discouers
 To men that vnderstand you, words and weaknesse.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, y'e are a little,
 By your good fauour, too sharpe; Men so Noble,
 How euer faultly, yet should finde respect
 For what they haue beene: 'tis a cruelty,
 To load a falling man.

Gard. Good M. Secretary,
 I cry your Honour mercie; you may worst
 Of all this Table say so.

Crom. Why my Lord?

Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer
 Of this new Sect? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found?

Gard. Not found I say.

Crom. Would you were halfe so honest:
 Mens prayers then would seeke you, not their feares.

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.

Crom. Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;
 Forbeare for shame my Lords.

Gard. I haue done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed
 I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
 You be conuaid to th' Tower a Prisoner;
 There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure
 Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower my Lords?

Gard. What other,
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o'th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I goe like a Traytor thither?

Gard. Receiue him,
And see him safe i'th' Tower.

Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I haue a little yet to say. Looke there my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruell men, and giue it
To a most Noble Iudge, the King my Maister.

Chan. This is the Kings Ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suff. 'Tis the right Ring, by Heau'n: I tolde ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,
'T would fall vpon our selues.

Norf. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'Tis now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gaue me,
In seeking tales and Informations
Against this man, whose honesty the Diuell
And his Disciples onely enuy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now haue at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard. Dread Soueraigne,
How much are we bound to Heauen,
In dayly thanks; that gaue vs such a Prince;
Not onely good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty out of deare respect,
His Royall selfe in Iudgement comes to heare
The cause betwixt her, and this great offender.

Kin. You were euer good at sodaine Commendations,
Bishop of *Winchester*. But know I come not
To heare such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin, and safe to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatsoere thou tak'st me for; I'm sure
Thou hast a cruell Nature and a bloody.
Good man sit downe: Now let me see the proudest
Hee, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starue,
Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace; —

Kin. No Sir, it doe's not please me,
I had thought, I had had men of some vnderstanding,
And wisdome of my Councill; but I finde none:
Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserue that Title)
This honest man, wait like a lowlie Foot-boy
At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission
Bid ye so farre forget your selues? I gaue ye
Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,

Not as a Groom: There's some of ye, I see,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would trye him to the vtmost, had ye meane,
Which ye shall neuer haue while I liue.

Chan. Thus farre
My most dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
And faire purgation to the world then malice,
I'm sure in me.

Kin. Well, well my Lords respect him,
Take him, and vse him well; hee's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subiect; I
Am for his loue and seruice, so to him.
Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of *Canterbury*
I haue a Suite which you must not deny mee.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,
You must be Godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now aliuie may glory
In such an honour: how may I deferue it,
That am a poore and humble Subiect to you?

Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones;
You shall haue two noble Partners with you: the old
Duchesse of *Norfolke*, and Lady Marquesse *Dorset*? will
these please you?

Once more my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
Embrace, and loue this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And Brother; loue I doe it.

Cran. And let Heauen
Witnesse how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts,

Kin. Good Man, those ioyfull teares shew thy true
The common voyce I see is verified
Of thee, which sayes thus: Doe my Lord of *Canterbury*
A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for euer:
Come Lords, we trife time away: I long
To haue this young one made a Christian.
As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine:
So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine. *Exunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Noyse and Tumult within: Enter Porter and
his man.*

Port. You'l leaue your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe
you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaues,
leaue your gaping:

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue:
Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree
staues, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:
He scratch your heads; you must be seeing Christenings?
Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude
Raskalls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible,
Vnlesse wee sweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe
On May-day Morning, which will neuer be:
We may as well push against Powles as stirre 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man.

r. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in ?
h as one found Cudgell of foure foote, can
ee the poore remainder) could distribute,
no spare Sir.

You did nothing Sir.

. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Calebrand,
w 'em downe before me : but if I spar'd any
ad a head to hit, either young or old,
shee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker :
ne're hope to see a Chine againe,
at I would not for a Cow, God faue her.

in. Do you heare M. Porter ?

. I shall be with you presently, good M. Puppy,
the dore clofe Sirha.

r. What would you haue me doe ?

What should you doe,

ock 'em downe by th' dozens ? Is this More fields
er in ? Or haue wee some strange Indian with the
Toole, come to Court, the women so besiege vs ?
ne, what a fry of Fornication is at dore ? On my
in Conscience this one Christening will beget a
id, here will bee Father, God-father, and all to-

. The Spoons will be the bigger Sir : There is
r somewhat neere the doore, he should be a Bras-
his face, for o'my conscience twenty of the Dog-
ow reigne in's Nose; all that stand about him are
he Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-
did I hit three times on the head, and three times
; Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there
Mortar-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberda-
/ife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me,
pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling
combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once,
t that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I
see from farre, some forty Truncheoners draw to
cour, which were the hope o'th' Strond where she
artered; they fell on, I made good my place; at
they came to th' broome staffe to me, I deside 'em
ien sodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loofe shot,
'd such a showre of Pibbles, that I was faine to
sine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the
was amongst 'em I thinke surely.

These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse,
;ht for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the
ion of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse,
eare Brothers are able to endure. I haue some of

Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance
hree dayes; besides the running Banquet of two
; that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

w. Mercy o' me: what a Multitude are heere ?
row fill too; from all Parts they are comming,
'e kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters ?
lazy knaues ? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes ?
a trim rabble let in: are all these
aithfull friends o'th' Suburbs? We shall haue
tore of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,
they passe backe from the Christening ?

And't please your Honour,
; but men; and what so many may doe,
ing torne a pieces, we haue done :
my cannot rule 'em.

m. As I liue,
King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all

By th' heeles, and sodainly: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect : y' are lazy knaues,
And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye should doe Seruice. Harke the Trumpets found,
Th' are come already from the Christening,
Go breake among the preasse, and finde away out
To let the Troope passe fairely; or Ile finde
A Marshallfey, shall hold ye play these two Monthes.

Por. Make way there, for the Princeesse.

Man. You great fellow,

Stand clofe vp, or Ile make your head ake.

Por. You i'th' Chamblet, get vp o'th' raile,
Ile pecke you o're the pales else. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets sounding : Then two Aldermen, L. Maior,
Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshalls
Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great
standing Bowles for the Chriftening Guists : Then foure
Noblemen bearing a Canopy, vnder which the Dutcheffe of
Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in
a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady : Then followes
the Marchionesse Dorset, the other Godmother, and La-
dies. The Troope passe once about the Stage, and Gar-
ter speaks.

Gart. Heauen

From thy endlesse goodnesse, send prosperous life,
Long, and euer happie, to the high and Mighty
Princeesse of England Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray
All comfort, ioy in this most gracious Lady,
Heauen euer laid vp to make Parents happy,
May hourelly fall vpon ye.

Kin. Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:
What is her Name ?

Cran. Elizabeth.

Kin. Stand vp Lord,
With this Kisse, take my Blessing : God protect thee,
into whose hand, I giue thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

Kin. My Noble Gossips, y'haue beend too Prodigall;
I thanke ye heartily : So shall this Lady,
When she ha's so much English.

Cran. Let me speake Sir,
For Heauen now bids me; and the words I vtter,
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth.
This Royall Infant, Heauen still moue about her;
Though in her Cradle; yet now promises
Vpon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,
Which Time shall bring to ripenesse : She shall be,
(But few now liuing can behold that goodnesse)
A Patterne to all Princes liuing with her,
And all that shall succed : Saba was neuer
More couetous of Wisedome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces
That mould vp such a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurfe her,

Holy

Holy and Heauenly thoughts still Counsell her :
 She shall be lou'd and fear'd, Her owne shall blesse her;
 Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne,
 And hang their heads with sorrow :
 Good growes with her.
 In her dayes, Euery Man shall eate in safety,
 Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and sing
 The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
 God shall be truely knowne, and those about her,
 From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
 And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleepe with her : But as when
 The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
 Her Ashes new create another Heyre,
 As great in admiration as her selfe.
 So shall the leaue her Blessednesse to One,
 (When Heauen shal call her from this clowd of darknes)
 Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honour
 Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,
 That were the Seruants to this chofen Infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him ;
 Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen shall shine,
 His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,
 Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,

And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
 To all the Plaines about him : Our Childrens Children
 Shall see this, and blesse Heauen.

Kim. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happinesse of England,
 An aged Princeesse ; many dayes shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
 Would I had knowne no more : But she must dye,
 She must, the Saints must haue her ; yet a Virgin,
 A most vnspotted Lilly shall the passe
 To th' ground, and all the World shall mourne her.

Kim. O Lord Archbishop

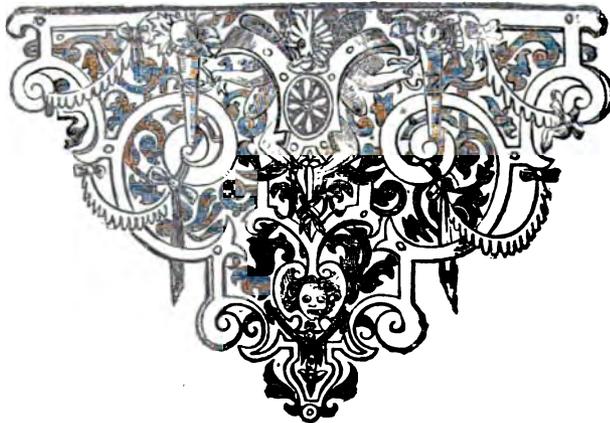
Thou hast made me now a man, neuer before
 This happy Child, did I get any thing.
 This Oracle of comfort, ha's so pleas'd me,
 That when I am in Heauen, I shall desire
 To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
 I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
 And you good Brethren, I am much beholding :
 I haue receiu'd much Honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
 Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thanke ye,
 She will be sicke els. This day, no man thinke
 'Has businesse at his house ; for all shall stay :
 This Little-One shall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGVE.

Is ten to one, this Play can neuer please
 All that are beere : Some come to take their ease,
 And sleepe an Act or two ; but those we feare
 We haue frighted with our Tumpets : so 'tis cleare,
 They'l say is naught. Others to beare the City
 Abus'd extreemly, and to cry that's witty,
 Which wee haue not done neither ; that I feare

All the expected good w'are like to beare.
 For this Play at this time, is onely in
 The mercifull construction of good women,
 For such a one we shew'd 'em : If they smile,
 And say twill doe ; I know within a while,
 All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they bold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

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